

# 1923

- Warren G. Harding dies, Calvin Coolidge becomes US President
- Widespread Ku Klux Klan violence in the US
- Nancy Maria Nichols Beard dies September 3, 1923. She was 80 years old.
- Earthquake destroys 1/3 of Tokyo- about 140,000 in Tokyo and Yokohama were killed on the same day that Willard's mother died
- Political conditions around Foochow are still unsettled.
- Mary is teaching in Tungchou, China. She is 41. Flora is back at Century Farm. She is 54.
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China. Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 58, Ellen- 55, Phebe- 28, Gould- 27, Geraldine- 25, Dorothy- 22, Marjorie- 17, Kathleen- 15.



*[This letter dated Jan. 7, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe asks Geraldine about her new teaching job in Michigan. She refers to the death of their cousin Anna. A Red Cross Bazaar was held to raise money to cover the expenses from the October war. Many plays and performances were given for Christmas and New Year's festivities were beautiful. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006]*

Foochow, China,  
Jan. 7, 1923.

Dear Geraldine,

It was very good to get your letter a few weeks ago, and know that you were really teaching. At least for the first year it is very pleasant to be near the family, and it makes me envy you to be within calling distance of both Gould and the family. For Gould it must be a treat to have you so near as 28 miles, for he has always been so far away that his seeings of us have been few and far between. We have heard from three of the family about your football party at Ann Arbor, so I think it must have been a grand success.

Even tho you don't like Junior Highs, and tho your town is small and the school run to athletics, it will be a fine experience for you to have had. See if you can't put into the children and teacher body more of a studious spirit. Aren't teachers supposed to change conditions in their schools as far as they can?

I am interested in the kind of people you have in town, and the amusements. How do you get on with the teachers and of what caliber are they? Being in Michigan would make me judge that the people were not very cultured, or the amusements very intellectual; and the teachers might easily be shallow and silly. Do you have any trouble with discipline, and have you supplies enough? Has anything been paid about teacher's conventions or a teacher's association to which you have to pay dues? I hope your first year will be worth the doing and get fun out of all you can. Keep up your music, too.

By this time you are probably back at work in the New Year. The family was all together in Oberlin I suppose for Xmas and New Years. I am sorry I didn't send anything; but mine went earlier in the year. Did you ever get that package I sent in June with fan, embroidery, etc in it? We had cards from oodles of people and boxes from the farm, Aunt Etta's, and I got postals from the Chinese from Aunt Emma. We shall be more than eager to hear of the party you had at Oberlin.

Of course we were prepared all summer for the news from Bridgeport. I hardly know what to write Aunt Grace and Uncle Oliver and since reading "The Vocation of Grief" in the Dec. Atlantic, I am glad I have not written before. I thoroughly agree with his sentiments. I can't be sorry really for Anna, and I am glad the parents are taking it so bravely. As you said it seems such a waste of time, suffering and strength. If their lives had been more full of a constructive gospel, there would have been more joy in the memory of them. If their death had been surrounded with less sadness and trouble the memory of their lives would be worth the suffering.

Mother may have let you see my last letter of about three weeks ago. I told about giving a paper in Foochow's Arts and Crafts at the Anti-Cob [*Anti-Cobweb Society*]. I am thinking of revising and adding to it, and possibly printing it. Of that we shall say later. Our last two Anti-Cob have been most enjoyable. The one before Xmas was a carol evening. A trained choir gave several familiar pieces in such a finished American way, as we hear only at such occasions. After the flatting, discords and gaps where held note should be that I hear in the school all the time, I am really evaporated into air at hearing pure real music. Last Friday night we were at Black Rock Hill- the Y.M.C.A. house. The University men gave a play that came out in the Atlantic two years ago- "If Shakespeare were here today". Their attempt at an English brogue was very funny! But it was good. Then followed the number of the evening- a play in which Eunice Thomas was the leading lady called "Suppressed Desires". It is pretty good so far as feeling for marriage is concerned, and it was played very well. Our next meeting is a District School, and our supper is to be a box lunch and an auction! Aint' it fun? Really you wouldn't know Foochow now. There is so much society doings, and the missionaries are as much of it as anyone.

The biggest excitement before Xmas was the Red Cross Bazaar that the community gave to glorify the \$1000 expenses incurred at the time of the October war by the mission hospitals. Mrs. Price gave the Consulate for the building and different ladies took charge of various booths. When I went in the Canton and Swatow booths stood at the right in front. There were marvelous embroidered nighties and doilies etc., silver, carved ivory and other lovely expensive things. Next came the Foochow booth filled with Chinese writing paper, silver pins, spoons, etc, Lacquer, Chinese umbrellas, and even stockings that are made here. In the Shanghai booth were cloth for dresses, hats that were lovely, men's silk neckties, silk stocking Chinese dolls, etc. There was a white Elephant booth where second hand bedding, books, and odds and ends made fun; a fancy article booth and one of the largest displays of gold lacquer I ever saw. It was an education to see it. Upstairs was a toy room where there were Chinese-made doll's furniture sets, dang sticks and the cutest little baskets, round and square, and pails; Chinese doll's shoes, paper dolls, knitted sweater sets, and everything you could imagine. The baby bottle came in handy



and was very dainty; for there are lots of babies coming or come. In the hall was the candy booth which our American sailors from the gunboat Helena patronized well. From that alone we made \$216, for all the materials for the candy were given by stores and individuals. Tea and a cafeteria supper were served in a tea room that was very attractive. Orrin Maine and Dr. Lacy came in at the last on a boat from Shanghai that brought us a lot of Xmas mail. In all I believe they made about \$1300.

On Friday, the next day came our lunch exercises for Xmas at Geu Cio Dong. I had trained the Go Deng or Grammar School girls to sing for it, the H.S. girls, and the boys in the church school. Besides I had to play a violin solo also. The most interesting number on the program was the little play the church school girls gave of the Wise and Foolish Virgins. A screen was the house into which the bride groom dressed like a Chinese groom went with the Five Wise ones. Everything was so simple, and all done in real Chinese fashion that it gave me a new vision of the story. It almost shocks you to see these stories you have always considered more or less sacred dragged out and played with no reverence at all. Yet that is their way, now- a childish way, and I am not sure they don't get a good deal more from seeing it than from the reading. So it was in the Mediaeval Mirade Plays.

Friday night our girls sang carols under our windows, and I was so tired I barely heard them. They went home on Sat. for the weekend to Monday.

Sat. P.M. the mission Xmas came, and I enjoyed seeing the children say pieces and sing songs. Santa Claus nearly scared some of them out of their lives, but Billy Bedient wasn't afraid. I left before it was over, and took our girls to sing at a Y.M.C.A. entertainment. The Y.W. gave six tableaux of the scenes of Jesus' birth, and the girls sang a verse of a card to go with each scene. They also sang a song of this ????. The last number was a movie- Uncle Tom's Cabin that I saw from the stage, the back of the picture. Topsy was the main part of the play and the Chinese did appreciate her pranks. Mrs. Cong a Bible woman was greatly impressed with Little Eva's pity and eagerness to teach Tom to pray and write and that all Chinese should see it for that reason.

On Sunday Father spoke at Sang-Bo my church. I stayed to a feast there and had a program in the afternoon. Before that was over I had to rush into the city to help with a program there. On Monday A.M. Mrs. St. Clair had two Chinese families in for a Xmas tree, then we went around the compound to see the other Xmas. I came out to get our own tree for the girls ready for the night.

We had a little program of Scripture carols etc; then Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus came in covered with snow, from America and gave out the gifts from girls. Two of the girls acted the Santa Clause parts dressed in our hats and coats. It is amazing how many gifts they are beginning to give each other; for in the houses they have no celebration of any kind, even the pastors. I got several interesting gifts- a teapot, a handkerchief, a silver pin, candy, and a lovely pair of bedroom slippers like field woman shoes made of velvet. I prize them highly.

School has been going on as usual since then; we didn't have vacation for New Year's Day.

Last weekend Father and I took Dr. Sydney Gulick down to Hai Gie- the University. We spent the weekend with the Bedients and enjoyed little Philip the new baby, and Billy came in on Sunday A.M. and got into bed with me for a good talk. We walked around and saw the sights in the A.M. and had a meeting in the P.M. All the faculty eats Sun. night suppers together and that night we had a very good Chinese supper. The Prices and McConnells were also down and went back with us that night on the launch.

Yesterday I gave a concert for all the organ and piano students in the school. We sent out ticket invitations thru the week, and practicing has been deadly monotonous and persistent all the week. At 2:30 not a soul seemed to have come, but after we got started people appeared from nowhere till the room was full. One girl attacked the piano so violently that all the children laughed. But on the whole it was fairly good. Tea and cakes afterward seemed to hit the spot.

A week ago Wed. Father and I enjoyed a party at Mrs. Reeves'. We played singing proverbs, and charades, and they were rich. Miss Lambert suggested that we ladies all lie on the floor and pretend illness to illustrate ill for illuminate and we did it- mixed company, too. Refreshments were like a little supper. The English are delightfully simple and refreshing in their parties.

On two different nights recently the army in Foochow has celebrated our New Year with a parade. Seldom have I seen such beautiful lanterns, and such interesting placards and floats. The one I saw last Sat. night was the dragon, with an immense head, followed by a tail nearly 300 ft. long. It was built in little humps like that mounted on boards held together by a wooden pin, and carried on the shoulders of men about 4 ft. apart. All was beautifully lighted with candles. Next came a gold fish as high as a man- a marvel in red. Then came several bundles of flowers as high as the fire gates along the streets. Each flower and some of the leaves were lighted by candles, and to see these gigantic carnations, trumpet flowers, lotus flowers, tube lilies, etc., coming along in perfect form was beautiful.

The New Year vacation is only three weeks off and I have not planned to go anywhere. One of our ladies is going up near Shaowu and if she got back in time I should go with her. But I may teach a Y.W. class in Chinese



at the conference they have this vacation, so I must be on hand. There are many trips I can take by the day, and I shall study Chinese. Last Thurs. I passed three more exams not awfully well, and by April I want to finish all my 2 years' work if possible.

I have all the music for graduation so I feel busy. The girls are singing the "Lost Cloud" in three parts and are doing it well. Also "Follow the Gleam".

Will Dorothy graduate- that is take part in the graduation festivities as a graduate this year in June? If so I want to send her the gift for graduation now. Please let me know soon so it will reach her in time.

Do write and tell me of the family and of yourself. Do pass my letters much so you will all get all the news. I'll try to resolve this year to write every week. I am proctoring a study hall now and it is easy compared to one in America. Lots of love, best New Years wishes, Phebe.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 9, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. The railroad strike has delayed some students arrival back to school. The compound gateman's house caught fire and awoke Mary in the middle of the night. Postal rates have returned to their original prices. The school pipes burst over the holiday and Mary's ink bottle froze. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

January 9, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Back at school and deep in work. Not all the children are in yet. Poor Franz Crumpacker and Edith Watson got to Shih Chia Chuang and were delayed by railroad strike. Franz after two days got on his wheel and got home in three days hard riding. So he got there for Christmas. Edith could not do so, being a girl and living twice as far away. She finally got there on the 28<sup>th</sup>. School had closed the 15<sup>th</sup>. Franz returned yesterday and we look for Edith tomorrow. Isabel Hemingway is coming then too. She has quite recovered.

We are all excited over Kathleen Parlow [*violin virtuoso*]. 18 of us are planning to treat ourselves to seats on Thursday afternoon. She plays at the Peking hotel at 5.15 so we can easily return that night by auto. The papers give wonderful accounts of her recitals in Tientsin.

I will go to back history. I stopped on my ?? trip for twenty four hours at Tenghsien to visit the Dodds. It is an awful place to stop at for no train arrives at a civilized hour nor leaves at one either. I came up by the Mail to get there at the best hour possible and that was 11.00 P.M. It meant sitting up all night too for the Mail carries only 1<sup>st</sup> class sleepers and my ticket was 2<sup>nd</sup> class. Mrs. Dodd was a thoughtful hostess and insisted on my having breakfast in my room. She put it on the score of the New Years guests she was expecting and the need of having the house ready to receive from 150-200 Chinese at an early hour. Anyway I slept till 8.00 and got rested. All the foreigners came in for tea that afternoon and we had a right good time visiting. I came up with the children and we came out by auto, getting here soon after midnight. Hot cocoa tasted good, for it was cold!

I got some kind of infection on my face and got the swelled head on the left side. Dr. Love did my facial decorations in iodine for a few nights and the thing responded right away so now I am nearly normal, but skinning. That and a cold made me feel tired so I took a weekend off, went without suppers and had breakfast in bed. It has saved me something, I know not what. For I feel all right and ready for work. You see I did not even write letters, but slept most of the time.

On Saturday night, we had a scare. I had gone to bed and was asleep. A disturbance or the light wakened me. My room was flooded with light. I was out of bed right soon and at the window. The gateman had a huge pile of fuel, enough to last him all winter, piled near his house. That is not so very far from the dormitory! It was all ablaze. Fortunately there was very little wind and that toward the west, hence away from us. Mr. Menzi was out there and had started the men to pulling out the bundles of straw that were not afire and so saved about two dozen good sized bundles. The gateman and his family had withdrawn into the house, and closed it tight and were waiting to burn, I guess. Leonard pulled him out and set him to work. He tried to have them shovel on enough dirt to save part of it, but the man got tired and our servants would not work if he lay down on the job. The stuff blazed low all night till after 7.00 A.M. I think the man must have sat out by it to watch it, for I awoke about two and he was there, and he was there when the train came in. All the children were down skating. Mr. Lund showed wisdom in finding out that they could be of no help and making them stay. I prevented any wild excitement.

The magazines are coming all right and are getting read too. We wish I had gotten the model for the rack from Miss Bostwick, as we talked so often last year of it.

My Digest still comes. I think I paid for two years before coming out. I had that in mind to do and thought I did it. I feel sure I must have for since October 28 I [*have*] been receiving two copies. Please write and ask to have my subscription extended for another year, instead of doubled as they are doing now.



The government changed the postage rates back to the former ones on the first of January. Several provinces had refused to recognize the increase and it was a mess. If a letter went out of the province the four cents was collected at the receiving office, if it stayed in nothing happened. Chihli, of course, could not revolt, but the papers could talk.

When we got back, the thing we have kept from happening for seven years happened. The servant had not kept enough fire and the pipes in the school house were burst. In all the north rooms and one section of each radiator was broken. "Smily Li" is still at work fixing them. We are taking out the pipes in the store room and using the good coils to replace the broken ones. Owing to the way the system was put in, we can use the good radiators and all the south rooms. A stove in the study hall makes up for the non use of part of the system. Flora's old room is like a barn. Recitations that are scheduled for that room, are conducted in the teachers sitting room over here.

My ink in the store was frozen. By some miracle, the bottles did not burst. I would have been a mess had they done so, for I made up three quarts last fall, thinking it would last most, if not all the year.

When in Shanghai, I met Mr. and Mrs. Yard. They were in Nichols once. He is a Methodist minister. She is still most fond of the Plumb girls and corresponds with each of the three. Ruby is evidently the one for who she has the greatest fondness and admiration. I remember, that they spoke of a friend, a missionary in Szechuan. But they are now transferred to Shanghai and live in the same compound as Harriet. She has three fine girls, the oldest either a junior or senior in high school. Mrs. Yard looks young enough to be a senior herself. I expected her to show me some infants when she spoke of her children.

I enclose one of the two letters that Mr. Scott has sent me. Flora may be near Springfield as able to call. I must close this and answer the two letters recently received with questions galore. I know I have not written of all the important happenings, but I think none of the most important are left out.

Letters from Margaret Smith still say she will not return for several years. Frances Gray is engaged to Mr. Hayes. He is nearly her age. Everyone seems happy about it except the Methodists who lose a fine helper. They will get married in the spring. Mrs. Martin has not been well all fall, so Jim Hunter took the Sunday School. She is better now, and will take her class back when Maude has to give up hers to care for "Jean". Franz Crumpacker has been bubbling over since his return. It is partly his joy at getting back, and partly the joy that his nose is to be broken before many months, as he learned during vacation.

I did not get the box of toys etc. off before going to Shanghai. I could not mail it here (Tunghsien) and was not foresighted enough to take it to Shanghai and mail it at the U.S. post office. I'll save postage now with the reduced rates.

Lots of love  
Mary

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*[This letter, dated **January 18, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard comments on the popularity of football in America. He writes from Ponasang because in the present reign of terror the women teachers want a man around for safety. He talks about how the army is seizing coolies off the street for labor workers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

Wen Shan Girls' School

Foochow, Fukien

Jan. 18, 1923

Dear Boy [Gould]:-

Your good letter came about ten days ago and I read it and Phebe has read it and reread it I suppose and just returned it yesterday. The girls have both written most enthusiastically about the football game. Dorothy was hilarious about it and Geraldine says the people in America are football crazy. The papers say Yale has filled her Bowl twice this fall with nearly 80000 people each time and has had several tens of thousands in it at other times and has taken in about \$150000 in gate receipts- enough to build and equip and run for ten years a school like Foochow College with five hundred boys. And this \$150000 is only a part of the cost of the game to the visitors. Think of what many parties paid in auto hire, tolls, hotel bills etc. from New York and Boston and other places. Well the people in the dear, old home land are not all bankrupt.

There are many things in my daily routine to make me think of you. Each morning as I put on my tie I catch it with the clasp you gave me several years ago. Every time I go to any thing special I put in the stick pins you traded with me. It takes too much time to put it in every day. And when I go away for the night I have you along in



the form of my travelling case with every thing in it that I need for the night, or rather in the morning. I wonder if you have ever worn the dress coat I left.

I am writing this at Ponasang. All the ladies were away except Miss Pike and Phebe and in the present conditions, they kind o' like some one around. It seems strange to sit down to write a letter with a good chance of being able to finish it at one sitting. It is very quiet here and no teacher, student or other person knows where I am. In the city I very seldom have an evening to myself. Last evening three men came in after supper- each for a private interview. At 9:10 p.m. the last one went and I was free to see Phebe home to Ponasang- 10:30 p.m. found me back home and ready for bed. It was a nice crisp night and we enjoyed the walk. These walks together are a very great pleasure to both of us. They do us both good too,- often it is impossible for me to get the exercise I ought to have in the day time, and a brisk walk out to Ponasang and back is as good as a fire to put one to sleep and keep him there all night. Then we have the road all to ourselves at that time of night in these conditions and we have most helpful talks.

Day after tomorrow examinations begin. Commencement comes on Jan. 31. Then a vacation. Do you know that no student is more grateful for vacation than the teachers are. Phebe is debating whether to go to Sharp Peak for a week- to Diong Loh for a week or to Shaowu for three weeks during vacation. I have promised to go to Diong Loh.

The term has been a hard one in some ways. We started out very auspiciously with a very large enrollment- the largest of my fall term in the history of the College. The teachers were in their job and the boys were doing fine work when the war came and of course put every thing on the "blink". Conditions all thru Oct., Nov., Dec. and Jan. have been very unsettled and it has been impossible to do good work. We lost some 60 boys whose families moved out of Foochow to other cities to escape trouble and some boys left to go into the student army- which is a great farce.

For a week now the city has lived in terror. One of the armies of 10000 are planning to leave in a few days. They want 6000 men as load coolies. To get them they send the soldiers anywhere to arrest anyone who looks as if he could carry a load. Tuesday I spent the whole day to get a ton and a half of rice in to the College from just beyond Ha Puo Ga. Not a coolie could be found anywhere who would risk to pull a cart. We found one who would go for \$2.50 (for 2 hrs. work) if I would go all the way with him and guarantee to bring him back home. Well the rice shop proprietor and I finally took an empty two wheeled cart- pulled it to the rice shop, loaded it with 10 bags of rice each weighing 140 pounds and with three men- his clerks to push and pull, we started. Only a few rods away from the shop we stopped to repair one of the rear legs of the cart. The shop man stepped into a shop about 5 rods ahead of the cart. As he came out of the shop a man seized him. I happened to be looking the other way. I heard the other men shout "Keuk niah, Keuk niah." They have seized him. He is seized. I looked around and sure enough a young chap of some 20 years was pulling the man along by the arm. I pointed my cane at him and shook my head and he instantly released him. But with his pal the young chap came on past me and only 4 or 5 doors beyond entered a carpenter shop and pulled out the proprietor and hustled him along by me. I stood in the middle of the street and the poor fellow clutched my arm and begged me to help him. Before I could say a word, both brutes had their knives out and threatening to disembowel him. He of course let go of my arm and was hustled off to some pen where he would have straw to lie on- no covering, no stool or bed and two bowls of rice a day, until the army is ready to move. Then he will have to carry a load to no one knows where if he does not die before. The city is full of mourning women and children whose husbands, sons and fathers have thus been forcibly seized. Yesterday some 2000 women of the poorer classes besieged the Army generals to pity them and let their men folks out. I never saw a city so shut up. Not a shop open. Every morning some of us foreigners must go out to buy vegetables that are brought in by women.- Even teachers and students are taken. The women that empty our commodes have not been near us for three days. The villages out on the plain are all closed and the people do not dare even to open their doors. It is a reign of terror. The people come to us begging us to go and get their men out. Three women were waiting all the afternoon to get Miss Wiley and me to go to try to get their men out. We are practically powerless.

Well this is the civilization of China and only Jesus Christ can save China from this. The number who see this is few but increasing rapidly. And when we hear and see that the Christians to a very large degree escape,- for the pastors and preachers are on the job- they are in little danger of arrest. We realize that the Gospel not only saves men's souls but their bodies. It seems sometimes as if parts of the world had turned back and taken up the civilization of the Middle Ages- Turkey, Greece and China.

It's bed time. Write me how mama is and how she and the "kid sisters" are situated. Are they comfortable. God bless and guide and use you my dear Boy - Lovingly Father

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 21, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China, by Mary to the home folk. They received \$5100 to complete their dormitory (plumbing and electricity). The contractors installed the stairs incorrectly and they are now sagging. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., January 21, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

We have been having a dust storm today, the first for a long time. The house has been cold too. But the heating plant is doing fine work. We can dress in comfort for the steam comes up so quickly. I turn off my heat because I can not get my room cold enough if I leave it on. Yet I can dress comfortable if I turn it on the minute I am out of bed.

The chapel with only pipes near the ceiling, and three north windows, has been too cold. Hence I have had the stove that used to be in Martha's room put up there.

Mr. Menzi has been in bed with Pharangitus(?) for the past two weeks. He is better now, but it will be several days before he can get out. Those poor people, one of them has been ill most of the time.

I went in on Friday for the reception at the Legation for all Americans. A talk with Dr. Ferguson will be of benefit because he is to come down early in the new Chinese year for a talk on art. He is giving a series to the Peking children.

I stayed with Jean and the Smiths and Heintz of Tsing Hua were there, also Alice Huggins. Since I had to stay in, I made the most of the night and went to see "Enter Madam", given by Peking talent under the auspices of the Art Institute. Everybody was there. Lura Aiken and her mother, just recently returned to Peking. How they were dressed up! Lura is giving piano lessons, English lessons and studying music. Professor Hymans seems to have taken her up.

Better than the reception or the Play, or the dinner, was the news that Minnie Corbett gave me after the play. She had received that day, news that Mrs. Schell had granted us \$5100 gold with which to complete our dormitory. HURRAH!! The money is here! Can you not see the Delco plant! the fine fixtures! set tubs and seats!

But the contractors did a dirty job on the stairs. They have hung them in midair without proper stays and they are sagging so one is almost afraid to use them. On the top ones where the use is least, the drop is over three inches. Li is at work making proper stays and will jack them up, and put posts from the first floor up. It will be less artistic, but more secure.

Jan. 28. Li looked over the job of fixing the stairs and apparently accepted it, last Monday. Nothing has been done. Dr. Love sent yesterday to enquire and received word that he was too busy to do it. It is a matter of feeling because the job was let to out of town men I fear. Meanwhile the stairs are slowly slipping each day. I have not gotten him to do anything this year. He scorns my small jobs.

With love

Mary.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 28, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. Moore Gordon talked to them about the orphanage he founded in 1917. She would like a "Tip Top Duplicator" ordered for her. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

January 28, 1923.

Dear Home Folks,

I have a letter started, but had to remove it to type examinations and can not find it. If I find it I can still enclose it. Exams are over for the children, but I am still in the throes of correcting. So far grades range from 25-97. Miss Burgess beats me with a 6 and a 98.

Last Saturday the Peking American School boys came down for an ice hockey game. It was exciting! There was no score during the four quarters so they played two extra five minute periods. They scored one goal during the first five minutes, so won. They skate better than our boys but we had the best team work. Erick Thunder shot the goal. It was the speed with which he did it that accomplished the end. He escaped the outer guards and only Stanley had to be dodged. Tomorrow we play them on the Legation rink. The boys have worked hard all week and we hope for success. It is hard to get good practice here now, because the ice had to be cut this week. The field is cramped, especially as there are other children who want to skate also. Instead of fixing the moat this year, the athletic associations have hired a man to sweep and water the pond. We did not recognize the "exclusive" rights of the Chinese boys to the pond, but asked for a division of hours for the "compound pond". No one made any objection, the division was made and all has been well so far. For one thing, fewer Chinese boys than ever have had



skates. Four at once is the most I have seen. They skate along with our children and enjoy the fun. Miss Young and Miss Carlisle have been very devoted to the sport, so the question of chaperone has not been any bother. That is lucky for the girls!

One Sunday, Moore Gordon came down and told us about the work out at the orphanage. It was a bit long but thoroughly enjoyable. He started with the reason for founding it, to care for orphans left by the floods of 1917 and then again by the famine of 1919 and told the story. The special point of moral that he emphasized, was obedience. They have a waiting list of several hundred. Two boys broke rules and went to Peking. On their return, the boy who had a home he could go to was sent thither in spite of petitions and pleadings. His place was needed by a boy who would appreciate it. The other, who had no home, and for whom it would mean sure death to be turned out, was put in the reformatory where there are only the barest necessities of life. But it meant waiting his turn at the end of the list of hundreds before he could hope to get back to the comforts he had been enjoying.

