

1917

- The U.S. enters into WWI
- Russian Revolution
- Flora and Mary are in Tungchou, China teaching at the North China American School.
- Flora is 48 and Mary is 35.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen are in Foochow, China. Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy are in the U.S.
- Willard is 52, Ellen- 49, Phebe- 22, Gould- 21, Geraldine- 19, Dorothy- 16, Marjorie- 11, Kathleen- 9.

[This letter dated Jan. 7, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks of the examinations and Commencements during one of the coldest weeks in Foochow.]

Foochow, China
Jan 7th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

This is the first letter recorded in my new correspondence register for 1917. I am not writing many letters these days. The past week has been filled with examinations and meetings of Boards of Directors, and Commencements. It has been one of the coldest weeks I remember in Foochow. Friday morning I was examining a class in Biblical History in the same room with another teacher. I corrected the papers of my class as they came in. My hands nearly congealed and the boys had to blow on their hands to keep them limber enough so they could write. These cold mornings it takes courage to get out of a nice warm bed and take ten minutes exercise in pajamas and a cold splash all over. The girlies keep it up too but Kathleen does not exactly enjoy it. We saw snow yesterday on Kuliang.

Commencement is to be held next Wed. at 2 p.m. With that over another school year is finished and then at once must begin the planning for the new year. Exams for this begin Feb. 1st. I may have written that the Girl's College at Ponasang and the Union Normal School are uniting with us this year for Commencement. It will save me the time and trouble of attending these two commencements.

Last Friday evening the Anti Cobweb Club met at our home. The cook had gone home and Mama had lots of examination papers to correct. The evening was quite rainy and very cold. I told Mama that 20 would be the largest possible number that would come. But there were 25,- a large gathering for a pleasant evening for this club. Mama had to go into the kitchen and prepare some of the refreshments herself. We had an interesting paper on Russia's past by Mr. H.E. Dennis from C.A.[?] and very interesting "personal impressions" by Prof. Scott who has lived there.

This morning I preached the Baccalaureate sermon before four schools graduates. Foochow College - Girls college- Normal School-Bible Women's Training School. This afternoon I sat thru a church business meeting (from 2-5:30 p.m.) and this evening I attended the Y.P.S.C.E. meeting of the College- the last of this year and spoke 15 minutes- I am weary, so I shall say good night and crawl into my little bed- where Mama and the girlies have already gone.



Written on back of Photo: "Bible Women's Training School"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The last we heard from you was the letter received from Phebe Dec. 23- two weeks ago.

I am enclosing to you a check for \$100- on the Putnam Bank. Phebe and Gould will need it. You and Dorothy may have enough. Turn it over to Phebe and Gould as they need it and they will report to me in their monthly statement. Of course if you need part of it you will take it. I wish you could all make out a budget and send me of your probable expenses up to July 1st.

I think of you as starting College tomorrow Jan 8. May the Father keep you all in such bodily health as will make possible the best mental work, and may he give you interest, enthusiasm and concentration in the college studies that will ensure satisfaction and success

Very lovingly

Your Father

Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **about Jan. 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary talks a little about travelling to Shansi. School has begun and they now have Miss Dudley to help. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Jan. 1917]

Tungchou

Dear Ones at Home,

It is a long time since I have written you from here. My trip into Shansi was one good time from start to finish. En route out we went to Taiyuan Fu, the capital of Shansi, and spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Edwards. (They were our next door neighbors at Pei Tai Ho last summer.) I thoroughly enjoyed the visit and I think the little girls did too. One of the English ladies had to come out to Tientsin so joined our party. At YuTze a Chinese girl joined us en route to study medicine at Peking, so we were five. I completely forgot that it was New Year's Day most of the time. I read to the children every bit of reading matter I had along, and that with eating and playing filled the eight hour journey well. At Shu Un Chiang we went again to the *[unreadable word]*, had supper (Chinese food) and slept from 8-10.

Then we got ready for our train which left at 11.10. The third class afforded the most room so we came up that way and were quite comfortable. We had had a nice warm comfortable journey until we reached Peking. It was cold and windy there and we were glad to get to Mrs. Ingram's nice warm home, and get some breakfast.

I left little Isabel and Adelaide and I came down on the noon train. Most of the Tungchou ladies were on the train because they had been up to receive on New Years Day. I had hoped to see Flora there but she received here at the school all who did not go to Peking. I ran over to see Mrs. Frame almost at once and found her just as *[unreadable word]* and sweet as can be. Little Francis' death seems doubly hard after loosing the baby last spring. Just now the Frames are in Peking for a change because Mrs. Frame's heart is very bad.

School begins to seem easier with Miss Dudley here although as yet I have handed over no classes. She is young, pretty, enthusiastic and a sort of inspiration to have around. She is not effusive enough to be insincere but genuinely interested.

This week the Porter's received word of Mr. Dudley's death. I was so sorry for Miss Dudley but glad that she had gotten to know us all before this sorrow came.

On Friday Flora went to Peking for the afternoon. Miss Dudley took her room. Mrs. Porter and I gave examinations yesterday afternoon and now I take back the Cicero class and start them on the Manchurian Law.

Robert McCann is ready to come out of quarantine when he stops peeling. Parts of him have peeled their t? already and are still at it. He is working on his Algebra so as to have that off his hands when he comes out.

Monday A.M.

Ruth's letter arrived by the morning mail. The packages have not yet arrived but we no longer worry because we know now that all parcel post is held at the western coast of the U.S.A. for American ships. This is because of the censoring of the Allies and our objection to it. As far as I know no one had yet received Christmas parcels, not even mine mailed as early as the middle of October or November first.

I am very eager to receive my sweater for I need it in the laboratory every week. It is too cold to resume all wraps and too hot with my big coat. Many thanks, Father for it.

I am off soon for a piza ride with a bunch of children. We go to the canal and up to the old stand[?] bridge or down to the pagoda. It is a glorious day for such a trip. The skating is spoiled for a few days because the compound is harvesting ice. How[?] these trips must now intervene to keep the child happy and out of doors.

I am so glad Elizabeth could come home for Thanksgiving and hope she could join you at Christmas also. The reports are most encouraging.

Your brown suit must be most in keeping and becoming of Ruth. I should like to see it.

A week ago or else on Thursday Flora mailed a package to Edith Louise for her birthday. It is an embroidered dress which I bought at Pei Tai Ho last summer. I hope it is big enough. Please write me regarding her size some day- as to height and weight.

I still picture her as the little sprite I left but I know she has grown and I try to gage the size by her years.

I have another namesake out here, Mary Louise Price. Whether the name was for me or not it is after me at least. I have not seen her as she lives in Tientsin.

We think the cost of living is high here but it is higher with you evidently. What is going to happen if it continues to rise?

I must close my things and be off so as to have the good sunshine for [*unreadable word*].

Lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "The Moat."

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



NCAS Faculty

L to R: Miss Porter (Latin I), Flora (Principal), Mr. Gordon (English I and II), Mrs. Wickes (French), Mrs. Galt (Primary adj's[?]), Mrs. Love (Physiology), Mary Beard (yours truly), Zana Hill (Music and art), Jean Dudley (Regular Assistant).

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Jan. 14, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Flora and Mary. He tells them about the success at Foochow College. He is taking the family up to Ing Hok the next day. He is sending some letters from Shelton on to them. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Jan. 14, 1917

Dear Flora and Mary:-

From your last letter you have had a very strenuous term. The same has been true here. Altho our strenuousness has not been due either to illness or to roughishness of the students. If Miss Wiley had been here Ellen and I would have had an ordinary terms work. The term has been more than ordinarily successful. More students got on the honor roll= 90 and up, and less students failed than usual. Then three, with commencement four. Events have put into the school a good esprit d'corps. On Oct 10 and 11 in the evenings the boys had a lantern parade. The officials invited them into their yamens and addressed them and gave them tea and cakes. Then the Saturday evening before Christmas the College gave an amateur play. Three thousand people were admitted by ticket. This was a big success. The boys did well and the order of the crowd was all that could be desired. On Christmas day we had a Field Day. To this more than 3000 people were admitted. The Governor-General and four other high officials came. They promised \$180 to the boys as prizes. \$80 has come. This Field Day was a big success. Perfect order was kept all thru. All the events were carried out, and Miss Ponters= Am. Consul's wife gave out the prizes.

The fourth success of the term was our Commencement. This came last Wed. afternoon. Three institutions united, Foochow College, Ponasang Girl's College and Union Normal School with graduates six, three and eight respectively. A graduate of Foochow College and one of the Normal School had orations, and we had an

orator= a Foochow man, a graduate of a Japanese School and formerly head of the B'd of Education in Peking, - now returned to Foochow. He spoke on Education very well. The address was clear in thought, and diction. Many have voluntarily spoken of it to me. After his address General Li "poured out his heart" in a fine address. The officials came to our house with some of the other gentlemen, Chinese and foreign for a little "feast". This gave us a chance to tell them of our educational system, The Union College etc. and I had a good talk with the orator on Christianity.

I hoped to get the toaster to work and eat some of its toast before I wrote our thank you for it but reviews and exams and a multitude of Committee meetings have been too much for me. Here's the thank you just the same. I hope you both got all the change and rest you anticipate during your vacation and that you go back to school duties in good fettle [*condition of fitness or spirits*].



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Left to right Governor Hu- with derby hat, W.L.B., General Li, Mr. Peet, 4 children of Governor Hu- standing in front of him."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo by Willard: "Public Park No. 2, Foochow, China. Governor Hu without hat in boat with his four children."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are ready to go to Ing Hok tomorrow morning- the whole family. The girlies have never had a country trip and they are naturally much interested.

I am sending an envelope full of letters from Shelton. Things seem bright there. Elizabeth is giving much encouragement to all by her improvement. Geraldine is getting better all the time, but her face is not perfectly normal yet. Dorothy seems to be having a very good time and to be winning every ones good will. That seems to be a strong point with her. Geraldine will likely go into College now- is likely there now, altho of course we are not certain. *[It sounds as if Geraldine might be suffering from a case of Bell's Palsy which began in October or November of 1916. Nancy Butte remembers her mother-in-law, Marjorie, mentioning that Geraldine did have Bell's Palsy at one time. Kathleen Beard also had a case of it in her early married life.]*

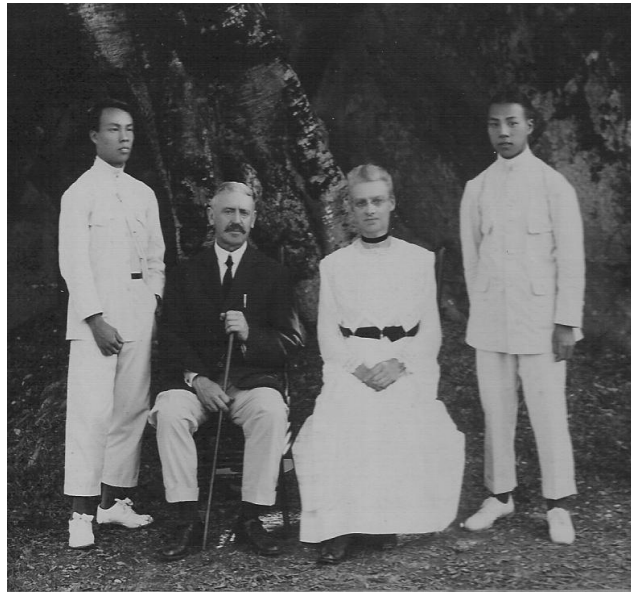
Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith and Mrs. Smith= my successor in the N.Y. office are due here about Jan 20- to stay about a week or ten days. Mr. Goddard and Frank Brewer and Mrs. Brewer are now in Manila or Mindanao. They plan to be here about March 1st.

With love from all to both of you

Will.



Willard and Ellen and a Chinese student about 1917



Willard and Ellen and 2 Chinese men (students or servants?)
Taken by the big rocks and banyan tree in the city compound.

[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Jan. 24, 1917 was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. It is Chinese New Year and they feel the excitement among their servants. They expect the next school term to go easier with Miss Dudley's help. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Jan. 24, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

This is the day before Chinese New Years and we feel the excitement among our servants. It is a time when they reckon with each other for all their short comings and up here in the north they stop up the mouth of the kitchen god (a paper one) with a round ball of malt candy. It is most delectable stuff and most healthful to eat. We have it once a week with English walnuts for dessert. They have a way of making perfectly round- but hollow- balls of it which are very popular at this time of year. When I wrote "they" above I hardly think it should apply to our servants but rather to the heathen Chinese. This year there seems to be much more "stir" in the celebration. The day after New Year;- Yesterday was quite like "Fourth of July" with all the firecrackers going off. We had one less train each way between here and Peking, and instead of having to wait for an hour or two while a number of cars were being unloaded the evening train pulled out from the station ten minutes too early. I was walking down leisurely with our music teacher to see her off on the train and it took a hard sprint to reach the crossing, but we were in time to hail the engineer and he stopped the train. It was a five-foot jump for her to get into the train but with the help of a gallant Chinese gentleman we got her on a third class car- she had a first class ticket. However she was on and that was the chief thing. I expect the trainmen were in a hurry to get back to their celebrations and did not expect any foreigners to be travelling on this holiday. The Chinese travelers arrive and wait hours for the train so that there really is no one but us foreigners who think of "just making the train."- This year the name has been changed from Chinese New Years to Spring Festival. To us this seems somewhat rushing the season since we've not yet even had the January thaw. The ice cutters are putting up ice that is over a foot thick and the place from which it was cut is already safe for skating. Is this a step toward counting their time from our calendar? Things are certainly moving along more democratic lines when the President goes in person to a neighboring city to attend the graduation at a Government College.

This is our examination week and we shall all be glad when it is over and we can start on our new program with Miss Dudley. She has been doing a lot of things to help but we could not give her some of the classes until we

began the new term. She is fine and I hope we are to have a more satisfactory half year. It seems as if the past few months had been a bad dream, they have been so full of too many things to do. That Mary and I have come out of them without a breakdown is due to our good constitution. Mary got a fine rest up in Shansi so I hope with our new help that she will keep well all through the winter. I imagine we have had nearly all of the worst cold that this winter will give us for the weather seems to go in steps here- each step increasing until the "period of greatest heat" or "cold" is reached then the steps move nearly regularly in the opposite direction. This winter we have had very unusual snow which has made the natives very glad but it has nearly vanished now- not melted but evaporated. However it will make some difference with the spring crops. The Chinese are very careful in cleaning off the snow to heap it up around the trees so that irrigates them somewhat in winter. There are mud troughs made around each ornamental tree so that water can be poured in and made to water the tree. The snow is piled in and as fast as it packs down more is piled on so it answers two needs at once-clearing the streets and watering the trees.

I have not yet sent the waists but will the next time I go to Peking.

News has come from the Home end of the Union work in College education in Peking to hurry negotiations so that the work may be opened in Peking next fall, so there is a possibility that the personnel of Tungchou may [be] much changed next year. The college will be moved up to Peking and the Peking American Board Boy's Academy may be moved down here. This will make some of the Peking people move down here and some of our families move up there. I am glad that it means an exchange and not empty houses as it looked for a long time to be.

There are other letters to be written to-night so I must close. I am enclosing Will's last letter to us.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Jan. 24, 1917.

*[This letter dated **January 29, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Examinations for the first semester are over and Mary went with some friends to Peking for a day of fun. She spent the rest of the week taking walks and socializing. She would like Willard and his family to come north for the summer and she hopes to take a trip to Mongolia sometime in the year. She mentions her sister, Elizabeth, being at Saranac (probably a tuberculosis sanatorium). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

N.C.A.S. [North China American School]
January 29, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

Yesterday I finished my letter to Stanley and Myra and wrote one to Willard so did not get one off to you. You see, I know I will get yours in if it gets left out on Sunday but do not feel so sure of the others.

Last week was the last of the first semester. The examinations came in the last three days. I took charge of all mine except on Saturday afternoon when Miss Dudley did so that I might go over to the laboratory with Mable and Robert to make up lost work.

On Monday last Mrs. Porter, Jean Dudley and I went to Peking "just for fun". It is the first trip of the kind I have made this year and it was fun. We went to the Chinese City and saw the sights although we did not purchase much. It was the day before New Years so the streets were gay and the crowds great. We had to clutch our purses tight and carry our rugs instead of leaving them in the rickshaws.

On Tuesday I shampooed my hair because it was in such desperate need of a shampoo. It was not a cold day so there was not much heat on and it took a long time to dry. On Wednesday after school I took the small children to walk off into the country. The next day Mrs. Galt gave a tea for Miss Ingram, so I went to that. I have one of the towels Ruth sent out that I am hemstitching at teas. One end is nearly half done and the threads pulled on the other. I pulled those when in Shansi. On Friday Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Porter, Jean and I took a long walk. I was so tired of children that we ran away from them. On Saturday came another tea at Mrs. Howard Smiths. It seemed strange to go to a real tea at the English home because the Biggins never entertained en mass. We were urged to drop in anytime for tea but Madame Biggins could not stand the excitement of entertaining and Mrs. Biggins gave all her strength to her Chinese[?] work so we seldom ever saw her. The new people come to church with us, to Prayer meeting and every social event.

The oldest little girl is coming to our school and the younger goes to Mrs. Porter and is in the classes with Elizabeth Porter.

We have had word that a second lady has been appointed to Tungchou, a Miss Huggins, sister of the one already out here. Mrs. Smith is delighted at the prospect of a colleague.

Did I write you that the thin stockings came all right? Thank you for getting them. I can not remember whether I have asked you to renew my "National Geographic" and "Literary Digest" or not. If I have neglected it will you please do it and ask them to make good any numbers that get left out so that my files may be complete.

This week we had a nice letter from Willard, enclosing ones from you, from Elizabeth and from the Oberlin children. How good that Thanksgiving dinner sounded! I wrote Willard on plans for summer and urged him to come North. I do want to see him and Ellen and the children. We expect to take the Mongolian trip in this year. The plans are more definite now than last year; and it's not a party of women only, hence we will not be so easily scared off. Then too, the country is in a more settled state and robbers and bandits are not so much to be feared.

We are having glorious weather. The dust has spoiled the ice so we can not skate. Even the new ice, frozen after the ice crop was harvested has a thick layer of dust on it. The noonday sun melts the surface so the dust sticks fast. You see we get in good exercise just the same by walking.

This afternoon I have to go to Peking for errands. Our local bank has closed because the head man got tired of his job. Consequently, I must go to Peking for money to pay the servants in cash also to pay weekly expenses in cash. It means keeping a lot of money in the home and I do not like that.

It is nearly ten o'clock and I must stop and get ready to go to Peking.