On Monday Chan Nai Nai's daughter came home ill. She has not been well for several months and I have asked Alice to get her home before she should get too ill to get well quickly. She did not want to come, and the authorities up there would not insist. Now she is here with a well developed case of Tuberculosis. Dr. Love has taken her into the hospital and says there is a good chance for recovery, but now it means a year or more. The poor Amah is of course quite broken up over it.

Miss Bailey is living up to her reputation and noting on the inspiration of the moment. Wednesday was the camp fire birthday. On Monday, I got a note asking if she could come for the dinner on Tuesday night. She did. And I think all went well. She had a ceremonial afterward, the first this year. I attended, and found it interesting. We are working on the question of room order. No teacher was ready to undertake the inspection last semester, and I had too many things to do. Hence I shut my eyes, rather than talk and not do. Now I am letting other things go if need be and doing careful inspection. Any clothes on the floor at any time, of day or night, I confiscate. During some hours of the day I take anything that is on the chairs or trunks too. Yes, I had to give in and let trunks stay in the rooms. We had not chairs enough to furnish seats and one can not insist on the girls standing all the time they are in their rooms.

Phebe's letter came Friday the 26<sup>th</sup>, just a month on the way. That very afternoon, came a bead man, and so I have most of the things you want already bought. I was very glad of the account, for I had no idea where I stood.

Here is the list of what I bought to send you.

1 turquoise chain to sell for	\$4.00
1 blue bird pin " " "	1.00
1 turquoise pendant " " "	2.50
2 " " " " "	1.75 each
2 brownish " " " "	1.75 "
1 set white jade " " " "	3.00 pair or 1.50 each

These are perfect and hard to get now.

I have some white chains, but nothing that is as long as Miss Schnieder wants. I am going to restring them before I send. I hope to get the cord in town tomorrow. You wait and see if they are not prettier than some of the others I have sent! None of the chains this time have the little boxes. I suppose they are too bulky for the peddlers to bring around.

Did Miss Brewster ever get a turquoise matrix chain? She originally wanted one. Please let her know if you are telephoning, that I am enjoying the New York papers very much. I am sure you can assure her that I am not using a great deal of time writing letters.

We expect two new boys tomorrow, Arthur Hersay and Norman Long. That makes 32 boys in the boys house. There will be 14 on each porch. Another one will have to sleep inside, for there just is not floor space for another bed. The four oldest boys sleep inside. They are not returning and did not want to purchase sleeping bags for the one year. We are sorry to loose Arthur Romig as he is such a fine student and always pleasant to have around. William Cochran sends a small brother to take his place. We all hope he is as interesting.

I am enclosing an advertisement of the "Tip-Top" Duplicator. Miss Mason had one at Monticello and it was most useful. This slip has been lost till I moved over. Since then it has been on my desk waiting for me to remember to write about it. I have marked the size I want, also the supplementary parts it would be wise to have sent at the same time. I should think, that Flora might like one for Tientsin too. I should like to get it here for the next examinations if possible. This is an old advertisement so prices may have changed. They were about \$3.50 before the war. I hope they have gone down.

I am sorry I was so slow in getting the second luncheon set off. Some way there was a long time between opportunities. It is more like the ones you have seen. Did I put a price on it? It would be \$9.00 or 10.00. The other is



much cheaper, \$5.00. I write this late purposely, so Mother will take her real choice, unhampered by thoughts of price.

I have had letters from Mariel Evans, Eleanor Mitchell, Miss Lathrop, recently. The Mitchells are on Riga, Latvia and having interesting experiences. The Yarrows are in Rowayton, Conn. if you want to hunt them up. Did I write that Grace goes to Smith and her mother wrote for her grades? The Dildines are in Peking. Mary is so much better that she starts school this new semester. Mrs. Dildine writes that she hopes to send them back here, but if that school comes up to grade, she must keep them home as the doctor does not yet give them a clean bill of health.

Mary was down for the game Saturday and it hurt her to have to root for any team but ours.

With lots of love,

Mary.

I enclose the bill for my Geographic, \$3.50.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **February 11, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the family. They have had hockey games this winter. Mary sends prices for some Chinese items sent back home to be sold. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. February 11, 1923.

Dear Family,

Mothers letter came this week. Rain and mud sound good to me. It is, of course, terribly dry here. A high wind on Friday gave us a local dust storm, but it was short lived. Mrs. Gordon was out today for the first time in over a week. She had the influenza such as has been going the rounds. Mr. Menzi was back on the job this week, after an absence of three weeks. It was good to have everything in full swing again.

Before Mrs. Gordon got ill she was in the nervous state, that is familiar to those of us who know her, when everything was wrong. She sat on the poor children in the dining room till it was most trying. But she brought them to time by refusing to make birthday cakes if they refused to heed her repeated requests for less noise. Five missed out on cakes, then the noisy ones began to feel that it was too much to impose a punishment on others for the sake of the enjoyment they were getting. Also Mrs. Gordon began to feel that she had been too hard. The result was a joint party for the five and Mr. Menzi who had been in bed on his birthday. It was a success and I hope will be useful in keeping order in the future.

Last week Cleora came down for the week-end. I made the first Divinity of the season. It was excellent. Maude brought over some cherries and we added them. It was so good that Jean and I had no difficulty at all in cleaning up the dish when she was down on Tuesday.

Alas we lost the third hockey game. There was no score for three quarters, then Millard Arnold shot a pretty goal. No one could get another in. But the Puck traveled back and forth so fast it almost made ones head dizzy following it. Our boys did wonderfully well. It was a hard fair fight, with the most friendly spirit all through. I went with the Tuttles for lunch and a committee meeting for the curriculum committee afterward. We talked so hard and interestingly that it was 3.50 before I thought of my train. I rushed off and thanks to the train being late, made it at Tung Pien Men. It was a forlorn team that waited for the train; tired and no thrill of victory to cheer them.

I mailed two packages to you on Monday. One was the toys etc. that I have had done up for so long, the other contained,

3 turquoise pendants; 1 of hard stone and 2 of soft.

2 colored glass "

1 chain beads.

The prices are on them all, in gold, as you out to sell them. I shall not label any others, lest it get you into trouble with customs. Have you had to pay anything on the stuff I have sent? Most people are groaning over duties, on goods sent home. If you do, please add to the prices and reimburse yourselves. We are selling cheap enough, so there ought to be no kick.

I am going to have "Four Chickens" mail here on the street, four packages tomorrow, contents may sell as follows:

I.  
blue-glass beads -- \$2.50  
white bone " ----- 2.50

III.  
Turquoise matrix (solid) -- \$8.00  
" " with knots - 7.00  
crocheted lingerie top ----- 3.00



II.  
Blue glass beads----\$2.50  
Pink bone "----- 2.50  
Humpty-dumpty ----- .40

IV.  
2 bunnies----- .40 each  
humpty-dumpty----- .40  
brown beads-----2.50

I have seven more strings to send some time, but have not gotten them done up. I took time last week to make extensive purchases at Tais. The new year is at hand and even Tai was eager to sell. The things sent last Monday, I got from "Jerry" when he came down.

I had Alice Huggins over for dinner this noon. Miss Burgess had Miss Ingram, and Miss Fenn went over to keep Miss Sailer company. I am going to start and entertain the compound people. It is too late to get Maude until after the baby comes, I fear. Bobby is a dear, so happy to be out after being in for several days with the flu.

Katherine Dodd has a small victrola and it has been going all day. I have not minded, because she has no cheap, trashy records, but many good, classical ones. It will not be the demoralizing influence, that Dixie's machine was. I have got to get hold of Katherine, she is all right here, but her attitude toward her mother in heart rending.

Monday—I sent to Flora last week several prospectuses and some of the booklets giving the book lists. I did not understand that the booklet was to have anything but the books desired in it, so that is all it contains. Some of the other things are,

a safe  
a victrola  
outfit for teachers rooms i.e. sheets, towels, pillowcases, etc.  
another piano  
table linen, table cloths, 2 yards square, for ten tables.  
napkins, 2 dozen.  
large type revised version Bible for chapel.  
money for servants quarters.

Flora knows the needs better than I, for she worked more on that problem

I wonder how much you got for the fur coat? I am glad it is sold before it gets moth eaten or otherwise injured.

Please give to the church for me \$5.00, out of the funds that you collect from the sales. I mean to give something every year altho I am so far away.

When you get tired of selling things, just say the word and I will cease to send them to be sold. I enjoy doing my part, but do not want to over do it for you. I sent the four packages to the office, so they ought to travel with this letter, and leave the 16<sup>th</sup>.

It is getting spring. I have had to turn the heat off and open my window. Also the ribbon on my machine is winding itself up all crooked. It is a Remington ribbon, and I may have made a mistake to be so economical. It costs the same price as the Corona and is nearly twice as long. By winding it over onto my spool, and cutting it, it should work.

I must write Miss Bailey. She has written early that she plans to come down, so I must answer. She wants to make gowns and have two ceremonials during her vacation.

Carrington Goodrich and Ann Swann were married last week Friday. I got an invitation on the evening mail of the wedding day and the wedding reception was at 5.30. I did not attend. Bob Shaw is in the seventh heaven. Ruth is coming north for two weeks.

Lots of Care  
Mary.

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*[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. In it she talks about her recent trip to Sharp Peak where she was born. She ponders about being an old maid as her 30<sup>th</sup> birthday approaches. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China.  
Feb. 11, 1923.

Dearest Mother,

We are in the midst of a real Foochow winter; cold that finds and hugs you everywhere except as you hug a stove, cloudy days, and sometimes rain. In spite of the untoward weather, Reiltia Allen, Miss Hartwell's new secretary, Miss Bosbyshell, and I started last Saturday for Sharp Peak and a week of party. Father had started the day before for Diongho and stopped here to have me put up his lunch. Just before he left your package came, and I



tore it open in time to let him see his tie and the pictures. These last are very good I think especially of "The four children" rowed up according to age. Father is most desirous of having a set for himself. Please send a duplicate as soon as you can get it here. Maybe Uncle Willis is sending him some.

Marjorie has grown so that we both thought her Dot. She is wearing Dot's Honey I hat, isn't she? Just before you get this you will probably get Dot's birthday gift of lacquer. I hope it reaches her O.K. and that she likes it. She ought to keep the room rather medium temperature and a pan of water on the radiator to make dampness enough to prevent cracking. If Dot likes hers well enough, (keep this secret, please) I hope to send Monnie one like it, or if she prefers in green or black, for graduation next June-1924. Please find out what her feelings are in this matter.

Well, I must hurry now, after all this that started to be an introduction to this message, to thank you very much for this lovely paper. I was sorely in need of this and Gould's beautiful box as all my nice stationery is gone. I love to use pretty paper, and I shall love this, really, all the more because you sent it. Lots of love goes with the thanks.

At Sharp Peak, I wished, as I stood in the suite where I was born that you and Father might have stood there with me. I love the place because it is near the sea, and I love the sea! Perhaps I do because I was born near it. No place was familiar to me; and I didn't get to the beach, for our hurried departure. That I think I would have remembered. Some summer now, I want to go down for a week or two, and see it under pleasant skies; for I like the place.

These days since Wednesday have been full of unimportant things, paying last bills before the new year, receiving furniture- my very first set, which really makes it most important, and just kicking around in general. It seemed strange today to go to Geu Cio Dong and see only a handful there, mostly not school girls. A schedule agrees with me I know. I get more things done, and planning a day's work is less energy-consuming. The name, old-maid is nearly mine, I guess. Thirty is fast approaching, and unless I hurry, I'll still be an old maid. So far, my last letter to you still stands. I wonder what you will or have replied.

My new magazines came last week, and I felt so happy to see the "Etude" and "Current opinion". The Lit. Dig. [*Literary Digest*] is excellent, but it comes so fast that I have no time to keep up. Rates are about even; but I shall have more self-respect if I at least approximate reading this thro. Gould said in his last, that he didn't know what to send for gifts. Perhaps if I just mention some things it will help. Records for Vic. [*Victrola*] I sent a list of last summer. Late books, either good fiction or worthy non-fiction are fine. But for fiction you'll have to get them right off the press, for we have already read "This Freedom" and "In the days of Poor Richard". Missionary folks are readers. Both Xmas'es so far we have had a lot of candy, and for appearances sake I've eaten most as much as anyone. So a nice box would save my face at Xmas. It is a luxury, and I should get on without it- and be called a child or a tight-wad, I suppose. But-----!

The family has written us very regularly this winter and we appreciate it! Please keep it up! We watch the mails eagerly. Silence we take for "All's Well", however we never cease to pray that you are well. Very much love, and many thanks again for the lovely gift, from your eldest girl- Phebe

I am enclosing just a tiny sprig of a flower I found at Sharp Peak. It was originally pink. I wish I could have found a wild lilac on the way to the boat!

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*[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He tells her about his somewhat humorous walking trip with Mr. Topping and "Frank" to the station, Diong Loh and back. He talks briefly about the current state of affairs in China. Kathleen is 15 and he celebrated his 58<sup>th</sup> birthday. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

Feb. 11-1923

Dear Kathleen:-

Last week I was in Diong Loh and no one got any letters for two reasons. (1) Last Sunday Mr. Topping and I rose at a village called Kong Cheng. We walked from Diong Loh there= about 16 miles on Saturday. We had Frank, Mr. Topping's horse with us but he could not find a coolie for one load so his house coolie took one load and we put the bedding on Frank. He acted as if he thought that was Kong King ing[?] him but he carried it and Mr. Topping on top of it for a while=about two miles. Then he stopped and refused to go. Mr. Topping got off. Then Frank went on all right. Sunday morning we found another coolie to accompany the house coolie and they took the



loads on 14 miles to where we were to spend Sunday night. We took Frank and went to Nang Long a village about 1500 feet up above the plain. This is a very interesting place. One of the leading business men of Sing Ha, a large village on the sea comes from Nang Long. His family lives there. He is a very earnest Christian and his influence is very positive for Christianity in all that region. There are only 50 families in Nang Long. They have given up all idols and every form of idolatry. No more do they use wine at feast and superstition is gone. It is much like a Christian village at home- not all the people are Christians but they are all favorable to Christianity. Most of the men are in Sing Ha in business. We held a service at Nang Long- had dinner there and went down to Sing Ha in the afternoon. The road was pretty steep some of the way but Frank carried either Mr. Topping or me most of the way. We reached Sing Ha a little after 5. The wind was blowing very hard and it was some cold. We had to eat wholly Chinese food at Neng Ing and that evening we had to have a feast at Sing Ha. Down on the sea the wind blows fiercely.

Monday morning it began to rain about 8:30. We had breakfast then we had set before us each four eggs poached in sugar and water. I ate for breakfast 1 poached egg and two fried eggs. Mr. Topping took them all =six. Then just as we were starting a woman came in with two bowls of Hung Gang=rice vermicelli with an egg on it. He ate the egg=seven. We walked about ten miles and stopped at a village and had another dish of rice vermicelli with two eggs on it. He ate both= nine eggs Mr. Topping ate for breakfast last Monday.

You should have seen us as we left Sing Ha. The members sending us off with fire crackers. Frank is not yet used to them and they were so near they flew all about under his feet. He just danced for two or three minutes with Mr. Topping on his back. When it finally occurred to him that by going forward he could get away from the noise- he just scooted.

We reached our next stopping place Siu Lai about 1:45. This was on the way home toward Diong Loh. Going down we had made a detour to stop at Nang Long. The last two hours of travel before reaching Siu Lai it rained hard and the wind blew right in our faces so hard that it was useless to try to hold an umbrella. I was wet as a rat from my feet nearly to my hips. The wind blew the flaps of my overcoat about so that the rain got against my legs. My cap was soaked. But the loads came about 20 minutes after we got to the chapel and I took a good rub, put a blanket over my shoulders and was all right. Just before we reached this village we had to cross a brook some 4 rods [*about 66 feet*] wide. Mr. Topping was waiting for me and said we would both ride over. I laughed and said that little pony could not carry two of us. But he got off- I jumped into the saddle and he tried to get on behind. But he landed on the pony's tail. The pony tried to kick but with two big men on his back and one of them right on his tail, his hind feet did not get very far into the air. Mr. T had to get off and the next time he landed near the saddle and Mr. Frank took us over all right.

We had a nice service with over 30 people that afternoon. Next morning we started for Diong Loh and got home a little after 5 o'clock Wed. a.m. I stayed and examined Miss Nutting in some language work. Thursday a.m. I walked 8 miles to Long M??? and took the launch for home- Foochow. The Diong Loh launch left at 5 a.m.- too early.

Your letter is with Phebe so I cannot answer it in time. But it was a very good letter. 9+ [*maybe he means years in school*] shows that you are developing in the use of your mother tongue. My how would you like to see the first letter you ever wrote me. I have it preserved in my trunk. Mama's description of the task is almost as interesting as is the letter. Gould and Geraldine write as if it was good for them to get home for the few days at Christmas.

Both the Southern generals have left Foochow. Hu Cung Do- left the day that I left for Diong Loh. The soldiers are still siezing a few men to carry loads but the streets are again supplied with rickshas and the shops are open and in general Foochow appears natural for the first time since last September.

Commencement passed off very nicely. Civil Governor Ling Seng spoke at the exercises. Ten students from the middle school course and nineteen from the Higher Primary received diplomas. We are still buying land and houses for enlargement.

My 58<sup>th</sup> birthday was the day I walked in the rain and got wet thru. I shall remember it a long time. The evening after we returned to Diong Loh the station were invited to dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Hubbards and to my complete surprise a cake with birthday candles came on.

How you would enjoy the Topping children. Wilma is a little more than two years old. Her hair is very striking. Mama would have given a good deal to have had a baby with one tenth so many curls. Her hair is all curls and it stands straight up all over her head. I never saw hair like it. Her mother cannot brush it down. Each hair seems so full of kinks all the whole length. The baby is nearly six months old and sleeps from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. without disturbing anyone. A new boy's school building is going up at Diong Loh and also one at Ing Hok. The new house on the site of the old Gardner house is roofed in so the men need not fear the rain. The new Women's Hospital on the land that used to be my garden is just getting the roof on.



Every one is very busy planning the work for next year= I mean next Chinese year. The whole mission is \$3000 mex. short we have appointed a committee of twenty to raise this here in Foochow. We shall be on the job when this reaches you. Please all of you pray that the money may come. I have talked for this method of raising money for the work for a long time. This is the first real attempt that had been made. I hope it will be successful.

China is a much distressed land. Conditions are as bad as they were under the old monarchy, but she has more hope- for there is a deep thirst for knowledge at least for an education and a Christian Education is her only hope. Many mistakes will be made as she changes from chaos to order and many men will be killed, for life is very cheap here as any previous letters have shown. Rattle brained young men and young women will make fools of themselves and cause misery. But out of it all will come a China that will help the world.

May God be very good to you all

Very lovingly  
Father

I'll look for a burette.

The young man who came with 5 others into my study three weeks ago and demanded that the Foochow College students go in a procession to the various officials to demand the stopping of siezing men for carriers shot himself last week, accidentally- a good thing for Foochow.

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[This typewritten letter, dated **March 2, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the folks. She tells about the various people and families of which she is acquainted with. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., March 2, 1923.

Dear Folks,

I know I have been delinquent in writing and fear that another Sunday will pass without a letter. Hence, I am writing instead of eating. That is not as bad as it sounds, for I had a most scrumptious tea at 4.00 and only a short walk since.

Two weeks ago I went to Peking on Saturday afternoon by rickshaw to hear Kathleen Parlow a second time. My man was a good one, but 5 miles this side of town he sold me to another fellow. This second was slow- s l o w. I would have arrived in time for dinner and no concert had not the Gibbs been trying to attend the same concert and by auto, not rickshaw. I stayed in for the week end with Jean. We had Alfred Stanley and Margaret McCann for Saturday night. We all went to the movies and saw a good story of the Yukon.

On Sunday Jean and I went to the hotel for the music. It was an all classical program. A Mr. Ellis, third Secretary, just new invited Jean over to hear his new piano, and try it as accompanist to her violin. Paul and I went for audience. Mr. Ellis is delightfully Naïve.

The Burgess family were down here for two weeks camping out in the one time Howard-Smith house, now the N.C.A.S. property. Mr. B. was very ill with something similar to Typhus during the Christmas holidays and the doctors forbade him doing any work till after the first of March. Hence the migration of the whole family. I was over there for lunch on Washington's birthday, and had the whole family over here for Sunday dinner. Vinton developed ear ache, so Stella and the boys made a hasty departure by auto Monday morning.

Jean Hunter arrived about 8.39 two weeks ago today. She is a darling. I saw her when four days old. She is gaining and Maude is fine. Bobby gets terribly excited when we ask after the Shao baby. Bobby was most ready to give us all up as no good. A kite had gotten tangled in the outer branches of one of the trees. It floated most delightfully in the wind and was a most desirable plaything. Yet we only tossed him and played get it. He really wanted it!

The Faculty Entertainment was this last Wednesday night. We had the Chinese Players down. They gave four plays, taking about two hours. After the first one, I invited small groups to go behind the scenes and watch the man manipulate the figures. It was like a Chinese audience after that with constant going and coming. But the children enjoyed it that way, so why object!

Jean Josselyn, Minnie Corbett, and Lura Aiken were our only guest this year. As usual several did not even reply. Flora can guess one or two names. I think I shall recommend dropping them from our list of patrons.

Tuesday evening. I had a fine time at Tsing Hua, though not a very exciting one. We just talked on Saturday eve. They had had "Way Down East" the night before so there were no movies. On Sunday, two people from the German Legation were out, Mr. and Mrs. Gipperich. They were very interesting people. He was born out here and spoke beautiful English. She was not very fluent. I went to the Heintz for supper. On Monday morning, I read in the library all the educational magazines I could find. It was like college days at Columbia.



Today Jena was down for her violin lessons. We went for tea at Mrs. Martins, the Alice Huggins and Miss Sailor walked down the Tientsin road. I found that Dr. King had arrived by the evening train. She was expected last Friday, but bandits had fired on the outgoing auto so the autos were not running. The trouble proved short lived.

I have much work and several business letters, so must turn to those.

Lots of love.

Mary.

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[This letter dated **March 2, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Charles M. Neely to Willard. Charles M. Neely writes to Willard in praise of Willard's daughter Phebe and her work as a missionary. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

會 年 青 女 教 督 基  
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
巷 庇 吉  
GEK PUOI HAENG  
州 福 國 中  
FOOCHOW, CHINA

Mar. 2, 1923

Dear Dr. Beard;

I've just been writing a note to Phoebe to thank her for her help in the Conference and it struck me you might be interested to hear how much help she was and how sincerely I appreciated having her. I couldn't visit the Bible classes but I know Phoebe led hers well and that the girls enjoyed their discussion hours greatly. They said so.

And then, you know, Phoebe stepped into the gap that was left when the music director got stuck in Amoy and couldn't come.

I've got the world more or less roughly divided into two classes- the people who give you a pull down as you touch and those who give you a lift and certainly Phoebe is one of the latter.

Sincerely-

Charles M. Neely.

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[This letter dated **March 5, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. Phebe talks about working with and being inspired by some Chinese ladies. She is enjoying the start of spring and her work in the church with Easter preparations. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow, China.

March 5, 1923.

My own darling Mother,

Later and later it has got and I have not written you to greet you on your own day, the 29<sup>th</sup> of this lovely spring month as it is with us. This note brings you my warmest love, and special birthday wishes. May the year that starts for you on that day lead you forthwith new fields of usefulness, a new start in learning-for we are not happy unless we grow and learn, and all the happiness and inspiration of knowing yourself needed by and useful to many loved ones and friends. If Mrs. Cong and many others here knew I was writing they would ask me to say Gung- Li for your birthday, for they often ask for you and ask me to send their greetings. I think it would please them to get a word from you some time.

Since I wrote you last I have had a very rich and beautiful experience. During the week of Feb. 19 I was with the Y.W. Conference at Sing Ding School. Living so intimately with the secretaries, the three English ladies there, and Anne Kentfield was a privilege. But working with and having two Chinese ladies from the Peking and Shanghai association was an inspiration. They are every bit as fine as we are, and it gives me fresh courage to try to see in my girls here the kind of women they were, the contact with the girls, the use of Chinese in the discussion group on Christianizing Relationships, and the responsiveness of the girls were all a very happy education to me.

Isn't it wonderful that Easter comes in the spring? I have been sleeping on the porch with Miss Pike, and every morn we are wakened by the 'Chinese Robins' wide rollicking repertoires and other bird calls. Each day sees new growth in the leaf buds on the old trees in front of our new house, and the sun rises earlier each day. Some days bring a warm damp earthy smell that intoxicates me with joy. And sometimes as I sit in chapel I look thru the



window at a curtain of green leaves and grown trunks and the sun shining thru the swaying leaves is enchanting. What little things bring joy or sorrow!

I am doing evangelistic work at Sang Bo with the Bible woman and our girls who go there to help on Sunday. We are doing intensive education on Easter and its story for the next month. After a Sat. afternoon of calling revealed discouraging ignorance and indifference in church members, it was very reassuring to see the turnout we had Sunday A.M. Nearly all were men and women as opposed to mostly children at other times. And when Mr. Goertz preached a short sermon after the pastors, the audience was most attentive. Pray that I may be sensitive to the needs of other people, to suggestions sent by God and to His influence in this work.

My Easter Greetings to all the family. I hope you are all well and are not over working. When you get this all the glory of spring will be bursting about you. I can almost feel it!

Tell each of the girls to give you a big hug and birthday kiss for me, and Gould too if he is there. How I'd like to do it myself! Listen to the Easter music for me, too. I'll be teaching the Hallelujah Chorus and the Easter piece for our concert here this next month.

Very much love from your oldest,  
Phebe.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 18, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the folks at home. She found one of her teachers smoking in the building late at night. She inquires about the rumors that she has heard about Flora not planning on returning to China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

March 18, 1923.

Dear Folks at Home,

Phebe's letter mailed the 13 of Feb. reached me the 8<sup>th</sup> of March. Mothers, mailed the 6<sup>th</sup> was two days later in reaching me. Such is the irregularity of the mails.

Yes Mother, the pipes all got fixed, and very quickly for this country. There are some leaks yet, but nothing serious. Finally, I had a stove put in the chapel; we were paying out 10.00 per week for oil for heating. We still pay out a lot, as the Menzis use the oil heater most of the time. Last week the servants used all the oil in five days that usually lasts seven. I made a terrible row about it, and now they want me to watch every move. I say no, either they can be trusted within limits, or we can not use them. I was done up with a bad headache and fever to 101.6 for three days so did not watch as closely as usual. I do not feel like trying it though, either physically or otherwise.

Alfred Stanley is to get up tomorrow for the first time. He had the scarlet fever lightly and was over the worst before we knew what it was. Jack West is down with a bad sore throat, but so far no rash has appeared. There are no other suspects. Mrs. Stanley was here for three days but went home. She may return when the nurse leaves and it gets lonesome for Alfred.

Several times lately I have been wakened by a strong odor of tobacco. Once I went down stairs and all seemed serene. The servants were all in bed so was everyone else. A week ago, it happened again. I had been in bed for most of the last four days and was too weary to go investigate. Last night I went down, Miss Carlyle it seems indulges, "late at night, so what difference does it make". I asked her to please go out doors hereafter, not smoke in the house. She has decided not to return for another year and is evidently going to be as reckless as she pleases. I thought Miss Muir was indulging too, but she was not. She is a most capable woman, but spoiled by her life overseas or else naturally unprincipled.

What fun to have a family party on Mothers birthday. I should have liked to have been there. I am glad Mother is keeping the colored set, it is more unique. If you can sell the other for anything over \$8.00 I shall make my usual allowance on it. If that is too much, get what you can. Do you want such things to sell? I can buy as men come around, if you do, or get in Peking.

How hard for Nellie and Hattie, to have Frank [*cousin-in-law, Frank Ernest Blakeman, husband of Nellie Elizabeth Beard*] taken. And how hard to have to see him suffer so. Leaks of the heart are not always fatal. Bergen Stelle has a rather bad one. To be sure, it is a constant source of worry. He is still in bed with a cold that would hardly have bothered the rest of us. He runs a low fever every day. Mrs. Stelle and Clarkson are going home with Bergen this summer. Mrs. Stelle says that she could not be happy nor could Mr. Stelle to let him go alone, after this siege.

Monday A.M. Mr. Bentley preached for us yesterday. The children volunteered remarks on his sermon and every one was impressed with it. He used the story of Micaiah, II Chronicles, 18, and brought home the lesson of doing ones duty, hard though it be and against popular feeling.



We have had good rains right along and the country side is all plowed and partly planted. Miss Ingram, Miss Burgess and I are going to take our tea and walk off somewhere this afternoon. She has a class till 3.15, so we have gotten the tea things and will meet her at the Academy. My lunch box that Miss Bostwick gave me is being used. It is so warm that one hardly needs a sweater even.

What do the rumors about Flora's not returning mean? Are they true or only rumors? I think that I wrote that Miss Smith had proved most satisfactory. Mrs. Evans is giving a course in History that she is working up for the little folks, and I get glowing accounts of it. She is writing it in the form of a scroll, beautifully illustrated, and it fascinates the children. Also they get the facts and retain them.

There is a fad for Womens papers here. One has started in Shanghai and one in Tientsin.

March 23 I am going to make an end of this letter and get it on its way. All the children were off yesterday morning. The Shantung crowd traveled on the new steel train and were most delighted. It has compartments even on 3<sup>rd</sup> class. There are three berths on each side, and the seats are leather. It was most clean and unscratched as yet. In the day time each compartment is supposed to hold eight. Our party was just sixteen.

There are seven of us here, not counting, the scarlet fever patient and the gastritis patient. Both are most well. Philip will probably be out next week but Alfred has to do most of his peeling yet. We seven are planning for the hills next Thursday to stay till Monday. We go to Tan Che SSu, that being the one place to which no one of the party has even been. We read Juliet Bredon on the place[porch?] last night, to the enjoyment of all.

I am going up tomorrow to attend the College club also to hear the Persian Garden, on Monday. I am staying with Cleora at Teng Shih Kou. I have been to Jeans every time this winter, because she has been here and given the invitation personally.

We are having guests this evening. The dining room is too full to have much company in term time. We will have to improve the few days we are here, if we get around.

Last Sunday Mr. Luders and two friends were here and accepted my invitation to stay for lunch. I got a thank you note and a check for \$50.00 two days later. It pays to entertain, at that rate.

With lots of love,

Mary.

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*[This letter dated **March 18, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Marjorie. He tells her about seven Chinese men who wanted to join the church and the superstitions of the boatmen. He talks about his chickens and the children living in the compound. Willard has some issues with some property he bought with graves on it. He laments over the current political situation and the abuse of soldiers and the poor by the militarists. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

March 18, 1923

Dear Marjorie:-

It must be your turn to get the letter this week. Last week I wrote to Gould, and asked him to send it to Oberlin.

Today has been much like a day in May at home. The sun has shone all day but not hot and bright. There has been a dampness in the air that has made me wear an overcoat all day. This morning I went to the Upper Bridge to church. There were seven men-learners who were thinking of joining the church. We talked with them and admitted three. One of these was an old man 74 years old. His two sons were already members. Another was a young man whose brother has been a Christian School teacher in our mission for several years. The third was a near relative of a teacher in Trinity College. There were two others pretty ming bek. (Do you know that means? Ask Mama). But they were boatmen and knew no character and had not been learners very long. One was about fifty years old and ran his boat with a crew of ten between Foochow and Upper Bridge and Kienning here, - where Archdeacon Phillips lives. The pastor = Ung Huai In and the church members were afraid he did not know quite enough of the Truth to join the church yet. There is very much idolatry and superstition connected with a boat captain's life. He must burn incense and shoot off the tripod when he starts up river, and he must go to the temples built near the bad rapids to burn paper and incense to the idols to propitiate them so his boat will not be wrecked. It takes a very earnest boatman not to have anything to do with idolatry.



After admitting these three men four little babies were Baptized. One was a two month old son of pastor Huai Li,- one was a four month old grandson of his,- the little boy of his oldest daughter who I married a little over a year ago. She was one of Phebe's pupils at Ponasang.

Yesterday Mr. St. Clair and I started at 12:15 for Kuliang. It was very cloudy and almost raining, so we went prepared for rain. We took rickshas to Deuk Sei, half way across the plain, walked to Huang Sei the last village before you reach the foot of Kuliang, took chairs from there to the foot and walked up. I went specially to look at Miss Todd's cottage and at Mr. Belchers. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs want Miss Todd's cottage. Mr. Newell I think has bought Mr. Belcher's - for an investment. We walked all the way down and across the plain to East gate where we found rickshas. I stopped at Deuk Sei to see some little chicks that were just hatching. I gave the eggs to Nuik Ciu the Christian fruit and vegetable man to set under his hen. I found 12 or 13 hatched out. He is to bring them to me tomorrow. Then I shall have a regular chore night and morning to feed and care for them. I have now seven hens and one rooster over in my old chicken house. This month thus far I have brought in 82 eggs. I received 3 cents a piece for them.

Mr. Munson is very much better. He has been down stairs now for three of four days. They plan to sail from Shanghai early in April.

Mrs. Cong asks me over and over to remember her to Mamma. She thinks a great deal of Mama and tells me that Mama loved her very much.

The compound is quite lively with children these days. Mrs. Rogers Ellen, Mrs. Leger's Margaret, Barbara and Robert, Mrs. Dumason's Paul and Marian, Mrs. St. Clair's Betty. These are playing together all over the yard. They have a slide in the corner of the terrace near the big rock,- the other side of the walk, and they enjoy it hugely. They slide down one at a time or two or three at a time and sometimes on top of another. Betty has a doll as large as a new born baby. Ellen is crazy to get it and shows much ingenuity in making plans to get Betty out of the way so she can play with the doll. For several days Betty was out doors with the other children in the morning. Ellen quietly slipped into the house, found the doll and played all alone with it for an hour or more. But one day Betty did not go out and was playing with the doll herself. Ellen came in and saw the condition of things and asked Mrs. St. Clair to send Betty out to play. Mrs. St. Clair said no Betty could stay in doors then what do you suppose- Ellen got to work to induce Betty to go out and she got her out and playing with the others, then she slipped quietly in and got the doll and played with it all alone.

My sheets have gotten beyond mending. For several months they have been pretty easily torn. I hoped to get some from Miss Garretson's sale but someone else got them all. Phebe found just five yards of sheeting at Heng Sings 91 inches wide - five yards will make me two good sheets and enough to last me a long time. I did not suppose that wide sheeting could be found in Foochow and I had told Phebe to buy some cotton cloth of suitable quality and I would have two widths sewed together.

I wish some of you would order for me the renewal of the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. If you, any of you, care to see it. Have it sent to you and you send it on to me. A week or two in my receiving it will make no difference. I will send you the next money I get from Mr. Bidwell.

I see by the Sentinel that cousin Frank Blakeman [*Judge Frank E. Blakeman, spouse of Willard Beard's cousin, Nellie Beard Blakeman*] was very ill in Hartford, Conn. and little hope was held out for his recovery [*Judge Blakemen died around the time this letter was written*]. I wonder if Dr. Leonard's death will effect you- some of you used to help Mrs. Leonard I think.

I am having a very anxious time just now over the purchase of some land with graves on it between the West Gate and the Upper Bridge. The graves are over half out. Someone had entered an accusation against the villagers who sold and one has been arrested and trouble is being made. I have to find a place for the men to stay. It's no fun. The land is being bought for the union Normal and Middle School- of which Mr. Newell is in charge with Mr. Billing.

510 boys are registered in Foochow College- about ten have been turned away- four arrived from sustain Friday and are waiting till tomorrow's faculty meeting to see if they can enter. Thus far the faculty are working together finely.

Political conditions are still unsettled. Selfishness is the rule all over. Report says that a General Song is coming down overland from Shaowu, Kienning, Yon Bing, Ciu Kau to Foochow about 40,000 soldiers to take Foochow for the North again. I cry out, How long O Lord, how long, must these poor people be thus oppressed plundered and killed to allow a few ambitious militarists to play at getting power for themselves. They are using soldiers and the poor just about as one used sticks of wood- to make a fire- to make furniture or anything that he wishes- I just heard yesterday that a poor fellow- member of Lau Memorial church, who was seized to carry loads for the southern army when they left the last of January- could not stand the hard work and the cold and snow up country and died. This is the fate of many.



I saw Phebe only twice last week. She was here last Wed. evening when I came home from a wedding at 9:30 pm. I walked out to Ponasang with her. She was looking very well. I'll enclose a letter from Mrs. Neely that will please you all- specially Mama.

May God daily become to each of you more real and may He give each of you more power daily to live a forgoing life filled with good-will for every one.

Very lovingly,  
Father.

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*[This letter dated **March 31, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy. He tells Dorothy of his pride in her and Phebe. Life feels cheap to him in China since the October war. The letter is finished on Easter Day. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China  
March 31<sup>st</sup> 1923

Dear Dorothy;-

You will receive a shock to get a letter in reply to yours so soon. But I see by my register that I have addressed the others since I have you. Your letter has a good ring to it, - as if life had in it much that was worth while for you, and so if you looked forward into the future with pleasant anticipation. Such an attitude of mind spells success. I congratulate you on the choice the Baldwin girls made of their representatives in the social functions. Of course way off here in China it cannot hurt you if I feel a little bit proud. Just as I do when Phebe is chosen for some important duty and when she accepts and performs it so quietly, so unostentatiously and so efficiently. In the Easter Concert, she has had the entire training of the Wen Shan girls and she has had quite a bit of responsibility in the full charms all of which she has done admirably. She is making very pleasing progress in the Chinese character. I think I wrote of how she filled in the breach for music in the Y.W. Conference.

I wrote about the experiences of Mr. and Mrs. Christian on their way down river from Shaowu. He has written out the account and has given me three copies. I am enclosing one. Could you let Gould and Geraldine see it and then send it to Aunt Etta and Aunt Emma. I will send a copy to Shelton. We all feel with them that God's protecting care was about them in this danger.

Life seems very cheap here- has seemed so since the war last Oct. Yesterday a man from Kucheng, and army officer- who had been in Foochow for about two weeks, living a very fast life = with wine, and women, and cards and gambling, went into the city from South Side to see the Military General to get him to act as generalissimo in the Y.M.C.A. Campaign for members. His name was Ciu. He himself was leader of one of the teams. He succeeded in getting General ???'s consent to be generalissimo. While riding in his rickshaw near the electric light works an unknown man shot him thru the head and also thru the body and got away. He was taken to a Japanese Hospital nearby. Mr. Cio Lik Daik was a close friend of his. Mr. Cio had after urged him to give up his fast life. Mr. Cio went to call on him at 8 o'clock last evening. He was rational and told Mr. Cio that he had been a very wicked man and that if he had listened to and obeyed him he would not have been shot. He asked Mr. Cio to pray for him. Only a half hour or so after Mr. Cio left he died.

Sunday p.m. - This is a lonely Easter day. This morning I went to Iong Gio Haeng. They have about 100 boys and girls there in Kindergarten, and boys and girls day schools. Each child was given a national flag and the procession marched into church and for an hour the children, their teachers and four or five Foochow College Students had a nice Easter service. Then the children marched out with their flags to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers. They found it as difficult to keep in time singing as the Oberlin Choir used to in their recessional. But the whole was done by the Chinese themselves- and done very nicely.

I see Talcott and Baldwin this afternoon filled with girls in Easter dresses. When I was in College the girls could not leave the boundary hedges, - except as they went out to service. You are taking your afternoon nap and doing your work I see no harm at all in the work you mention. You free others for different kind of service. It is interesting to see the different ideas about keeping Sunday and other Holy Days. On Good Friday we suspended classes and held a service in the morning and told the boys not to play games at all during the day. You may imagine what the foreign teachers thought when in the afternoon they saw the foreign men playing tennis. I deplore more that hard feelings and ill exhibited in these matters than I do the things that are done. Why is it that people show so much heat that sometimes grows into anger when they talk about the best way in which to foster the true relations with God? I am getting to try to let others have much liberty in thought and action, for it seems to me that the whole world needs the forgiving spirit and good-will that Jesus came to help men understand and to get.

Am I right in thinking that you will go thru the forms of graduating next June but will take further study until June 1924 when you will actually get your sheepskin?



Phebe and I plan to go buying jade and perhaps other things tomorrow p.m. after the Easter Concert. May God give you all, the best things, and help you to receive and use them to make people happier.

Very lovingly Father

I sent you four tins of tea about a month ago.

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*[This letter, dated April 1, 1923, was written from Tan Che Ssu, China by Mary to the home folk. She and others are taking a brief vacation to see some temples. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tan Che Ssu  
Easter Sunday-  
[April 1, 1923]

Yes, once again I am off with a party of left over children for a bit of vacation. We are eight, Miss Burgess, the two West children, Mary MacKnight (11 yrs), Charles Leonard (11 yrs), Clarkson Stelle and Lyman Martins. We came up Thursday. On Friday it took all day to see this temple and the outlying little ones. One contains an effigy of a priest in the depths of a cave. Yesterday we went over to Chick Tai Ssu, the second largest temple out here. Tan Che Ssu is the largest and oldest and to my mind the most interesting. Today we have lain about camp and the children have played tricks. First I appeared to myself in my khaki skirt, soiled middy, pink hat and high brown shoes. Then Miss Burgess the 2<sup>nd</sup> came out. I went to my room for something and found my pillow and night clothes put to bed as a huge baby.

We have a court to ourselves now but have had two sets of neighbors, one Danish and the other Russian. At least two other parties were here last night. It is a large place. I had my fortune told this morning by pulling a stick from a bunch which I shook according to custom. I am to be rich, prosperous, ?? for and go to Heaven. Salvation for two targyees[a type of coin?] !!

We left two boys behind, Alfred Stanley is still in quarantine for Scarlet Fever. Philip Newton overate when out at Scout Camp and has been in bed with inflammation of his digestive tract ever since. I left most careful instructions as to diet with Chin Shuh Fu and one official boy in charge. Doctor Love said there was nothing but time and careful diet needed. He got in a hurry to get well and ate everything sent up, perhaps even ordered some and so stays in bed longer. He runs a slight temperature, 100 or less, most of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Menzi were at the Halls with the Fenns and were to stay at Kou Lau Tsi with them till they should be off to the Great Wall with the Longs this week-end. We get back Monday evening and I spend the two days making every body work cleaning house. Mrs. Gordon started the custom at Christmas of locking all the dormitory doors so the servants are scared to be left with the place unlocked. I was sorry, for I prefer the old method.

I sent off 3 packages just before coming up. I'll have to send prices later as I have not the lists here. I'll also send again costs of Miss Brewster's things as a letter is evidently lost.

Lots of love  
Mary.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated April 14, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary had a good trip to Tan Che Ssu. She gives prices for some Chinese merchandise she mailed. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

NORTH CHINA AMERICIAN SCHOOL  
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

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April 14, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Having written several school invitations on my best note paper, I think the school can save me steps and furnish a sheet of her paper to write home on. My last letter was written from Tan Che Ssu. We did have a good time in spite of the few difficulties. And everyone is the better for the trip. Our train coming in from Men Tou Kou was half an hour late, so we had a rush to get the train for Tungchow. We did it, but had to leave all the baggage for Fu Kuei to bring. He waited for the round the city train and came as far as Che Hwa Men. From there he got



rickshaws because he was unable to get a cart as we hoped. He got in about 8.00. Mrs. Gordon had gone to Moore's and had expected to get back Friday. She was ill so we were the first back. The invalids were less of invalids and the servants had proved faithful to the trust at least as far as Philip's diet was concerned. That was the most important bit of care they needed.

Dr. Love says that Phil has had a light attack of typhoid. He has been in bed a month. He is up in his room every day now but not dressed as it is easier to keep him in that way. Flora can tell you Doctors trick of doing that. Alfred Stanley is still pealing. I study with him occasionally by sitting outside the window or several feet away.

Last Monday about 50 of us went in to a lecture by Dr. Morris, Chief Geologist of Roy Chapman Andrews's expedition into Mongolia. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Peking American School and we were their guests.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. Walker, Dr. Waddell, and Miss Aiken came down and gave us a concert. It was most excellent, and well appreciated even if some of the little folk did get sleepy.

Monday Morning. At last another home letter. The last came just before vacation. That told of Frank's serious illness, this of his death. I wrote Hattie from the Hills. It was a good place to find some especially interesting things to tell of.

I have not been able to find the account of the packages I mailed before the Hills trip. I know that there was a long white carved chain for 3.25, a shorter white carved chain (rosettes on the sides) for 2.50. Do not hope for more of the last, for I, so far, have seen none.

- 1 pink glass chain for 2.50
  - 1 brown carved seeds for 7.00
  - bunnies and humpty-dumpties for about 40 cents each
  - 1 short lavender tiny bead chain for 1.00
  - 2 bib, doily and napkin ring to match, for child for 1.50 each.
- (Alice has cuter ones now with Chinese figures on them)

If there were other things, please appraise them for me. I shall find the list sometime, but -when?

Miss Brewsters center piece I valued at 6.00 gold. That is cheaper than I would go to the trouble it was for anyone else. But I can not duplicate it anyway as the delay on that was because the people have given up making that pattern and had to hunt long to find a woman who knew how to make it. Another like it would be 10.00 or 12.00.

I will get Floras pieces of turquoise matrix some day. I have been everywhere but to Tiffany's and can not find the ones with the gold in them. Jerry sent me a whole envelope full, but not with the gold.

To make the long chain of white, I had to get two chains and restring them, hence the higher price. I bought some lace the other day. I will send some as soon as I can get time to wrap it. That may be dutiable, if so the duty is high. I sent in small packages to save export duty, and postage, also the probability of import duty. Have you had to pay anything?

Yes I recognize the contents of the boxes. The silver slide is a gentlemans belt buckle, intended for Wells, if you think best. You probably got a letter soon after the packages for I sent one, telling of the contents.

We are having another good rain. It was much needed, in spite of the earlier ones. This will hustle things along. Violets, Foxgloves, dandelion, vatch and the relatives of the Forget me nots are getting thick.

My neighbors are in bed and I must stop this noise so they may go to sleep.

Mrs. Menzi is in bed again. It seems to be a sort of indigestion and she can eat but little. Dr. is a little afraid of mild typhoidas with Philip Newton. I surely hope not.

I am wonderfully well, in spite of hard work. I had to take week end duty this week as Miss Carlyle went to Peking Friday night and telephoned that she would not be back.

*[The following is hand written:]*

I went and watched Caroline have her bath a week ago last Sunday. She is beginning to be afraid of strangers and I see too little of her not to be a stranger. Yesterday, I watched Jean Hunter. She is a darling, just beginning to take notice. Bobby adores her but is inclined to be a bit rough.

I plan to be with Willard and Phebe this summer. For how long I'll decide later. As far as I can see, I'll only be needed to close things up.

Lots of love

Mary.

Phebe is it not about time to deposit \$10.00 of the univ[?] fund to ???



Hope Mother is fully revived long ere this reaches you.

Thanks to you and Miss Brewster for all the papers.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated April 29, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She took the younger Campfire Girls on an outing. There was another house fire in the compound. She gives an update of the co-workers and acquaintances. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., April 29, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter and the ones from Pearl River came yesterday. I was off with the Camp Fire girls to help them get the Honor of identifying 15 trees. We went beyond that and did 25. They can not get the next 10 though, for I have found only 2 more, on the campus.

Phebe's reference to finance in the church reminds me that I have forgotten to ask you to give \$5.00 to the church for me. Take it from what you are getting from the sale of the things I am sending. There was nearly that amount left after the last deposit of which you wrote. 40 cents for the lock is O.K. I forget what I did pay for it, but not more than 30 cents silver at the most.

May 6. Guess what my latest fad is? I have handed over to the other office my allowance accounts, which Miss Muir has wanted all along, but I would not give over because she groaned so over what she already had. Also I have systematized my store so it takes less time. Further William Cochran left last week so I do not have the three periods a week with him. Does not that sound as though I needed more to do? I thought so (in fact I planned to make it seem so) hence I am starting the "talked of" picnics with the Camp Fire girls. Last Saturday, the 28<sup>th</sup> we all went out for picnic lunch and afterward spent the afternoon identifying 25 trees as I wrote above. The boys had gone by the noon train for the week end, and the girls had hoped to go too, but Miss Bailey could not get off. This was their consolation party.



This is probably a photo of Mary and her Camp Fire Girls getting ready to go on a picnic. Mary is at the far right of the photo.

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



On Wednesday night I took the "Brownies" out. They are the girls in training for Camp Fire but now too young. On Friday a squad of five and I went out. We told Chinese folk tales for entertainment and thereby each girl won an honor. Also two girls fried their eggs on a stone and won a second. Marjorie Maxwell, the leader of the squad, won an honor by planning and carrying out the picnic. This coming Thursday another squad goes out. We have much fun, get acquainted, win honors and work off that superfluous energy that comes with the spring days. I wish that Flora could have seen Marjorie manage that picnic! She was efficiency itself, calm self contained and most considerate of the girls and myself. It was Marjorie who took a torch and made sure that nothing was left behind. It was she who rescued the things when a coolie kept hanging around as though there might be something he could pick up. She is coming out this year and showing the fruits of the much thought and worry put on her. I shall never get over the miracle of it, even though every year in my teaching in boarding school I have seen it happen to one or more girls!

Last Monday afternoon, Miss Burgess and I went into Peking. We shopped hard till 3.00 then went to Jean Josselyn's and rested till four. She had a committee meeting on, so we again started out for shopping. We were staying up to attend the College Club play, The Dover Road, by Milne. It was one funny thing after another till we came away with our sides aching. I had just gotten Phebe's letter asking for the things for Miss Brewster, Cora and others. I think I have in hand everything ordered except one or two which I had sent earlier on a venture. I enclose a list of the contents of 7 parcels. Two went yesterday, the others are waiting for the outer wrappers.

Dr. Wilder gave us a very good sermon today, on "Inspiration and Revelation." He took the first five verses of the Bible for his text and showed how modern science had confirmed the story of the creation not discredited it.

We had the Stelles, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Young and Dr. Wilder as guests tonight. Afterward Miss Young had planned a musical evening. Several of the boys played, Mrs. Hunter came over and sang, Miss Young herself had just started to play the "Largo" when Mrs. Gordon opened the door and announced casually "Dr. Smith's house is on fire". We ran! But we arrived just after the flame was flooded out. Auntie Ming was taking a bath and had left the lamp lighted in her room. What happened will never be known. Two of the Academy boys were walking by and saw the flames in the upstairs room. They tried the doors but they were locked. That Korean fellow who is so great an athlete and who won over half the points in a triangular meet himself, was one of the boys. He climbed up the side of the house and in the window. The casing was locked so he broke the window. The revolving bookcase and the books are ruined. The floor is badly burned under where the case stood. Fortunately the curtains had not caught so the fire was closely confined to the one corner. The house was still full of smoke, but there was no danger, when we left. The mattress was burned on one corner and the rug damaged.

Did I write that Miss Young had word several weeks ago of her father's death? Her mother is planning to stay out now till the end of the summer at least and may stay longer. The Fiskins are probably taking the Stelle house for next year. Captain Fiskin has the year for study, and they feel that this would be a fine place for the three children. Mr. Stelle will make his headquarters in Peking for the year. Mrs. Stelle and the boys leave in July.

Alice Huggins has just had word that the steamer on which she was to sail is taken off. She is out of a sailing, so are a lot of other folk as Mr. McCann had booked a crowd to go together.

Margaret Smith still writes as though she were planning to stay home indefinitely. The people are hoping that when she gets word that Mrs. Stelle is going she will decide that her family can get along and she can return. Her father has remarried, and that may make a difference, provided the new mother and the wayward brother prove agreeable to each other. Miss Moody, new this year, has definitely been located here for next year, to help look after the schools. She is of the famous Moody family and very charming. Miss Dizney has been granted for the year at least for the hospital. Dr. Love has two women nurses (Chinese) now and has begun to take out patients. One day Miss Liu officiated at a birth in the hospital and at the same time the other nurse was out on a case in the village. There was not ten minutes difference in the time of arrival of the two infants. Neither nurse called the doctor. It is a triumph to have a nurse called here.