I hope for good news again regarding the health of you all. Please send this with Elizabeth if she is still at Saranac [*Saranac Lake. See letter dated November 1916. Elizabeth may have also been in a Sanatorium in 1906 according to a letter dated June 17, 1906.*]. I have meant to write her personally but even with Miss Dudley I manage to keep busy. But she is such a bright cheery person that we get in a good laugh every day and that does us good.

Lots of love to all

Mary



Written on back by Geraldine: "Gould- last year here in Oberlin. This is about the best picture of him before he left." 1916 or 1917

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **Feb. 4, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. As in many of his letters, Willard laments the lack of mail and word from home. He talks of the latest news he has heard of how Germany would sink anything on the water and about his concerns that the U.S. will enter the war. He tells of the preparations to open a new school in a village nearby and how it was the idea of a 17 year old College boy.]*

Foochow, China
Feb. 4th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The mails are certainly taking their own time. No word from you this last week- a whole month since a letter came from any of you. The last mail brought a letter from the Board at Boston mailed Dec. 9th 1916- almost two months on the way.

Yesterday we heard that Germany had given out word that she would sink anything on the surface of the water that she could find at any time- the interpretation we put on it was that she wanted to force the U.S. into the war. The Am. Consul had just telephoned to us that the U.S. has broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. I can not see how the U.S. can help by entering the war and I cannot see how she will benefit herself by so doing. It is all right to sever our relations with Germany- but we would be playing into her hands if we joined the Allies. Our part is to wait and help in arranging the peace. My prayer is and has been that God will make President Wilson, his Cabinet and Congress very wise- with God's own farsighted wisdom, and that he will keep the people sane. Then I

pray that the war may cease, but not until man has had enough of war so that he will never be willing to start a war again.

On last Friday afternoon about 2:40 o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith came in quite unexpectedly. Their steamer left Hong Kong earlier than it was expected to. Fortunately Mr. Neff was in Amoy and came up with them and piloted them to our house. The next party will be Mr. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Brewer about March 1st.

Thursday and Friday we held examinations for entrance to College. About the usual number came to be examined. College opens next Thursday, then regular work begins for Mama and me.

Our beautiful weather continues. Every day is cold, bright and clear with frequent frosts- just good first of November weather at home. I have never had to keep fires in the house so continuously since I have been in Foochow.

Feb. 4, 1917

This morning I went with Mr. Newell about two miles outside the city to the home village of one of the College boys. He had made preparations to have a school started in his village. We had a nice meeting in an ancestral temple- sang, had scripture read, prayer and two Christian addresses. The head man of the village was there and all looks auspicious for a good school there this year. This all started in the mind of this College boy about 17 years old. This morning he took the leadership of the meeting as naturally and easily as the President of the U.S. Senate take his work. In the audience were the village elders and the important men of the village- some of the young men in government institutions in Peking. I mention this to call attention to the benefit of the training in this school. Very few boys 17 years old would feel competent to take the chair in such a meeting in a village of 1000 people at home.

Last Tuesday Mr. Ding Ming Uong was married [*Did his first wife die? In 1902 he and his wife had a baby girl.*]. I went down the river to see if Dr. and Mrs. Smith had arrived so could not attend the wedding but Mama went. And both of us attended the feast in the evening.

How we long to know about you all,- what you are doing. Especially what you are doing this term and we are waiting to hear that all traces of your trouble have disappeared.

I will enclose a \$1.00 this week to be credited to one by any one of you. I feel very much in the dark about your financial matters.

We are all very well. May God keep you all well in body and mind and soul. I came across a good, helpful thought the other day. "Spiritual power is simply the capacity to receive." This means to receive from God. May you all have that capacity in large degree

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L Beard



Marjorie and Kathleen in Chinese clothing about 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated **February 12, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary went to a dinner party where a Mr. Green of the Rockefeller work attended. She updates them on their activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou
Chihli
February 12, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

Ruth's statement of my finances came this week- I note that I owed \$6.95. Since then you have received a draft for \$25.00 which leaves me a credit of \$18.05. I think I have never sent the account of the articles I sent this fall so I include it now. On one of Willard's letters Mother asked if she could use some doilies he sent for a sale. If you have not given away those square doilies I sent, please do put them into a sale and check them from my list as my gift toward the same. Would the place cards be useful that way? If so I will send a box of 100 for such use next year. I used to give 25 cents a dozen for them in Santa Barbara and counted them cheap. The little ones would be about 15 cents a dozen.

The box of pumpkin came all safely and I am waiting for a fit opportunity to partake of the delicious pies. Flora has taken it into custody as she is housekeeper, and does any ordering of meals that is done.

On Monday I took all the children into the city to visit the candy shop and to invest their three cents each. We had a fine walk and a good feast of candy. Wednesday was a birthday and we had Mr. and Mrs. Porter over for supper that night. My sweater arrived about 6.00 P.M. so I put on a thin dress as an excuse for wearing it to dinner. I do like it very much and it is much easier to walk or play tennis in than a coat that is partly fitted and does not have the give to it. Thank you again, Father, for it. It fits perfectly.

According to our new assignment of duties I have two evenings a week free from study hall. I feel like a child with an unexpected holiday. I celebrated the first night by going to Prayer meeting. The people asked if I were reformed and I appreciated the joke since it was my second appearance at Prayer meeting since coming to Tungchou [unreadable word].

On Wednesday we had Mr. and Mrs. Porter over for dinner. It was a birthday night as well so quite a festive occasion.

Mrs. Porter and I were out for tennis on Friday. It was our first game since long before Thanksgiving. Of course, I got beaten but I managed to get a few games.

Saturday was a red-letter evening. Mr. Green, head of the Rockefeller work, and Dr. Stearns a doctor who came out this fall and is in the language school were spending Sunday at the Porters. Dr. and Mrs. Love gave a dinner party and I was one of the favored guests. It was a most interesting occasion and I learned a lot. We discussed the Japan-China question, the Korean question, the status of America now etc. so you see we were not frivolous.

When we came out to return home, the ground was white with snow. It was calm so everything looked beautiful in the veiled moonlight. Yesterday I took all of the children for a long walk. We had an awfully good time jumping in the "snow banks, the deepest of which was about two feet deep.

Last evening we all went over to the Porter's for the Sunday night sing as has become our custom. We had music on the victrola, a male quartet, a piano solo, a violin solo, a male solo and hymns by the assembled company. It is entirely informal and we call for anything we like. The older children go over with us and stay until nine o'clock. We older ones leave about ten, so you see we are not badly dissipated. Flora has not been over for various reasons but I do hope she goes next week for it is such fun.

I want to hear from you as to the real success (?) of Annie's debut on the stage. Elizabeth's letters are still encouraging but no mention of returning home permanently yet.

I didn't say that I am glad to have mother and any of you keep for yourselves anything you fancy in what I send home. I have not had any one in mind particularly for any of the things but have sent things I thought interesting or pretty. You are at home and know better than I what is suited to individuals at any time.

Miss Hill is going to take this and mail it for me on the Asia as a friend of hers sails on her. So do not be alarmed at the American postage.

I am glad to get Arousiag's address again. I was using her brother's office address which is always good.

Here is the key to the faculty pictures. [Left to right]

1. myself

2. Mrs. Galt- History till Feb. 1, now not teaching.

3. Miss Hill- Music and Art. 1 1/2 day.

4. Mr. Gordon- 1 hr. English
5. Flora
6. Jean Dudley- full time.
7. Mrs. Love- 1 hr. Physiology
8. Miss Wickes- ¾ hr. French
9. Mrs. Porter- ¾ hr. Latin
10. Mrs. Sweeney- 20 min, Geography.



NCAS Faculty- Mary is at the far left and Flora is directly in the middle.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I must close and get to my other duties. I have written checks and business letters all day up to now.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 18, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are concerned about reports of President Wilson's action toward Germany. She thanks those at home for the Christmas parcel. Flora will be giving her first report to the Trustees of their school. Mary adds a thank you note at the end of Flora's letter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou, Feb. 18, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

This is an anxious day- even here in China. The papers yesterday told of President Wilson's action toward Germany. I think everyone here approves, but wishes that it did not have to be done. One can't help thinking, "What next?" I do believe we are more free here in China from the sufferings caused by war than you people at home. It seems to me that New York will be an anxious city. We are all eager to get each morning's paper to read the latest news, and our "Current Events" morning in the school is an interesting time. - Nearly two weeks later: - We are still anxious to get our morning paper to hear about home affairs. Circumstances do not seem to be clearing.

Last Friday the Christmas parcel arrived in perfect condition and we both feel very happy over its contents. Everyone admires my beautiful work bag. It matches my afternoon dress and all the paraphernalia of my little work bag, so I am fitted for little or big work. My stockings I shall enjoy when the time for low shoes arrives- which will not be long now. Yesterday I noticed that the tops of the willow trees were getting yellower and even turning greenish. Our dust storms started in on Saturday so that today we have had a perfect day. The air has been dry cleaned. To-morrow our servants will have to spend getting this Gobi dust out of the house. It drifts even on to the bed, so that where our head lies is the only clean spot. There is a peculiar odor to it, so that when things have to be shaken out we can smell it. The next time we have a dust rain (dry) I am going to send you some of the yellow stuff.

I have decided to keep the waists I wrote you I should send home. I can wear them although they are small. Mail is so slow and not too sure these days so I feel that possession is better if the size is a little too small. - Does father want to make another gift of sweet corn to us? If he does we should be most happy to get about a pint of evergreen corn or the yellow sweet corn that Uncle Dan raises- or both. We do not plant the corn until about July 1st here so I think there is time for it to get here. I am having to rely upon native seed or those from England for our garden this year, as I did not get any order off to U.S. for home seeds.

This week comes the annual meeting of the Trustees of the N.C.A.S., at which I have to give my first report. There will be a number of important discussion and decisions, and I imagine it will take about all day to get them done. We have been in existence long enough so that people are finding out that we need to have some lines of procedure arranged if possible to convenience people wide distances apart. I am looking forward to this meeting with many anticipations- the results of which I hope may make future dealings with problems much easier. This year has been one in which experiences have come in deluges and not having any precedents we have had to leave some things till this meeting for settlement. So far all has proceeded amicably with one exception and when I tell you that we are dealing with a "peroxide blonde" you can imagine what our problem is.

We have just had our mid year examinations and their showing has not covered us with honor. The bad beginning in the fall has had its harvest. Most of the children will get to work and pull themselves out of the hole.

The Sentinels have been most welcome. I noted in one of the later ones that Mrs. Tuttle of Naugatuck is still living and that she is spending some of her money in the town where it was earned. I am glad she is that kind of woman.

With love to all- Flora.

Dear Ones,

The Christmas package came last week. My chain is a beauty and I do thank you so much for it. I feel so very grand with a new sweater and a gold chain. Ever since coming out I have wanted a chain and have refrained from purchasing any of the pretty little dangles because I had nothing to wear them with. Congratulations to father from us both on this his birthday. Many thanks again. With much love

Mary.

[This typewritten letter dated Feb. 22, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He believes that Geraldine may enter college this term after being ill for a length of time. He wants his children in the states to work off of a budget and not have to go to their aunts and uncles for money. He gives Phebe advice on rules of health while in college. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Feb. 22nd 1917

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

Kathleen has had a letter written to a friend in Putnam for some time. She keeps asking me from time to time if I have sent it. It is getting rather awkward for me so I am enclosing it in your letter. I have put on it a two cent stamp. Will you please mail it. She has also taken one of my envelopes and addressed it to you. I see there are some valentines inside. I am using this envelope today. Kathleen's letter she wrote on the typewriter so I am leaving it unsealed for you to read if you want to.

The last mail brought lots of letters from you and Geraldine. Geraldine had not then fully decided on what she would do this term, but I thought from her letter that she would plan to enter College and take some work. I was not certain that she could find subjects so that she could work profitably this term but I judged from her letter that this would be possible. I quite agree to the nice present that you gave to Aunt Etta. Give another for Easter as good. I wish I could find out how much Uncle Elbert gave her I would refund him. I wrote a week ago or so that I wish each of you would make out your budget for the rest of this term. I do not want you- any one of you- to write to any of the uncles or aunts for money. You must look far enough into the future to see what you are going to want and either let me know or get it from the Bank. I judge Phebe has drawn \$90 from her account in the Putnam Bank. I want to know about this also for I am taking into account what each one of you has in the Bank as well as what I have myself in the Bank and what we can spare from our salary each year. Keep me informed as to all of your finances and we will work out your education in some way. This year is a hard one for me for exchange is worse than it has ever been since I have been in China. \$1.00 in gold brings only \$1.65 now. One year ago it brought \$2.40. I am pleased with the efforts and the success which you are making to get work to help on the financial problem. I want to make one caution. Do not do so much work that it will injure your scholarship or your health. Early to bed and fairly early to rise is a rule that it pays not to break. I wish that I had had some one to tell me some of the rules of health when I was in college. One rule that I continually broke was the go-to-bed rule. Another was the exercise rule. Another was the rule that would keep me from constipation. The first two are a pure matter of the will. For the last there are several methods. For the past few years I have found that a glass of cold water at bed time and another a half hour before breakfast with one about ten in the morning and one about four in the afternoon, helps keep me greatly. In short I drink a lot of water. You might try at bed time a cup of water as hot as you can sip it. I sometimes take a cup of boiling water in the morning instead of cold. I very much prefer methods of this kind to drugs. Exercise that uses the abdominal muscles is of great help. I take ten minutes every...

[the following is handwritten]

Feb 25th ...morning for exercise then a cold bath.

Last Sunday I could not get a moment with you. Dr. and Mrs. Smith left Thursday evening Feb 15. Several of the mission went down to the steamer with them on a special launch. We took a picnic supper, a part of which was a leg of venison sent us by Dr. Gillette from Diong Loh. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer arrived Friday the day after Dr. and Mrs. Smith left. Mr. Goddard got left in Amoy but fortunately got a steamer so as to arrive last Sunday just in time for lunch. He is staying with the Newells. The Brewers are with us. Last Sunday I had a funeral in the afternoon. This Sunday I had a Committee meeting and am finishing this after bed time. Mr. Goddard plans to go to Shaowu. The Brewers go to Shanghai, Peking and home. Goddard will likely go back to the Philippines from here. I shall seal this and try to get it into the home mail tomorrow.

Lots of love to each of you, - Dorothy's letter came Friday. How we all did enjoy it! May your fellowship with God grow more real with each day.

Your Father

Willard L. Beard.

*[This letter dated **February 25, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary took her Chemistry class to watch Dr. Love dissect a dog. The children of the school arranged a sporting event for the compound. They are curious as to Germany's silence. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

February 25, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

This has been a much broken week. On Tuesday I omitted my Chemistry class and took the children to see Dr. Love dissect a dog before they advanced Physiology class. It was most interesting and not one of the nine children was a bit squeamish about the sight. We shall go some day this week to see the nervous system all shown up. On Wednesday Flora was in Peking all day for a Board of Trustee's meeting. Miss Dudley and I held down the fort. Mrs. Love had two guests for the afternoon so I went over for tea before train time.

Flora did not get back in the evening because the meeting was so long. The older children had a party at the Galt home. Mr. Gordon and I played games with the grade children until nine o'clock.

Flora arrive by the first train on Thursday. It was a holiday. I spent two hours in the laboratory with Robert making up work.

The children had arranged a Syklamer[?] for the afternoon. It was most successful. All of the compound people were out for all or part of the time and entered into the sports with spirit. The events were supposed to take a little over an hour but the enthusiasm ran high and they lasted nearly three hours.

I had a good game of tennis at the end of the afternoon with Mrs. Howard Smith. Then Mr. Beer and Mr. Renig came out and we played doubles. Mr. Renig was up for the trustee meeting and came down with Flora. He stayed until Friday noon so as to see school in session.

The American Board have been having Mission meetings since Friday. Mrs. Porter had to miss one Latin class to attend and Mr. Sue[?] was away for one day's classes also.

Flora invited Mr. Lawrence Seymour, a South Orange boy down for the week end. He is quite a musician and played for us at Prayers on Saturday evening. He and I had great fun telephoning to Peking for a receipt [*recipe*] for divinity fudge. We got the receipt [*recipe*] and made the candy successfully. We went over to Mrs. Porters to make it. Mr. S played for us some more and Jean played her violin too.

Hartwell Ayers left on Friday and today starts for his home. In almost a month he leaves for America. It was his sister who was taken with intercalosis[?] last fall and it is for her health that they go.

There were just six of us adults at lunch today. The twenty four children swelled the audience to a reasonable size.

I have not worn my chain yet because I have not a dangle for it, but I feast my eyes on it occasionally. My calendars arrived on Wednesday so Flora got hers for her birthday. I just reversed the Christmas and birthday remembrances. Everything is here now except my sheets for my album.

At the Trustee meeting they voted to make our salary 2 for 1 hereafter. That will make fifteen or twenty dollars a month difference in our salaries at the present rate of exchange. Exchange is surely on the downward road still.

We are anxiously reading the papers these days for home news and are unable to interpret Germany's silence. Our discussion was a most heated one a week ago but there was little to say this week. We had had no home papers and the local ones are not satisfactory.

Mrs. Sweeney leaves this Wednesday for America. She has not been well and the unrest at home has made her more homesick to get back to her son. She has lost over thirty pounds this winter and is still losing.

There was a curio man along this last week. The first for several months. He made several sales so may be encouraged to come again.

I think I shall have to go to Peking tomorrow for more chemical supplies. I had an interesting experience this week. We tried to make some Chlorine gas in the laboratory and got some hydrogen sulphide instead. I used some of the same manganese dioxide that failed to produce any oxygen last fall. I am going to try some new material and hope for better results.

I am sleepy after my fun of last evening. We had great fun making divinity fudge and eating the mess. The fudge did not get quite hard so we had to eat it with spoons.

Lots of love
Mary

*[This partial letter dated **Feb. 26, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the others. He gives updates about his children. Willard has had many visitors and mentions them by name. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
Feb 26th 1917

Dear Mother and all the others:-

The last mail brought good letters from Ruth and the Oberlin children. You know how thankful we are that Geraldine is getting on so nicely. We have not yet heard just what she is doing but her last letters sounded as if she could find subjects to study this term. If so it will be best. Dorothy seems to be having a very happy time and doing well in her studies. She always was a favorite and this seems to be her lot in Oberlin. Gould's letters sounds as if he was full of work and as if he was doing it. Phebe feels her position as the eldest and is conscientiously trying to be a big sister. The newness of College life has somewhat worn off but it is still full of interest for her.