Dr. Love has a hospital baby now. Perhaps Flora will recall the half starved infant in the Station Class last year, a child of over a year which was listless and weighed barely as much as when born. The same babe appeared this year, no heavier, perfectly listless, helpless as a new born infant, yet nearly two years old. The mother had died when the child was born, a relative had taken it and begrudged the food it ate. She had given it away and it was the third woman who had it. She has been in the hospital three months now, and has gained several pounds, two the first week, has one continuous smile and is much beloved by both the nurses. She is sitting up and playing and no longer keeps her hands where they are put.

"Four Chickens" was back for a call en route for Mongolia the other day. He was very much dressed up and was acting as interpreter for some well to do Chinese, was to travel by private auto and in style. Such is the way of the best servants.



I have had two books from Miss Brewster lately. The last I have let Jean have the first reading of, as I knew I should not get at it for several days or possible weeks. I plan now to save them for summer. I had to inquire what "in camera" meant. Jean, the diplomat's wife, knew.

Lots of love

Mary

I am anxious to hear again about Cousin Carrie. I do hope Elizabeth got rested and is better. I may be en route home a year from the time you get this. Mary.

Do you know if Joel and Grace Beard of Saybrook ever received the luncheon set I sent? I never had any word from them.

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*[This letter dated **May 20, 1923** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Ellen. Students paraded around town on the Day of Shame for three hours and held a patriotic program in the evening. Three armies are on their way to Foochow from the south but they don't know if there will be fighting. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China.

May 20, 1923

Dearest Mother,

These last months I don't recognize myself as a correspondent. I am so delinquent. Just a week ago I got a dandy letter from Marjorie and from Dot, too, and it put Father and me into fine spirits. Even if Mr. Goddard says I am the only one of my family that can't manage things, I am proud of my sisters who can.

Mr. Goddard has been here over two weeks and left today with the Legers. He is rather strange and is beginning to show his age, I think- trembling, etc. He is a good thinker, but there is something not reassuring about him, that I don't remember before at all. Just as I wrote Geraldine the last time, Mrs. Warner and her husband were here. They made their headquarters with us in our new house with unfinished walls; but we saw them only at breakfast and after 10 P.M. Tho Mrs. W. was not strong nor fond of walking; they saw most of the essential things about Foochow, even the work of other missions. Mr. Warner had a little movie machine, and a chromotone Camera, so he took movies of several things. Father and I were reception committee, and enjoyed the time together and with the Warner's. Their boat got in so late that we stayed at the Gillette's over night, coming up on his launch specially next day. We love Mrs. Warner! She is such an all-round woman, so strong and sensible, with no sneaking behind the back-talking. Everything is in the open, whether it is hard or easy to say; and always fair. At Dingloh they had half a week with two good sunny days. Just as they came, there was some trouble with the ricksha men so we had to hire private ones to be sure of having conveyance when we wanted it.



*Charles L. Gillette, M. D.*

AN apostle of healing and a devotee of beauty.



*Mrs. C. L. Gillette*

HER graciousness, poise and friendliness offer a sustaining buoyancy and ready sympathy to everyone. We are sorry the tides prevented her two sons, Don and Bobby from getting their pictures taken.

I have been preparing the girls to sing at an entertainment the Y.M.C.A. was to put on, for the last three weeks. It was to have been on the night before the day of shame and the Y.W. School Students decided it ought not to be, so threatened to stop it. The Y.W. girls were also to give a little play that night. The students came in and



took the best seats, which were reserved that night for the members, as the occasion was part of the Annual Membership Campaign. Mr. Cio went in to ask them to leave and had just about succeeded, when in stormed some outside boys who are stirring up things in town, and started a row. Mr. McConnell tried to lead the boys out, and received a rain of chairs. No program came off, and the Y.W. girls were safely sent away. That made us doubt about the propriety of our girls going over. We withdrew, and I think no program took place.

On the Day of Shame the students all paraded for three hours round town. They were quiet and orderly but as it was a hot day many were sick or overcome on the way by the heat. Our girls made flags and had a patriotic program here in the P.M. They told about the River Conservancy, material that Mr. West had given the week before at Anti Cob- a very instructive evening with reflected pictures. Two of the girls also gave a short play showing how they could buy patriotic made-in-China things of all sorts and just as good as those they got from Japan. The student organization ("arricy") [?] is kicking up a row on the boycott point, so that was important that day. Last Friday the student Assembly, a good organization talked all day passing resolutions finally that their government must guang the Tupin and give the students representation in the Assemblies of the country. Two of our girls went. Mr. Smith is very pessimistic about conditions and provinces. The three armies are on the way to Foochow from the South, no one knows if there will be fighting for Foochow may buy them off.

Last Wed. our mission prayer meeting was at the Newell's and was followed by a picnic supper. The people all seemed to have a good time, and the Legers were there for the last prayer meeting. They went yesterday. The Munsons, Charlotte Neely and Helen Carter sailed in April- all home now. Eunice and Mary Pike go in a month or so. Mary McClure, who made such a name for herself with the bandits in the North started from Ling hai yesterday and will be in Oberlin for commencement. You will all enjoy meeting her I know. She will look you up- she asked me if she might. I sent your address. I am trying to get some rattan furniture to go with my wooden things in my room but the man is too high. My two flowerwood book cases are already in use three weeks. Our Kuliang family is at last fixed. Aunt Mary, Cleora Wannamaker, Miss Waddell, Mrs. Bedient and her two little boys, and perhaps a Miss Cios of Peking. All plans aren't quite sure, but I am glad I know who is coming. I do hope, so does Father, that you and Kathleen will go east this summer or go to Cousin Addie's. It would do her worlds of good to have you there. I hope Dot and Monnie get the job at Thousand Islands. I am hoping to finish language study this summer. Best wishes to all, and very much love from Phebe.

Aunt Phebe sent me a lovely box of Nabiscos for a birthday gift, early. They tasted so good! Tell Dot to send her summer address soon!

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[This letter, dated **May 28, 1923**, was written from San Kuan Miao, China by Mary to the home folk. She went to San Kuan Miao and attended a concert. Her birthday was celebrated with a cake. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

San Kuan Miao. [Near Peking]  
6.00 A.M.  
May 28 [1923]

Dear Home folk-

I am at Jean's, hence the hand writing. Fritz Kreisler's [Austrian born American violinist] concert was Saturday and 10 of us came up for that. Some went back by auto but others of us stayed up. He was grand!

Yesterday Jean was playing for the music at the christening of Joyenne Sweet and Robert Bancroft Reynolds and I too was invited. The babies were dear and gurgled delightedly when Mr. Earnest Shaw put the water on their heads. Afterward we took Marion and went to Central Park. We sat on a bench in a quiet corner while she ran about and picked flowers and watched the almost steady stream of passers-by.

We went to the Hotel du Mond [?] for dinner. I wish we had discovered it earlier, it is so nice and clean and reasonable in price. It is quite the thing to dine there quietly. One does not have to dress, as far as dinner at the other hotels.

On Friday last I went to a dinner in the Central Park Hotel where Miss Jane Addams and Mrs. Caroline Porter were the guests of honor. Mrs. Porter was and is welfare ?? for foreign students at Tenchow College. About 30 of us T.C.ites were present. I stayed with Miss Knox.

My birthday was a ?? I had to return by the early train from the TC China [?]. Miss Olive and Mrs. Bonyer [?] came down and gave us a delightful concert. Mrs. Martin [?] and Mrs. Seib came too but did not perform.

We had tea at the school and Mrs. Gordon had made me a nice 3 layer birthday cake which was a real surprise as I had been too busy to think. Then Kreisler in the evening.



The note[or some type of cloth?] came a week ago and is still in my drawer and it is almost impossible to get a tailor. I have tried the two I had last Fall and Spring and now am trying for ?? ?? . I think I'll end by making my own dresses during the 3 weeks I am at school after the close. Many thanks everyone, it is just what I want and need.

I hope you all have a restful summer in spite of strawberries and[?] milk etc. We have had lettuce, radishes and peas from the garden but not strawberries yet.

Lots of lot to all

Mary

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[This letter, dated **June 5, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. A wedding was held that week. Their Warner Hall was dedicated. Commencement week was successful. She received word of her niece, Anna Gilbert Beard's death. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

June 5- 1923

Dear Home Folks-

We are having our first real hot spell. It began Sunday. Now it is 3.00 A.M. but too hot to sleep so I decided to write the neglected home letter.

Last week Wednesday was the Lane-?? Wedding and nine from Tungchow attended. Four of us returned by auto. The ceremony was in the big front court at Tung Fu. Dr. Smith led the bride to the altar. Dr. Wilder performed the ceremony. Rosamund Frame was flower girl and wore "my pink wedding dress". The reception was in the big court where the living room[?] is and the bridal party were in the living room. Anna Lane wore her mother's wedding gown made over and her mother's slipper.

That afternoon Mr. Keyto gave us an excellent talk at the Memorial Day exercises on "Dedication the same as Memorial."

This last week end was a memorable one for Tungchow. Lu He dedicated Warner Hall and we had our Baccalaureate Sermon at which Jean Hunter and Caroline Love were baptized. Mrs. Caroline Porter was down for the afternoon. Jean and Mr. Josselyn were also over for lunch and Dr. Wilder was down. Mrs. Porter and I walked along the moat, took a peek at the hospital and attended the last part of the dedication service. Then we had a regular Teacher's College tea, Miss P??, Dr. McCall, Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Boynton, Dr. and Mrs. Timothy L?, Alice Huggins (to attend T.C. next winter) and I. The first three stayed for our service and went back by auto. Dr. and Mrs. Warner were here, also the son. We had Dr. and Mrs. Warner for lunch Friday.

Phebe's letter came yesterday with Stanley's enclosed also the one to Miss Brewster. As to buying the expensive items. I should love to do it but my finances have not allowed it. If I could get advanced money I could do it. I saw some wonderful ?? matrix, ?? etc. for \$35, \$50, \$60 up. They are here but I do not have ready cash to risk all on one big thing that I am not sure of a sale for. I will send a pretty pink tinted carved fish ?? which ought to sell for about \$20.00. It is unique and well carved, strung on gold thread. If I can I will get the beads suggested in the letter. I fear it will be next fall though as I am planning to go to Foochow via Hongkong and cash is too low.

Today our boys and a lot of girls went to Peking for the third of the baseball games with the Peking American School boys. (The first was ?? 12-11 Peking; the second in Peking 13-12 Tungchow) The team was met at the train with a note saying that it was too hot and the parents would not let the boys play. Our team and would-be rooters were "sore". A half day wasted! I had gone to do all the last shopping so everyone else could attend the game.

I'll finish later for I am getting sleepy.

Wed A.M. It is nearing the end of the last examination period and I have been in charge. We have all of the Romig family here and the extra 4 are sleeping in the infirmary. The rooms are lovely guest rooms when hung with curtains and furnished.

Mrs. Martin had a gift of bedding and towels from Dr. Jefferson's church for the hospital or other institution if they did not need it. We received 12 sheets, 6 pillow cases and 12 towels. It fixes us well for caring for guests. Helen Harnett[?] went home last fall without calling for any of her things so her bedding is here too.

Mother's (May 2) letter followed Phebe's (May 7) on the next mail and yesterday (June 5) came Mother's written May 14. That told of Anna Gilbert's [Anna Gilbert Beard, born April 25, 1896, died November 5, 1922 of chronic pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years] death.

June 12



We had a very successful and attractive commencement. The concert in the morning was excellent. I heard it from the dining room as I had to be down by the spring fixing lunch till too late to dress. Captain Fiskin (Genevieve ??'s brother-in-law) gave us over a dozen large asparagus ferns and ?? with the blue and yellow flowers we bought made the chapel most attractive.

We had a very small crowd but an enthusiastic one. Dr. L? Wektin's[?] theme was "You get out of life what you put into it". Both George and John did well. She read their essays as they had not finished them early enough to learn them. Miss Muir sang two solos. Mr. Romig in addressing the class congratulated the school and class but said that the real honor of this class belonged to Miss Beard who had helped the boys through the earlier years. There was instantaneous loud applause.

We had to dismiss He [*Chinese name*] a few weeks ago and I missed him on getting the children off. The new man knew so much more than I did that he called one less wheelbarrow each time etc. Consequently it was a hectic time sending servants in all directions for the neighbor's wheelbarrows at the last minute.

I am glad Elizabeth is better and hope all are well now.

With love

Mary.

We leave by boat for Foochow June 26<sup>th</sup>.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **June 25, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. They are sleeping on the porch now that it has gotten hot. She will be taking a Japanese ship down to Foochow via Shanghai and will visit Hong Kong on the way back. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

June 25, 1923.

Dear folks at Home,

Last week I forwarded to Willard Phebes [*Phebe Maria*] last letter, as well as the next to last. I expect you will not risk getting another to me here.

Miss Burgess and I have had a wonderfully cool time staying over. We moved at once to the big east sleeping porch and have had cool breezes every night. The days for a week have been very hot, but the earth is not yet so heated that it does not cool off at night. We sadly need rain. The corn is curling every where except in the fields next the moat. The grass that the gardener set out so hopefully two weeks ago is about half burned up. Two men are busy most of the time carrying water for the many flowers set out. If the picture I took this last week is good, it will show the walks and flower beds around the dormitory. I shall not get it till fall because it was taken for the new prospectus and will be left with Mr. Menzi.

I am off tomorrow morning for Tientsin and our steamer sails on Thursday. The other girls have never stopped off in Tientsin and are desirous of a day there. We take a Japanese line and do not change at Shanghai. Coming back we go to Hongkong and back to Shanghai and up by train. Laura wants to stop and see Tai Shan but I know I shall be too poor to think of seeing anything I ever saw before, over again.

I had already sent a lot of beads before I began to get word of the duty you were paying. I will send no more for a while. These last were mostly beads exclusively, so I hope duty free.

Mother I have mislaid the sample you sent so have not gotten the silk. I was in the Indian store one day and looked, but he had no browns at all. He will have some in later in the season, so I will make that one of my first errands.

Mrs. Stelle is taking the rug to Miss Bostwick for me. I sent it to Shanghai and have written the Evans to ask them to get it from the steamer for me. She stops at Evans but is going by train. Mrs. Fette gave me a lock for ten cents, that fits into the buckle and answers the purpose of securing it. But I suspect that there are a few hundred like it floating around.

Monday P.M. This morning Mr. Sun took Miss Burgess and me to see a Temple Fair not far from our East compound gate. It was the first day so the people were few, but the stalls of toys, food, clothes, baskets, pitch forks, scraps of silk, blown glass, ice cream, etc were all in readiness for tomorrow. I bought three little toys for Mr. Sun's children. The god [*dog?*] was dressed in green of a beautiful shade. It is the first I have seen which was in anything but red or yellow.

My trunk is packed all but one dress which the washerman has not returned yet. I found these few dark nets in cleaning out. They are too dark for me and besides I purchased 144 for \$3.00 just lately, so am not in need. Please use them

I must stop and order a bath, take some things to the neighbors, and be ready for supper at 7.00. We had Chinese food at noon so I am not very hungry. I wish you could see the servants make the stuff that looks like flat sphagetti. 1 little piece a foot long will stretch to five or six feet, as they toss it about.



Lots of love  
Mary B.

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*[This letter, dated **June 26, 1923**, was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Nancy Maria Nichols Beard to Mary. She updates Mary on life at the farm. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[June 26, 1923]

Dear Mary;

Tuesday 5 P.M. a thunder shower has been in progress for over an hour. I am writing by lamp light. It has been a hot day, but we had a nice breeze. Papa commenced haying, mowed yesterday and got in one load, before the rain came to day. The rain will do a lot of good. Flora got papa to go [to] the woods in April and get some laurel and put under the south west sitting room window at the end of the front porch. It was a rainy day and the laurel has lived, put-out new leaves and had one blossom. Our peonies have been beautiful but are about gone. We have a new man a Paul Clapp, from northern Vermont. Harry, the milk boy is leaving and a little boy takes his place. Ethel Bagby is here spends the night and Phebe takes her into her room. It is too bad, but one could not do better. We are having strawberries. Mrs. Wetmore who has been here eleven weeks was called home last week on account of her daughter's illness and I think does not intend to come back. I think perhaps we can get along as Elizabeth is better so she comes down on the porch each day. Dr. and Mrs. Phillips started with Mr. and Mrs. Wetherby for Wilkes Barre, Pa. Monday to be gone a week.

We had a Mr. Wilhelm preach Sunday as a candidate. He was much liked. I suppose you've been told that Dr. Phillips has resigned to take effect next October which completes eight years here. They celebrated (or their children did) their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary last Friday evening. The Church of the Redeemer gave them \$600. and our church gave them \$50.

Oliver and Grace were up Sunday night. A Mrs. Revere was with them. She has taken one of their rooms. Stanley thinks he may come up a week from Sunday. I suppose Gould and Kathleen is some where on the way. He was coming with his "auto". We hear Ellen is coming on to Putnam. Dorothy is to take charge of a company at Thousand Isles and choose seven or more helpers. Geraldine and Marjorie are to go with her. Daniel and a boy were here yesterday and to day picking cherries. Phebe says the cherries are very wormy. May God bless and keep you. I suppose you are planning to be with Willard this summer and I am wondering if I had better mail this to Foochow.

With love mother.

June the twenty sixth  
Nineteen hundred and twenty-three

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*[This letter, dated **July 4, 1923**, was written from the Seikyo Maru by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her trip on the Seikyo Maru on the way to Foochow via Shanghai. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Osaka Shosen Kaisha.  
On board S/S "Seikyo Maru"  
July 4, 1923

Dear Ones at Home-

This is the "Glorious Fourth", but we all three forgot it until I wrote up my Line a Day and noted the date. There are we three Americans (Cleora Wannamaker, Laura Cross and I) one Chinese, Mr. Lang and a Mr. Villas, either Spanish or Phillipino later I think, as 1<sup>st</sup> class passengers. We have a dock large enough so we can take 13 steps in pacing the length or breadth of it. In the middle of it is the Captain's room and the glass topped ventilator for the Saloon below. Our stateroom is a nice big one, 5 berths and 2 port holes. One bath room does for everybody with lavatories both Japanese and European style. When one wants a bath the tub is filled to within about 4 inches of the top so we can rediscover Archimedes great law when there is a splash all over the floor. At first I wondered why all bathers left their shoes outside the door, now I do not.

We are carrying bean cakes south. But tell Flora they were loaded with the cranes so we did not get that interesting succession of thuds as they went to the bottom of the hold. We were 2 ½ days at Dairen and only unloaded and loaded by day. Hence the nights were quiet though hot. To be sure we have a fan in our room but it is "gone broke". So is the victrola in the saloon.



At Dairen we went out to Hishakura one afternoon and to Port Arthur[?] one day. At the later there was little to be seen as one is not admitted to the forts nor anywhere one wants to go. There was a special excursion for the American sailors the day after we left. I wish we could have gone then as possibly they would really see things.

On July 1<sup>st</sup> we were standing on the deck gazing into the harbor when we saw a grey nose of a boat round the end of the wharf. 10 more followed and all flew the Stars and Stripes. It gave a thrill to see them there. (That was our Fourth Celebration, I guess.) We had noted that the city had "Welcome, Sakura Beer", "Welcome, American Restaurant", "Welcome Pool Room", "Welcome American Hotel", etc. everywhere and had commented on the cordiality of the place to keep such signs up. Of course we thought them there for the three distinguished American ladies who were through passengers on the Japanese steamer for Foochow!! We stop only at Shanghai then Foochow and are due the 8<sup>th</sup>. It makes a 9 day trip and we ought to be rested when we get there if naps morning and afternoon and bed at 9.00 P.M. will do it. Laura is staying below as she does not find even this small motion comfortable.

We were 2 ½ days in Tientsin at the McCann's because the steamer was "put up" a second time and we did not learn it till we reached Tientsin. It gave us a chance to visit ??ship and get soda, and coffee and sundaes a plenty. I have engaged Madame Yanagi to make my Canton crepe that I have ordered from Canton. It is the heavy weight and black. I shall have it a style suitable for dressy afternoon or informal evening. My gold dress is to be relegated to 2<sup>nd</sup> best where it belongs. The Vice Consul at Canton with his wife was at Jean's one week-end when I was and she is getting the crepe, one piece for Jean and one for Mrs. Menzi and me.

The N.C.A.S. is seeing great doings this summer. No 34 has all been papered and painted for the Menzi's next year to occupy the upper floors and Mr. Bealsy and the little boys the lower. The London Mission Home is having a big verandah put on for sleeping. Plumbers are to install the water system and the fire escape is to be added to the dormitory. Electric lights are to wait till the compound decides whether to go in with us and the money is borrowed for the new boy's porch at the L.W.S. home. Mr. Fenn is to be with Mr. Lund with the big boys.



Written in album: "Front view Girl's Dorm"  
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We hear most delightful things of Mrs. Powell. She has been studying Chinese with a student from Tungchow in anticipation of her trip to the Orient. Hazel Bailey knows the daughter at Nanking and has met the mother. Her experience as Matron this last year was ideal as training for our work.

We have a rat on board. Cleora gave a horrified shriek one night when she saw him running and on the ledge just outside the ventilator which is around the top of our state room. Laura met him in the hall one day. Last evening we saw him playing in the life boat that is suspended ready for me. He came in on a rope, ran along the chain and jumped to the floor. Cleora and I jumped, as the typical woman should, when he started in the direction of our feet. We do not dare leave the stateroom door open at all for one day we did and he evidently got in, as we found traces in several places. I roll my kories [*duffel bags*] about to see if he has discovered my rug for Miss Bostwick or the grain for Willard yet. Those stand in the hall. Our port holes are outside over so I guess we are safe. Mr. Villas has a port hole over the front deck and two rats came in it one night.



July 5 The last two days both the other girls have lain low. Hence I made up to my fellow passengers and the two men with the Captain and I played quoits [*a game similar to horseshoes*]. The first day I won everything with high scores. Last night I lost most ingloriously in two games after supper.

We three ladies have one corner of the dining room to ourselves and are served "European food." The accompanying menu is a good sample. So far everything has been good and well cooked. The butter is strong but there is some very good jam so we seldom touch the butter. One other table is set and that is shared by the other two passengers and the officers. They have either Japanese or European food served. Evidently there are several other passengers who do not appear on deck for several trays are sent down each meal. None of us have seen any other evidence of the people. Yesterday a strange man appeared twice at the other table but he disappeared immediately after eating.

We are due in Shanghai about noon today and leave tonight. I leave Miss Bostwick's rug here for Mrs. Stelle to get as she comes through. Also I leave a book, "The Willing Home". It is one of those Miss Brewster sent and very good. I think Mrs. S and the boys will enjoy reading it. We three have penned it ?? Dairen with pleasure. Bergen was saying he did wish for me good books, ?? was nicer for a ?? gift.

My next letter will be from Foochow. I do hope the summer finds you all well and that you keep so. Probably I'll be coming your way next spring. Hurrah!

Lots of love

Mary.

S.S. Seikyo Maru 1923  
Tiffin Menu July 4<sup>th</sup>  
Entrée  
Shrimp on Toast  
Stewed Beef and Cabbage  
Minced Chicken With Rice  
Meat Curry Rice  
Cold Dish  
Roast Leg of Lamb  
Boiled Corned Beef  
Man Sausage  
Salad Cucumber  
Boiled Potatoe  
Sweet  
Jam Pan Cake  
Fruit Nut- tea and coffee

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*[This letter dated **July 21, 1923** was written from Alexandria Bay, NY by Marjorie and Dot to Ellen. Marjorie thanks Ellen for a ring and requests some pins to wear, a watch and a pocket book. She answers some questions from Ellen's previous letter and encourages her mother to get away from Oberlin for the summer. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Thousand Islands Country Club  
Wellesley Island  
Alexandria Bay  
New York

July 21, 1923

Dear Mama,

Thank you so much for the ring. I'm sure I will like it, from your description. I have always wanted a ring set with my birthmonth stone. And now I really am to have it! Have you thought of Kathleen? She has never gotten her ring either. I have no fancy pins of my own, I am using that round circle friendship pin of Dot's all the time; and if you could get me perhaps a set of collar and cuff pins (one large and two small) and one or two odd ones. I will pay for them all.

Now, for all your questions. You told us to beware of the mail yacht. In the first place, I doubt whether it is a yacht or not. And we have not been in it yet. Then, it is not a sail boat. We have not seen one sail boat around



here. And I think we have written that we have seen only one or two canoes here, only one on the water; because motor boats are too common; the waves from them would almost tip canoes over. Rowboats have to be careful.

Ans. 1. We have received all three boxes safely.

Ans. 2. I have not worn my silk skirt yet. I never know what we will finally do of an evening; perhaps go in a row boat or something and the row boats aren't so clean. I shall wear it tonight if we go over to the Bay in the motor boat.

3. I haven't done anything with my brown crepe dress yet. What ought I to do?

4. We have gotten a nice ironing board; made for us by the carpenters!

5. I guess I am doing almost as well as the other waitresses. You ought to have asked Dot about that. She is doing very well; satisfactorily, I think, to the boss, and certainly the same to us, from all I can see. And she isn't partial at all, as I can see (again!)

6. About my tip, I did mean that I felt foolish in the way that I did it, not because I did it. Every other one of my tips has been left beside the plate, so I never have a chance to thank them.

About our finances, I wrote you that I, and I think Jerry, am going to use our tips and save our earnings. Do you think we ought to send them to the bank? I mean, we will not draw our money, any of it, till the end of the summer. We could draw it and put it in the bank here until we go home. But I'd rather just let the management keep it until I want it.

I think I forgot to thank you for doing my skirt. I am very grateful to you for the trouble you took with it. We are going to the Bay at quarter to nine tonight so I shall wear it and be Oh! so careful of it. Lots of love  
Marjorie

P.S. Please get away from Oberlin as soon as you can. We will enjoy our summer so much more with you in the east. And do go to Aunt Myra's if you have the chance. It will be good for both you and K.

Dear Mamma;-

I certainly would like a good Elgin watch- somewhat larger than my last one- and an odd shape if there is a pretty one. Use your judgment.