We are having our fill of visitors this month. Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith were with us two weeks from Feb. 2 to Feb. 15. We took them down to the steamer for Shanghai Thursday evening Feb. 15. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Brewer arrived from Hong Kong. Mr. Goddard got left in Amoy, but fortunately there was another steamer that brought him to us on Sunday Feb. 18th. Dr. and Mrs. Smith were our guests. Mr.

and Mrs. Brewer are now our guests. They will likely leave the last of this week for Shanghai. It's very pleasant to have these friends here but it all takes time. Dr. and Mrs. Smith came during vacation, and were here when College opened. Mr. Goddard knows Foochow and can talk enough so he can get about alone and he is taking Mr. Brewer with him some. I am writing this on South Side at the Union College on Mr. Neff's desk. I left home this morning at 8 o'clock to meet a Chinese gentleman who was to give us notes for \$22.00 mex. - the first Chinese gift toward the Union University. I plan to meet Goddard and Brewer at the launch and go to Diong Loh, returning tomorrow. I have also just purchased a piano. We have been looking for one ever since we came back but those that we have found were either too good or too poor. I am to pay \$300. mex. for this, - it was made in France specially for this climate. We should now be well supported with music, with the piano and the Grafonola [*record player*].

College has opened very auspiciously. We are fuller than ever. Over 400 have registered. There is a good spirit also among teachers and students and realize that it is only the beginning of the term and that there is time for lots of things to happen. I write only the outlook at the present time.

Sunday March 11.- Thus Tempus fugits [*Latin for 'time flies'*]- Mr. and Mrs. Brewer were with us until last Tuesday March 8th. They were thus with us for three weeks lacking one day, and they had a lot of experience.- They felt our cold rains and our hot spring days. I think they will remember us chiefly for the cold. Then when they were ready to leave the steamer served them as it did me when I started for the U.S. last year. It went Thursday, altho it advertised to go Tuesday. Mr. Goddard is on his way to Shaowu with Mr. Belcher.- He plans to go back to the Phillipines after leaving Foochow, and go to Davao. From there he will make the Am. Board meeting in Los Angeles the last of June. We have had the coldest winter I have ever known in Foochow. Our mosquito nets have been out of use since Jan. 1. The frosts have left the grass and Formosa trees and other shrubs very brown. But the cold weather has been healthy and we have enjoyed it. I am rejoiced at the good reports of Elizabeth's gain. Her letters make good reading.

Marjorie gets fatter. Both girls are growing like weeds. They began studying German last week.

Have I ever said "thank you" for the pumpkin and the records? I have "ate" thank you several times. There is a quality about that pumpkin that I do not get in anything here. We had a pie for dinner today. The records are a great pleasure and the Grafonola is a good one. I never saw Ellen enjoy anything more. The girlies run it.

I see Dr. Day of Los Angeles, Cal. has gone to the Union Church in Bridgeport. The Union Church is fortunate. My time has been so completely filled since last Christmas that I have neglected lots of things- among them the sending of that little suit to Edith. This afternoon is the first free Sunday afternoon I have had in two months. I actually had time to go to sleep in my chair. Phebe M's letter after the trip came in the last mail. The mails are more and more

[*rest of letter missing*]



Gould Beard about 1917
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

*[This letter, dated **March 7, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School is going well and they received their Christmas presents. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Mar. 7, 1917.]

Dear folks at home:-

My turn again! The days go by like the Gobi- dust-storm that is on now. Certainly March came in like a lion and is still roaring- the 4th of March.

School is proceeding as fast as it can and as well as it can. Every one is keeping well so far and I hope we have no more epidemics, also that we may be able to close up the year's work in good shape.

I wonder if you have received my draft of \$50, which I made out to father, I think. I am sorry that the other was not right. I just did as the banker here advised me to do. I'll not repeat it. I wrote months ago asking about the coat that Miss Brewster wanted. I cannot get another as cheap as the one I sent Ruth for that was one that I got snapped up in the bargain. It was a bargain and I am glad I got taken up. The least that I can get one here is about \$11 silver- and then it will not be like that one. I shall be glad to get it if you can tell me what she would like. I hope you have sent the coat to Christine Blakeslee. I had a letter from her telling of the death of her aunt, Miss Schumacher. Poor girl! She is certainly having a sad experience but I hope the air there in the West is going to be beneficial to her, so that she will be able to rise above the melancholia she seems to be suffering.

Since I wrote you last time there has been a meeting of the Trustees of the N.C.A.S., in which a whole lot of business was transacted. In the carrying out of it all, there will be a lot of work but it will be interesting. We are

to spend \$50 on interior decorations, we are to have another teacher, we are to get out a new "prospectus" - which is just now engaging every spare moment- and we are to have some money each year for purchasing books for the school.- Since beginning this letter we have had the first letter from you for a month and it told me that you have received the \$50 draft. This should put me quite decidedly on the right side of my house accounts. All our Xmas things have now arrived and thank you for the lovely bag. It has been admired by every one who has seen it and it has been in use ever since it came. There is one thing I wish you would buy and send to me, and that is a pair of bed-room slippers. Mine were in the bag that got stolen on the way home from Pei-Tai-Ho last summer. They were getting old, but answered their use. Now I have none but my travelling slippers and they are not much good as they are getting rather old.

Will write again soon, for this isn't much of a letter, but will let you know that we are well and busy.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,

Mar. 7, 1917.

*[This letter, dated **March 11, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about some of the Chinese beliefs in how a grave must be laid in order to keep evil spirits out. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S.

March 11, 1917

2:00 P.M.

Dear Ones at Home

This is a glorious Spring day so we have the windows and doors all open. There are many guests in the compound because of the Debate-to-be of yesterday. We all assembled over at the college to decide whether the individual marriage system of the sort or the family system of the sort were the better. All the announcements as to time of speaking etc. were given then a correction on the program. The latter caused consternation on the part of the Tungchow team and cries of "No, no." On investigation we found we had present two teams both prepared to debate the negative side. There is a triangular debating league and Tsing Hua had sent us the wrong team. Hence at Tsing Hua they had two affirmative teams. In Peking the debate went on all right.

I went over to dinner with Mrs. Wicke's to meet Mr. and Mrs. Robothan[?] of Tsing Hua last night. Dr. Porter arrived unexpectedly last evening and is full of news from her trip to Canton. She and the Wilders and Flora have now gone down to see the rejuvenated hospital. Later a lot of us are going for a long walk.

On last Monday Robert McCann and I worked accounts for about six hours. Delnoce Grant has stayed down to catch up on some algebra missed by illness. I helped her for almost one hour and off and on as she needed suggestions. I was tired that night after study hall was over. On Thursday evening I went to Prayer Meeting while Jean took study hall. Mr. Porter read a paper on the bogey or beliefs of China by which they determine good sites for homes, cemeteries, etc. It was most interesting. One story which illustrated the absolute faith in these beliefs was this. At the Western Hills was a grave most ideally located as to all the curves of hills etc. and it belonged to the ancestors of one of the old ruling lines. The new ruler met reverses[?] and laid them in the influence of the spirit so perfectly guarded, so he said he wanted to honor this ancestor of the descendants. He asked the men who read the sign what could be done to destroy the influence of the spirit and learned that the spirit could be kept in the grave if a sufficiently heavy weight were put in it. Hence he erected a huge monument. Also he learned that the grave was guarded by the curved lines of the mountains and the absence of any straight lines. (Evil spirits always travel in straight lines.) Hence the monument has only straight lines to act as guides for the evil spirits. Another grave has the good spirits led away by a ditch three fat[?] yards long and a yard deep dug just behind it. This prevented the good spirits from sliding into the grave and drained them off down the hill to keep the enemy of the deceased.

There is a rather unsightly old brick kiln and a deep hole nearby just south of our compound. The suggestion that the appearance of the locality would be improved if the brick kiln were leveled into the hole met with great consternation. A cemetery of a prominent family is located to the south. The direct north and south line passes through this elevation and the city pagoda and the "good luck" of the sight would be destroyed if the mound were removed. The term used to indicate this spirit means when literally translated wind-water, hence signifies the action of the air currents and the earth currents. This might be called climate religion.

There have been only two other events and there were two good tennis games with Mrs. Howard-Smith. She beats me but not nearly so badly as Mrs. Porter does.

The people for the walk are assembling so I must be ready to join them.

Two weeks ago Miss Hill mailed for me in Peking a package to Mother. It was an embroidered dress which I got in Pei Tai Ho last Summer. If Mother does not want it let who wants it must take it. If you want more let me know and I can get them in Tientsin or better yet, Willard and Ellen can get them at Foochow. This was made there and brought North.

Monday A.M.

We had a fine walk. Mr. Porter acted as guide and piloted us to the "Temple of Heaven" of Tungchow, a small carved monument to the South of the gate; to a temple which disperses 1000 lbs of cooked cereal per day to poor people during severe weather; to pretty views of the river that serves as mote for Tungchow on the west and south and several other objects of lesser interest.

We had a fine sing at Mrs. Porters last evening. Mr. Congdon sang many tunes and we do like his voice.

Doctor Love is here today for a wholesale vaccination party. There is much small pox around hence this precaution.

Two packages of Sentinels have arrived recently. Thank you. Mr. Fitzgerald's death came as a great surprise. I am wondering who succeeds him.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **March 12, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Dr. Cooper is going to France to take some Chinese to act as nurses and interpreters to the Chinese already there helping with the war effort. There have had two floods in Foochow recently. Willard includes his typewritten annual report. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow College,
Foochow, China.
March 12th 1917.

Dear Mother-

I do not think I have sent to you my yearly report for 1916. You may find something in it of interest.

The records came thru in perfect condition. All packages mailed for Christmas were very long in coming- most two months some of them. The pumpkin is still making us glad and there is enough for two more pies.

Dr. Cooper started for France to work in connection with the war- if not in the war. He took with him several Chinese to act as nurses and interpreters. He goes from here to Shanghai and from there to Wei Hai Wei. From there he does not know what his orders will be.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodous are starting for furlough in about three weeks. We have two pretty high floods in three weeks- we chanced to hold the mission prayer meeting out at Ponasang both Wednesdays of the flood, and it was great fun for the girlies when we had to take a boat to get thru the South gate. There was about 2 ½ feet of water for a distance of 10 rods and we had a little bit of a boat that would hold only 5 person. We had to stand and when our boat bumped into another boat it was joggety and all the more fun.

The College is preparing for a little Field Day next week and I am going into three events- tug of war, sack race, putting the shot. How's that?

Does it ever make you almost jump when you realize that for us life runs along comparatively smoothly while over in Europe is being acted a drama such as history knows nothing of? I wonder if human nature is getting callous- and I think not. For myself I tell myself that I cannot help matters by worrying or fretting. My duty is best done by performing daily my humble tasks.

All are well and all send love
Will.

I am sending this in an envelope addressed to Ruth because I happen to have an envelope addressed and stamped to her. W.

*[This letter dated **March 18, 1917** was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. Their student, Robert McCann has been ill with scarlet fever and now has pleurisy. They have heard about the Russian revolution and Flora feels that the world is moving towards a freer and more democratic era. Miss Stinson (Katherine) flew over Peking. (Katherine Stinson was a female pilot with many first. She flew an exhibition tour in Japan and China in 1917.) Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 18, 1917

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a beautiful spring day with the birds singing, the grass showing green, the leaves budding, and violets found by the dozen. The first one was picked on March 16th. This morning all the small boys appeared dressed in their Sunday white summer suites, but they were promptly requested to put on their usual clothes. Then the girls came down to church in their thin, low necked, and short sleeved white dresses for church and four of them were likewise pressed to put on something warmer. There is still a chill in the wind and with one sick boy, I feel like taking the ounce of prevention. Robert McCann (our scarlet fever patient at Christmas time) is ill with pleurisy at present. He has been in bed for a week and it will be another before he gets well enough to go home. He certainly has had his share of illness this winter. We sent for his mother so he is getting better care than when the boys and I were taking care of him. To-day we got him out on the upper porch in his bed where we home the sun and the fresh air got in some killing hits at the pleurisy "bugs".

We are watching the papers most interestedly these days to read of the "next move". The revolution in Russia has just been spoken of and I shall be keen to know what next. Dr. A.H. Smith preached to-night and he said in his sermon that we are living at the end of one part of the world's history and that a new order is about to begin, but just what it is to be no one can yet say. It seems to me that it must be a freer and more democratic era.

You may have read about the running away of Premier Tuan for Peking to Tientsin and of his return. His going was rather like a child's saying "I won't play, because you won't do as I want you to", but he has come back to business and the President succeeded in passing the proposition to break off diplomatic relations with German in proper and lawful style. This republic, I believe will succeed though it is bound to do things in a way not exactly to our fashion.

This week Peking and vicinity have been much excited over the flying of Miss Stinson from the Temple of Agriculture. To-day she was to drop a bomb on an imaginary camp and so show the Chinese how such things are being done in the war.

Will you get me a pair of bedroom slippers? I had mine stolen last summer and I do need something to replace them. I think mine were No. 7's.

I have never heard just what Miss Brewster wanted in the line of a coat. I can't get any more as cheap as that one of Ruth's but I can get one for \$5 or \$6 gold, which is quite a bit prettier. I am using one for a summer or house wrap but it is of the kind that some people use as a kimona. Let me know and I'll see what I can do though the curio men do not come as often as they need to do. The state of exchange makes us think twice before we spend our money.

With love to you all-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Mar. 18, 1917.

*[This letter dated **March 24, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She attended three teas that week and played tennis with Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Porter. Some of the students went to Peking to see the "bird girl", Miss Katherine Stinson fly her airplane. They were honored to be able to meet and talk to her. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 24, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

You will think us gay society butterflies when you hear that we have had three teas this week, two of them elaborate ones. But I will start at the beginning of the week and fit them in where they belong. On Monday Flora went to Peking on the noon train and did not return until Tuesday noon. I saw that all the children were properly engaged then had a most informal cup of tea with Miss Hill and Mrs. Howard-Smith. (This is not one of the three.) Mrs. Smith and I were dressed and ready for a game of tennis. We played two sets and part of a third. The scores were 6-1, 3-6, 4-2, naming her score first each time. The next event was a tea at Mrs. Love's on Wednesday. She had two guests and we all went in to meet them. I walked to the station to see them off so got some little exercise. On Thursday, Mrs. Porter invited men and ladies in to meet Mr. and Mrs. Fred [Frank?] Brewer. Flora and I especially enjoyed that as they had just come from Foochow and were full of news from Willard and Ellen. Flora had supper over there afterward so saw quite a bit more of them.

On Friday Mrs. Porter and I had some tennis. I was getting to think I could play because I beat Miss Smith, but Mrs. Porter took both games 6-2, 6-0. It is a good thing to get beaten and have to work to get even two games.

Yesterday we drank tea again at the Love's home but Mr. Woodall was the real host. He had a real fruit cake which came out from America in his Christmas box and we were asked to help eat it. He gave a "high tea" as Mr. Beers calls it and several chocolate cake, doughnuts, lady fingers and [unreadable word] besides the home cake. Further we had a choice of tea or coffee. None of us were ready for supper at 6:15 after that feast.

We have gone quite enthusiastic over anagrams. Last evening the children played them all evening and I sat down to it the last hour or more. It gets exciting when we get the required six words and have to work to get them away.

Some of the children went to Peking a week ago to see Miss Stinson [*Katherine Stinson-4th woman to get her pilot's license, known as the "Flying Schoolgirl"*] fly and report some wonderful feats on the part of the 'bird girl'. They had the chance to meet and talk with her and enjoyed the novelty of that. She flew on Monday with her machine illuminated, President Li paying the bills so that "all the people of the capital might see her."

The war situation now that the official news of America is censored so closely seems ever more ominous. Before this reaches you there must be some change but what will it be. The break may already have occurred for we have no word since Friday.

Next week we are to have a home full of guests for the week end. Tomorrow I take the High School children out to see the Bureau of Engraving in the morning and to see the winter palace in the Forbidden City in the afternoon. I do hope you are all well. Elizabeth's picture is fine. Lots of love Mary.

*[This letter dated **March 24, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He gives her an update on some of the other family members. Willard has confidence in President Wilson and feels he won't declare war unless he has to. A thief disguised as a banker stole a clock from their house. He comments how the young Chinese want pay for their work and not just for the joy of service. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

\$1.00 enclosed

Foochow, China
March 24th 1917

Dear Phebe (daughter):-

It was just a month ago that I wrote you, Feb. 25. Your letter to Marjorie came Friday evening with a lot of other mail. - Three weeks had gone by with no home letters. I hoped in that mail we should know what Geraldine was doing. But here almost April 1st we are entirely in the dark.

This afternoon is cold. We are by ourselves, sitting in the parlor because it is easier to heat a room with a stove. We have only a fireplace in the dining room, and a nice stove in the parlor. Mama sits at her desk in one corner. Monnie is drumming on the piano. Kathleen lies on the floor before the stove writing (?), at least she has paper, pen and ink and is doing a lot of talking. - "I don't know what to write." "What was that you told me to write Monnie?" "Oh dear. This pen is awful blunt." etc. The mail brought nothing from Shelton. It brought a nice letter from Aunt Ann and one from Mr. Ireland and a fine one from Mr. Christian. He mentioned seeing you all occasionally and that you looked well.

The Basket Ball team of the Union College came over and played our boys Thursday afternoon. We beat by about 13 points I believe but the game was a good one and was watched with much interest by over 250. The 4th yr. class numbering nearly 80 boys are planning to go to Kushan Monastery this week, - go up one afternoon and come down the next day. They have been at work for six weeks with no vacation and that is as long as Chinese boys can work on a stretch without blowing off in some way. I would rather they would go off on a hike than get in quarrels here in the school.

Telegrams these days try to point to the beginning of war. I am glad to see by the papers that came Friday, that the country has confidence in Pres. Wilson. He has seemed to me all thru this crisis to be a very sane, level headed man. He will not declare war unless it is useless and wrong not to go to war. The Russian change and the great Eng. and French victories I had hoped would so strengthen men's faith that the war would soon end that we used not enter the strife. Did I write you last week that the Chinese are proud that China has followed the U.S. in declaring that relations with Germany have been severed? One of them said to me "America declared neutrality and then we declared neutrality. America declared relations with Germany severed and China did the same. We two nations have the same mind! He looked pleased. Another one said when I asked him if all Chinese did not sympathize with Germany- "We used to."

Last evening a stranger came into the compound and claiming to be a Formosan and to be representing the Bank of Taiwan= Japanese. He came into our house. We were all with him. It was just as darkness was coming in. When he left we could not find a pretty little glass clock that stood on the mantle in the parlor.

The box sent from Putnam came this last week and we opened yesterday= lots of “finds” in it. We have not had letters from any one about it. I suppose Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma know as much about it as anyone.

We are a very quiet compound to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Mr. and Mrs. Newell and their children are away for the Sunday. Mr. Belcher reached home from Shaowu last Thursday just in time to see the Basket Ball game. Mr. Goddard is still there- may start from the farthest station of that district tomorrow for home.

We had our first taste of green peas from our own compound garden Friday. They were delicious. Cabbage, lettuce, and beets are also very nice. Strawberries, not yet. Fruit is just now the scarcest of any season of the year.

Rev. Li Nguk Luk pastor of our church here gave us a very good sermon this morning. His theme was something like this:-Great men do things with no idea of profit to themselves. Great things done in this way bring renown to the doers. He cited the woman with the Alabaster box of ointment and he used personification with marked effect. Turning to his right he asked the woman why she did it and he replied for her “Just because I love him.” “Did you get any profit from your act?” “No, except a feeling of joy.” Then he added but this woman’s face has gone all over the world and has come down to us.

It is very interesting here to watch young Chinese. Of course our ideals for all of them are that they should know the joy of service and that they should be willing to serve with a fair recompense. But most of them are looking for large financial returns for small services, and most of them want pay for what they do. The number of young men returning from the U.S. with degrees is increasing. It is very difficult for them to accept positions for even \$100 per month. I do not know of one who is doing anything for less than this, - altho many of them have been educated at the expense of the mission, Y.M.C.A. or Christian friend. \$100 per month is more than an unmarried missionary receives. Mr. Neff receives \$525 gold per year. This is about \$840 mex per year or \$70 per month. But his is the story of the world. And it is the few who really catch Christ’s ideal of service, and I suppose this is right, I mean natural instead of right. In all groups in the world’s history the real work has been done by a few, and those few have been of altruistic mind- not seeking a reward, but deserving to be helpers.- Such were Moses, Noah, Abraham, Isaiah, Jesus, Paul, Martin Luther, Gladstone, Confucius, Washington, Lincoln, and I think Wilson will be one of them. To some of these has come also wealth. That is not incompatible with a spirit of altruism.

May the Father keep you and bless you and make you great in the true sense- may he give you success in your studies and in being.

Very lovingly your father
Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **March 25, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Ruth. He comments that he feels overwhelmed with the amount of correspondence he has to do. A man disguised as a banker came into his house and managed to steal a clock. He has heard that a rich man may be donating some land to the College and he hopes it goes through. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March 25th 1917.

Dear Ruth:-

Letters keep coming from you and Phebe and Mother and Elizabeth either direct or some other way and we hear of the difficulty of getting help and of the putting up ice and of Elizabeth’s pleasing improvement and visits here and there etc, etc. My letters have not been as frequent as I wanted them to be. Until this last week I have had a sort of snowed-under feeling ever since I got back last September. I have just got my correspondence caught where I can see the end. I was almost afraid for a time to open the mails for fear of the correspondence it might involve. Dwight Goddard almost expressed my feelings when he said as I gave him several letters that had accumulated for him “Well that means more work to answer them.” But his never applies to a certain class of letter that I call friend letters.

Last evening just at dusk a young man walked into our parlor, dressed in foreign style and with rather a smart appearance,- said he was a Formosan, representing the Formosan Bank. When he went he took off a pretty little green glass clock that stood on the parlor mantle. He was not alone more than two minutes.

Last Thursday the Basket Ball team of the Union College came over and played our team. It was a fine game with the score some 13 points in our favor. But it was a good clean, manly game. I have been working for such games between Foochow College for ten years, and it gives me much pleasure to see the great improvement in the self-control and manliness of the boys.

Have I written that the Fukien Christian University has purchased something over 50 acres of land half way between Foochow and Pagoda Anchorage? This looks like beginning to realize our hopes for a University. The Arts course which opened last year Feb. 1916 with 85 students has 90 this year.

Today one of the teachers told me that a rich man who has been holding a piece of land about 40X50 feet, which the College has been trying to buy, - but he held it at about four times its real value-is ready to make the College a present of it. I hope this goes thru. It will mean more of such gifts. We ought to get such from men of means here in Foochow.

Before this you have asked- "Why does he not say anything about the war?" We get daily telegrams all about breaking relations, special session of Congress, offers of various kinds like Henry Fords, etc., etc. I am still praying that God will be able to keep the U.S. from actually fighting. It seems to me however that Pres. Wilson is a sane and safe man. I trust him to be used by God. He will not fight if he can help it. If he does the country will stand by him. He has won the confidence of the people by his saneness.

Letters from other places tell of very cold weather in the US! Our cold weather continues. Today is colder than usual. I have dressed as warm as at anytime this winter and we have had a good fire all day.

Girlies and mother are well so am I

All send love and daily prayers.

Will

*[This note, dated **after March 29, 1917**, was written by Willard to Flora and Mary. He is sending them the poem written for Ellen's 49th birthday. Note from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[After March 29, 1917]

[On a separate piece of paper sent to Flora and Mary, Willard writes:]

Dear Flora and Mary:-

I'm sending this "original" poem written for Ellen's birthday to you- will you send it home to Century Farm and I'll ask them to send it to Putnam and then to the children wherever they are at that time.

Yours Will

Tune- "I was Seeing Nellie Home"

Will is bringing Ellen home - -

Will is bringing Ellen home - -

It is to his wife's own birthday party

Will is bringing Ellen home.

Tune - "Clementine"

Now we bring our birthday greetings

May the sun forever shine

On the pathway of this lady

Who today is 49.

Happy Birthday, happy birthday

Wish you many happy years

May your pathway be all sunshine

Never shadow, never tears.

*[This letter dated **April 13, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 8 ½ year old Kathleen to her sister, Dorothy. She tells Dorothy about roses, silk worms, a mirror at a restaurant and a flower show she wants to have. Original letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow China.

April 13, 1916 [Original letter is dated 1916, but Kathleen was not in China until Sept. 1916, so she wrote down the wrong year.]

Dear Dorothy:

As Marjorie told you her mocisins were too small for her. But she stretched them out and now she can wear them.

There are fifteen kinds of roses in the compound. They are just in their beauty now.

We have some silk worms and they are quite big. In May they spin. In a book it says the Chinese eat the silk worm after they have taken them out of their cocoons. I wouldn't like to eat them would you?

Last night we went to a feast at a restaurant. There was a big mirror that at the bottom you were short and fat and at the top you were tall and thin. It was very funny.

Tomorrow Marjorie Billing and I are going to have a flower show. It is a secret from Marjorie Beard and Rachel. We made signs for it. We are going to have it on Mr. Billings porch. And the flower children are all dressed up in cloth dresses. We are going to put on their flower dresses later.

With much love from Kathleen C. Beard.



Marjorie and Kathleen with their silk worms. About 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated April 15, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. He tells of the surprise birthday party he had for Ellen's 49th birthday. China is quiet and the new President seems to be uniting the country. He is glad to hear that Elizabeth is feeling better. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
April 15 – 1917

Dear Elizabeth:-

I am sending this to Saranac Lake at a venture. But I am addressing it so it will go on to Shelton in case you are there. The last letter from home brought a good photo of you to the girls in N. China and they sent it down to me. Is that your new fur lined coat? It looks nobly and you look nobly in it.

Winter holds on here with great persistency. We have stopped building fires in the fire places but we say once in a while, "How nice it would be to have a fire."

Mr. Goddard has been here since Feb. 18th - almost two months, - not in Foochow all the time. He was away on his trip to Shaowu for a month, and on a trip to Ing Hok for nearly a week. So he was here for only about three weeks. He left this morning. From Foochow he goes as fast as possible to Davao, Philippine Islands to see the work of the American Board there. Then he must get to Los Angeles, Cal. by June 26th for the Am. B'd Annual Meeting. He has made money and his pleasure now consists in spending it. He has helped many different parts of the work here. Often a check for one or two hundred dollars mex. at just the right time gives a big boost to the work. His money mostly has been given to permanent parts of the work, - like building churches or school buildings.

On Ellen's birthday [her 49th] Mar. 22, I gave her a surprise, - helped by Mrs. Hodous, Mrs. Newell and others. Fortunately on that day the ladies of the Y.W.C.A. had a tea to open their new house and I asked them to invite Ellen to preside over the tea pot. This took her away from home a little before 4 p.m. - being a man I did not want to go early and hang around two hours so I went late to come home with her. But as soon as she was out of sight there was some hustling to get two rooms thrown into one, two large tables up from the College, the table cloths on- twenty seven chairs in place and the flowers placed so as to cover up various unsightly things in my study which with the dining room was to provide seats for 27 diners. But I did it and got to the Y.W.C.A. reception in time not to cause comment. I had asked Mrs. Hodous to provide and prepare geese, Mr. Belcher to provide the birthday cake and Mrs. Billing to provide the salad, so as not to arouse suspicion. I told the girls just after dinner all about it and they kept the secret. The people were to be in our parlor singing as we came in. They were there all right and Ellen knew as she heard the singing that something was up. When she saw all the people there she said first her thank you's then she started for the dining room saying "We must prepare something for these friends to eat." But I assured her that their homes were nearby and they could easily go home if they felt hungry. Just then she spied Mrs. Hodous with an apron on, and guessed that she had been helping about a dinner. Still, as she confessed later, she could not figure how I could arrange the dining room to accommodate all those people, and she was completely surprised when she saw the long table in the tea room with 27 places- we had a good time.

The telegrams the past two weeks have not been very exciting. I cannot make out that the U.S. is really fighting altho a "State of war is declared to exist." The Allies seem to be gaining ground steadily. My boys want rifles= "Real rifles" to practice, but the General says he does not have any to spare, - for which I am secretly glad.

Foochow College has played two basket ball games with Union College and won both,- good clean games.

China seems to be quiet now and the new President seems to be uniting the country. All are still proud to call China and America No. 1 friends.

College is going very well,- altho Ellen and I are fuller of teaching than we ought to be- add to this that we have had someone in our guest room most of the term for the past ten weeks and you can see that we are busy. I am greatly pleased at the good reports of your improvement and trust you will keep on being good- We send love- May God be the best friend of you all

Will

[This letter dated April 16, 1917 was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. School has opened again after vacation and the District Meeting of the North China Mission began. The college in Tungchow had a concert and included the NCAS students on the program. Willard will not be coming north for the summer and Flora and Mary are planning a trip to Mongolia and Kalgan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchow, April 16, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

This has been an exciting week and full to the brim. The opening of school again after our vacation brought all the children back and we are on the last lap of the year's work. School opened on Wednesday and "District Meeting" began on Thursday. Now "District Meeting" is the annual collecting of delegates from the four stations of this part of the North China Mission. They hold morning, afternoon, and if necessary evening sessions and thrash out and settle all the problems they can. All sessions are held in the Chinese language and more than half the delegates are Chinese. There are education, religious, financial, and several other problems to be handled. It goes without saying that some of the occasions are rather warm. In the end all things get into a working condition for the next year. Mary and I have had two of the ladies with us so we have had snatches of the meetings from them. On Thursday the meetings began and on Friday little Rosamond Frame arrived. It was Friday and it was the 13th, but she looks and acts as though she meant to stay. Mrs. Frame has lost two children within the year and was in a very morbid state of mind, so that everyone was anxious for her. This baby arrived in much sooner

time and better condition, than either of the other two, and her mother is in wonderful spirits. We all hope she continues to be vigorous. I saw her to-day, sucking her fists as though she were starved. - Well, on Sunday, Tungchou church celebrated its 50th anniversary and installed its new pastor. To-night the college gave a concert at which our children sang two selections. We waited for a government school (in the city) to arrive but after twenty minutes gave up. The school arrived just an hour late, but I wish you could have seen the little fellows. I am sure some of them were not more than six years old. They were dressed in black coats, pants, and caps- with yellow stripes that would delight every small boy to wear. They came walking in in apple pie order. I am sorry that we could not stay to hear them sing, though I know that it would be ear rending.

This week Friday the children of the Peking Primary School are coming down to spend the afternoon with us- and the violets. This is the time of the year when the ground is a cloud of violets. The children pick them by the bushel and then not one can be missed. It is remarkable that they come out of the hard dry ground and grow in such profusion. Here it is the 16th of April and we have had no rain, yet we are eating asparagus from our garden and we have peas up two inches. We have to resort to irrigation, but we are hoping for rain.

We have heard from Will definitely that he is not coming North this summer so we are planning for Kalgan and Mongolia this summer and to have him with us next summer.-We have our fourth teacher hired for next year, so there will be no repetition of this year's experience. With love Flora Beard

[This letter dated April 22, 1917 was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She gives details of their trip to the Western tombs. They had a children's picnic and one evening the students sang in a concert. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

April 22, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

We have had two nice letters since I last wrote four weeks ago. I fear Will's old saying that vacations are disasters to letter writing was true in my case this spring. We went down to the Western tombs for three days and had company for two [*unreadable word*]. School closed Thursday March 29. We had a houseful of guests arrive by the evening train on Saturday and the last left Monday noon. We had an awfully good time with a musical both Saturday and Sunday evenings and a long walk Sunday morning. We visited the East gate and saw the three iron chains hanging on the city wall then the pagoda over near the north gate and came home- as far as we could on the top of the wall.

I spent Tuesday and Wednesday looking over my clothes to get them in repair for the Spring. But nearly every afternoon I got out for a game or two of tennis. We left here Wednesday evening for Peking and put our cot beds up in the living room at Dr. Porter's for the night. We were up [*unreadable word*] Thursday to repack and get the 7.30 train for the south. We had to make one change and arrived at the entrance to the tombs about 1.30 A.M. There were five of us, all ladies, one cook, and beds and "rontans" and suitcases and lunch baskets and boxes.

Three of us went to call on Dr. Meng, a Chinese surgeon to whom Dr. Ingram recommended us. He was not there but his wife served us with tea and cakes and gave us a few directions. Our baggage went into a cart. We took two donkeys so that we could take turn about riding and started on our five mile trip to the Yamens (official home) where we were going to stay. The walk led us through low hills and finally into a large pine forest. The forest was all planted to protect two of the oldest and largest of the tombs and the Yamen was in the heart of it only a few hundred yards from the tombs. We were hardly settled when the magistrate sent for our cards. Upon receipt of it he made us an official call of greeting and gave us each a deep bow. Almost at once Dr. Meng's card came in. He had followed us to see of what use he might be and useful he was! He took us then to the two near tombs and we were able to get into all parts without difficulty under his guidance. The tomb is made up of two parts, a "square city" in front where is the spirit hall for worship, and the "round city" in the rear where is the high mound covering the chamber holding the coffin with at least thirty feet of earth. We walked all around the mound and saw the little pile of yellow earth just placed there that morning. The date was that of the "Spring Festival" and the special sacrifices and worship had been at six that morning. In some of the urns the ashes were still hot.

On Friday some of us took a walk down the long approach to the tombs and saw the carved stone elephants, lions, horses, military men and officials that in pairs guard the entrance. Then beyond the three beautifully carved marble pilos with five arches each. At ten Dr. Meng arrived to escort us to some tombs about four miles away. We took our lunch with us so as to not be hurried. These tombs were of a later date being 100 and 60 years old instead of 160 and 180, There was only the round city and the court yard. But the spirit building was wonderful in it's simplicity. The pillars were plain polished wooden ones instead of carved stone. The carving in

the panels of the doors was wonderfully done and stood out over eight inches- when the deepest. The second tomb was that of an Empress. The rough temporary stairway which was used to convey the bearer of the yellow earth was still in place so we went up. Behind the tomb was a court containing about seventeen small mounds and at the side one mound nearly half as large as the main one in which we stood. They were graves of the other[?] wives and concubines of the Emperor. Probably only two were real wives, the large one and one small one which was covered with a yellow glaze, while the others were red.

The graves were wonderful. Dr. Meng estimated the number of trees to be over 3,000,000 in the parks. Some 25,000 are just young trees set out around the tomb of the last Emperor of China. We visited the tomb on our way out on Saturday morning. It is new and glaring beside the others and evidently less well built because already after two years there are many signs of decay. The marble is not the white variety but the gray granite covered with white wash to produce the effect. The urns[?] give a tin-like ring when struck and are dented in places while those 180 years old or even 60 years old are perfect and ring [*unreadable word*] heavy bronze.

It's the only tomb not erected by the present inhabitant immediately upon ascending to the throne and kept in readiness against the day of death. The Empress Dowager got her tomb ready at the Eastern Tombs but the Emperor was too well guarded to do like wise for himself.

We got to Peking too late Saturday to get here so again camped with Dr. Porter, and came down Sunday noon to get clean and get the house ready for service. It was Easter and I brought down a lily. It is my first Easter Lily since I have been in China and I have enjoyed having it so very much. It had four blossoms or buds and one is still good.

I tried to shop the next day, Easter Monday, and found even the drug stores closed. All business homes took three days vacation because of Easter. I think I have mentioned the fondness for holidays out here before!

This week April 15-22 has centered around the big children's picnic on Friday. We had over fifty guests, mothers and children, down for a basket picnic and gave a half holiday to entertaining. The school furnished grape juice and hot coffee but everybody brought their own lunch. We visited Mr. Gordon's goats, the dairy, and the school building besides sitting around and talking a little. The children played games and picked violets.

On Monday last I worked on accounts all day and had some tennis late to clear my brain for work. Except Friday, I have played every afternoon. Monday evening we went to a concert given by the college and our children sang twice. The girls school showed the greatest improvement. They marched up onto the platform to sing for the first time and I think that probably was one reason for the great improvement.

Thank you for the Sentinels which came this week. I can't quite get used to seeing "City of Shelton" even yet. [*The Huntington area was re-named Shelton.*]

Elizabeth's last letter recorded less improvement. I hope the state was only temporary and that she continues as she began. Geraldine is much better as Phebe Kinney writes and starting with light work. That was good news. Stanley sent Flora pictures of the wedding party last week because she had had a birthday. They are very good except that everybody looked thin and somewhat tired. Myra looked better after a part of a wedding trip in the wilds, than on her wedding day.

That sweater, Father, is doing good service. It is just right weight and so good looking that I like to wear it. It goes everywhere for walks, for tennis, to the tomb, to breakfast, school and dinner. The chain I have used with a piece of white carved jade that I bought my first year and had forgotten that I owned. I shall get a colored drop but this looks very well until I find what I want.

I do hope you are all well and are having a glorious spring. Ours is glorious by spells into dust storms and wind generously sprinkled in. Lots of love to you all

Mary.

P.S. I enclose a draft for \$50 gold. Please deposit half of it to my account if my account with father is large enough so that the \$25 will leave a good working surplus. Did the \$17.00 ever come from Miss Mason of Monticello? She got the coat and was to send it to you. I am writing with my gloves on while waiting for my draft at the bank.

Lots of love

Mary.