I'll send \$10. right away. Have to pay my insurance policy, so can't send more.

I'd like the watch up here right away if you can get it. I would also like a pretty pocket-book if there are any not too expensive.

Mony's in a hurry so

Love,

Dot.

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*[This letter, dated **July 23, 1923**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of her trip via boat from Shanghai to Foochow. She is staying with Willard and Phebe on Kuliang. She may stay in China until 1925. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Kuliang #316

July 25, 1923

Dear Ones at Home-

We have been here two weeks and I realize that my last letter to you was mailed from Shanghai. The trip down was somewhat rough but the Seikyo Maru pitched instead of rolled hence a few of us graced the deck and dining room. We stayed on the steamer at Shanghai. The first night we went with some ladies at the Missionary Home whom we knew, to see Jackie Coogan in "Trouble". It was clever. But we missed the last car back to Yang Ste Poo and had to go down by rickshaw. The crew had taken advantage of our lateness and preempted the deck chairs. Hence we spent the remainder of the "morning" slapping mosquitoes and perspiring down in the cabin. The next night we stayed after supper and we preempted the chairs.

Every cabin filled up for Foochow. An English gentleman and his wife from Hongkong and a teacher at the Shanghai Municipal School were the only non-Oriental. Mr. Smith was a very poor sailor and the teacher an



excellent one. I was highly amused to have the former say any one who really “enjoyed” such a “slight sea” “ought to be shot” while the teacher gentleman thought a man who was ill in such a “gentle sea” quite a “disgrace” to man hood.

We had to wait for 11.00 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. on the lea of an island because the head wind had delayed us too late for the 6.00 A.M. tide. Then when we were finally safely on the launch, we cruised around at the Anchorage over an hour to find a junk with cargo for our steamer. It was 9.00 when we docked and were hailed by Willard. We took sampans across the river and rickshaws to the city compound. Mr. St. Clair and Willard were keeping house with only the gardener for help. Mr. St. Clair had gotten a fine supper for us and we did justice to it in spite of the 5.00 o'clock supper on ship board.

We were up at 5.30 Tuesday morning to be off by 7.00. Our goods and some Willard was sending up made 15 loads. We took rickshaws across the plain and chairs up. There was a strike on and people for two weeks had had to walk. Willard said it was a pull that enabled him to get coolies because he is head of the “Council” and Chairman of the Coolie Committee.

Several of the business men who come up every week end have clubbed together to walk until the coolies come to terms. It means a great loss to the coolies for it is really the commuters who bring in the revenue for them.

One day I met Mrs. Cannon, whom Flora will remember lived next us at PeiTaiHo one summer. She has three children and Bobby is a big slender rather pale boy of seven. Mrs. Price is here all the time. Junior aged 4 months is a solace to his mother and a beautiful baby.

The American Board started Mission Meetings last week Tuesday. I went for the four mornings and enjoyed it. This week they are having executive sessions and visitors are not invited.

Phebe and I went to an “At Home” one morning from 10.30 -12.00. The same crowd had another set of guests for tea in the afternoon. The Toppings, N?ts, Hoyts and Miss Burr have had various groups for dinner. We have had guests twice for dinner, once for lunch and once for picnic.

We have plans for two or three functions a week so as to get in all whom we desire to see. We had a good time at the Mission Picnic Saturday evening but had to cut it short to go hear Dr. Goforth tell of his experiences with General Feng.

Last week one night Dr. Goforth arrived entirely unheralded with a letter inviting him to come for conference July 21-29. No one had any inkling of it but the Public Worship Committee have done well by him and he is having meetings every afternoon and evening. I went Sunday so did all the household but we have had other engagements ever since.

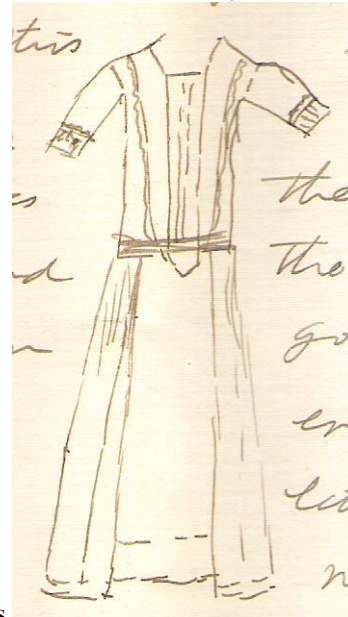
I have bought several embroidered garments, some silver, some lacquer and a few scrolls. Alas, the lacquer men have had a lot of new lacquer and it has been very interesting to see the colors of the fresh work. But I steer clear now for I have on my right wrist one of the worst patches of poison I ever had. It has run since Friday and is only just getting better today. I never saw such large blisters. But unlike the poison oak infection, it did not make me feel ill at all.

Everyone makes enquiry for Flora, especially the American Board people.

We got a big bunch of papers since I arrived but no letters yet. A boat was due yesterday and I hope it brought mail.



Thurs. A.M. Last night I christened my birthday ?? dress. I had a tailor here make that, also two Korean cloth



dresses-, a yellow and a blue. The ?? is made like this with white organdy vest, collar and cuff. The occasion for dressing up was the entertaining of the Henry Lacys and the Smiths and Mr. Farley. I am going to the Smiths Monday evening to hear one of Helen's letters. She is a Junior this next year at Mount Holyoke.

Mother's letter came yesterday and I stopped writing to read it. Am so glad that Gould is to be on the farm to help Father and that Kathleen will be with Myra. Dorothy is quite a competent young waitress with full responsibility! It is nice that Ellen comes east for it would be lonesome with all the children gone.

The N.C.A.S. and Shanghai school children are making some money for the schools by getting up some tableaux for August 4<sup>th</sup>. They have not started their canvas yet, but will soon. They will charge 80 cent admission and actors too have to pay. It is to be in the Club House as they hope for ?? ?? a ?? for any private house.

Willard's home is the same as before except that the room built for Flora and now occupied by Willard has been made much smaller. It is just an octagon now. It was changed to allow more light into the kitchen.

I have my old job of 1915 and look over the fruit to be sure we get ripe fruit for breakfast. We had the first mangoes today. Lechies are most gone. Peaches and plums are good.

Phebe K, Willard and I entered for the tennis tournament but have been unable to practice at all. Now the time is so short, I fear I can not play at all.

The swimming tank has been closed since last Monday to get cleaned and mended. It needed it, for the mud was awful and there evidently was a leak as it never filled full.

For two days we have had a real typhoon wind and occasional dashes of rain. Phebe and I got up early and walked down the hill part way with Willard who was off for a day in the city.

I'll write again before we have to leave. That will be about August 12<sup>th</sup> as we return via Hongkong and Canton. We take a ?? boat which stops a day at Amoy, one at Swatow and lands us in Hongkong the fourth morning. Then we return to Shanghai 2<sup>nd</sup> class on one of the Emperor Boats and 2<sup>nd</sup> day by train to Peking.

There are a few things I want.

- (1) 1 pair corsets- La Camille- Lox-it  
3912-8? Size 26

I bought them in Shelton.

- (2) 4 pair white cotton stockings  
size 10 (outsize) ribbed top preferred.

I am glad to hear of Elizabeth's recovery, but wish you could get help, so Phebe need not have her room and quiet interfered with.

I had thought surely to see her next June but with Flora staying it does not seem so important. A note for Mrs. Corbett yesterday suggests 1925 as for tentative contract when I come out. I'll talk it over with Will and Phebe and let you know what I reply to her.



Lots of love to every body.  
Mary Beard

Phebe and Willard send love and will write next time. He is in Foochow today and Phebe has just returned from an all day job ?? trip. MLB



Written in photo album: "American Board picnic, Kuliang August 1923".  
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel and another copy in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]





Close up view of the left side of the previous photo. Mary Beard is the woman standing second from the left next to the man holding the cane (whom I believe is Mr. Newell). Phebe K. Beard is the woman standing fourth from the right. Willard is the man sitting at the far right wearing a dark jacket. I believe the lady standing at the far right is Laura Ward.



Close up of right side of photo. I believe the seated man with the white beard and dark jacket is Mr. Bliss with his wife, May, seated to his right, our left.





I believe this was taken the same day as the previous photo on Kuliang, Summer of 1923. The man with the white hair and dark suit appears to be Willard possibly talking to a lady who resembles Phebe K. Beard.  
*[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

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Because of similar markings on the back of this photo [WLB] that are similar to those on the previous photo, I believe this was taken on Kuliang the Summer of 1923. It is probably an outing by some of the missionary residents around the Kuliang area.  
*[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

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Written in album: "Household Kuliang Miss Waddell, Mary, Phebe, Mr. Bedient, Cleora, Will, Billy, Mrs. Bedient"

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



福州  
沈紹安  
長元孫  
正禧漆器

I, Cheng Hec, am the eldest grandson  
of Shen-Shao An

Manufacturer of the best Lacquer

YAN CHO HIEN

IN THE CITY OF FOOCHOW

福州城內楊橋巷



L, CHENG-HEE. AM THE ELDEST GRANDSON OF  
SHAO-AN THE MANUFACTURER OF  
THE BEST LACQUER

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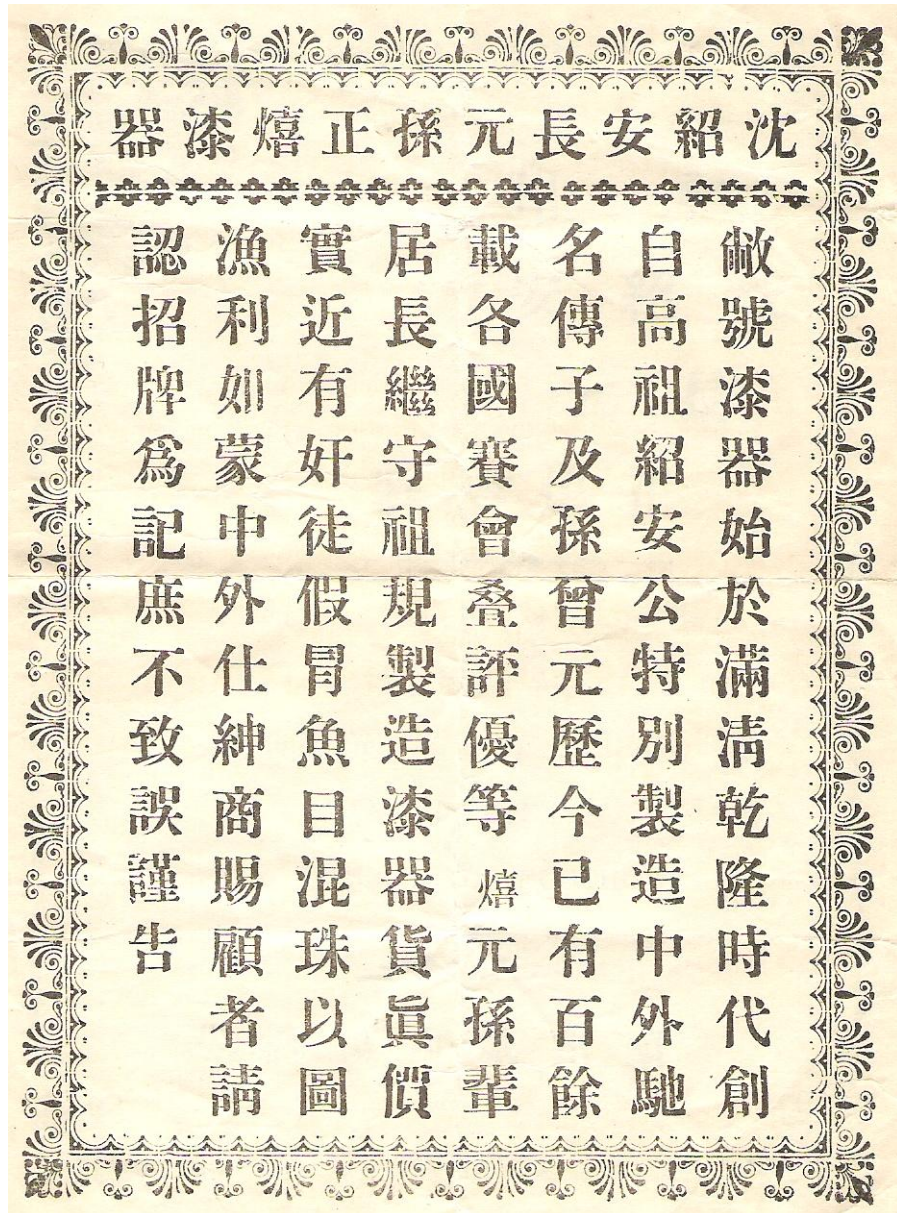
Our lacquer ware was first manufactured in the Reign of Kien-Lun (乾隆) by our ancestor Shao-An, and has a wide reputation spreading over the Globe. All the rights and the secrets of manufacture were accordingly handed down to the eldest son of each generation. It has been frequently selected at International Exhibitions as the best grade of lacquer.

I, Cheng-Hee, the eldest Grandson succeed to manufacture according to my ancestors method. The goods are genuine and the prices are fixed,

Just now many unprincipled fellows are bent on preparing for sale counterfeit goods of like name hoping to deceive the public for their own gain,

In bestowing patronage, please recognise our trade mark as a guarantee of the best ware and thus avoid mistakes,





[Brochure from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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[This postcard, dated **Aug. 8, 1923**, was postmarked from Foochow, China and written by Mary to Elizabeth. She is in Foochow for the summer and they had a coffee for guests in the midst of a typhoon. She heard of President Harding's death. Postcard in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Postcard of *The Bridge of a Thousand Ages*, Foochow addressed to:]

Miss Elizabeth Beard  
Shelton

Conn

USA.

Aug 8 [1923]

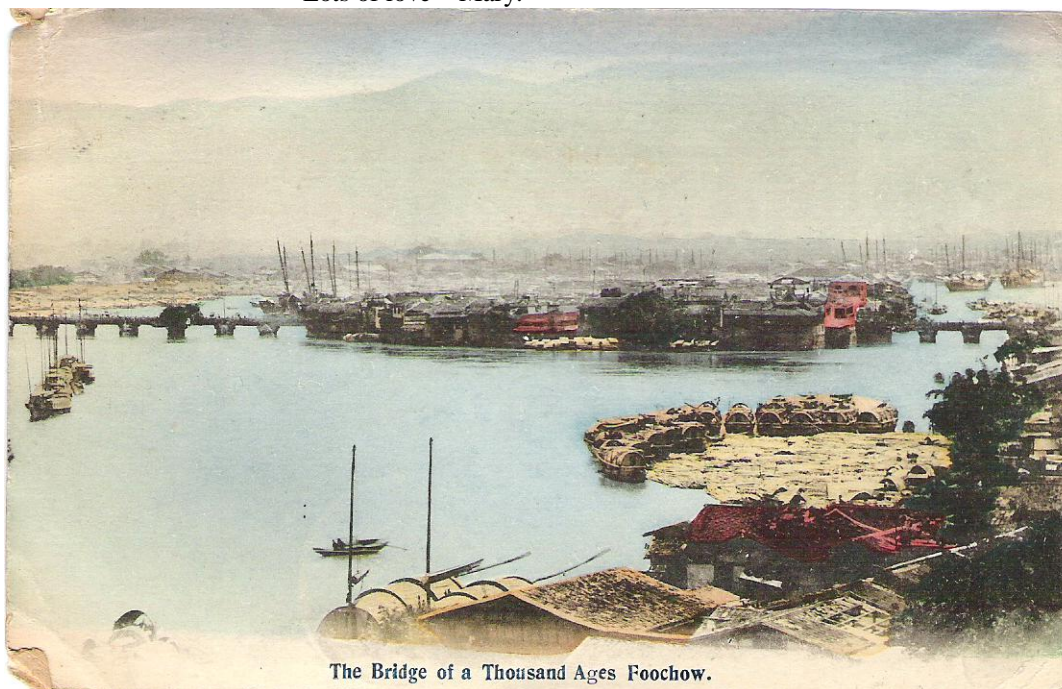
Dear Elizabeth,

We three Beards have had a good summer- too short though. This morning he had a "coffee" with about 40 guests. It was great fun. We are in the midst of the tail of a typhoon so we thot the guests courageous to venture out.



We heard of Harding's death Sat. evening and it was announced after the tableaux given for the benefit of the N.C.A.S. and the S.A.S. They got about \$65 for each school.

Lots of love Mary.



[Photo post card from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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[This letter, dated **August 11, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard's pupils to Willard. His students write it to tell him of the bad reputation of a teacher that Willard just hired for Foochow College. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard.]

Aug. 11, 1923.

Dear Dr. Beard,

Because of your utter absence of conscience, you are completely discredited by both the citizens of Fukien and the students of Foochow College. Do you know what kind of a man is Dang Hou Iu whom you invite to be the teacher of mandarin of Foochow College? His character is so bad that we are ashamed to say about. But owing to your falling in darkness, we can not help telling you about him. He is "Lupus in fibula" so that you trust in him. He covets unlawful money by issuing many mandarin books to compel each of the students of Foochow College to buy a copy. Besides, in the daytime he enters the theaters; at night he accompanies the prostitutes. We investigate that he has not graduated in mandarin College of Peking. From this point of view, can he be the teacher of Foochow College? Except Foochow College, there is no position for him to get a living. We desire that if you do not expel him out of Foochow College we not only do not study in Foochow College but also announce this matter to public and even to American consul. The longer he teaches in Foochow College the poorer Foochow College will be. The earlier you expel him out of Foochow College the more fortunate Foochow College, the faculty, and the students will be.

Thanking you in advance.

Your obedient pupils.

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[This letter, dated **August 13, 1923**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary is leaving Kuliang and will leave Foochow for the summer. She has been socializing frequently on Kuliang. They had a coffee with 50 invited. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuliang  
August 13, 1923



Dear Home Folk-

Our baggage has departed for the plain and we are going after lunch. It has rained steadily for over a week. Some say we have had a series of typhoons and surely the wind was gusty enough to seem like it. But up to that time the weather was fine and we did all we planned.

We had hoped to go via Kushan today and may yet. The report is that the plain is flooded so we would best go the other way and avoid the plain. Willard ordered a sampan to meet us at the University if clear so we may go that way yet.

A week ago Saturday evening the pupils of the NCAS and of the S.A.S. [*Shanghai American School*] gave a series of Classical tableaux. Mrs. Hoyt coached them and was in charge. Everything went like clock work and the girls were charming in their costumes and ???. They charged 8 dimes and 4 dimes admission and cleared about \$157.00. The children are dividing it evenly between the two schools. They (the children) are wondering just what to ask it to be used for.

Last Thursday morning we gave a big "coffee", about 50 invited. Nearly 30 came in spite of the fact that it rained and blew all the time. Among them Flora will know and who wished to be remembered were-

Mrs. Gowdy (Mr. G. had gone down.)

Mr. and Mrs. Sites (Evelyn ??)

Mr. and Mrs. Ford

Mrs. Cannon

Mrs. Kellogg

Mr. and Mrs. Eyestone

Dr. and Mrs. Trumble[?]

Others who send regards are

Mr. and Mrs. Price

Mr. and Mrs. Beech

Laura Ward

Mrs. Peters

Gillettes, Newells, Smiths, St. Clairs,

Miss Perkins

Miss Funk     Mrs. Lambert

Perhaps these are not all, but all I can recall now.

Willard, Phebe, and Miss Hazel Atwood are going down with us and we are taking the cook and a boy so we will not have to keep home too hard after seeing the city.

Our steamer sails Thursday morning. We will have Friday in Amoy and a Mr. Day who was on the mountain will meet us and see that we do the city. A nurse from Swatow is going with us and will be partial pilot in that city. In Hongkong we stay with the ??? was Miss Winchester (sister of Mrs. Moore Gordon) and Miss Tow a fellow traveler coming out two years ago is to look after us in Canton. We ought to see the lions do not you think?

Fortunate for me, I have been commissioned to buy Canton ??? for others. I know otherwise I could hardly get away by spending as little as I have.

Willard has been very busy this summer and it seems that I have hardly seen him. He had to go to the city twice on business and again to speak at the special memorial service lat Friday. There is a residence meeting every Monday morning for about three hours. A coolie strike just before we arrived took much time to settle but it got settled amicably at last. Mission meeting lasted one week and was all day the last two days. Also he has had long conferences with several men of the mission, the head coolie, the landlord etc.

This last week was a big social whorl. We ate at home alone one night, Sunday; for two lunches and five breakfasts. Besides these I was out for a Holyoke 10.00 o'clock coffee; we had our big coffee and were all out for one tea. The cantata, Ruth, was rendered on Friday evening for the Chinese and on Saturday for the English speaking community. Willard and Phebe both were singing in it.

It is nearly lunch time so I must close and wash up.     Lots of love

Mary Beard.

Several weeks ago I ordered some construction paper to be sent to me from Chicago and the bill to you. I will need the bill as it must be paid by the school. I hope my duplicate is in Tungchow when I get there as I want to use it for some school things I am getting cut.

Mrs. Corbett wrote me about renewing my contract again. Mrs. C?? is coming out again probably as a life project. Do you feel I too could really pledge myself for an indefinite contract? My chief difficulty is that I feel it is



a small salary in which to lay up a nest egg; also that I want to do my share in the care of my home folk if my services can be used.

Lots of love  
Mary.

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*[This letter, dated Aug. 14, 1923, was written from Shelton, Connecticut by Phebe Maria Beard to Mary. She writes Mary to inform her of their mother's diagnosis of terminal cancer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Shelton, Conn.  
Aug. 14, 1923.

Dear Mary,

We wrote you that Mother had been ill. She seemed to have some form of indigestion and for the past week she has been living on farina and milk and has been very comfortable but there is still that lump in her right side. We had Dr. Fleck of B-port come up one day and examine her and he advised an operation but we did not want that without further advice so we waited until Stanley came up Sunday knowing that he would know who further to go to. Ben had said that he wished that she would go in to the New Haven General Hospital and stay there for observation. When I told Stanley that he liked it too and said that Dr. Harvey, the head surgeon there was a classmate of his and about the only man in the class that he had ever cared to keep in touch with. So he called him up and Dr. Harvey asked Stanley to come in to lunch with him Sat. and talk the case over. As a result of that we took Mother in to the hospital Sunday (yesterday) afternoon and Dr. Harvey said if we came in about 11 this morning he might be able to tell something. So Myra came up to stay with Elizabeth and Stanley and I went in but the Xray plates would not be ready to read for some time and they still had more to take so we do not yet know what is before us. Miss Miles, the trained nurse that we have had for a week, is with mother days and the nurse in that ward takes care of her nights. She is in a private room and is as comfortable as castor oil and bismuth meals allows her to be. Dr. Harvey has had another doctor examine her and she says that they have taken her pedigree from away back. He also says that he does not want to operate unless he is pretty sure that the operation will be a benefit.

Tuesday. Ben went in to see Mother today and they are still taking Xrays. She is not having much of anything to eat meanwhile and is as comfortable as they can make her.

Wed. Oliver, Abbie, Edith and I saw Mother this afternoon. She was very tired, but they are thru with the Xrays. I saw Dr. Harvey for a minute and says that mother's trouble is very serious. The growth is of a cancerous nature and he has asked Stanley to come up tomorrow and he will talk over the best thing to do. Mother seemed relieved to have that Xray business over with. Grace is in Plainfield so Oliver is with us nights.

Thursday. Stanley, Myra, Nancy and Stephen came up this morning and Myra stayed with Eliz. while Stanley and I went in to New Haven. The bunch as shown by the plates is about where the small and large intestine join. Dr. Harvey does not advise an operation on account of Mother's age and because he cannot learn by all their examination just how extensive the trouble is. He says even if they tried Xray treatment he would not dare do it unless he operated first and cut the intestine and joined it again so as to make a free passage about the bunch for the Xray treatment would be likely to cause swelling enough to shut the passage as things are now. He feels that mother's life will be nearly as long as things are as it would be if the operation were successful and alter her ??- heart, kidneys etc. are in fine condition the risk is very great. He thinks that the bunch has been growing for the best part of 6 months possibly and then I asked him if it would be a quickly growing trouble from now on, he answered that in his judgment we could hope to keep mother only four or five months. She knows that there is serious trouble but we do not want to say the word cancer for that has always been a humble word-especially to her. Mother has always surprised us by keeping her strength and health and I am hoping and praying that God will spare her in as much longer than the doctors think if she can be comfortable. It will take her some days to get over the strain of the hospital treatment. She is living on farina and milk. They tell her she can eat some other things but every time she tries to she comes to grief so she has given up every thing else for a time anyway. Her stools are quite bloody much of the time and she has a good deal of gas. (Sunday) Yesterday she was uncomfortable much of the day but two good movements in the afternoon made her comfortable and she slept well and seems quite herself today. She has her dress on and sits in a chair in her room some.

Flora is at Oliver's over Sunday on her way home from her six weeks at Columbia. I shall be glad to have her here. This anxiety about Mother is telling on Elizabeth. She is feeling some better now, but she ought to get away from the cold weather, but I know that she will not and I cannot blame her for not wanting to leave mother. We are going to keep the trained nurse for the present and probably right along. Father is keeping Gould all his vacation, too, for which I am glad for Father's urinal trouble is slowly increasing and he does not feel much



ambition. He has been to town twice this week with a load of apples but he gets very tired. We try to have him take Gould or Paul but he can't seem to want to. I think that he is going to sell the north mile[? *Route*?] to the Polanders and we do hope that he will. We are having cold fall weather and a very dry summer.

We are anxious to hear all about your stay with Phebe and Will and how you got back to Tungchow. We do not like many of the reports from China these days.

With lots of love and many prayers that God will help you as he is helping us in these hard days-  
Phebe M. Beard.

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*[This letter, dated August 26, 1923, was written from the Empress of Australia by Mary to the home folks. She is onboard ship on the way back to Tungchow. Mary tells of visiting places in Foochow prior to leaving for Amoy and Hong Kong. She tells of her visits there, also. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Friday  
August 26, 1923  
Canadian Pacific Steamships, Limited  
R.M.S. "Empress of Australia"

Dear Home Folks,

I wrote last the day we left Kuliang. We were off at 1.30 in bloomers and middies for KuShan- 9 of us- we three; Willard, Phebe and Hazel Atwood, and three girls who were to return to Kuliang. It had rained for days and was still cloudy. Hence it was a delightful walk and that long hill, which Flora will have painful memory of, was climbed without any trouble. After seeing the monastery we six took the path down to the Fukien Christian University and arrived at Mr. Kellogg's about 6.30.



Fukien Christian University on the Min River  
*[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

The silk worms had started to spin just that morning so we saw the racks of cocoons. From there we took the University sampan up river to Foochow. Willard had engaged a man to come down after us but he was evidently afraid we would not come because of the doubtful weather. We had had coffee, brown bread and crullers at the monastery. On the sampan we had cinnamon rolls, potato chips, and fruit. It was 9.00 when we landed and we had to walk considerable distance for rickshaws. We went in to Wilkinsen's, sat around a table on stools and drank lemonade! Does not that sound modern!!! When we changed rickshaw, Willard's bag got left so when we had gone



a little distance he returned. It had not yet been found when we left altho he offered \$20.00 and no questions asked. In it were his watch, keys, a little money, two of Phebe's dresses and a few other things of lesser value. The first two items are the most important.

The cook and boy had accompanied the baggage so we had a hot dinner when we got in about 11.00. On Tuesday we were up late and had 9.30 breakfast. We took rickshaws over South side and visited all the educational institutions, bought some star gongs, and back in the afternoon. The morning was spent seeing Willard's College grounds, the kindergarten and rest of city compound except hospitals.

On Wednesday we spent the early hours on South Street buying salt cellars and lacquer and visiting the We Shan School where Phebe teaches. We had to go back later after going over the new woman's hospital with Hazel, to buy parasols. That night we packed up and tried to get to bed early but it was after 11.00. We were up early Thursday to catch the 8.00 launch for our boat. Willard and Phebe went down with us. We had just time to take a sampan and hasty walk through Dr. Gillette's hospital and home at the Anchorage. The home is beautiful, all paneled in flower wood. The hospital reminds me of Dr. Love's in size, orderliness and cleanliness.

It was rough getting to Amoy, but being mostly at night we slept. When I arose Thursday morning I found out my arms had itched so in the night. From elbow to wrist they were fiery red-first stage of lacquer poisoning. Hence I had made my last purchases of soda, zinc ointment, absorbent cotton, bandages, and wore stylish long gloves. It meant dressing both arms and hands about every three hours night and day and the process took from ½ to a whole hour. When it spread to my hands, the girls had to do my hair, wash my face etc. Cleora even gave me a tub bath one day.

At Amoy a Dr. Day-Dutch Reform met us and took us by sampan to the University grounds. Back of them is a beautiful setting of rocks, trees, etc. and a temple undergoing extensive repairs. It was cloudy so we were able to get around. We also visited the mission hospital. (The doctor said my treatment of the poison was good. It would run its course in spite of anything. Keep it as comfortable as I could!) Then we walked the length of the island which is very foreign and lunched at the Day's. They have four fine children. We were sailing at 4.00 so Mr. Day took us out to the boat at 3.30. We started nobly, turned around and stayed 24 hours. A Typhoon was en route and due at best reckoning at Swatow the next morning at 7.00. We were due there also so put off our arrival. (That typhoon doubled back on itself and hit Hongkong.) That brought us into Swatow Sunday so we had to wait till Monday afternoon to get our clearance papers. The captain kindly waited till 6.00 instead of going out at noon as he could because he knew it was a rough sea and only a night run. At Swatow we bought a little linen and walked the length of the city. An English lady was with us and was most indignant when to her question about how to get back to the boat, the salesman replied, "There is only one street in Swatow, take that."

Sat. A.M. We had a rough passage to Hongkong but arrived safely about 10.30. Mrs. Menler (Margaret Winchester, sister of Mrs. Moore Gordon) met us and we saw the sights of the city. The typhoon had caused landslides on the famous 57 mile drive around the island so we could not take that; also it had spoiled the short drive. It rained so we contented ourselves with the city. Moreover, much time was consumed in getting our tickets from Cooks. Every berth was taken on the Canton night boats, both British and Chinese. We were told that probably we could get cots in the saloon if we would go to the boat and see about it. We went, got the passage and were told not to stay long on shore as the "Fat Shau" was to pull out early. She was scheduled for 10.00 P.M. but the third typhoon signal had been hoisted and we were to run away. We left at 6.00 and had a private boat except for 1 Chinese. A foreign man came racing aboard about ten minutes before we left and departed with a string of coolies carrying bags. A fat darkie on the dock remarked in scornful loud tones, "Fool Missionary! Fraid of typhoon! Been running off and on all day and now he runs away! Ha! Ha! Ha!" The Chief officer turned to us and said, "I hope you are not Missionaries." I replied, "We surely are, but not 'fool ones'!"

We successfully ran away from the typhoon and had a wonderfully calm trip. At Canton we had breakfast on the boat then followed Helen Tow's directions. Those were, "take rickshaws to the West Gate then change to chairs. It will not be necessary to direct the chair men as all foreigners go to one spot from there. Helen had given us up as we had expected to arrive on Monday but was glad to see us. We bought ivory, feather fans, silk and visited the Canton Christian University. Then we went out to the Hackett Medical College for dinner. At noon we stopped down town and had native food at Sinceres[?]. It was excellent. We returned to Helen's in a row boat and were about an hour on the way. It was also nearly an hours ride in a sampan to the College which is on an island. I wanted to get to see Mrs. Bucksnell, wife of the Consul but could not as that was an hour away in another direction and the day was too short. We reclined on the Thursday morning boat and it was a lovely trip. Our party is enlarged as Miss Elmer [*Elmore*] has joined us. She is going to Peking since she has found travelling companions. Her sister, Mrs. Nelson, knew Willard in Oberlin. The Nelsons are ex-A.B.C.F.M. missionaries. They are in the new American-Chinese School since the Board has closed its Canton work- so is Helen Tow.



Mrs. Menler met us again at Hongkong and took us to the cable road for the trip up the Peak. It was a glorious day and we took our time and enjoyed the views to the full. After early dinner (7.30 instead of 8.00 or 8.30) we went across by ferry and got aboard the S.S. Empress of Australia and searched out cabin 503. The view of the city with all the lights on was splendid from the deck. We missed the long coronet of the foreign peak because the storm had felled many of the poles. Being second class we took our opportunity to run freely over first class and visited everything.

At dinner we had fruit last and our fingers were sticky so we asked for finger bowls. "No get finger bowls, second class", says the Boy. For fellow passengers we have a woman taking her two girls up to school, a regular vamp, an English lady with a keen sense of humor, a flirtatious Englishman, an American who is travelling to recuperate from an illness and several Chinese and a few of other nationalities. I played Bridge with Laura and two others for awhile last evening. T'was a friendly game and we were free to chat so I enjoyed it greatly.

Today is hot. We find the best breeze and lie still. Tomorrow we reach Shanghai and will leave for the north Monday or Tuesday. Next Saturday night, I hope to be in Tungchow. I do hope to find some mail. We had one home letter, Mothers, on Kuliang but I got one almost the last thing before leaving Tungchow.

Laura lost her handkerchief over the rail this morning. When we went to breakfast we saw it hanging to one of the window catches.

Afternoon- We have just had a band concert in the dining room while we drank tea. It happens twice a week to second class passengers.

This was a fine summer. Really I feel refreshed in spite of our gay life. So much has happened that one was kept busy thinking of something beside work. Last summer was no real vacation with a trunk tray full of work for the five weeks at the shore. I appreciate Will's view of his summer with us.

We four girls had jolly laughs. Flora can tell you what fun Cleora Wannamaker is. We were all in holiday mood so kept each other in gales of laughter.

We went and took a look at the swimming tank- wonderful green tile built in. Some of the people went swimming yesterday morning and used the suits there. When the Chief officer came for his swim- behold his suit was already in the tank. The fun flew!!

I am mailing this on the steamer and wonder how soon you will get it. It leaves Shanghai August 27<sup>th</sup>.

Lots of love,  
Mary.

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*[This letter, dated Aug. 30, 1923, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary. Phebe talks about life on Kuliang since Mary left to go back to Tungchow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Wen Shan Girls School  
Foochow, China

Kuliang,  
Aug. 30, 1923.

Dear Aunt Mary,

Your cards from the stops along your way, indicated that you made your schedule almost as you planned. I hope you had time enough to really see Canton. How fortunate that you escaped the typhoon! And that the Australia escaped being run into! We were glad to hear that your arms are almost well, or were in Canton.

About the beads you are going to get for Geraldine. We think you had best send them direct to her at Oberlin (just Oberlin, O. will get her!) and she can use them or divide them as she thinks wisest. I forgot to send or give you a check for the beads, so I will enclose it here. You said some chains were over a dollar, so I'll send \$12 instead of \$10.

A few days ago Mrs. Hoyt came over to see if there was any way to get Bobby up to Peking later than this next Friday. The Wests got panicky over rumors that trains were dangerous because of bandits and are sending Jack and Margaret to Tientsin by steamer this next Friday. We see Bobby out back of the typhoon wall occasionally and he apparently is getting on nicely.

Mrs. Goertz is still waiting tho she has been at the hospital three weeks.

The mountain is fast getting depopulated. Every day people are going down. Already the Leger house and the Peters house is empty and the Thorts and Armstrongs go soon. Miss Waddell leaves Saturday, and we all go on Sept. 10. And these days just coming are the best of the season for weather!

Last Tuesday morning I went with six other ladies toward the tea gardens for breakfast. It is a pretty walk and we started at 6:30 so the sun didn't reach us till after 8 A.M. At that time we were perched on a big rock near a



stream eating the last of our breakfast. We were almost thru wading in the brook when one lady sat down splash into a shallow pool, and brought so much of the bottom with her, that she had to take her skirt off and wash it out before going onto the tea gardens. Three of us came back to Kuliang, and had a bit of excitement of our own when Miss Cooper stepped into a paddy field and then trying to get out wiped the path clear, and rolled down the bank on the other side coming up sitting, with the most disgusted expression possible on her face. When she got over her daze, we all laughed till we ached.

Tuesday night we went to the Topping's for supper with the Henry Lacys. The moon was perfect in the evening, so we didn't need a lantern.

Little Henry had some fun with Mr. Topping's horse that cost him a ride. He chased it Sunday till he ran away and lost his rein. The Toppings got him O.K., but Father Henry said, no more rides this summer. Last Tuesday P.M. was the time that the children at the Tuesday meetings ride the horse, and poor little Henry couldn't. He tried riding a calf just before service, too, and the calf nearly lay down on the ground and let the boys sit on him all they wished.

The meetings of Bishop Potts[?] have been very good and all sessions crowded. He has been very well liked and such a treat to us all. We had him here for lunch one day. He probably left for Foochow today.

Hope this reaches you in time to get the bundle off before school.

Much love from  
Phebe K.

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*[According to her death record, Nancy Maria Nichols Beard died September 3, 1923 of Carcinoma of Caecum and was buried in the Long Hill Cemetery.]*

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*[The following news articles are in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

#### Mrs. O.G. Beard Died Last Night

Mother of Mayor Bennett N. Beard Was Born Here in 1843.

Always lived in Community Which She Loved- Married to Oliver Gould Beard in 1864- Two Sons [*correction- Son and a Daughter*] in China- Another is Director of Laboratory

The silent passing of a life that has spanned nearly three generations is watched by all with deep felt respect and sincere regard for the labors it has lived through that posterity may live in a bettered world. The family of Mrs. O.G. Beard, who passed away last night, feel this to be an appropriate time to express briefly to the community in which she so beautifully lived, their heartfelt gratitude for their devoted mother.

Nancy Maria, oldest daughter of Phebe Ann and Nathan Bennett Nichols, was born on White Hills, January 30, 1843. Of the five children, a brother, Town Assessor D.A. Nichols, survives her, still living on the old homestead.

#### Was a Teacher

Always a student her early education was obtained in the district school and supplemented later by several terms at the select school held in Huntington Center. After a few years of successful teaching she was married to Oliver Gould Beard, of Long Hill avenue on January 20, 1864. They began life in the old Beard homestead where they have lived together for nearly 60 years. Eleven children were born to them and during that time they have rounded out a life of usefulness and high standing such as has not been enjoyed by many families of the community. In the education of her children she was always a sympathetic adviser and from her they received inspiration to conquer their problems.

Ten children lived to reach maturity and eight of them survive her. Two are in China, Dr. Willard L. Beard, her eldest son, is president of Foochow College, Foochow, China, and Miss Mary Louise Beard is a member of the high school faculty of the North China American School (for American children) near Peking, which was organized by the Misses Flora and Mary Louise Beard.

The children living in this country are Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., of Bridgeport, Mayor Bennett N. Beard, of Shelton, the Misses Flora, Phebe Maria, and Elizabeth Beard at home and Stanley Drew Beard, director of the Lederle antitoxin laboratory of Pearl River, New York.

Her deeply religious nature led her, after the cares of bringing up her children were over, to world wide philanthropic interests-temperance and missions particularly. In her early married years she joined the Huntington Congregational Church and later transferred her membership to the Shelton Congregational church. She had been



president of the Foreign Mission society, of that church, since 1903. Her connection with the Woman's Christian Temperance union, of this city, as its president, also extended over a long period of years.

#### She Loved Children

As mother of a large family she was unusually fond of children and her quiet nature won their complete confidence. Those who knew her even casually will always remember her cordial approach yet dignified bearing. Among her family and intimate friends she was a counselor, in distress her presence encouraging and in joy or grief her heart tenderly sympathetic. Her staunch Christian faith and fortitude has been a rock of support and comfort during her long period of life and she passed away as she had lived, confident in the faith which had been hers to enjoy and to hand on to those who knew her best.

#### Mrs. Oliver G. Beard

High on a hill of far vision, is one of the fine old farm houses of Connecticut. Oliver Gould Beard and his wife Nancy Maria, almost six decades ago, set up their consecrated home. In the wondrously blessed years since then influences have gone forth from that home which connect the hills of Huntington inseparably with the far antipodes, and make from the faithful lives of that father and mother a golden chain of good which encircled the world. The chain is not broken just because Mother has gone on to the higher hills of Paradise.

Of the eleven sons and daughters born in that home, eight of them now living, two are half a world away imparting to the people of "a land that sees light" the vision of God they got from that mother on the Huntington hills. One is conducting a work of incomparable value for the saving and prolonging of human life in one of our American scientific centers. Two are conducting faithfully the necessary business of a workaday world in two of our important Connecticut cities, one of them as the chief executive of his municipality. The others are maintaining in the old home those traditions which the mother emphasized, which made it great and will make its influence everlasting.

To have been in that home, to have experienced there the fine hospitality of that courtly father and that queenly mother, to have shared even a little of a fine companionship of those brothers and sisters, is an experience never to be forgotten. So, while those who have had it and the others who know extend their sympathy to those who love and are bereaved, they mingle it with felicitations on the memory of such a mother.

#### Services Held for Long-Time Resident

##### Many Friends Pay Last Tribute to Memory of Mrs. Nancy Maria Beard

Final tributes of respect were paid to the memory of the late Mrs. Nancy Maria Beard, wife of Oliver G. Beard, of Long Hill avenue, who died Monday morning at the home in this city, at the funeral service held yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The large home was filled with the sorrowing relatives and friends, who came to pay their silent tribute to her memory and the many floral tributes which filled the rooms attested the high respect and esteem in which she was held.

In view of the years of service spent in the work of the Shelton Congregational church three ministers, Rev. Luther M. Keneston, the first pastor of the local church, Dr. William M. Lathrop, his successor, and the present pastor, Dr. Watson L. Phillips, officiated at the service. Dr. Phillips read the scripture lesson, Rev. Luther M. Keneston gave the eulogy, and those present at the service commented on the fitness and continence of his remarks for such a solemn occasion. Dr. Lathrop rendered prayer and at the conclusion the long line of the funeral procession was formed and the remains were borne to their last resting place beside the relatives and members of the family who had preceded her. Interment was in the family plot in Long Hill cemetery. The bearers were three sons, Oliver W. Beard, Mayor Bennett N. Beard and Stanley Beard and a grandson, Gould Beard, son of Dr. Willard Beard, of China. The funeral arrangements were in charge of C.E. Lewis & Son.

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*[This letter, dated **Sept. 7, 1923**, was written from Shelton, Connecticut by Phebe Maria Beard to Mary. Phebe informs Mary about their mother's death. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sept 7, 1923  
Shelton, Conn

Dear Mary,

Unless the mails have been uncertain from the conditions in China, our letters will have told you of Mother's failing strength- and now she has gone to be with Ruth and James- it was all so sudden at the last that even tho we were steeling ourselves for the parting we are stunned by it. She was as usual at four o'clock Monday afternoon and at three minutes after ten she was gone. We had hoped that she would be comfortable and could stay with us at least the months that the doctor thought possible, but she has gradually lost ground from the time of her first attack of pain two months ago. Since her return from the hospital she has not had those severe attacks of pain but has been just sick and uncomfortable but so patient and uncomplaining through it all. She has never spoken of her condition hardly and has been interested in all the news that we brought to her. We knew that she knew that she was seriously ill and she was willing to meet whatever was to be. The afternoon of the day that she went to rest I took care of her for two hours while the nurse took a nap. At four o'clock when I took her her malted milk she raised herself up in bed by taking hold of the top of Father's bed. She had a good deal of strength left and would not let us prop her up with pillows. She said that she had not sat up that day so she would sit up in bed. She took her saucer and found the milk with it and blew it to cool it a little. I said "Let me put a little cold water in it". "Oh no, I like it this way", she said. Then she had to wait 15 minutes to take a pill with a cup of hot water so I sat on the bed with my arm around her and we talked until the 15 min. was over and then she said she guessed that she would lie down again. She seemed as well as she had been all day and when she lay down again she dozed off for a little and about five o'clock she began to feel the nausea that has troubled her more or less for the last month. It came on more violently just as the nurse came down and she injected the codine as she had done and it did not entirely stop it and then came a sudden change. Weakness and nausea caused a sort of chill and then could not get any warmth again- with but water and blankets. She was conscious almost at the last minute but not able to speak always. Father held her hand and asked her to press his and she did. Ben and Wells- and Oliver and Grace got here about 8 o'clock and as Stanley had only left her at noon we thot that it would be better for him to call him in the morning and he came up here just after lunch and stayed over Thursday when we laid her to rest. Myra came up for Thursday and Ellen came with Emma and Elbert and they all stayed over night. Ellen is here for a week and it is so lovely to have her here. Oliver and Grace will come thru for several days every week. We have not looked over mother's ?? yet and do not know if she left any written messages.

I know just how you long to have been here but guess will be a blessed memory of the dearest mother that ever lived just as she always was here in our home.

I am trying to get a letter to Will and I'll write you very soon again.

With love unbounded and a prayer that God will bless you even as he sends this grief. I am ever your loving sister- Phebe M. Beard

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 9, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She is back in Tungchow and has heard of the terrible earthquake in Japan. She tells about her trip back to Tungchow via Shanghai. The plumbing is being installed at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. & Tungchow, Chihli  
September 9, 1923.

Dear Home folks,

My last letter was mailed on the Empress of Australia. It was to make a record trip, but last I heard the Australia was lying in harbor at Yokohama waiting for a diver to find out how seriously her propeller was injured by the tidal wave.

We have gotten very little news from Japan yet. The papers print whole columns when ten lines could tell all they know. We were relieved on Friday to get a telegram from Mr. Breakey that he was safely in Shanghai. And today word came from Mrs. Wilder that she has arrived. The Canada came through after the Earthquake, and brought about 1500 refugees according to reports. Miss Smith, of the Tientsin school was in Yokohama to meet her sister and just got out. The Chinese are getting up relief funds for the Chinese who are suffering. The foreigners are doing the same for their fellow countrymen, but not exclusive of the Japanese. But you will have had all this and more in the home papers.



At Shanghai we arrived at Wu Sung at 1.30 but it was 3.00 before we got off on the launch. Then the engine stopped and so it was 5.30 when we reached the jetty. Miss Bosworth and Carlton Lacy were there to meet us. They had seen the Missionary Home man and he was to take our baggage but they would look after us. It was nice to go to a private home not one with a capital letter. Mrs. Lacy was running a regular hotel dining room for all the men who were back ahead of their wives.

We took time to remove our hats only and hurried to the roof to watch the eclipse of the moon. At the same time we watched a dragon parade on the nearest street. The dragon was about 50 feet long. There was one group of men carrying banners on poles some 20 or more feet high. A chair hung with lanterns was another noteworthy feature in the procession.

Monday morning we went down with the car at 8.30 and stayed all day. At the Miss. Home I found four fat letters from Will and Phebe. They had found home letters from Shelton, Putnam, Oberlin, Pearl River all waiting when they returned from seeing us off. I was acting as guide for Cleora for her shopping, so I took the moments when she was looking at goods to read my letters. I was most through when it got to be lunch time. We had lunch at the new Army Y.M.C.A. lunch room. It was a dandy lunch for only 80 cents. The rooms were full of British men from the ships in harbor. They get a 5 days leave and Mrs. Brown says every bed is kept full for they come and engage a bed for the full time. Our American men get only one day at a time so can not avail themselves of the sleeping accommodations. They are trying to make it an American center, and are meeting with surprising success.

Monday afternoon, Cleora and I called on Peggy Carlyle Pond and on Mrs. Raven. Both are near the Lacy's. We called up Mrs. MacLachlin, but she was out. She came over when she returned and I am sure was most disappointed to find out it was I not Flora. Miss B. had said Miss Beard only and Helen had not asked for particulars.

Our trip up was uneventful. Dr. Edwards, sister of the Dr. Edwards who lived next door to the Lowry's at Pei Tai Ho was in the next compartment. A mite of a woman with fiery red hair unstreaked with gray, was a neighbor also.

I stopped in Tientsin at the McCann's for two nights. I just missed Robert and his bride by two days. The family seem much pleased with her. Her pictures show her a fine looking girl, though not especially pretty.

On Saturday noon I got here. Mr. Menzi and Miss Burgess were down to meet me. Margaret was here also. The Martins had returned, a bit earlier than they intended because the cyclone had removed the roof of their house and demolished things badly. Jean Josselyn was quite badly injured by the chimney falling on her. She says she is all right now, except for a little stiffness. Mrs. Martin showed some pictures of their house, the Dilly house, the Krause one, the Methodist ladies, one and the Gleystein one. They surely were wrecks.

On Tuesday morning I went to Peking to purchase some of the beads for which I had been given money. Cleora, and Miss Elmore (of Canton) and I spent nearly \$100.00 between us. I have most of mine wrapped ready to mail. The Foochow people financed us on local funds and we have to spend the equivalent sums on beads for them. No exchange!

We have 80 children enrolled, still a large percent of boys over girls. The new porch will not be ready for occupancy the first few nights, so the boys will have to use their tents. The plumbing is only just started, so we must get along any old way for two or three weeks. We are having to take a big corner out of the chapel for dining room. It will make a horrid angular chapel, but we must eat!

Flora, if you are not returning, have you any directions for disposing of the things you left? The ones of value as I remember are, Mosquito curtain, pillow, coat hangers (Miss Burgess would like to purchase these, and I have loaned them against hearing from you), hats, cot bed and pad, bed pad, blankets. There may be others but I do not recall them. The blankets I used for guest room blankets as being better for them than storing.

Phebes last letter says that Flora was to attend Columbia this last summer and go back to South Orange. It sounds interesting.

I hope that my duplicator got ordered before all the sickness. It will save us hours of labor. With the increased numbers, programmes examination papers etc. will be more formidable.

It is 9.30 and Elizabeth and I are off on the early train so I must get to bed. We re reading aloud "By An Unknown Disciple". It is very readable. "The Conquest of Fear" is another book I am reading. Today came "Rich Relatives" from Miss Brewster. It is just in time for I have finished the last of those I had this Summer. I read much en route but not much on the mountain. We had too much visiting to do. It was a good summer. I feel mentally refreshed, altho it was physically tiring to get back the way we came.

I hope for a letter by these last steamers, and that the health of you all is better.

Lots of love

Mary-

The Loves have another little girl, born early Saturday, September 8<sup>th</sup>. No name yet.



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[This typewritten letter, dated **Sept. 16, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has not yet received word of her mother's death and hopes to hear good news. Because of the earthquake in Japan, ships are staying out of the harbor not knowing what damage was done to the sea floor. They had to make part of the school chapel into a dining room. The plumbing installation is progressing slowly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Tungchow  
Sept. 16, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter of July 27 is the last to have arrived. I am answering all the items so I may send it on to Will and Phebe K. They have sent me the Oberlin, Putnam and Thousand Island letters, so I feel quite up to date.

I am glad you took out the other bank account for me. I have lost track of how much there is in the Savings bank, but it is well to distribute ones valuables, even if they are few. Phebe, I was looking over back letters and you said you sold the fur coat. That was yours so the \$20 should have gone to your account not mine. I am glad you did sell it, for it would have been liable to deteriorate. I enclose the identification card, filled out. Thanks, for all the trouble.

You were quite right to make a reduction on the luncheon set for Myra. I am glad she has it. I found two chains recently that were too attractive to resist, in spite of my straightened circumstances. So I got them and they are on their way to you.

Opaque blue and jade @ \$5.00  
Pink bone @ 2.00  
2 white bone pendants @ 50 cents each.

I could get pendants with cords all made for very little more if people like them. Let me know and I will plan to bring some with me.

Mrs. Powell arrived on Wednesday evening. I like her so far, and feel that she is a person who will wear. She brought messages from Leolyn and pictures of both Leolyns and the four children. They are very good. You may have them also. William wants me to order more rugs for him, and I shall as soon as I get into money to go on. I never was down so low. Perhaps my accounts of my summer trip will tell you why.

I hope Mother continues to keep better, and that the seat of the trouble is found. It is good to hear that Elizabeth is down stairs. I hope for better news yet near time.