[*This letter dated April 22, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He tells her of the beautiful flowers in bloom. He also shares with her some of his day to day problems at both the College and the YMCA. He touches briefly on the war and what he would do if called to serve.*]

Foochow China
April 22- 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

It is 8:45 a.m. The bell is just ringing to call us to Sunday school. We have just finished breakfast- the girlies have been reading over their lesson and are on the jump now to get off to their little S.S.

After S.S. I wish you could see our flowers just now. The roses were never more beautiful, and we have them in such profusion. Every day Mama ought to cut nearly 150 to keep them out of the way of those that want to bloom. Callas also are luxuriant. One of ours has six large beautiful flowers on it and two buds. Margareutes [*Marguerites*] are also in their prime and another flower- a highly colored flower- cineraria is most luxuriant just now. We also have an orange tree in the yard in bloom. Palms and camphor wood trees are putting out new shoots and are beautiful in their new bonnets. The camphor wood trees have already grown a foot this year.

No mail has come from you or from home since Apr. 13- from you none since Mar. 31 when we had a very large mail in which your good letter came and Dorothy's and Phebe's.

The weather is still cool – some of the foreigners and of the Chinese have jumped into summer clothes at the first ray of warm sun and many are suffering from colds. Mr. Belcher can scarcely talk loud.

I am having our Kuliang cottage fixed over as I wrote you last week. It will cost something over \$100, but I shall not feel safe if a typhoon comes with the house as it now is.

I would like just now a talk with President King on the subject of refractory boys. One of the rules of this College is that all students shall attend Church on Sunday. Today nearly half the school were absent. What shall we do? And these things never come singly- for more than a week the boys have been kicking on the food. The culinary department is run by the boys with the monitor as treasurer and with the Faculty as sort of backer, guarantor. Yesterday morning the cook declared he would throw up the job after breakfast this morning. It took a threat from me to arrest him to keep him at the job until the boys could find another cook. But all this is not very edifying to you- still it lets you into a side of my life and into some of the problems that take much of my time.

This last week the Y.M.C.A. have been celebrating the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Y.M.C.A. work in Foochow.- The circumstances are much changed from those that prevailed at the opening. Then the crowd met in the open air and scripture reading and prayer were not allowed and the Christian character of the institution had to be- or was concealed. Now we meet in one of the finest buildings in Foochow with the highest provincial officials on the platform open the meeting with prayer- during which the Governor stands with the others, and then addresses with Christianity as the theme follows. The new openings that face the church bring new and difficult problems. One is the problem of the governmental school student who knows idols are false and wants to give up idolatry. But he is active- wants to do something. The pastors and preachers are practically all from the poorer classes- too many of the sermons are for the poor and uneducated. The student does not care for such sermons. The pastor finds it hard to meet these men socially and harder to put them to work. But here they are, many of them ready to join the church and we must find a way to help them.

Mama and I find little time for anything but College work. She has over 20 essays to correct weekly and I have 70. Then we have to help a class of 24 prepare for an evening of rhetorical. We find our great task the finding of declamations and plays. If you know of or can find any books with plays for High School pupils- with from ten to 15 parts they will come very handy to us indeed. There are such books in paper covers that cost little.

War news is getting very common again- hardly worth reading. The prayer meeting last Wed. turned on war topics- what is our personal attitude toward war and specifically toward this war. Would I go into this war if I were called? How will I treat the Germans now in Foochow? This last question I am perfectly clear on- I shall treat just as I always have. Would I go to war? I am quite sure I would first let all those who are anxious to go, go. I should try to find other means of showing my patriotism. I fully believe that the time is very near when it will be right and duty to refuse to fight.

I have been studying Luke's Gospel for the past several weeks. This morning the question was presented- "What aspect of the character of Jesus has been made most impressive to you?" and I wrote this "Jesus was sincere and true always, -entirely. Circumstances or environment never changed this. Before friends and enemies he was sincere."

I can talk and work with a man who is true and sincere. Even if he is tiresome and blundering and often mistaken- but it is very hard to work sympathetically with one who I feel is untrue or insincere.

We are having lots of rain these nights for it is often remarked that it rains nights- but little in the day time. We hope it will be pleasant next Saturday for the whole family plans to go up to Kuliang.

I enclose a \$1 bill this week. I should be getting acknowledgement for the money I sent at first in this way. Give the \$1 to Phebe for her birthday gift from me.

May the Father be very gracious to you all,-point the way in every choice of yours so that you will know His will, and then may He give you the strength of body, mind and will to do it.

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L Beard

[This letter dated April 28, 1917 from Foochow, China by Willard to his brother Stanley, and his wife, Myra. He has been busy entertaining guests visiting for the past months. They took a trip up to Kuliang just for fun. Willard tells of the surprise birthday party he gave Ellen. He cannot tell if the U.S. is actually fighting from the news he receives. He feels the U.S. is in a dangerous condition as prosperity has moved the financial center from London to New York. Kathleen and Marjorie are raising silk worms. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 28th 1917

Dear Stanley and Myra:-

I addressed an envelope to you long ago- but the days filled with things that seem to be necessary to do keep slipping by and they count up into weeks and even months before I realize it. There is always some special reason- this year it has been guests. Dr. and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith- New York Sec'y of the A.B.C.F.M. were here two weeks in Feb. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Brewer- my classmate in Hartford Seminary,- arrived and spent three weeks. Then Mr. Goddard was here. School work is almost as exciting as Laboratory work, and Ellen and I each have four classes a day and 60 or 70 essays to correct each week.

Today we threw off all care and the whole family went to Kuliang. This is about ten miles and 2500 ft. up. We went economically- two chairs to the foot of the mountain and one chair up the mountain. The girlies wore straw sandals just like the chair coolies. We had a delightful time- got good and tired- now at 8 p.m. all but me are sound asleep and I will be shortly- so good night.

Sunday afternoon-

Just as I was leaving for church this a.m. a home mail arrived. Of course had to leave it until after church and that meant till after dinner. The mail brought good news from Oberlin, Shelton, Putnam and from Cousin Fannie in Meriden.

Kathleen's letter I see gives me away completely. I have had her letter in this envelope for two months. Thank you for the gloves. I wore them the first time on Ellen's birthday. I planned a big surprise for her- had all the people in the compound here when I came home with her from a Y.W.C.A. house warming. They were in the parlor singing as we arrived. This was her first surprise. She began at once to worry about feeding them -27- But I told her their homes were so near that they could easily go home if they got hungry. They all agreed to this expedient. I had got her engaged to pour tea at the house warming and thus had a good excuse for coming late myself. As soon as she was off I got busy and opened up two rooms and put in two long tables from the College and arranged 27 chairs about the tables. So Ellen sat in the parlor and gracefully waited till all were invited to the dining room when for the first time she had her riddle- how could we feed all those people?- solved. Of course Mr. Hodous, and Mrs. Belcher and Mrs. Billing had helped about preparing the dinner- I'm telling you all this so you may appreciate the augustness of the occasion on which the gloves were first worn.

A month ago I purchased a piano- had to buy a little more than you did for yours- \$300 mex. but it is a good one and has been tried out in this climate. We all enjoy it and Marjorie and Kathleen are making good use of it. These girlies are a delight. They are growing like weeds, and full of energy and sunshine. Yesterday we all dropped dull- but I wrote that last night- today they have been writing different friends about their trip.

I cannot make out that the U.S. is as yet actually fighting. The news that we get here is that there has been very severe fighting for several days with heavy losses for Germany and big gains for the Allies. But the news has been of very little interest since we heard the U.S. had broken off relations with Ger. China seems to be getting on her feet and the new Pres. seems to be pulling all forces together and to have a hold on all parts of the country. The Japanese also are treating China with much more respect than formerly.

Today I had a nice long letter from mother and one from Ruth,- also one forwarded from Elizabeth. Things seem to be going well at Century Farm,- only help is very dear. Phebe writes of very high prices in many articles. I am telling the people here that the U.S. is in a very dangerous condition with prosperity in so many lines and so much power being placed in her hands in many ways.- as the financial center of the world has moved from London to the New York.

Myra, you would be interested in the silk worms which Marjorie and Kathleen are raising. They have been eating for almost a month now and last night one began to spin. Tonight he has shut himself up in a cocoon. The

girls were picking them up and handling them as if there were so many jack straws tonight to see which were yellow and which were white.- Some will spin yellow silk and some white.

All goes much as usual in the College. The Basket Ball team has thus far beaten every thing it has met.

The picture of your home is still vivid in my mind and I like to think of it. May God dwell there and may His blessing rest upon you both continually.

With love from us four

Will.

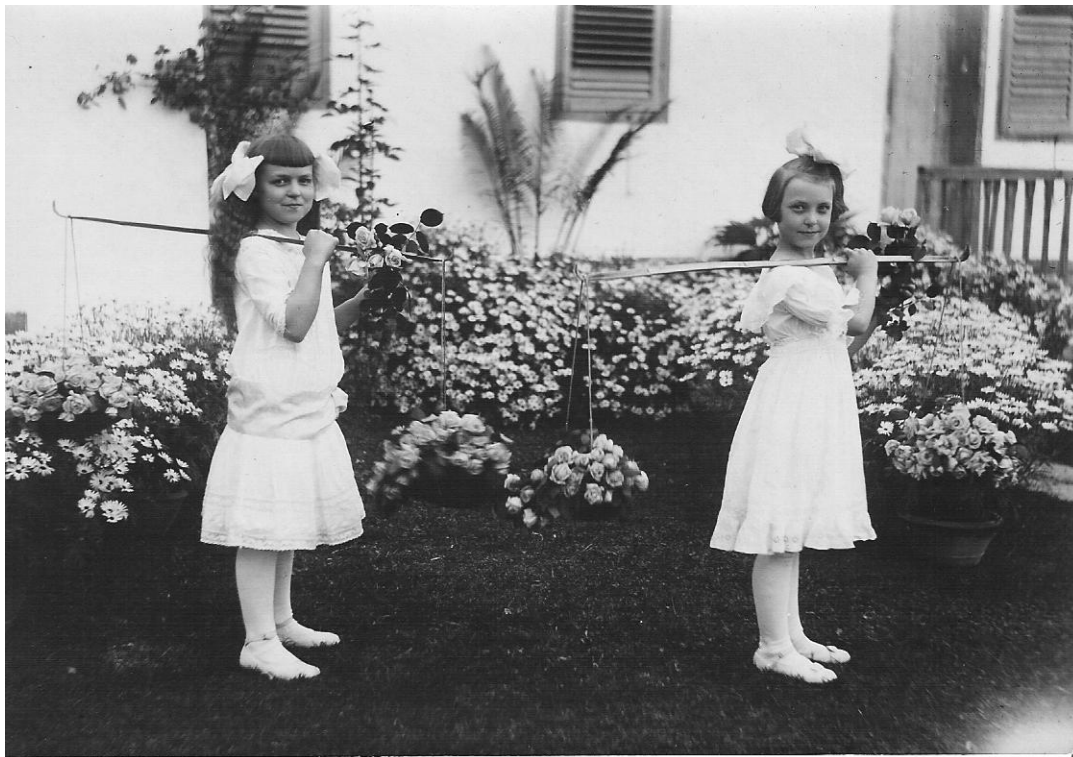


L to R: Ellen, Marjorie, Kathleen and Willard about 1917.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Front row L to R: Marjorie Beard, Rachel Hodous, Marjorie Billing, Kathleen Beard.
 Ellen is 2nd from left back row and seated in the middle is Mrs. Hodous.
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Marjorie (left) and Kathleen (right)
[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of photo: "Who will buy my roses,- roses red and white?" "Mrs. Hodous and her 'Girls' Seminary' Marjorie and Kathleen Beard, Rachel Hodous, Marjorie Billing."
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Written on back of photo "Marjorie and Kathleen Beard, Among the Marguerites, Foochow, China (11 and 8 yrs. May 1st, 1917."
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **May 3, 1917** was written from Tungchou by Flora to the folks at home. Flora and Mary attended a dinner by the College Club of Peking at the Foreign Business building. Flora also attended the reception of*

President Li in Peking. She details the visit and was able to shake hands with President Li. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Tungchou, May 3, 1917.

Dear folks at home:-

We still have enough to do to keep us out of mischief. This past week has been rather full. We made an attempt to have a clean-up week and got a few places a little better looking, though the big part of keeping clean takes care of itself- as far as the lawn is concerned. About a half dozen times during the fall and winter the whole compound gets raked over with a "fine toothed comb" for the stuff that can be gotten in the raking- to be used for fires. We had planned to have Friday for Arbor Day but a Gobi dust storm delayed our plans. We had been hoping for rain as the earth is as dry as powder since it is months ago that we had our last rain storm.

Last Saturday night the College Club of Peking had a big dinner at the Foreign Business building at which there were four hundred diners. Mary went up and enjoyed it much. This club is composed of American and Chinese college men and women who have been educated in America. It includes most of the Chinese who are in the government and educational circles- of Peking. Pres. Li's private secretary is one of the numbers. The speakers were ex-ministers Wi Ting Fang, Mr. C. T. Wang, and some American. Mr. C.T. Wang is perhaps the most influential Chinese in everyday walks in China. I don't know as that explains his position for I have heard it said that he is the kind of man that would make a good president when he is older. He is a Christian man and known all over the land.

On Sunday morning I arose early and took the morning train to Peking to attend the President's reception. It was requested that people should not dress in reception gowns or high silk hats, and the hundreds of guests obeyed very generally. It was rather thrilling to walk into the gate between the two rows of soldiers and then walk by the lake under the trees and feel that we were treading on soil older in history than anywhere I had ever before walked. It was a glorious, sunny morning and we had lots of good company. Although it was Sunday, there were scores of missionaries in the crowd. I do not believe a single ticket was wasted.

We went into the building where the body of Yuan Shih Kai had lain before his burial. It was really a great square court with a raised dais all around three of the sides. Right ahead was the door out of which the President came and on each side were long rooms with glass partitions. At the proper moment Pres. Li appeared with several of his military guards and his private secretary. Pres. Li had on a suit like the soldiers only that the cloth was a little richer brown and his gold hands a little redder yellow. He wore white gloves and used his sword as a cane while he stood on the dais and spoke to us. Those who understand Chinese thought he must have spoken in his native Hunanese since they could not understand him very well. His secretary translated it for us and I hope some of the papers at home will copy it for it was certainly worth reading. He stepped down to our level for the introductions and just before the line was formed Dr. Reinsch spoke for the members of the club in such a way that I think every one there felt that his own feelings and thoughts had been expressed in just the way each one would have wished to say them. There Pres. Li removed his right glove and we each had the opportunity to shake hands with him. I was much impressed with his dignity, his sincerity, and simplicity. He understands English enough so that he did not have to have Dr. Reinsch's speech interpreted, and his dignified bow in acknowledging the compliments Dr. Reinsch paid to his character showed a lot of reserve force behind his quiet demeanor. After the handshaking was over cakes, tea, and some other drink (I did not see what) were served in the long rooms behind the glass partitions on either side. After partaking we were allowed to roam anywhere in the palace grounds, which we did, for a while, then we had tickets for the North Lake a beautiful park situated around a lake. We climbed up to the top of the Indian dagoba which I think must be the highest point in Peking unless Coal Hill should be higher. From there one has a marvelous view of the Forbidden City and of all Peking. It gave me the grandest view of the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City that I had ever seen. The place was dazzling with the morning sun on the roofs. Among them was one small roof of real(?) gold. Dr. McElroy (one of the advisors to the president) was standing near me, and he spoke of it with the added remark that at Marco Polo's time all the roofs were said to have been covered with that same gold a half inch thick. The little emperor lives in the same corner of the Forbidden City. We wandered about getting the views of the city then climbed down through a remarkable grotto to the lakeside. We were too tired to stay to see more so took our jinrickshas and went home arriving at Teng Shih Kou about 1 P.M. The excitement and the sun had given me a headache so I spent the afternoon in sleep getting up just in time to go to church. I spent the night with Dr. Porter since I was to spend the next day in town on business.

Yesterday (May 2nd) we had our Arbor Day and set out 23 spireas, 24 yellow roses, 17 lilacs, 14 geraniums, 6 ivies and 7 honey suckles. How was that for celebrating! It was all done in two hours and the rain finally drove us in. It rained all night so that we hope our efforts will be rewarded by the extra drink the plants got.

I must close here for it is time to go to bed.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

[This letter, dated **May 6, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Ruth. He talks about the weather and flowers. Someone stole blankets from some of their college students. Mrs. Hodous had to close the Girls Seminary to go back to the U.S. so Kathleen and Marjorie will have to catch up in their studies on Kuliang. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China
May 6- 1917

Dear Ruth:

The last mail brought your good letter with the business re life insurance and mother's good letter and one from Elizabeth. It is very pleasant to receive these good letters from you all. Every letter tells of Aunt Ella [*Ella Nichols, wife of Daniel A. Nichols who is Nancy Nichols Beard's brother*] being weak and unwell but it also speaks of her going about to various places. The news of Fred Wooster's death was a surprise to me as it must have been to all of you at home.

I am making the "warrant" payable to you = \$1 86/100. The dividend of \$9.60 I am also making payable to you. I spoke to Mr. Johnson last summer and told him that beginning with 1917 I should want to draw the dividends instead of letting them go to purchase more insurance. I think if you take this to him it will be all right. After taking your commission out of the amount please put the rest in the Derby Savings Bank for me.

We have a perfect day here today. Yesterday afternoon it rained and the wind blew cold. We went to bed early saying that we were in for a rainy Sunday but the morning dawned clear- or at least it was when I awoke at 6:30. A strong west wind was blowing. We expect to have it pretty hot by this time but I have worn full length union suits and a vest right along and have put on a pith hat only a few times this year. Our flowers continue beautiful. I wish mother could see them. Roses of all colors and in such confusion. Callas with eight blossoms in one pot, marguerettes, almost white with blossoms. Cinerarias of all colors, pansies, wisteria, geraniums, orange blossoms, pumelo blossoms, etc. etc.

I preached in the new church to-day and assisted the pastor in conducting communion. Eight young men united with the church, four from the College four from the Hospital= nurses. Three of these are starting this week for France to help take care of 1000's of Chinese coolies who have gone to France to work with the army. Dr. Cooper of our mission is going with them.

A business man who some twelve years ago was an active Christian member of this church- but who fell away was readmitted to-day. When I was with the Y.M.C.A. I used often to go to Amoy and up in the country to a place called Chang Chow. I had to talk in the Foochow dialect there and a young man named Ding translated for me. His father was a Prefect of Chang Chow,- but an earnest Christian. I met him several times. A second son became Provincial Treasurer the first year of the Republic- in Foochow. In my audience this morning were the Provincial Treasurer and his father who is visiting him. Both men are in official circles.