We are starting in with 75 pupils and three not yet arrived. It fills us nearly full. As last year, the boys are most numerous. 45 to 30. Mr. Lund has the high school boys over in the London Mission house and the small boys are on Wisteria Lodge with the Menzis. The Menzis have the whole second floor and 15 boys the down stairs. They have kitchen, dining room, sitting room, and two bed rooms, besides the huge porch. They expect another Menzi the middle of the year.

Mrs. Wilder arrived last week. She was on the Canada which came by Japan just after the earthquake and they brought 1500 refugees to Shanghai. Many of them were Chinese, some Japs and all other nationalities. She says that it was awful to watch the smoke and fire from the steamer. They anchored some 10 miles out from the harbor. There had been such an upheaval of the bottom of the sea that they dared not allow ships to get nearer till everything was recharted.

Mon. Jean Dickenson and I have just had a good game of tennis. She came down for a rest, and has been staying with me. I let her go her own way mostly. Yesterday I saw her at 4.20 for the first time. She was out for the two meals. Am I not an ideal hostess?

The ladies house is to be so very different this year. Esther Moody, Miss Ingram, and Marriette Lum will live there. In January, Margaret Smith and Miss Dizney, a nurse, join them. Then they will not entertain much, for the house will be so full.

I have some bank books for the N.C.A.S. Bank and the allowances are to be checked out this year. I hope it will simplify not complicate the task.

I will write again, for it is time to be off to see Jean on the noon train.

P.M. We have had to take a big corner out of the chapel for extra dining room. It makes a dandy dining room, but the poor chapel is queer, sort of L shaped, with the speakers desk at the corner. We had church there yesterday for the first time and it will accommodate the company. Some wanted to have us go to the Chinese Academy and use their small room upstairs, which will seat about 2100 but the invitation was half hearted and since the difficulty between the schools last year, we are not over eager. Miss Ingram alone would welcome the change unreservedly. She despises our basement chapel, and is very open about it, therefore we do not mind.



The lack of government has gotten where it is bothering us. The new head of the bureau of communications insists of having everything opened for customs. On two of our consignments, prepaid from Tientsin to Tungchow, he has insisted on examination at Peking and repaying duty and freight. A large order is now awaiting reshipment in Peking. If it were a real law, not one instituted to put money into one man's pocket, it would not be so trying. We are butterless till we get the order or purchase in Peking. It means sending a man up for every package, besides the extra for shipping.

The plumbing goes very slowly. We have a moat all across the front of the house and nearly across the rear. Occasionally a man comes in and puts in one more pipe, or takes a measurement. Meanwhile, you can imagine the discomfort with no place for toilets, bath tubs or washing facilities. We had baths this morning in an attempt to get the family clean. But our fourth floor bathroom is going to be a delight.

I am wondering if the duplication machine is en route. We can put it to use as soon as it gets here.

Next time I write, I may know for sure if I come home in June, I expect to. Hurrah!!

Lots of love

Mary.

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*[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He inadvertently left his satchel with many of his personal possessions in it in a ricksha and it is now lost. College has opened and the government schools are not doing anything. He and Phebe had a good summer on Kuliang. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Please send to  
Geraldine

Foochow, China  
Sept. 16, 1923.

Dear Kathleen;-

Before I get wrapt in this letter I must say that I have sent an extended account of the loss of my little hand satchel with my watch and chain, and locket with your's and mama's pictures in it (and the recovery of the bag) and my pen, and ever sharp, Phebe's two dresses, two belts, two skirts, all my keys with the holder mama sent me, my glasses, and a check book.- I have sent this account to Aunt Mary in Tunghsien [*Tungchow*], for she was with me when the ricksha ran off with the bag. She is to send the letter on to mama so I will not repeat here.

Phebe is still at Kuliang- coming down tomorrow. I came down for good last Tuesday. College opened last Wed. for flunkers, Thursday for others in Middle School, and Friday for Higher Primary. Last evening 472 had matriculated- we had 526 last term – we are cutting down. No one who did not register his name with \$1.00 by August 25 has been received. Every day we turn away many. The government schools are doing practically nothing.

Telegrams have been coming yesterday and today announcing the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Dr. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg and children of Shaowu and Mr. and Mrs. Le May, new for Shaowu and Miss Holton for Ponasang. – Mr. and Mrs. Storrs and three children are here in the rooms formerly occupied by the Legers. Donaldsons are at Gek Liong Song and Smiths at ?????. Reumann's, Goertz, Newells still at the mountain, and Dr. Mrs. Kinnear and Ellen still at the Peak. Eunice is here to teach in the College. The St. Clairs are still on the mountain. Phebe has been with Mrs. St. Clair since last Tues. when I came down.

We have had a very nice summer on Kuliang. The typhoons hit all round us but let us alone. We had a few rainy days in August but no flood. There was very little illness and a spirit of good will among the Kuliangites. Every house was occupied and nearly every room was full. Consul Rine has bought Mr. Nightengales house and will tear it down and build new. Mr. Short of Ly Chung has bought Miss Todd's house. Dr. Kennedy of Shaowu has bought Mr. Belchers house and Mrs. McCurry and Miss Hofe have bought the Rines = over near Ga U. I think every house is already rented for next summer and I know of four families from Amoy that want houses but cannot get them. Four babies were born on Kuliang this summer. Hayes- Meth.- Goertz, Brewsters (Fisher) and Dr. Walker of Hinghua.

I was very proud of your marks for last term and I shall look forward with great anticipation to see your next report card with all A+. It was most gratifying to learn also how well both you and Marjorie had done in violin. I congratulate you. Phebe and I both look forward with much interest to the letters that will tell us about your summer- all of you. We do not yet know whether Mama got out of Oberlin and of course do not know at all where to address this, so I shall just send it to the old address.

This evening we had the first Christian Endeavor meeting. I was asked to speak and told the students that each must make a decision to distinguish carefully between right and wrong. Then to choose to do the right in the



face of all contrary influences. This gives any one poise and I believe is one of the surest means to insure success in any line of life. One of the greatest assets that you children have is that your parents and all your relatives both Kinneys and Beards have helped in establishing you in the habit of thinking every time you make a decision - is this right or wrong - the deciding to do the right. Then another very great asset is the fact that you have been taught to keep on God's side of every question and to rely on Him to give you help. Every day - several times I talk with Him about each of you by name, and ask Him to give you all needed help.

Very lovingly, your

Father.

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[This letter, dated **Sept. 23, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He writes Mary to share in his sadness of their mother's diagnosis of cancer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow

Sept 23- 1923

Dear Mary,-

Just a word before I stop for bed. I presume Phebe M. has written you that the doctors after a careful Xray of Mother say that she has cancer and that she may be with them for four or five months. My letter came last night. Altho I knew that we must be ready to hear any time that either Father or Mother were called home, yet this broke me up, as I know it will you. I feel keenly for Phebe. God will give her grace and strength. I'm glad they have a nurse and help in the house. Mother will have every care that love and science can give her. Phebe will have the support of three loyal brothers.

This is not a news letter - only a brother's letter to tell about our mother. It was very beautiful to me when home two years ago to see how proud Mother was of you.

It would have been very nice if we could have seen her again - and we may yet, altho it is very doubtful.

May God be nearer to you than ever. He seems nearer as each one of the family circle goes home.

Mrs. Goertz with her baby 3 weeks old came home yesterday - Dr. Walker's - of Hinghua - little boy is about 15 days old. I am eating with the Lockes. The St. Clairs move down day after tomorrow.

Misses Funk, Burr, Mebold, and Bement have reached Yong Kau, nearly to Shaowu all right.

Storrs, Kelloggs and Le Mays left us Friday afternoon. They have reached Ciu Kau all right. The ladies were fired on before they got there and the Ciu Kau launch we fired on two days before the Storrs etc started.

Phebe took lunch with me today.

Very lovingly

Will.

Phebe K is going to send Phebe M's letter to you.

This letter from Phebe makes me all the gladder that you and I could be together this summer.

I'm sending another package of papers big enough to take you a week to read.

Your letters came last night.

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[This typewritten letter, dated **September 25, 1923**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She has heard of her mother's terminal illness. The plumbing installation at the school is still progressing slowly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., September 25, [1923]

Dear Home Folk,

Phebe's letter telling of the seriousness of Mother's illness came on Saturday. I have sent it on to Willard today. This afternoon I got a letter from him with the request that I send it to you. His contains good news for the loss of the bag was considerable.

I shall most eagerly look for the next home news and the final decision. If it were June instead of September, it would be an irresistible temptation to spend the summer in America. As it is we all pray to the same God and to him half the distance round the globe it is nought.

Sept. 26. I was on duty last week end. We have arranged for one woman and one man to be on together, so both boys and girls will be looked after. With the chapel cut as it is, I did not have courage to try a sing. Also because there is no one now who plays well enough to attempt a hymn without special practice. I have been reading aloud some of the stories in the book "Port Arlington Stories" which is one that Miss Brewster sent me last spring. I



took it south intending to leave it, but found the stories so readable that I relented and kept it to share with the girls. The latest book from Miss B. I have not read. It is "Rich Relatives". It looks good. Some day I will need refreshment and revel in it. I keep those books busy most of the time. Mrs. Love took about ten to Pei Tai Ho, and I took all the new ones to Kuliang; two are in Peking, etc. Last spring I put some of the best in the school library where they will see much service.

A package of papers came yesterday and I was interested to note that our neighbor is to have his excuse for picking a quarrel with father removed. It must have been some noise when that blast went off! The paper was most vague as to where the ditch was to be. Did you get the predicted crowd?

Our plumbing still is progressing S-l-o-w-l-y. Someday we hope to have it in. They are closing the ditches and outside tanks, so there is hope. The boys at the new house are in the same sad state, no water, no plumbing, no anything. I think I wrote that we are to have a bath room on the top floor, and that the teachers bath is put into a third room on the second as we found that one room was not enough for 16 or 20 girls.

We have had our first attempt at lab in General Science today. It was disconcerting to find files, test tubes, stoppers, etc. that could not be made to fit. The Chem. Material was left over at the lab till fall and the Academy class had fitted up their desks ere we called for it. Evidently, they had used much of our stuff. Mr. Menzi and the Chinese boys are not very friendly, so it will be a little awkward to get it back, I fear. Mr. Fan is a good friend though. It is only the pond fuss that causes the disagreement, and they were nasty about that, so was Mr. Martin.

Today is a big tea in farewell for Mrs. Firman (mother of Mrs. Sweet) and Mrs. Edwards, of the Y.M.C.A. I had hoped to go in, but the early train sounds awfully early. When I have gotten courage to try it once, I shall know it is not bad.

The above difficulty was not my carelessness. Suddenly my spacer refused to work. I had not properly cleaned the machine since its summer of idleness and it was calling for care. It has taken nearly three fourths of an hour to fix it and now it runs a bit hard. But it runs as I try to make it, and I hope will limber up.

The last boat brought several papers from Miss Brewster, telling of the last tributes to President Harding. I took time to read them at once, and will get them where the children can see them. My Geographic also came. It is after supper, and I must get to my studies.

May God bless you all

Much love

Mary.

Will's letter goes to Oberlin. You have the original.

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*[This letter dated Oct. 6, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. Kathleen spent the summer at Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley's. He asks if Gould has had an operation yet. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Please send to  
Geraldine.

Foochow China.  
Oct. 6- 1923.

Dear Kathleen;

Phebe and I have greatly enjoyed your letters from Pearl River this summer. They gave us a view into your own mind and also into the home life of Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra, and they told us that Nancy was a little witch, Stephen a very pleasant happy little boy, and Ruth a little darling. I shall look forward with lots of joy to seeing Ruth. Her pictures look as if she were a very happy little girl. I was glad also that you could get up to Century Farm a few times and see Gould and the folks at Century Farm.

You are an unsophisticated sophomore now- in High, and Monnie is a sedate senior. I wish you both a successful and happy year. I shall look with eagerness for letters from Dorothy and Marjorie telling of their summer. The last letter from Geraldine was very interesting and told about the life at Alexandria Bay and of how much she made and of her pleasing prospects for this years work in South River.

Things are going on very nicely here just now. The weather is fine. Today I plan to go to Chiong Ha = where Mama and Monnie and you and I went the year before we went home. I shall walk to Uong Bieng and take a boat to the landing place for Chiong Ha. One of the teachers = Mr. Lin Ting Po will go with me- we will spend the night at Chiong Ha, and stay there for church tomorrow. After lunch we will go to a place called Liang Pau. In the evening we hold a meeting there and come home Mon. morning.

I must stop now with all good wishes for all and lots of love to each.

Has Gould yet had an operation.



Lovingly  
Father

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*[This typewritten letter, dated Oct. 12, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has not heard yet that her mother has died. Their students were invited to the Peking American School for a party. Rumor said that there would be dancing, so the NCAS had to decline the invitation. Mrs. Gordon had to be dismissed from the school over a disagreement on how to run the dining room. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Oct. 12, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

This is our founder's day, hence I am stopping this last period of the morning to write to you. Generally I need this time to prepare for my afternoon science class.

Phebe's last letter told of Mother's return home after the period of observation in the hospital. I am glad you have a good nurse. It is easier for the sick and the well both. I find myself watching the corner of the daily paper which says, "Next mail is in", more closely than usual. Each of the P.M. boats has brought mail.

Last week Saturday evening the children of the Peking American School gave a house warming and invited our three upper classes. The freshman class is larger than their whole high school body, so they had to be left out. Mr. Menzi got word that the "party" was to be a dance with possibly games on the side. Mrs. Corbett visited Mr. Tuttle and found the rumor was true. Hence on Saturday, Mr. Menzi talked with the pupils and every one said that they must send last minute refusals and stand by the policy of the school. The regrets went on the noon train Saturday. It meant keeping the children here and providing entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Menzi invited them all over to their house and also such of us teachers as were not already engaged for other groups. We made candy and played games. To make it a bit festive, the party lasted till 10.00.

There was to have been no class for Sunday School, so Esther Moody had taken a week-end off and was in Peking. I took her classes the only way out. It had been a very full week and all the extra made the faculty a weary lot to start this week. We are getting rested though, as there have not been quite so many outside duties this week.

Another extra last week was an attempt to get together on dining room regulations. The senior and junior girls are helping by being heads of the extra tables, so after we had talked over the rules we had them in for tea and told them about them before they were read in the dining room. We had the first meeting on Tuesday. Mrs. Gordon was there and helped talked them over till time to go for the evening train. I found out later that she had handed out another ultimatum that morning. Well, to make it short, she departed that night and is not to return. Chu Shih Fu is running the dining room, and the head table boy is looking after the service in the dining room. For this last week things have gone even better than before. That atmosphere of strain is missing. We no longer commit the unpardonable sin, if we forget and laugh out loud, or get a last minute invitation for a meal and accept it without running home and telling someone. Chu Shuh Fu looks less worried, with the full responsibility that with his efforts to please his mistress. He was loyalty itself, but he saw the weakness the same as we did.

Mrs. Gordon came on Saturday and took her things. Moore wrote a nice letter telling Mr. Menzi that he did not think it wise for his mother to return, but that there was no reason why the head man might not stay, as far as he knew. Now comes a letter asking for the head man to come up for a talk with Carl Gordon, this Saturday night. We hope the place here has been put so attractively that he will not leave.

Last Monday I was at Mr. Tuttle's for a luncheon committee meeting. Miss Moore and Miss Nourse were also there. The ladies were a bit nasty about the Saturday night but Mr. T. was fine and harbored no resentment. There will be another member of that family soon. We do not get the niece of the Pettuses. She has arrived and the Pettuses decided they could take her in since we were only other alternative.

I go to Peking tomorrow to help serve at the College tea. I accepted because it is about time I did my share if I am to continue to belong. I am going to christen my new dress. It arrived last week and all who have seen it say it is becoming and good style. If I had had anything to start the season with, I should have waited till finances were easier. But the gold colored dress that I wore so much at home, was still my best, but a poor best after four years of wear. I shall feel dressed up in it now, since I have a better one in the closet.

Another batch of papers came this week, and have gone on to Will. I am hoping that Ben's chance of getting rid of the castle at Newtown proved good and that it is off his hands.

Mrs. Hunter had taken the Domestic Science again, and it is such a relief. The girls start in as though they appreciated the difference.

We had Chinese food today in the dining room. Mien, something like spaghetti, was the base dish. By the way it disappeared, it was appreciated. We ended with "tan hou-lers", fruit dipped in candied sugar. We have had



those several times this fall to the joy of all. If no one is ill from today's meal, we are to have it once every two weeks or possibly every week.

I have Miss Bostwick's two small rugs on the sitting room floor. I have not dared to order Leolyn's, lest the Berkeley fire has left them so they dare not afford them. Mrs. Powell had a telegram that she had lost everything. The two houses are so near each other that one could hardly go and the other be saved.

Dr. Smith gave the address today, and he was well up to par. He and Mrs. Smith returned last Monday from six weeks at the hills. Both are looking very well. Dr. Smith acts better than he did a year ago. Both asked me to remember them to Flora when I wrote. Mrs. Fette also enquired for her, when I got the rugs.

We have had the heat on for a week and it makes the house a joy to come back to. At the school, the tinker is working on the chimney, so that is still cold. All the pipe that heats the hall went to pieces this summer.

A letter from Miss Bostwick tells me that she is in Oberlin. She will be seeing Ellen and the girls, also Mrs. Stelle, who has the house Ellen had.

A mail was due in Shanghai yesterday. I may miss getting my letter quickly by my week end in Peking. But I will be back Monday.

Best love to you all.

Mary

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*[This letter, dated **October 16, 1923**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He has received word of their mother's death and shares his thoughts and feelings about it with Mary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China  
October 16- 1923

Dear Mary:-

Night before last the mail- no it was last night the mail brought letters from Phebe and Flora- also paper that are full of good words about our dear, lovely Mother. In talking it over with God this afternoon after I had read what the papers said I had to add, "The half was not told." The tribute from Mr. Hill was beautiful. In Mother all we children have a rich heritage. I think during the past fifteen or twenty years she has taken much deep joy in the success that her children have attained. She never said much about it but she had a way of expressing her inmost heart without spoken words. Her's was a life bid with Christ in God. Phebe has been wonderfully good to write us so often with the care and responsibility that she has had to bear. God has answered our prayers that Mother might not have to suffer- long before we asked Him. It is hard to realize that while we were enjoying ourselves in Foochow together they were just about getting the facts that told them Mother could not stay much longer with them, and that as you were getting back to Tunghsien they were doing the last loving earthly things for her.

I am not sending the Sentinels for Sept 4,-7 and 8 to you for the letters say they are sending you some also. I am sending you others and Phebe's and Flora's letters.

I want that R.I. rooster if it does not come too high. How much does he want? Mr. Goertz promises to bring him down when he takes Edith up next Jan.

Very lovingly

Will

It looks from Flora's letter as if Phebe and Elizabeth would like you home next June.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 21, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary has received word of her mother's death. Prof. Grabau gave a talk on the movements of the earth's crust and how Asia looked in the past. She talks about the various acquaintances and co-workers. She includes a note from a parent praising and thanking her for her care of his child. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 21, 1923

Dear Home Folk,

The difference in blackness of the date and the address is due to a change of ribbon. I used the last one to do a lot of lining. That wears out the ribbon terribly, by leaving only half of the printing surface good. Willard had his machine on the mountain last summer. It has done him good service.



Phebe's letter telling of Mother's death on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September was here when I returned from Peking last Monday. I had really said my "goodby" when I got the letter telling that she was so seriously ill. I knew what that meant for us out here. I am so glad she did not have to suffer severely again. I kept dreading that for her, as you all were too. How comforting that so many of you could be with Mother at the last. Yes, Phebe, I too have memories of The dearest Mother that ever could be. My year at home so recently is very full of them.

The friends here have been most kind, Miss Burgess and Mrs. Powell especially. Poor Mrs. Powell is most upset by her losses in the Berkeley fire, losses for herself and for so many friends too. Today she got the first illustrated papers and was all broken up by them. Those beautiful hills a black ruin! We hope for letters on the next mail. People were likely too stunned to write at once.

The talk at the College club last week was by Prof. Grabau, on the paleogeography of China. The China Survey is getting out a book on it and he showed us some of the proof plates of the old maps. I fear that inhabitants of those days would have trouble in getting their bearings in the China of today. There was a sea where the Himalaya Mountains are now and Japan, the Phillipines, Borneo and the other East Indies were all part of a continent with eastern Asia. "The first invasion of China by Americans" was by way of an arm of the Arctic ocean that extended down into Asia at one period. I hope that we may have the same or a similar lecture down here after Christmas. The survey are getting their book out for the holidays and will be very busy.

Hazel Bailey is not going to take our Camp Fire girls this year. I am entertaining at lunch tomorrow Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Curan and their husbands. The ladies have been Guardians and I hope will take up our group for the year. Miss Burgess is ready to help and so I think is Mrs. Powell. Mrs. Powell is working in slowly, but well. She is not as adaptable as a younger woman would be, but after our experience of last year that is a blessing not a draw back. She helps Dr. Love less but me in the house work more. I have now turned over the caring for this house almost entirely. When called on, I act as interpreter (I see Flora smile) and adviser if advise is wanted. She inspects all the rooms too.

We are still running with the cook and table boy in the dining room. Margaret Menzi is account taker, and we take any question of food, service to her. The Chinese food last week Friday was greatly appreciated. We hoped for some more this week but did not get it.

Mrs. Powell and I went on the street Thursday after school and got pongee for curtains in the sitting room. She was having a guest for the week-end and wanted the comfort and beauty of curtains. We also got material for the hall windows. In ways like that she is a great help. I helped measure and cut but she is putting them together. I can not get the Amahs to look on her as their boss. The reason is probably that she always has to come to me for interpreter.

Mrs. Love was out to compound tea today for the first time since baby came. The baby is still nameless, but growing apace in spite of the lack.

I spent all of last week end with Cleora. Mrs. Hubbard of Pao Ting Fu and Miss Breck were in the city. We went to the movies Saturday night. On Sunday morning I heard Dr. Hodgson at the P.U.M.C. on "The best is yet to come". He also spoke at the Union church in the evening. He has been out for some special conferences. Cleora and I went to tea at Mrs. Maxwell's. She had quite a gathering on Sunday afternoons. It is considered the proper time for the P.U.M.C. faculty to call on each other then. As Mrs. Maxwell had out of town guests, she had invited several specially. As Miss Bailey said, it is a case of social function till 5.15, then the host and hostess rise and announce that it is time to start for church. One might stay and enjoy the home surroundings but the family go to church as a part of the necessities of life. They are on time too!

The plumbers are still with us. At last all the seats and bowls are out of the lower hall, so I begin to have hopes that there will be an end. It will be fine when it is done.

I found a new candy store in the city. They make all kinds of sesame candies. We are trying the plan of having candies, raisons, etc. for sale two or three times a week, as a means of keeping the children from buying the dirty stuff of the peddlers. If it is a craving for sweets that makes them buy, it will stop it if it is a desire to break rules, it will not.

Young Quincy Adams is proving to be a boy with the propensity for anything underhanded, forbidden, striking, etc. He is a nuisance till he gets broken in a bit. In one week, he has dared John Lewis, and they had their heads shaved; upset a whole bowl of sugar into one of the girls desert; and made himself conspicuous on every occasion. His ambition is "to be noticed". Some of the others have the same ambition but lack the courage to confess it, or do not consciously name it. I do not credit the rumor that Mrs. Adams is going to the States; Young Adams decided to come and came.

Young Samuel Cochran is proving just as fine as William. He is full of his fun, but there is not a bit of yellow in him. I was able to be of a bit of use to Dr. Cochran and he sent the nicest letter of thanks. It came on the



same mail as Phebe's telling of Mother's going. I will send it and let you read it. Flora will tell you of others she had when here. There people are most appreciative, and not afraid to express their kindly feelings.

Mrs. Sheffield was thrown from her rickshaw two weeks ago and her face is still black and there is a huge lump over her left eye. For several days she was laid up but she was doing full work when I was in town last week end. There were no cuts, only bruises. Mrs. Stelle writes that the boys make excellent household assistant. William Tucker is slowly improving. He hopes to be about some by Christmas. Little Arthur is a dear, and so like big William!

My heart has been with you at home these last weeks. I have the sorrow of not having been able to do for Mother, but you have to live every day where every thing is a reminder of her. God was good to let us have her so long.

Lots of love to all.  
Mary.

[Handwritten]

P.S. We have a President hence something to fill the "news" columns in the papers, also an excuse for a new issue of ?? which I will try to get for my next letter.

[Typewritten]

Dr. Samuel Cochran  
Tsinan  
Shantung, China

Dear Miss Beard;

This is just a line to thank you for all the interest and help you have given my boys. I wonder if you know how deeply parents appreciate what conscientious and able teachers like yourself do for their children. Good teachers throw into their work so much of themselves, so much good will and helpfulness that no salary they could possibly draw would ever begin to repay it and certainly it cannot be paid by any thanks we can give.

I have thought more than once of your hospitality whenever we go to Tungchow and of your coming down to meet the "new boy" as we walked up from the station a few weeks ago.

A good letter came from Bill on Saturday and he was just finishing his summer work at tutoring and ready for his examinations. Next mail will tell of how he does. He spent Sunday with Lois and Peggie at my brothers in Plainfield. My brothers son will be in his class at Hotchkiss.

Yours very sincerely

Samuel Cochran

October 15<sup>th</sup>. 1923.

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[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 30, 1923**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She describes some costumes of their Halloween party. She plans to return to the U.S. next June. She discusses some of the teachers at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Oct. 30, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

I ought to be thinking out a costume for tomorrow night. But I am not going to spend this time on that. Maybe I will get a sudden inspiration. Last week Friday we had a wonderful treat. Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Leslie Severinghouse sang for us and Miss Mary Ferguson accompanied them. Miss F. is a younger sister of the Miss Ferguson who played the violin and daughter of the advisor to the President. Flora will probably remember her.

We had a holiday Saturday. There was a track meet over at the Academy and our boys were competing in several events. Then the scouts were off for a camping trip, by the noon train. I planned a Campfire picnic too, so we too had some fun. We went over north of the city near the canal and a cemetery. We had the whole village out to watch us eat. The place was a fine amphitheater, so the crowd could see everything. They were most surprised that we could make the fire go, then that we knew how to cook the food. It was a question with them, as to whether we were boys or girls, being in bloomers, we could be either. We tried the second time to get Mrs. McClean and Mrs. Curan, without success.