I must say good night and get to bed and finish this before Tuesday- when the mail closes for Shanghai.

College is like a Kaleidoscope- something new all the time. Last Friday evening while we were having Rhetoricals someone stole six blankets and some clothes from a room occupied by eight students. Sunday afternoon one of the students who lost things received a letter containing three pawn tickets that covered all the stolen articles.- It will cost about \$5.00 to get the things out of pawn.

Mrs. Hodous has closed the Girls Seminary [*see previous photos*]. This leaves Marjorie and Kathleen with no teacher. Just now Ellen and I are so full with College duties that we cannot do much to help them. We are planning to help them on the mountain. It will be good for them to have some regular work there. The Hodous are starting for home in about a month.

How I should enjoy being at home now. You are just about planting corn. The apple trees are just in bloom are almost there. The days are balmy and the night too cool to set out of doors but just right to sit in doors. The roads are good for automobiles. It was sad about Dr. Phillips son. I judge from all I read that the church is growing with him as pastor.

Every day we talk with God about you all asking Him to keep you in peace- and make you each useful. What times we are living in!! May God bring order out of this chaos as soon as possible- with men as they are and may He teach all men never to countenance war again.

Very lovingly Will

[This letter, dated May 8, 1917, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She attended a college dinner in the building of Foreign Affairs. Flora had tickets to visit the president and palace. Mary tells of a little birthday celebration for one of the students. She talks of a Chinese funeral that passed by the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[May 8, 1917]
6:00 A.M. Tuesday

Dear Ones at Home,

These glorious days I have been making the most of the early hours to do some reading but today I prefer a chat write you. I was naughty and read the latest "Red Pepper" story on Sunday instead of writing letters. Then yesterday I spent all day at making out bills and writing up accounts. Next time I have accounts to keep I shall keep them myself all through. Robert supposedly helped me last Fall but has things in a more muddle than I ever dreamed of.

A week ago Saturday night I went to Peking to the college dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Porter. The dinner was held in the government building of Foreign Affairs. The space, halls and side rooms, is so large that the four hundred and fifty guests were not at all a crowd. Mr. Porter got in from Shanghai at 8.00 so was quite late in getting to the 8.00 o'clock dinner. There had been a mix up on tickets so only two could be found. I took Mr. Porter's place until he came at the Yale table then changed over to the California table. All but two of my near neighbors were Chinese, but foreign educated and most interesting. Over half of the guests were Chinese and there was a goodly number of ladies among them. One Chinese who is a Tungchow man and who was in America and went to Mexico for Y.M.C.A. work was there with his fiancé with his mother as chaperone. That is new China!!

Flora took the tickets and visited the President and palace and has probably written all about it. I came home and took a nap in the afternoon and decorated the sitting room for lunch. Last of all I took the children for a walk around the compound after supper.

Miss Hill was down last week for the last time. We had a game of tennis on Monday afternoon. On Tuesday the children asked to give her a send off and gave a fine one. One of the girls who had a birthday the day before received a belated cake that morning so we had that. Jean Dudley and I made some Divinity Fudge and it was a hustle to get it cooked and cold between 3.30 and 4.30. The children hired a rickshaw and decorated it with flowers. Then they put a wreath on Zana's hat. When she was ready to go they called her out to get her picture taken and crowned her with the flower decked hat. As she descended the steps they all threw flowers. Then she was helped into her rickshaw and the older boys played rickshaw boy. The real boy was at first alarmed for his precious vehicle but he laughed with the rest before very long.

Several times I have been in to see Alice Frame and baby Rosamond. Rosamond is a darling fat rosy baby who eats, sleeps and lives altogether as a baby should. Alice is getting up and around but is not yet down stairs.

There goes the rising bell so I will continue my chat later in the day.

Recess- The air is so full of the seeds and cotton from the willow trees that it looks almost like a snow storm outside. With the temperature so low that we have a slow fire in the furnace the illusion is accelerated.

Last Wednesday we had an Arbor Day and started some shrubs and ones around the school. At the back of the school is a steep bank. We have had a coolie grade the east end of it. Along the top we set a row of yellow roses for a hedge. In front of that is a long narrow bed of geraniums. On the lower level and next the fence are rows of lilacs and spirea. Fortunately we had a rain the night after we set them and several cool cloudy days with frequent showers. As far as I know every plant is alive and only a few ever withered badly.

There is a funeral going on over in the village and we get frequent sounds of beating drums to enliven our work. A band and some standards went by not long ago. When the funeral passes I suppose we will all go to the window to watch. Some way there is no solemnity about a Chinese funeral to me. I see the gay colors, hired movers and hear music to all intents alike for all occasions and it seems more like a gala day than a sad occasion. The richer the funeral the more festive it is. Yet Yuan Shi Kai's funeral was so stately that it was solemn in spite of the color.

5.45 Since school I have been over to Jean's and read the last installment of the "Red Pepper" story and played two good games of tennis with the girls. If our neighbors want us to play tennis when I get home, I shall be more than ready.

You have not written the news of the Space twins and their little brother in a long time. Automobiles seem to be quite the style. Nearly every letter from home or friends mentions a new one. I have had one ride this year- about two miles long.

A letter from Will with enclosures from home has just arrived. Our local papers have said nothing about Copenhagen so I wonder if Anna Rachton[?] Ward is still there or not. After supper:- I do hope that Elizabeth's

improvement continues without any more set backs and that Ruth's side is behaving so she can regain those many lost pounds.

Evidently you had a cold spring such as we had and are having. Most of the younger children still wear their winter flannels, here on the 8th of May. It is most unusual but every cool day lessens the number of very hot ones.

This is my evening to go to Prayer Meeting while Jean takes study hall so I must say good night and end this lengthy epistle. In my last I enclosed a draft for \$50 but mention it again lest it might have gotten lost in this day of uncertain mails. We had a letter from you direct about a week ago and lately they have been pretty regular.

There go the others to Prayer Meeting.

Lots of love

Mary Beard

P.S. I get so used to signing myself N.C.A.S. Household Acc. Mary Louise Beard, Treas. that I almost sign my letters that way.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – May 17, 1917

BEARD- In Derby, May 6, Miss Ruth Beard of Shelton, aged 36 years. Funeral on Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from her late home on Long Hill avenue. Interment in Long Hill Avenue cemetery.

From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT- May 7, 1917

MISS RUTH BEARD.

Shelton Lady Died at Hospital on Sunday Morning Following Operation.

Miss Ruth Beard, aged 36 years, daughter of Oliver G. and Nancy Nichols Beard, of Long Hill avenue, died in the Griffin hospital, Derby, on Sunday morning following an operation which was performed on April 27. Miss Beard's death came as a shock to the community in which she was born and lived.

She was a member of the Shelton Congregational church and was active in many good works. Miss Beard had a beautiful character and was beloved by all who knew her. She is survived by her father and mother, four brothers, Rev. Willard Beard of China; Oliver G. Beard of Bridgeport; Bennett N. Beard, of this city; Stanley Beard of New York, and four sisters, Misses Flora and Mary of China, and Elizabeth and Phoebe, of Shelton. The arrangements for the funeral are in charge of C.E. Lewis & Son.

*[This letter dated **June 4, 1917** was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her parents and sisters, Phebe and Elizabeth. Her other sister, Ruth has had an operation and died. School is coming to a close and they are doing end of year examinations and clean up. There is unrest between the present government and a rival one. They will be travelling to Mongolia within the month. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Tungchou

June 4, 1917

Dear Mother, Father and Phebe and Elizabeth,

Phebe's letter came on Saturday evening and Ruth's telling of the operation to be, on Sunday morning. In the letter were the two Kodak pictures and Ruth's birthday gift for me, a handkerchief, most dainty and sweet. I can only send a thank you in a prayer but know that Ruth will understand. To Phebe I say many thanks for the snap shot of Ruth in that pretty dress and for the one of Edith which look so very natural.

June 9- This week has been such a full one that I have hardly had time to know whether I felt sad or glad. I closed my laboratory on Thursday, brought home all extra chemicals and packed them away in a closet down stairs. The note books are almost ready to sign or not to sign awarding to them merit or lack of merit. Robert McCann and I have spent the last two afternoons reading the Cicero which he missed last winter and had never had a chance to makeup with the class. We found a cool spot by the mote and worked there. It was much better than any spot in the home. We have such a quantity of [unreadable word] unprotected from the intense rays of the sun that even our dining room is not always cool.

I am not giving but one examination now as I gave them last week. But in Caesar and Cicero we are reading hard to get the requisite numbers of books completed. It is a hurried reading but not wasted time for we do much at night and that is useful. I have played tennis three times each time with a different partner. It has been hot and I have gone to bed by nine at night so as to study early in the morning. It is a great sch? and an [unreadable word] in the morning is worth more than one at night for work, besides being cooler and free from bugs and willers[?].

Twelve more pictures which I have had for sometime but neglected to get printed for you. I labeled us on the bathing suit one for it is in fear I feared we might not be recognized.

On Thursday I borrowed Mrs. Frame's scales and weighed the family. The children have gained all the way from 1 ½ lbs. to 16 lbs. this winter. I have lost my usual amount but no more and Flora is just about the same. I thought she had lost but the scales do not share it.

A new baby was born to Mrs. Galt last week Friday. Mr. Galt was out in the tent with Scarlet Fever and has only seen his little son through the window.

The political condition here certainly is interesting. The Tu Chu's (Promise governors) are trying to set up a rival government in Tientsin but are quarreling as to who shall be the head. The leader of the "Pig tail" forces of China arrived in Peking yesterday with some 8000 troops to try to bring almost a remediation between the present government and the rival one. Today's paper gives Dr. Reinsch's message to Dr. [unreadable name] begging for the end of int'l strife.

In spite of the unrest a party of nine started this morning for a month's trip out to the eastern tombs, Jehol, and other points of interest. They start from here so as to get the cross country roads; altho neither points are nearer as the bird flies but with steep monotonous parts.

My pictures of Rosamond Frame were both blanks so I shall try again tomorrow.

Tomorrow Dr. Smith gives us the talk in church. He was chosen as the best speaker for this our last service of the school year. Last Sunday they had a song series. I did not go down but listened from upstairs.

I think of you people all the time and how every thing at home must speak to you of Ruth. Yes, we will miss her even out here. We will miss her letters and the thought of her alone awaiting our return which is only two years off now. Sometimes I want to make it one but have no good reason for leaving except I lack courage to stick it out and I won't be a coward.

School closes next Thursday then we stay about two weeks to clean up and are off for Mongolia by way of Kalgan. There is to be a large party of us and a large number are from the N.C.A.S.

I must close so this can get out tonight. I do not know about steamers but always feel that there is a chance of a letter leaving the country.

May God be good to you and comfort you and keep you safe.

With lots of love

Mary.

[This letter dated **June 5, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters, Flora and Mary. He refers to their sister, Ruth's death assuming they have already heard the news. (According to death certificate, Ruth died of "Acute Pancreatitis" and "operation removal gall bladder". Further information provided is "Had gall stone attacks for 10 years".) Ellen injured her knee and it is mending slowly. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow June 5th 1917

Dear Sisters:-

You have doubtless got letters from home before this telling you that Heaven is becoming more precious to us. Ruth's growth in all the graces that make a beautiful Christian was to me very marked during the past seven years. Last summer she seemed to be getting so much out of life. She seemed to understand people and she was very helpful to people and was enjoying it. Phebe M. has put it very nicely in her letter.

The mail came in last night while I was away and I did not get to it till nearly ten o'clock. God was very kind to lead me to open the letters in the right order-unwittingly so the news came to me in proper sequence. I am not sure but Griffin Hospital is in Derby is it not? And I figure from the letters that Ruth went home Sunday, May 6th at 10 a.m. I know they will all miss her greatly at home- we will miss her frequent, newsy, always cheerful letters. The tears will come but they are not tears of sorrow and sadness. Heaven has seemed very near ever since I read the letter. Ruth's being there will make it more real.

Ellen's knee mends very slowly. The weather is hot and moist and sticky- with a shower every day,- too much water- Newell's had a house warming last evening.- Hodous goes to Peking until Oct. he thinks and children go home,- you have word that Gould and Morris Kinnear are at Century Farm and Geraldine is there.

With love from all

Will

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and the rest at home. He was surprised to hear about his sister, Ruth's death and talks about her life in his letter. He has had some trouble with the boys in the College. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China

June 7th 1917

Dear Mother and all the Rest at Home:-

The last mail brought your letter and Phebe's letters of the first days in May, and a letter from Elizabeth and one from Gould- I had been away all the evening and did not get home till almost 10 o'clock. The mail was a big one. Phebe, you will be glad to hear that all your letters were in the same mail and that God guided me to open and read them in the order in which you wrote them.

The news of Ruth's death [*born May 12, 1880, died May 6, 1917 of acute pancreatitis and operation for removal of gall stones according to death certificate*] came as a surprise to me. Her letter- the last one she will write me here- I read before I opened any of yours. She spoke so confidently of the success of the operation in her own mind that I was ready for only good news in the other letters.

I was much impressed with Ruth's development in womanly graces and in a beautiful Christian character, both during my stay at home in 1910-12 and again last summer. I realized more fully that her pleasure was in helping others more and more. I was much interested in reading in Gould's letter one time last summer-or was it in 1915.- "I have been talking with Aunt Ruth. I tell you she's a pretty nice little aunt." Of course the tears flowed as I read the news and for hours afterward- in fact till the clock struck two next a.m. All the next day heaven seemed very near. Both you and Phebe put it very nicely. That Ruth had gone to be with James and the rest. We have known her as a loving, lonely girl and we are better because we have known her. She made the world better- not only while she was here but for all time. I have sent your letters all on to the girls in the north [*Flora and Mary*]. They will find it hard. I am asking God to be their comfort. I shall look in the next mail to find the rest of the news- and also news about Gould and Geraldine. For two weeks I have had a lot of trouble in the College. First the 6th year class walked out of Chapel in rebellion. That was just fixed up with 20 very humble penitent boys returning with confessions, when day before yesterday ten boys went out on the street and played rough house with a policeman. One of the boys who was least to blame was unfortunate enough to get into the hands of the police.- Well it makes a lot of work and unpleasant work.

Ruth's last letter from me you will receive. I am afraid there is some business in it that will have to come back to me- perhaps you can do it for me- I hope so.

Ellen's knee is improving very slowly. It was May 19th but she sprained it. She is in the wheel chair every day since. All are otherwise well.

Very lovingly

Will

*[This letter, dated **before June 10, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones in Foochow. Mary just received word of sister Ruth's death and hopes her sister Elizabeth does not decline in health also. Mary would like to take a trip to Mongolia but wonders about the political instability. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Before June 10, 1917]

Dear Ones in Foochow,

Phebe's letter telling of Ruth's death came tonight. I just can't make myself believe yet that Ruth is gone. She was so much a part of home and of the most beautiful part of love that I can't picture home without her. Some way Ruth's going makes Heaven seem nearer than did that of James, Aunt Louise or Olive. Perhaps because she was nearer to me or rather because we were always playmates and seemed to understand each other. Dear girl, she was ready for Heaven, if ever a girl could be! I never saw more devotion to duty, loved ones and things beautiful. And it was not always easy either as we know for her to be so cheerful and happy.

I do hope that this does not retard Elizabeth's progress but it will be very hard. I am glad she went home for it will always be easier to have been there.

Don't you feel awfully lonesome and far away off out here in China? I thought I was getting over it but Ruth's death makes me feel it more than ever. It might not, because she is nearer now than she ever could be when alive. I know I ought to rejoice for her because she has not been well for so many years and was seldom entirely free from pain. But I can't feel much joy tonight- God and everybody seems so far away and I want some one near.

We are well but weary with the work of the year and the extra ?? of closing school. Our closing day is June 14. Miss Carl who painted the Empress Dowager's portrait and is painting that of President Li is to give us a talk and the children give some music.



Written in album: "Listening to Miss Carl on 'The Empress Dowager'. June 1917"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The revolting of the premiers, the disturbances at Peking and all make me wonder of the advisability of the Mongolia trip. I shall be skeptical about planning it again if it does not materialize because last time it was the Yuan Shih Kai trouble that scared us.

Why is Gould in Shelton in May? Has Geraldine had to give up her College work? Who is Maurice? Maurice Kinnear? I can think of no other. We will miss Ruth as a correspondent out here because she was ever so faithful a letter writer.

Lots of love to you all
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 10, 1917**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He has recently found out that their sister, Ruth, died. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.
June 10th 1917.

Dear Phebe:-

This is specially to thank you for writing about Ruth's going home. I received the letter you wrote to the girls in the North, today from Mary. I sent all your letters to me on to them at once. Mary's letter is so good I'm sending it to you. It is very interesting and most comforting and encouraging to read the testimony from everyone that Heaven seems nearer when we think of Ruth. Where is Heaven? Why do we say it is nearer? I have a class of

Sunday School teachers each Fri. afternoon at 4:30. The lesson today is Jesus Crucified. One of the topics was the penitent thief and his confession. These boys are all Christians. After talking about Jesus promise to this penitent man that he would be in Heaven with him that very day. One of the boys remarked "He got into Heaven very cheap." Ruth's life came to me at once, so I spoke briefly of it and of her abundant entrance into Heaven- her many friends and acquaintances there,- her familiarity with the laws, and customs and work of Heaven,- the at home feeling that she must have had from the very first- in fact I think the change for her was not very great- she had been living in Heaven's atmosphere.- Every thing was natural to her at once. But think of what it must have been for the poor man to whom all the sights, sounds, language, customs, laws, work and all were strange. He had all to learn. The boys all agreed that it would not do to say he got into Heaven cheap.

Since Wed. there has been a big flood all over the Foochow plain. The rice is having a hard time this year.- This is the third flood. The weather is not yet bad- we find it comfortable at night.

This next week will see most of this compound away for Kuliang or off for the U.S. Marjorie was saying this morning, "Next Sunday only Dr. Mrs. Kinnear and we will be left. College closed June 22. We shall likely get off for the mountain the next Mon. or Tues.

Will you find it a burden to take care of my business with Ruth (I mean the note of Ruth's for \$1000) and the Bank? I believe that is all. If it is too much for you or if it is not convenient will you ask Ben to do it.

Ellen's knee is mending very slowly. It is discouraging for her but it is just as the Doctor said it would be and there have been no pull backs. We have an electric massage that I use on it every night.

Conditions change so fast in the U.S. that it is impossible to write anything like advice to the children. We had written the girls not to go East this summer with the intention of visiting. Both Ellen and I thought it would be much better for them to get into some useful work. But if they can be of use at home and you all agree to let them work it will be all right,- if they keep their part of the contract.

May we all know the blessedness of fellowship with God.