Flora's letter came and I had an opportunity to get the nets yesterday. I got one dozen double ones. I have been wearing them and they outwear the single, about 6 to 1. The difference in cost is not much, 30 cents and 40 cents. If you like them I will get a gross and bring home, at \$3.50 per gross. I buy by the gross now.



Wed. eve. Have just come up early from the Halloween party. I wore a pair of dirty white stockings in which I had cut holes till they barely stayed on and a pair of brown shoes unevenly smudged with Blanco. My skirt was a tattered piece of silk from "the property box"; my waist, a bag; my belt, a rope and my hair dress another piece of rope. A tin can for pennies and a bamboo cane completed the outfit. It was not handsome. Mr. Breakey and Mr. Fenn were both ladies. Lyman Martin came in Miss Moody's dress and was as fine a woman as usual. Miss Young was in Captain Fiskin's uniform. The feast was overwhelming in its plentifulness. As extras, there was soup, salad, nuts and candy, and cocoa. The others are still having games. I wanted to get this letter off, also, I must correct some papers to find out who gets delinquency notices this month.

Yesterday came a book "The Breaking Point" from Miss Brewster. I have just finished the last one, and enjoyed it much. I have had two bundles of Sentinels from you and two of New York papers from Miss. B. lately.

Mrs. Corbett wrote a nice note about Mother. Her last bit, taken from a letter to her just about a year ago when her Mother died, I want to share with you. "If we always love those that we lose, we never will lose those that we love". I am so glad that mother did not have a terrible suffering that is Mrs. Goodrich's these days. Her trouble is also cancer of the intestines. The doctors operated in August and found the trouble so far advanced that they could help none. She is still in the hospital, and now her dear ones are praying for her freedom from pain.

Miss Andrews had gone to Paotingfu to be with Miss Chapin. She is very happy there and holds several classes per week with the girls in the school. It is enough to make her feel useful.

Last Friday, Margaret Virginia Wickes arrived. She "looks like the others", Alice thinks her fine, but says there is "no on to look after me" at home now. She planned all herself, to go to the Martins, hoping for more care there.

I have written Mrs. Corbett that I am surely starting for home next June. My next step will be to engage passage through Mr. McCann. Mrs. Powell suggests that I stop and take Leolyn east with me. I am thinking of a bee line through Vancouver. What would be the prospects of caring for Leolyn among her two families if she came? I know we will be unable to offer an extended visit, or at least I should judge so from the letters.

I do hope that the news from Elizabeth and Father is good next time. It is wonderful to think that Father can still keep up the business. I do hope that Miss Runnells could come. I like her and it is pleasing to think of her in our home.

I had a letter from Lillian Burr. She read of Mother's going in the paper and was sorry she did not know sooner. She has not been well for several months but is much better. Her trouble is that she does not get strong altho she seems quite well again. Mrs. Stelle wrote me from Oberlin. She had seen Miss Bostwick. She is having great fun keeping house for her two boys.

We enjoy the Fiskins as neighbors. They enter into things easily, but not too much so, and their enjoyment of the place is enough to win the hearts of us devotees. Cara, the baby about three, is terribly shy, but the boy and the baby of about a year are friendly as can be. Mrs. Young is nice.

I surely hope that the school never has any more one year teachers. The atmosphere this year is such an improvement over last! Mrs. Powell bothers sometimes by talking "contract". Her contract has specified certain duties and no others are to be taken on except by hint or much tactful urging. The infirmary has been vacant all year. Now the Amahs are moved to their room so patients could be cared for. But she will not lift a finger except at the doctors bidding, not even give a "cold" pill. It is a contrast to last year when the children got doses till the doctor groaned over the medicine consumed. Salts are the one and only remedy for all ills now. Theodore Romig is over in the Menzi guest room with a badly infected arm. Doctor cut it open today and is afraid of greater infection unless it had most careful care. It is a queer world and the people are queer, they seem to run to extremes. We want a happy medium!

We still have Chinese food once a week and the last child has succumbed to eating it. Mrs. Powell refused the last kind but liked the other. The cooks made 3200+ chu bao baos. (do not criticise the spelling, please).

"My heart is in the Highlands" of Long Hill.

Lots of love

Mary

I am looking for the duplicator. Thanks for ordering it. I'll bring the things to Flora. See the new stamp. I'll send the rest of the set 4 cents, 3 cents and 1 cents later.

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*[This typewritten letter, dated Nov. 10, 1923, was written from Tungchou, China, by Mary to the home folk. She has received her duplicator. They believe some of the servants are stealing from them. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



North China American School  
Tunghsien, Peking, China

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Nov 10, 1923.

Dear Home Folk,

I have been using my good bond paper for many school purposes lately, so am going to be swell and write you on school stationary.

The duplicator came last night, and I put it together at once and used it to take off the tests for today. It was good to use one again. Why had I waited so long to get it? Everything came through O.K.

Nov. 13, I went over to Maude Hunter's for the week end and had a good time playing with the babies. Jean is a darling, fat and smiling as can be. She is getting to know whom she knows and whom she does not. But she is quick to form new friends with those who play with her. Bobby is getting the same idea that the other compound children have, that I am to be pummeled, and played hard with. We had a real wrestling match, punctuated with squeals and shrieks of laughter. Both children are very well. Jean cut her first tooth, and got up a fever of 103 over it. But she was all right by morning.

Miss Young and six others have proved the ease with which we can visit the Great Wall from here. They had an auto come down to leave at 6.30 and take them to the Hsi Che Men. Then the auto met them at night and brought them back. It cost about \$5.00, much less than trying to stay in Peking, and much easier.

We have put in a second basket ball court, in the hollow space behind the school building. There is also room for an indoor baseball field for the girls. Our group is too large for one field now, so the compound have let us have the added room. To be sure it takes a fine fertile piece of ground. There is talk of trying to get the land over beyond the boys house, but there is no certainty of ever getting it. It, too, is good farm land, even better than what we have.

Tuesday, our Chinese food day; We had "strings" with "chang" and several kinds of cold vegetables and one soup. They forgot to get us a desert. I suppose it is that they never serve one for themselves.

Wed. Eve. This afternoon Carol Love came over with Dr. Parry, who was the college physician at Holyoke when I was there. Dr. Parry was the one who looked after Mother when she was ill at commencement 1905. She and her sister are travelling around the world. Both are doctors and came to see the hospital. The other sister knew Dr. Loves father and a lot of folks he knows as she has lived near Hamilton College. She knew Martha too.

Captain Fiskens is giving the Camp Fire girls and any of the others who wish to join us an hour of marching, and exercises once a week. It is most interesting and mighty good for us. We have to act with military precision. It is interesting to note that the boys are again doing drill, after a year or more of thinking it too militaristic.

We have had considerable trouble with thieving. It seems to be a concerted effort to oust the head man. As far as we can make out, the cook whom he succeeded, is at the head of the gang. Tien has the reputation of being a gambler now, and so is open to all sorts of suspicions. We are lying in wait to catch him at something, then the Loves will dismiss him. The Fiskins have a servant dismissed several years ago for gambling and he is suspected of being implicated with the bad gang.

Mrs. Waller was down today and sends regards to Flora. Jean Dickenson gave me such to deliver last week. She was at the Martins. Enid is home now. Her health is not very good so she dares not return to a job where she has to live on Chinese food, as at the Wangs.

Your Christmas things will be late for I have not been able to get into town for three weeks. I expect to go next Monday. I shall not send much as I love to deliver things in person, and next summer is not far off. God bless you all and keep you well.

Much love  
Mary.

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*[This letter, dated November 18, 1923, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard writes Gould about his 27<sup>th</sup> birthday and tells him he was proud that Gould represented him so well at Willard's mother's funeral. He asks about Gould's finances and gives advice on taking risks. He talks about the college in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



Foochow, China.  
November 18- 1923

Dear Boy:-

Last Wednesday I thought of you as you passed the twenty seventh milepost on life's highway. It was just about the day that Phebe sent me your letter to her that told about Grandma's death and funeral and your drive from Shelton to Mt. Vernon, S. River and Ann Arbor. It has been very gratifying to read in several letters that you were at Century Farm when Grandma died and that you could represent me. For several reasons God directed you to go there this summer. Every one seems to think that you did right. Mama was especially pleased. Your picture of the children and grandchildren gathered about Grandma during the last minutes was the most complete that I have received. It touched me deeply that you could be in my place there and again it was very gratifying to know that you were in my place as pall bearer.

Grandma was a wonderful woman. How she could bear eleven children and bring up ten and do her own housework when we were small and take time every day to study her Bible and pray and also help other children who had no mother and all the time take an active part in church work and at the same time keep up with and help her own children in their studies I do not see- Yes I think I do see. She was able to select the first things in life and do them. She never chose the second best; or the thing of secondary importance. As I remember her, she took (she did not find) some time every day to be alone with God. I see her so often she lay on the lounge with her Bible. She never spoke of it- but she did it. I think it must have been her silent example that led me when I was a Sophomore to decide to read my Bible daily before breakfast- a habit that I have kept up for over thirty years- it's a good habit.

How are you coming on financially? Write me all about it- How much did Mr. Miller help you in all, how much has Uncle Stanley lent you in all. How much did Grandpa give you this summer? Dorothy ought to be out of the woods financially with her work in the Oberlin Schools in Oberlin with \$500. I understand that Grandma left one third of her estate to Grandpa, one third to her children and one third to her grandchildren. You may get \$250 there. How much does your life insurance cost you a year? I keep wondering also when you will graduate from Ann Arbor.

You had an exciting ride from Philadelphia to Ohio, - without adventure. I am hoping the time is near when you will stop such stunts as driving thirty six hours without rest. I did a lot of such stunts when I was young. I wish I had known enough to conserve my strength. In the long run you lose- nature comes round years after and collide. I can do with most of the young fellows here now, but I know if I had taken more time to do some things when I was 16-24 I could do more now and do what I do much better. How is your hernia? I do not hear about it from any source. The picture of your flying in a Ford made me think of the new universal machine- with three wheels that could be converted from an automobile to a hydroplane and again into an aeroplane at will.

Things are going along rather quietly here. In the College we are having a much better term than last term. The senior class is hard to get on with. But there is no (as yet) serious trouble. There are two boys who have tried bluffing instead of working and their bluff is not bringing them a diploma. They are disgruntled and influence the class. It was very significant that at the close of last term when the students elected the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet- not one of this class was put on the cabinet. I have not yet made up my mind whether or not I shall tell them that unless they attend morning drill. They have nearly all cut most of the time this term and the Sunday evening C.E. meeting. I will not give them diplomas.

Our boys played the Anglo Chinese boys at Volley ball- ten classes vs. ten classes. We won seven out of ten in two contests- we won 14 games and lost 6. In the cross country run yesterday afternoon we lost out completely I believe. ?? got 1<sup>st</sup> place. They ran from the Club, past the Am. Consulate and on to the stone sect. Back they came by the pond at Duai U and up by the Mesani Hall and the Y.M.C.A. home where we lived.

I wonder how much of the account of Mother's life that appeared in the Sentinel Fri. Sept 4 you wrote.

Eunice Kinnear Roger[?] is not at all well and she does not seem to improve. She is teaching 16 periods a week in the College and it is rather serious for us. Phebe is getting into things too fast. They are putting her on committees etc faster than I like. She is efficient and does good work.

God bless you, keep you and see you

Very lovingly Father.

Temple of Heaven Peking Stamps

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*[This letter, dated Dec. 8, 1923, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She writes a letter home and includes a typewritten newsletter for those who lived and worked in Tungchow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



[Dec. 8, 1923]

Dear Home Folk,

I am sending a copy of a letter for the edification of Ex-Tungchowites and it may contain some news not written you before or a different angle any way. Flora may need to interpret for it was written expecting readers to know the place.

We did have a nice Thanksgiving. I kept myself too busy to think very long at once on the loneliness at home. Cleora was down and arrived Wednesday evening. I also invited Hosmer Johnson and the Burgesses. The latter could not come, but Hosmer did. I was chairman of the decoration committee so we had to work hard from 3.00 till 6.00 setting tables for 45 and decorating. The seating had to be done over because the tables did not fit together as we expected.

I wonder what you did. Did you get together as usual? I hope so. It is generally Stanley's last fall visit to Connecticut.

The stockings and packages of ?? came last week. Already I have worn some of the black stockings. Many thanks for them. They fill a real need as I was feeling sorry I had not asked for some when I wrote. I had had to give up white shoes because my stockings were too few to last from week to week. I bought some English ones here and they lasted one day without holes and about six washings before the Amah referred to darn them.

My Campfire girls are busy getting ready for a sale. One [*of the*] most attractive articles are some blue velvet ?? trimmed with gold braid and some blue and gold ?? books made Chinese style like the coal-books[?]. We will have less than last year but we are only 12 instead of over 25 as then. Miss Bailey is not having time to foster the group at all. She got weary last year because I did not have time to "carry" her along as Flora had done and too she got in m?y with Miss Young and Miss Fenn her first trip. So far we are without a guardian, but hope for Mrs. Howard-Smith to renew her interest when she arrives.

The children are starting their skating in a pond at the west end of the compound which was formed when the big pond was refilled from the moat recently. It is very shallow.

The mail is just departing.

With love

Mary.

[*The following is typewritten:*]

Dear

For fear lest only one of you will get any news at all, I am going to give the general news for all, and be rude enough to use a duplicator.

I'll begin with the N.C.A.S., since that is home. We have 75 pupils in session now. Last week Dr. Lewis of Pao Ting Fu came and took John out, and they are just about starting for America now. Scamp that he was, we miss him. The trip home through India, Egypt, Palistine, etc. will do wonders in waking him up. The close companionship of his father will help a lot too.

About two weeks after school opened, we had a surprise. Close to six one evening an auto drove up. Out stepped young John Quincy Adams, and announced that he had come to stay. He was tired of being the only American boy in his school. He gave us a second surprise one evening very soon, when he and John Lewis appeared with their heads shaved. It was to "create a sensation", and no one paid any attention to them unless the boy drew it by some remark. I caught him one day with his hand clutched tightly in the hair of one of the girls. When questioned, he said it was his only way to get even, and the children old and young were in the habit of always kicking him as they passed. They had reasons for so doing all right, as he agreed. Pulling hair was not lessening the reasons either!

Speaking of "the gentle sentiments", we have never had so bad an epidemic as now. Every one down the line to the eighth and some on the seventh have some one special with whom to pair off. The wonderful moonlight nights and the influx of girls from America, with the ultra modern ways, are probably to blame. Every body ages the group higher up, and the girls were in college towns.

You must know of the additions to the community. The Fiskens are fitting in beautifully. Captain Fisken teaches at Lu He, and helps with the athletics. He also gives our girls drill every week. He offered for the Camp Fire, but the group is small this year and so we invited the others to join us. They take turns at all the social functions with the rest of us. The next compound supper is to be there.

Barbara Love is making Caroline share the honors, by growing more attractive every day. Caroline is loosing her excessive shyness, and loves to play. Her vocabulary is most limited, and not often used in company.



The latest arrival, Margaret Virginia Wickes, looks just like the others, pink and white from the first, with brown eyes, and lot of dark hair. She rubbed the skin off her chin one night when she got hungry before it was time, so had to be tied up for several days. It detracted from her beauty and distressed her mother. Mr. Wickes has been off in the country for two weeks, so Fanny kept the nurse an extra week for company. I expect he is home tonight, for tomorrows church program reads "Wickes".

By the way, Jim tried a new stunt on us this year and put the duplication paper in wrong for all the notices. Hence we have them pasted in our windows.

The Ladies house has been a point of interest. When the devoted swain can not get an invitation otherwise, Miss Ingram comes to the front and she has a beau. Mr. Breakey, our new teacher of History, likes to spend an evening over there when allowed. Mariette sings for him if there is no other consolation. They have been a very happy household, with the varied natures. Esther has her big baby doll down here now. How the Compound Children do love it!! We all pick it up when we go there.

We are all busy on the Thanksgiving dinner. The last I hear it was to be at the Loves. Maude wanted to relieve Carol of it, because she is afraid it may upset Carol and the baby. We go to Rose Martin's play afterward. Elizabeth Burgess has made up the cutest nut cups ever. We are fitting words to the initials for the place cards. Alice Huggins set out the tables. We have put stiff papers on the back of the large turkeys and they will stand around and watch us eat the turkey substitute.

Dec. 3. It was not turkey substitute that we ate Thanksgiving, but real turkey, and mighty good too! 40 of us sat down to a T shaped table at the Loves. We described the people by adjectives beginning with their initials on the place cards, and used the little turkeys that Alice sent. We are most grateful, Alice! So will future committees be, for the runner is good for future use and so are the turkeys and sheafs of corn.

The entertainment was at Rose's and we were divided into groups and had to give some kind of word or scene connected with history at or near the first thanksgiving. Pi-Lie-Moth-Rock, was the best. The whole word was A chicken, Girl with feet through sleeves of coat etc.

The Peking people invited so many of our group for noon that with the compound children we were only 64. The girls had made place cards and used the runners that Flora sent out last year. There were no flowers as no one had thought ahead to get them. You see Miss Bostwick, we miss your thoughtfulness on that score. Cornucopias, with fruit and vegetables pouring out helped a lot. Dr. and Mrs. Wilder and Cleora Wannamaker, guests of the evening who had been able to come early, were with us too.

We kept the infirmary empty for the first two months, but have made up these last weeks. It is only colds and not serious ones either, but it means staying in bed for from two days to a week. With every pupil on an open porch to sleep, the children's beds are not very nice to have to stay in, this cold weather.

The boys played three games with Peking in Basket Ball. They won the first two games but were nice and played the third here as scheduled. We won easily. It was the only game for which we had our first team. Theodore Romig had been off with a badly infected hand, and Alfred Corbett with a case of skin poisoning that had made the doctor fear a deeper infection, since it was on his head. The last game was here and the girls played the same day. We won both games, so were most elated that evening. The girls have waited in vain for a return challenge, and have at last given up training, after three weeks.

Mrs. Goodrich passed away, two weeks ago last Thursday. Her suffering the last few weeks was terrible, the opiates gave very little relief. The funeral was in Peking but they brought her here for interment. Ten autos of people came down, and many of the Tungchow friends went over, so there was a crowd at the cemetery. Dr. Goodrich is bearing up wonderfully. The house at Teng Shih Kou is still empty, awaiting the decision of their compound committee. Mrs. Goodrich sent her piano to the girls academy here. She knew that the end was near, and disposed of many things, by asking her children to deliver them. There was a memorial service here a week ago at Warner Hall, in Chinese. Carrington and Ann were down at the Ladies House for the week end. Mrs. Sheffield was with the Smiths.

We have our plumbing in but the pump is too weak and can not throw the water from the basement of the school building to the top of the dormitory, hence the water still runs up on two legs but back by the drains. "Appendix" as the children call him is the carrier. He is a trifle bigger than last year, but still manages to spill a bucket of water on the stairs occasionally. You must know that Mrs. Gordon left us in October. She is now somewhere down in Honan working with the Chinese, a place where they have wanted her for a long time. She got discouraged because the workmen were so slow. Chu Shih Fu is running things with Fen Lin in the dining room to help. Margaret takes account once a week and either she or Mr. Menzi visits the kitchen daily. So far all goes well. We have Chinese food once a week and that pleases all but a few.

Next year sees a big turn over in our faculty. Martha and Genevieve and I leave. I do hope Miss Cummings is coming out for my work, as that will make it easier for those left.



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*[This letter dated Dec. 9, 1923 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard would like his family to take up the mortgage on the Shelton house (presumably the Century Farm house). He tells about the Foochow Civil Governor and the price of getting a road project done. Officials were talking of taxing opium and students were concerned that it would result in the selling of opium legally. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow China  
Dec 9-1923

Dear Geraldine;

You are nearest to Shelton, so I am asking you to be the clearing house for this matter of our family taking up the \$1500. to buy the whole mortgage on the Shelton house. I have held \$1000 on it for several years. Aunt Ruth held it—the other \$1500 till she died then Grandma [*Nancy Nichols Beard*] took it. Now Grandpa [*Oliver Gould Beard*] offers it to us. I think it is as good as any investment you can make. Gould and Dorothy and Marjorie and Kathleen will write you. Phebe will take \$250. I \$500. I hope Mama will agree to let Marjorie and Kathleen each take \$250. If you and Dot and Gould cannot take \$250 among you, just write so and it will be all right.

A Miss Sheldon and a Miss Day from Bloomfield N.Y. are here now visiting Mr. St. Clair. They do not seem to know much about South River, but it is sort of nice to see anyone from so near you.

This will reach you after Christmas. I hope you will have a pleasant Christmas. I thought of you at Thanksgiving as with your own people somewhere- possibly at the farm, and I shall think of you at Christmas as with the family somewhere. I have not yet found you on the map.

Foochow runs along in much the same groove as it has been in for a year. Church and school work are influenced only a little by the political conditions. The civil officials are as good as they can be without power or money. The Civil Governor is an old man nearly 70- good but weak. He is very good to one, receives one whenever I call on him and does what I ask of him. I try to ask only reasonable requests that he can grant. I saw him yesterday to ask permission to move walls and take in a piece of land which we purchased outside the church compound. The St [*Street*] commissioner offered to allow it but wanted to change the road himself and asked \$800 to do it. I told him I did not have the money. (I could get the work done myself for \$200.) The Governor asked about the length of the road etc. and if it could not be done for less than \$400. I told it would not be being = comely for one to talk price about the matter. "O yes" he said. "Perfectly right". Then turning to the Street Commissioner, whom he had called in, "How much will that road cost?" The reply came at once. "We can do it for \$300." I told them I would be willing to give \$220. The matter will likely end in our giving about \$250. big dollars. It will cost them about \$200,000 cash = about \$180. This is not a big squeeze.

Some weeks ago there was a corner store laying at the University = three miles down the river. Governor Sak was going down in a special launch which he had engaged. He asked me to go with him on this special launch- with the Bishops etc. and he offered to tow a house boat with a lot of people who were going down.

But the Military Governor is not so nice. You remember that opium was put out of China in 1908 and 09. None has been sold in Foochow since – except secretly.

Last week the officials planned to raise a lot of money by taxing opium. This would make it lawful to sell opium and lawful to smoke it. The students gathered last Wed. a.m., went to the three highest officials and asked them not to make the traffic legal. The officials promised not to tax opium.

I hope you are keeping well- dear Girlie, - and that your work is pleasant- I lead a class in calisthenics each a.m. at 6:00.

Very lovingly Father.

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*[This letter, dated Dec. 31, 1923, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She takes time for herself New Years Eve to write and talk about all sorts of subjects, co-workers, friends, and school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Dec 31, 1923

Dear Home Folk-

I have my corner of the Old year all to myself tonight. It is in a long chair in front of the register in a corner of the sitting room at the Hunter's. The Hunters and Fiskens have gone in to Peking to watch the festivities at the Hotel and will return by auto in the wee small hours. Amah and I put Bobby and Jean to bed. I am so well acquainted with these two children now that I can cajole them into doing most anything. All Bobby needs is a bit of



imagination and he is off in a wonder land of animals and autos. I spend Christmas eve making him a snap ?? using autos and engines. He has nearly worn it out already.

I am going in on the early train to receive with Cleora at Mrs. Sheffield's. Esther Moody also goes in. Margette went tonight. Jim, Capt. Fisker and Lyman are the only callers I know are going in.

Gertrude Menzi grows handsome everyday and her proud parents glory in her. The nurse left yesterday and Grandma Wilder came to spend New Year's Day and help with baby. Carpenter Li sent them a beauty of a kiddi-coop which he copied from a picture. It is perfect. Maude and Martha gave them one of the cabinets. Both[?] Maude and Rue Martin a table with flannel top.

The skating has been fair. We went three times this vacation instead of "every day". I have been most cozy, mostly played with the children and sewed a little.

I ripped my "gold" dress and am making it long waisted. When completed I shall have it dyed, brown if it will take, other wise black. ?? one black satin dress. I am not partial to ??.

The laundryman failed to return my clothes promptly so I had to take time off and complete a night gown or go cold in a cotton one. I just got the buttons on tonight.

I have found a way to relieve piles. Take Nijol[?] ! Perhaps you knew it, did not so send on the word.

Phebe's last letter told of all the new autos. I will hope for a ride in each one next summer. Keep the Overland and perhaps I shall not have forgotten all about how to run it.

The Hunters and I had supper at the Fisker's yesterday. It was a unique but mighty good supper; fruit cocktail (harmless), waffles and chicken and coffee and dill pickles and plum pudding with hard sauce. The chicken was creamed and served in small individual dishes. The coffee was plentiful and served all through the second course.

The Wickes baby is just like the other Wickes babies, long black hair big brown eyes and a pink and white (not red) complexion. I was there from Christmas supper and visited baby again Saturday after tea.

Uncle and Auntie Ming had Miss Ingram, Miss Burgess and me over for Sunday dinner. It was a grand feast and a nice visit. I was invited the week before with Esther Moody but had just accepted an invitation to keep Margette company as she was to be alone.

I started the men at home cleaning today. They got the walls ?? and the floors. Tomorrow they will tackle it with water and oil. Two dust storms thru vacation made everything a cinnamon brown.

The plumbers are still with us. Today they once again brought the water tanks down to try again to make them water tight. The door to the tank room is narrow so there are two tanks instead of one. Both leaked. The foreigner at the head of the company was here and seemed to understand the necessity of making the system complete by Wednesday.

I have been very negligent and have not had carpenters around. But Len is trying to get a school carpenter and suggested that repairs wait for him. Alas he has not materialized.

I hope this Christmas season finds Elizabeth comfortable and the rest of you well. I thot of you all and of the empty place for Mother. I am eager to hear if you had any Thanksgiving gathering or if it could not be.

I'll be home as soon as I can after school lets out and I can pack. I am giving away a lot of things now when I do not think it advisable to try to transport them, yet they are still useful or beautiful.

Lots of love to you all

Mary.

Stanley's letter and Myra's and Ruths letters are fine. Will will send a letter telling of Xmas day etc.

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