With love to all

Will.

This is June 10 and I have written Stanley and Myra.

*[This letter dated **June 10, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by almost 9 year old Kathleen to her Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. She tells them about a compound supper and a house warming at Mrs. Newell's house. Original letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow, China

June 10, 1916. *[This should be 1917. Kathleen was in the U.S. on June 10, 1916. It fits with the Hodous' going back to the U.S. as she mentions.]*

Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma,

Friday the compound had a supper over at Mrs. Newells new house. There were tables for the big people and one big table for the little people. We began with singing the blessing and then someone got up and told us to select our knives and forks. On the dinningroom table were all sorts of things to eat. And we took the things we wanted. There was chicken, chickenloaf, egg salad, chocolate pie, pumpkin pie, and dried apple pie. I can't tell you all the things we had. After supper the big people had some talking and we children toled stories in the hall.

A few days ago Mrs. Newell had a house warming it was also an Anniversary. Marjorie and I and two other children sang some song and made a translation. Three of the little folks of our compond did some things one was about the Muffin man. Then we sat down and we had ice-cream straw-berries cake and candy. After it was all done we went out and played and the big people talked on the porch. Now I want to ask how Billy Dodge is getting along and you too *[I believe Billy Dodge is Elbert's nickname for his car.]*. In a little while Mr. and Mrs. Hodous and Rachel are going to America. Excuse me for not writing to you before. With very much love from Kathleen B

Aunt Emma and
Uncle Elbert.

Foochow, China
June 10, 1916.
Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma
Friday the company
had a supper over at
Mrs. Newell's new house.
There were tables for the
big people and one big
table for the little people.
We began with singing
the blessing and then some

[This letter dated **June 17, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Dorothy. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He talks of his daughter, Phebe's 22nd birthday and Ellen Kinney Beard's problems with her knee sprain. He discusses the cost of electricity and the standard of living in Foochow.]

Foochow, China
June 17th, 1917

Dear Dorothy:-

This letter is almost Phebe's by right for tomorrow is her birthday. She is twenty two years old, - as old as grandma was when I was born.

I am sending this to Shelton, not knowing where else to send it. We have had to ask God to take care of you "wherever they are" since we heard that Gould has gone to Shelton and from our best hear say Geraldine had also gone, and you were going and Phebe might go.

The past week has been examinations in the College- from 9-12 a.m. and from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. This is always very confining. The weather has been very warm which does not decrease the burden for either teacher or student.

It was four weeks ago yesterday that Mama sprained her knee. Last night at midnight she was awakened with a severe pain in her back and right side. Anto cannia did not stop it. The osteopathic treatment- pressing with both my thumbs on each side of the back bone eased it while it was being done. Applications of hot cloths did most good. But not till Dr. Kinnear came up about 8 am and gave her some pills and they got to work did she get any permanent relief, and not till about 5 pm did she get any rest. That night she slept well. But she is still very sore in the region of the gall bladder. Dr. Kinnear said that Dr. Dennis would call it "chill on the liver."

This morning I preached and conducted communion at Long Gio Haeng in the city. It was to me a very hot morning but the church was full and extra seats were brought in and placed near the pulpit to accommodate late comers. The Electric Light Co. has a monopoly of its business in Foochow. It has been using its power and coining instead of making money, - charging \$3.00 per light for installing, and \$1.60 for a switch and 9cents a foot for extra wire and \$1.00 per month for meter rent and 28 cents a kilowatt for electricity. We cannot kick very much for even

at these prices electricity is not more expensive than kerosene. It is much safer and more convenient. But the Assembly got to discussing government ownership of the plant and to stop the discussion the Co. suddenly reduced the price of installing to 85 cents per light and 60 cents per switch. This church at Long Gio Haeng have decided to put in electric lights. They raised \$10 in as many minutes this morning.

One man was admitted to membership and two children were baptized.

College closes next Thursday morning. Examinations are over on Tuesday. On Wed. we are to have a meeting of the College to feel good over the gift of \$180 from the officials last fall during our Field Day. The boys have spent the money for spike shoes, clothes for Basket Ball teams, a shield and buttons for those who entered the sports. These will all be displayed on Wednesday.

I do not know when we shall get off for the mountain- as soon as Mama feels like going most likely.

Politically Foochow is all very quiet. We have had no plague or other bad disease thus far this year. There is much complaint about hard times. It is difficult for shops to collect bills. Taxes are getting more and more burdensome,- more things are being taxed. But the standard of living is raising. The business men and their families and the better-to-do are living much better as to house accommodations. Clothes-food- and pleasure than formerly. People are spending much more in travel than formerly. There are over 1000 rickshas- and they are busy,- where there were perhaps 200 sedan chairs. There are also some 50 carriages busy all the time.

Miss Preston writes that she sent Phebe \$12.50 for tea that I sent her. She should have sent \$12.50 twice- once about Jan. 1 and again about March sometime. When it is convenient I hope you all will write me about the bills \$1.00 and \$2.00 and \$5.00 that I have been sending all the time for six or eight months. The last \$15.00 of bills I sold to Mr. Hodous.

June 20th. We spoke of and thought of Phebe several times on Monday June 18th. I think I have sent the full \$22 for her birthday. If she keeps on getting older and I keep on giving her a birthday sum of dollars equal to the number of her years, she will get some money bye and bye.

June 21, Another mail arrived yesterday but nothing from home.

I must close this now for the mail closes today. Mama is up in the wheel chair today and feeling much better.

May God keep you all and in all the strife and unsettled state of the country and of the world may He keep you all sane, cool headed and right minded. May the war make every one so hate war as to render it impossible to have another war.

Your loving father Willard L Beard

*[This letter dated **about June 1917** was written from Tungchow by Mary to the ones at home. Seventy to ninety Americans go to the Legation (Embassy) every morning for military drill by regular Army officers. She comments on the political situation of China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[about June 1917]

Dear Ones at Home-

Tis Monday afternoon already- but this has been a most happy weekend. Miss Theresa Severin was down with us for a visit. Mr. Gordon had Dr. Stearns down- and the Loves had Mr. Bergomine. So all we hosts and hostesses and guests got together in our dining room on Saturday evening and made some Divinity Fudge. It was the best I have made yet, white and smooth as could be.

Sunday morning we talked awhile then Theresa and I went over to see Rosamond Frame at her bath. Then we went with Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beers to see Mr. G's goats. I had to leave soon and return for Sunday School,- at eleven. After dinner while we six grown ups had at a table by ourselves, we talked and ate candy for awhile. Then we went for a walk on the wall and got back just in time to dress for church. Theresa and I went to Mrs. Love's for supper and found Mr. Gordon a third guest. The two men had returned by the evening train because they did not want to miss "drill" at 6.30 this morning.

There are some seventy to ninety American men who go to the Legation every morning to drill under the regular army officers. Just last week they were given ten muskets after several weeks of drill militant [*unreadable word*]. Some of the men have declined all evening invitations because they can not lengthen the day at both ends. This summer there is to be a Summer Camp for all who are to go into regular military camp for a month or more. Everyone has his own place in a special squad but late-comers are not allowed to enter their own squad but must join "the late squad".

When I wrote two weeks ago I neglected to mention that I acknowledged the payment of the \$6.41 on my \$500 Life Insurance policy. I wonder if you at home are anymore full of war news and spirit than we are here?

Some of the men long to start at once for Armenia and the front. I understand that two of our gun boats are interned at Shanghai and the others have returned to American waters or harbors.

The political status of China is most interesting. The Premier seems to be ruling with a high hand and so far is successful in preventing the Parliament from taking any action in the war question. As he is able to control the army it is a serious condition. The latest mix up with our small neighbor sounds very serious.

At latest reports we are likely to have all of our Missionary neighbors for at least one more year. There is a serious obstacle in the way of pushing the Union scheme which may keep the plan from culminating in the fall as hoped. Whether Flora will want to board either of the young men next year in that care, I do not know. A letter from the Corbetts says that they plan to spend one more year at Tungcho anyway. Mr. Corbett will commute if the College moves.

Flora has been in Peking all day on business. She returns on the evening train and I leave on it. The Missionary Concert is this evening and I am going up to attend and shall return in the 6.10 tomorrow morning. I hope it is as good as it usually is for then it will be well worth while. The only number on the program that I know of is Jean's violin solo. I shall stay with Theresa Severin.

I must go now and see to leaving the last few geraniums set in our flower border. That was to be one of my today's tasks as outlined. My suitcase is packed so I am ready to go away all except dressing.

We had a fine letter from Hattie Beard this week, the only letter in two foreign mails.

Lillian Burr writes that her father has joined a regiment and that Morris has volunteered but not been accepted as he is underage. The guarding of the railroad bridges, new aviation centers etc. are most interesting.

Lots of love. I do hope you are all well and I do want to hear of the war preparations around here.

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 24, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had two dinner parties that week. There is a new theory on how scarlet fever germs are carried. The political situation is quieting down. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow
June 24, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

How these vacation days do pass by and how little I seem to accomplish! This is the tenth day of vacation and we start for Kalgan this week Saturday. This week came Phebe's letter telling of the last earthly tributes to Ruth and how kind every one was; also we received the Sentinels. My heart aches for you dear ones for whom every object and art speaks of our loss. But what blessed memories we have with us- and what a comfort to know that she suffers no more but is well.

We had a dinner party on Monday noon with none of us at table. Flora had word that the three Princeton men were coming on the 20th for lunch and got mixed on her dates so prepared for them Monday. It was a "rehearsal lunch party" as we called it, and we make much fun over it. We played "Rook" most of the afternoon and a thunder storm prevented the tennis we planned. F. and I are all alone here and she is afraid to come back to the home after dark so we had to miss the College play Monday evening- also the discussion of Industrial work on Tuesday evening. I wish she were not so tired because I had counted much on the play of which I had heard so much.

On Wednesday we again got all ready for our guests- even the salad was out on plates. Mr. Beers returned alone from the station and there was no explanation. Ester Irwin[?] and her mother had come down for a picnic lunch by the mote and to see the place. We sent a messenger to urge them to eat the feast prepared and a second note to Mr. Woodall to please come fill up the ranks. By one o'clock we had our fourteen ready and started. Just as the salad plates were served (That was lucky as I had only 14 plates and no more nuts or pineapple.) We heard footsteps above us. Two of the men had come but when they saw "Pao Tung Ssu" on the station sign they sat back in their seats and waited for "Tungchow". The station marked Tungchow is two miles beyond here and is the end of the line. They got off and, not knowing that the train returned at one, hired a cart and came back. We crowded together and had a jolly time of it. After lunch we visited the dairy and at 4.00 went over to the Corbett house for some music. We were having too good a time to listen for the train so went to the station at 5.00 as usual. The train was not yet in and was held up at the station above by a broken engine. We stood and waited until it began to rain. Then we went into the ticket office and there we sat til 6.45. It was a fine chance to visit and we quite enjoyed it. On Thursday I was up to see the Porters off on the early train. We had made Divinity Fudge the night before so I took them a few samples for lunch.

On Friday we had Dr. and Mrs. Love and the children over for breakfast and lunch. Their servants went in the morning to Pei Tai Ho and they were going at night. We saw them off that night.

The Trustees of the Union College of Peking had a meeting Friday. They are going to ask a Mr. Loganstein[?] to become President. His is chairman of the China Continuation Committee, a Presbyterian, and has a fine reputation among all denominations. Old Dr. A.H. Lacy, Methodist, has been made President Executive but he is too old to be acting President of such a young and alive institution as this must be.

Dr. Galt is out of quarantine now and was to eat with his family today for the first time. The theory now is that Scarlet fever is carried from the germs in the throat not from the skin as it peels off, so the term of quarantine is generally about three weeks instead of six. I should like to hear Stanley's opinion on that subject.

I do hope we get another letter from you before we go north and hear that Myra is better. In turning over my calendar I noted June 10th marked Stanley and Myra's Wedding Day. I go through my new one every year and mark all the birthdays and wedding days. Oliver and Grace's came just two days later.

The postman has just left me two letters. One from Tientsin encloses the freight order for my saddle which I have bought from Mr. Kung of Shansi so that I can ride up in Mongolia this summer. The other is from Jean Dudley and encloses a check which I gave the tailor for making a dress and two hats. I absent mindedly dated it July 11 and since I gave it to the tailor he could get no money on it even by holding it until the date on the face. The banks have no Chinese signature and are awfully particular about checks presented by Chinese.

On Monday night we had four inches of rain full in about three hours. It just seemed to come in sheets not drops. It has showered nearly every day since. Yesterday it sprinkled all day and likewise all this morning. Since so few people are here we have no service today. I took a fine nap instead.

Did Flora write you of the two babies who have come down for the summer? The Lyons have a fine big baby boy, James, aged seven months, and the Wiley's a dainty little blue eyes girl, Ruth, aged eight and a half months. They are bright wide awake children and I have had great fun with them. Both mothers offer me a recommendation as amah if I want it so perhaps I will hire out.

The political situation seems to be quieting down without any upheaval. The Te Chows[?] are swearing allegiance to the government and expressing regret over their declarations of independence.

We are looking forward to the coming of Mrs. Corbett with the rest of our silver. Also our piano comes with some of her freight I suppose but that is already on its way. Flora must have written all about that for it is her special piece of ?? now.

I hope you all keep well and that God has given to each of you peace and comfort.

Affectionately

Mary Beard.

*[This letter dated **July 9, 1917** was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. Mary and Flora were not able to take their trip to Mongolia because of Mary's bout with a mild case of dysentery. They went to Pei Tai Ho instead. Because of some political upheaval, they had difficulty making the trip to Pei Tai Ho. Chang Hsun's troops were holding the railroad and fired on the train. She mentions that the passengers had to lie flat because a Japanese passenger was shot in the leg. From telegrams they hear that the gates to Peking are closed. Mary tells about the others who are at Pei Tai Ho also. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Rocky Point
Pei Tai Ho
[July 9, 1917]

Dear Ones at Home-

Here we are at Pei Tai Ho again and most comfortably located in the heart of things at Rocky Point. We changed our plans because about a week before we were to leave for Kalgan and Mongolia I developed a slight attack of dysentery. I had a diarrhea for a few days then it changed to dysentery. It lasted only two and a half days and I have had no return of the trouble. Dr. Love is the cautious kind and advised a lazy summer at Pei Tai Ho instead of the horse back riding and cart riding and walking on the Mongol plains. We were very fortunate and Mrs. Porter found us a room almost immediately although the first of July is a time when rooms are most scarce. We brought our own boy who takes care of our room does our washing and breakfast dishes. We take lunch and dinners at Gould Cottage where five of the American Board single ladies live. It is very near so it will be no trouble to go out even when it rains.

We came down on July the second in the night train and we were lucky to get here.

On the fourth we had our American celebration with baseball, donkey tug-of-war, ice cream, cake and lemonade. This year only neutral and allied nations were invited because of our state of war. That night we heard that connections with Peking were cut off at Feng Tai. Chang Hsun's troops held the railroad and we were in doubt as to whether they had torn up the rails or not. They did not tear the rails up because one train has been through. It takes four hours generally but this time it took eight. Chang Hsun's troops fired on the train at Feng Tai and the passengers were made to be flat for a long distance. Only one man was hurt and that was a Japanese who got a bullet in his leg.

Everyday someone gets a telegram from Peking (since the first day when we were entirely cut off) and everything is safe there. Yesterday there was fighting at Feng Tai and Chang Hsun retreated to the Chinese city of Peking. The report is that the gates of the Tartar City are closed and no one can enter or leave.

Several men have gotten in but the foreign troops that went from Tientsin are still this side of Chang Hsun. Communications with Shanghai are open again but I have not heard what became of the troops which were blocking the way. Now we are cut off from Mukden by a general who is trying to join Chang Hsun.

The first concert of the season was last Saturday night. We went because Miss Hill was to play her violin. She leaves for America before the next concert so it would be the last opportunity to hear her. It was a very interesting concert. In the middle of it a thunderstorm came up so the man in charge sat at the piano and the crowd sang popular songs while it lasted.

It was terribly hot in Tungchou the last week we were there. Sometimes it did not cool off even at night. Up here it is delightfully cool. Yesterday I had to wrap up in my steamer rug when I lay on the porch and I have been wearing my sweater all the morning. The wind seems to blow hard from off the water all day and die down at night. Thus it is always cool.

We are not so near the sea as last year but hear the waves breaking on the rocks whenever it is rough at all. We both sleep on the porch with the lienzas down and use our room for store house and dressing room only.

This is a fine room home and every room is taken by independent people. Next us and shares in the same lovely big porch is Mrs. Camron with a month old baby. The other three rooms are taken by Canadian Presbyterian people from Honan. The lady who has charge of the home has a sixteen months old boy but he seldom visits us.

This noon we received mail from Peking so I hope the trouble is abating somewhat. It is the first mail for several days.

Just before we left Tungchou Mother's letter came and I sent it directly on to Willard as I had a letter all written. It was good to get a letter from Mother herself, and such a nice long one, too.

There is one thing I still need that can be much better gotten from home and that is white stockings. My only good ones are the two pair of silk ones Ruth sent out last fall. I need some for common wear, and a half dozen ought to last me until I come home and maybe longer. It is too hot on one's feet to wear black shoes in the hot weather so I wear white most of the time. I shall have to buy some to last through this summer even.

I enclose a draft for one hundred dollars (\$100) made payable to father. (\$50) Fifty is mine and the other half is Flora's. Please deposit twenty (\$20) to my bank account and put the rest to my account with father for me to draw on or for you to spend for me. Exchange is so very low that I am sending now even though I must have a goodly deposit with you already.

We are hoping for more home mail soon and hope to hear that you are well.

Flora says she will write before the end of the week again to make up for the last week. She was awfully busy that Sunday as we had to repack nearly everything. The wardrobes for Mongolia and Pei Tai Ho are quite different.

Lots of love
Mary.

July 9, 1917.

*[This letter dated **July 15, 1917** was written from Tungchou and then Pei Tai Ho by Flora to the folks at home. She begins the letter in Tungchou while school is coming to a close. They travel to Pei Tai Ho instead of Mongolia because of Mary's bout with dysentery. They are staying at a different area in Pei Tai Ho than before although they prefer the other place better. Flora goes into detail the events playing out with Chang Hsun in Peking and at the Forbidden City. Flora sends in the letter a draft. She is trying to send more money to the U.S. while exchange is favorable. She mourns her sister, Ruth. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[July 15, 1917]

Dear folks at home: - [*very beginning of letter started in May 1917*]

Sunday again and only four more before school closes. We are having a delightfully cool spring- fine for us but the fields are progressing very slowly. Not only the cold but the lack of rain is telling on the wheat and other vegetation. Our strawberries are in bloom. (Two weeks later). Again it is Sunday but this one is hot and dry. (One week later + 2 days). Phebe's letter telling of Ruth's going came Saturday (June 2) on the evening train. Another of hers and Ruth's letter came Sunday morning. This is the first mail from home to speak of for a month. We also had two Sentinels that Ruth had directed, and a New York Times from Miss Brewster, besides a lot of magazines. There had been such a dearth of news from home that I had begun to think "why?" but had laid it to war conditions. I have noticed in each of the pictures that have come from home that Ruth's face has showed marked sign of suffering, and I have felt, from what I knew of her case when I was at home that some day she would have to undergo an operation, but I had not anticipated this result. Think as hard as I can, I am not able to make myself realize that she is not with you. - Sunday, July 15, at Peitaiho- I would not send this scrappy beginning only that it is all the writing I have done for more than a month. Both of us were about used up, and the weather at the end of June was so hot that we felt good for very little. On Thursday, June 14th the thermometer reached 103 degrees and Miss Carl, our speaker, nearly gave out during her talk. After the children got off there were things to be done about the building and orders to be sent which took over two weeks to see to. Then every one- as each family got ready to leave for the summer- came over to us for their last few meals. In the midst of this Mary had a diarrhea which developed into a mild attack of dysentery. Since Dr. Love was taking his meals with us he knew of it in time to stop it at once. All he did was to give her a teaspoonful of salts three times a day until the stools were without mucous and blood. Of course her food has had to be of small variety and mostly liquids, but now she is branching out more into the normal diet. Her illness made us give up the trip into Mongolia, since Dr. Love tho't she shouldn't take that strenuous three days' trip in the saddle, while she was getting over her attack. So here we are again at Peitaiho for the summer. This time we are at Rocky Point, where the larger part of the summer population is. We have a room and a kitchen. We get our own breakfasts and go out for our lunch and dinner. This gives us the maximum rest and quiet, with the minimum of care. We bro't our second washman with us and he has proven himself to be an excellent boy of all work. So we spend our days mostly in sleeping and then sleep well at night, too. Mary is better and stronger each day so that I hope by the end of this week she will feel like bathing in the sea. She has not let her illness interfere with the few social affairs so you can see she is not very weak. With six or seven meals a day she ought to regain what flesh she has lost soon.- Rocky Point is more fun than East Cliff but we are so close to our neighbors here that noises at night are more or less disturbing and the views here cannot compare with those at East Cliff. It is a convenience to be able to go to affairs at the Assembly Hall without reaching there drenched with the perspiration of an hour's walk through this hot sun or having to pay \$1 ½ to escape the perspiration, but I miss the homelike atmosphere of East Cliff where we all knew each other last year. We do not even know the young couple who are occupying the room next to us and from whom we are only separated on the veranda by a curtain. However, we are getting a grand good rest and that is the principal thing.

The last two days we have been visiting with Foochow people. First a lady from the Methodist Mission and yesterday with Mr. Hodous. He told us a lot about our Foochow friends and especially of Will, Ellen, and the little girls. He said there had been a little school of four little girls in their compound this winter which every one had enjoyed. Then he told of an entertainment that Marjorie and Kathleen arranged and gave with the other two girls. There were nineteen numbers and they carried it off perfectly even to printed programs and with Will as master of ceremonies. He told us also just how Ellen came to get her knee injured and that she had managed to carry on her work at the college and the care of her house just the same. It was more serious than an ordinary break would have been but she is better now.

Everything has been eclipsed this past week by events here in Peking. When Mary and I left, Peking last week the city was gay with the old dragon flags and the first news after reaching Peitaiho was that of Chang Hsun's waking up the little emperor at 2 A.M. on Tuesday and proclaiming him emperor. Every one seemed to have been intimidated and some of the people kowtowed so long and so hard that their heads bled with the prolonged ceremony. The little emperor remonstrated even to kicks with Chang Hsun for waking him out of his sleep and his family begged to be let alone but to no purpose. The empire (?) lasted just about a week, and then the five colored flags came out again. In the meantime the railroad between Peking and Tientsin was torn up at Feng Tai Junction and there was a battle there in which Chang Hsun's troops were driven back to the city and a little later he fled to the Dutch Legation for refuge. He wanted to flee, as the Tartar royalty has so often done, to Jehol but he was not sure of his reception there so he had to take up with the foreign legations. President Li is still at the Japanese legation. Just what will be done with Chang Hsun no one knows. He has broken the 1901 treaty with the foreign countries by tearing up the railroad between Peking and Tientsin so I should think this would give the legations the right of influencing the decision. To show you how the Chinese can squirm themselves out of a hard corner, Chang

Hsun is saying this. He tho't he could help his country to solve a problem and he could pay back a good turn to the Empress Dowager's family, by coming to Peking, but since no one likes what he has done he will go back to Shantung and be good. Down there he has 30000 troops. Mr. Hodous says he thinks there is a bit of truth to this. Tran Chi Jui had promised his support – as also some others- but when Chang Hsun came to be the No.1 man and they saw numbers below they realized too late that they were left out and so now every one is in a fix. There has been fighting near Peking with bullets flying over the city. Some spectators on the wall got hurt- two Americans and an Italian. They had no business to be there- except for curiosity. The legations have ordered all foreigners who live near the Forbidden City to move into the legations or extreme eastern part of the city. There are over 2000 people in the Methodist compound. This must be some more than usually live there, but it is a huge place with large college buildings. The largest part of these must be Chinese seeking refuge among the foreigners. Word to-day says everything is again quiet. We are waiting to hear more from the people who got through from Peking this morning by train.

Enclosed is the "duplicate" draft of the one Mary sent last week. I hope that reached you safely. We may send some more home if exchange stays where it is for it is an excellent time to change our silver into gold. A dollar gold can be bought now for about \$1.51 and we have had to pay as high as \$2.40 for it. As soon as the war is over the silver situation should swing back some, though perhaps not to the other extreme.

I am also enclosing a list of things and purchases that I do hope you will not find too much to attend to. Will you please send the things out by parcel post as it is just as cheap and much more rapid. I should like to know the prices of the things you buy so that I can credit myself here with them.

We have heard that Mrs. Corbett has visited you, and are delighted. Didn't you enjoy her? I know Ruth would have liked to know her. It is the hardest thing to try to realize home without Ruth. I sometimes awaken at night rather suddenly with the thought that Ruth is not there, and even the obituary in the paper seems an impossible truth. I am glad Will's children are with you both for their sakes and yours. It is a great comfort to think of you all together.

I do hope not to miss any more turns for writing to you from now on. It seems as though with the extra help in school we ought not to be so pressed with work during this coming year.

With love to you all and kindest remembrances to Morris Kinnear, I am,

Yours- Flora Beard,

Peitaiho

July 15, 1917.

*[This letter dated **July 15, 1917** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. There was a storm but their Kuliang house is safe. The rice on the plain may be damaged. There is now a Kuliang Council that takes care of roads, tests milk, collects garbage, etc. Willard tells Phebe not to let newspaper reports on China to disturb her. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kuliang, Foochow, China.

July 15th 1917

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

Letters came this past week from Gould, Aunt Phebe, Grandma, and Mrs. Bean. Mrs. Bean mentions the letter you wrote to her and the joy it gave her. I have been so very busy the past year that my letters to her were less frequent than formerly, and the three weeks last Fall while the Dengue had me in its grasp made my silence then longer than usual. I am afraid she gets lonely at times. She misses Mr. Ide who was very faithful in calling on her when she was shut in. Writing to such as she is or doing anything to bring sunshine into their lives is the nearest to a work of merit that we can do here on Earth, and it pleases me much to learn that you can find time and have the inclination to write her.

I had two letters from my friend in Kansas City in the last mail. Each letter contained a \$5.00 bill. I was in Foochow when I received them and I put them into the safe. The next time I go down I will try to send them on to some of you. This is my best way of sending money to you, - it saves all loss from exchange.

I went down to Foochow last Wed. a.m. Mama went with me- she to see the dentist- There is no dentist on Kuliang this year. We were off before 5 a.m. and in our Foochow house about 7:45 a.m. Mama came back that afternoon. The girlies were awake when we left in the morning. They took breakfast rather early and as we had arranged went over to stay with Mrs. Belcher. (Mr. Belcher has purchased Dr. Bliss' house.) They got over to Mrs. Belcher's before they were up. I had a Comm. meeting at 4 p.m. which lasted till after 6 so I had to remain over night. I was ready to start up at 4 a.m. next morning, but the coolies did not come for me till 5:15. However I found

the girlies in bed when I arrived about 8 a.m. The wind was blowing and the Chinese were asking if there was to be a typhoon. Friday night the wind blew faster than the Zepher rate and rain fell. Our house was all right. But Mr. McLachlin's house, now sold to Mr. Hughes of Amoy and rented to Mr. Leafe of the Y.M.C.A. leaked very badly. I went up to see them yesterday before breakfast. They were pretty wet but happy. The storm has done comparatively slight damage to houses here. I am afraid the rice on the plain is injured. They were reaping one field as I came up Thursday morning. To have such a heavy wind and beating rain at the time of harvest is damaging.

Kuliang is getting a modern if not a model settlement. We now have the Kuliang Council in place of the Kuliang Improvement Committee and a lot of other committees. This council has charge of Roads, Bath, Club, Coolies, -tests milk- collects garbage- in fact has charge of all Kuliang interests except the Public Tennis Courts. We buy, sell and rent cottages on commission also repair them. O yes we do not have charge of the church.

Kuliang is not full this year. Two houses are not rented and several rooms are for rent.

We have our cook and two students here this summer to help us. One of the students is doing our washing and ironing- and doing very well.

I wonder if the muddle in Peking is disturbing you. I hope that you all have gotten used to reports from China and do not allow what the papers say to disturb you. It is a fact I think that Kang Weu Wei the reformer of 1898 went to Peking and had something to do with shelving President Lu Yuan Hung and getting the 13 yr. old boy Emperor to accept the throne. But that seems now to be over and China is again a Republic.

There was fighting in some places- just how much no one knows now. A battle took place between the soldiers of Gen'l Li of Foochow and Cantonese soldiers- near Swatau and the report is that some 500 were killed, - Foochow is quiet.

Marjorie is an inveterate reader. She has just finished The Winning of Barbara Worth. She is a good thinker also. The fact that she is oldest girl on the mountain makes her a little bit embarrassed sometimes. I am trying to help both girls in Arithmetic. They are not natural mathematicians, and Kathleen does take naturally to anything that means close application. She is the baby and uses that fact for its full value to get her own way. I hope this will not lead to her developing toward selfishness. It seems to be helping Monnie to be less selfish.

In the last mail I sent to Gould two orders to draw money from his account in the Putnam Savings Bank.

We are very happy as we think of you four at the Beard home- happy because we believe you are of use there in material and spiritual ways and happy because in this time of stress and unnatural conditions we believe you are in good company and surrounded by good influences.

We tell God all of our hearts desires for you often each day, and we hope He will make it possible for you all to be in school again next Fall. Very lovingly your Father

Willard L. Beard

Give our love to all the folks- Grandpa, Grandma, Aunts Phebe, Elizabeth, Uncles Oliver, Ben, Stanley- Aunts Grace, Abbie and Myra and all the cousins when you see them.

[This letter, dated July 22, 1917, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the family. They have had some rainy weather at Pei Tai Ho including the edge of a typhoon. She tells of Mary Corbett-Smith's experience as an interpreter for the legation and took groups to the palace and were entertained by the Empress Dowager and the Princesses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 22, 1917

Rocky Point, Pei Tai Ho.

Dear Family-

We have been here nearly three weeks. This last week we had the edge and part of the middle of a typhoon. It began Sunday with a cloudy day- and a heavy rain in the evening. We all slept(?) outside but way round on the protected end of the porch. How the lienzas did rattle! How the surf roared and the wind howled! How the rain did beat in on to me altho I was fifteen feet from the edge and barricaded with chairs covered with a large oilskin! Soon after daylight we moved in beds and bedding while the storm raged all day and a second night. It was Thursday before we slept out again and that night it rained a little. Today is a clear and drying day for the first time, altho we have had considerable sunshine off and on.

Flora probably wrote of the tea for Miss Clarke of Foochow to which we went a week ago Friday. Miss Clarke called on us on Wednesday and we had a fine visit. I was just getting ready for my afternoon glass of milk so got out cookies and served tea to all hands. On Friday Mrs. Cannon had a cup of tea with us.

I am feeling a whole lot more like myself and am even venturing to eat a few things like ordinary folk now. Flora dictates (no suggests) and I partake. Generally it is all right and if not I steer clear of the article next time.

Wednesday A.M. Our clear sky was short lived. It seems to rain these days without any effort at all. The clouds just hang over head all the time and periodically open and let the water descend. It is our first real experience of a rainy season because two years ago we had exceptionally dry weather in the south and last year almost no rain here in the north. We dodge showers in going to and from meals.

We have had fun playing "Rook" one or two evenings. I have discovered ways of playing solitaire with my Rook cards and have done it a few times.

Last Sunday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Corbett-Smith for supper. She was Miss May Corbett, sister of Mr. Clark Corbett and taught music at the American Board Academy for five years before her marriage. She was official interpreter for the legation and went with parties into the palace to the court on an average of twice a week during those five years. She told us of some of her experiences and it was fascinating.

She was after the days of the "Old Buddah" and the baby Emperor was only two years old. On her first visit she said he sat in Royal regalia almost lost in the huge throne chair. But he was not afraid and watched with interest all these foreign ladies as they passed before him and bowed deeply. They were entertained by the Empress Dowager and the Princesses and had a feast spread for them. The six Princesses ate with them but the Empress excused herself. Mrs. Smith said that sometimes the questions she was asked to translate and the remarks were so rude that she was put to it to know what to say. Once she got some exceptionally rude people and could not repeat anything they said so she said she took them for a trip through the Mediterranean stopping at various places in Greece and Italy and the court ladies enjoyed it immensely. Another time she took a party of sixteen in and had a stupendous task to translate and play the part of sixteen separate individuals. When they went from the legations, official chairs were sent out for them. Closed ones would meet them and take them to the palace gates. There a guard was stationed and also open chairs because now they were away from the gaze of the public. At the door of the palace the Princesses met them and conducted them to the audience room where would be the Empress and Emperor ready to receive them. The Republic was established before Miss Corbett was married and Mrs. Calhoun, wife of the American Minister was leaving for home. She wanted to make a goodbye call on the Empress Dowager, so Miss Corbett sent to one of the Princesses and asked for an audience. She said it was most touching to see the gratitude of the Empress because Mrs. Calhoun considered it worth while to call on her in her fallen state.

Yesterday morning I was wakened about six by the jolting of a heavy cart. The jolting waned and instead I heard frequent snaps of a long-lashed whip. Finally I sat up and saw a cart loaded with stone stuck in the ditch just below our house. The driver was whipping the horses unmercifully. I couldn't stand it so I got into kimono and slippers and went to the steps. I shouted in Chinese "Stop! They can not do it. Put some things outside." (I do not know the word for stones.) They caught my meaning and took out several stones. Still the horses couldn't move the cart and the thrashing recommenced. That time I went down the steps and started toward them and shouted, "Stop that" in English. It was magical. The driver threw his whip away and began piling out stone in a hurry. That time they got away.

Miss Payne amused [*or consoled?*] me by saying that they probably thought I was reviling[?] them when I talked English at them so fast. When they talk rapidly under like conditions they would say things but not indistinct.

Last week we received letters from Mother and from Mrs. Corbett telling of Mrs. Corbett's visit. I am so very glad that she visited you and that you liked her so well. I knew you would like her because she is such a very fine young woman. She is a fair sample of the friends we have at Tungchow so you see we have friends worth while. Mrs. Corbett wrote so sweetly of you all and how bravely and nobly you are all during these hard days when Ruth's place is so terribly empty.

Willard has sent us Gould's letter telling of his plans, to help Father till the crops are safe then to enlist somewhere from the aviation core down. I can not realize that he is old enough to really be off to the war but he is.

It is Thursday morning and a letter from Myra and Stanley has just come. I am so glad that Myra is so much better- and that they have so much cause for happiness. A post script told of the arrival of Rebecca Mary Haviland on June 20th. I fear my little cap did not arrive on time to welcome her because I mislaid it and so could not send it when I intended.

Are you people searching for a Christmas present for me? My poor old Bible which I had in college has a broken back and I have had to paste in several loose sheets. It is a revised version of 1881-1885- and I would rather like the same version again as I am used to it. It has seen hard wear because I have used it in school all the three years I have been here and it has been the only one I had.

I told Flora I was debating as to whether I preferred a Bible or a fashion magazine for Christmas. A queer choice, is it not? As I can borrow fashion magazines I decided on the Bible.

The sun is out again and I have gotten my books and other things out to "sky" them. They need it for there is a fine crop of mold in the books.

Lots of love to you all. I hope to hear that Uncle Daniels' heart and Aunt Ella's colds are better. Keep well please and may God bless you all.

Lovingly
Mary.

*[This letter dated **July 22, 1917** was written by Willard to his daughter, Dorothy. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. He writes from Kuliang and touches upon various subjects. They have two women boarding in their house and Ellen's knee is getting better. They have had rain because of typhoons.]*

Kuliang, Foochow
July 22nd 1917

Dear Dorothy:-

We are having a Writing Bee this afternoon. Marjorie and Kathleen and Mama have all been writing. The girlies are still at it writing to Aunt Etta's children and Rachel Hodous.

We are having a wet season on Kuliang this year all right. Last week we had a typhoon and another is just getting thru now- we hope. Mama and the girlies had a beautiful Sabbath the first Sunday they were here. Since then every [day] has been rainy and windy. Mama has not yet been to church. The girlies and I have been two Sundays and I went today- alone for the weather was so bad – about 75 out. Mama is walking all over the mountain.

Last Wednesday we all went over to Dr. Walkers to the mission picnic and Mama walked both ways.

Did I write you that we all went over to the Bath last Monday and the girlies and I went in bathing? Marjorie can swim pretty well. If the typhoons let up and she gets a chance she should be a good swimmer by September.

We have two ladies in our extra room. Miss Ehly and Miss McClurg of the Meth. Mission. Mr. Leake had rented the house Mr. Mac used to own. The typhoon ten days ago blew off a lot of tiles and the water came in all over the house. Mr. Leake knew that those ladies wanted to rent half of their house. But he wanted a whole house so he could take in Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw Y.M.C.A. of Amoy. So the ladies came up to us and rented their whole house to Mr. Leake. We are very fortunate in having had our house newly roofed this spring. In only one corner of the room back of the amah's room has it leaked at all.

Mama and I have both promised to sing in the choir!!!

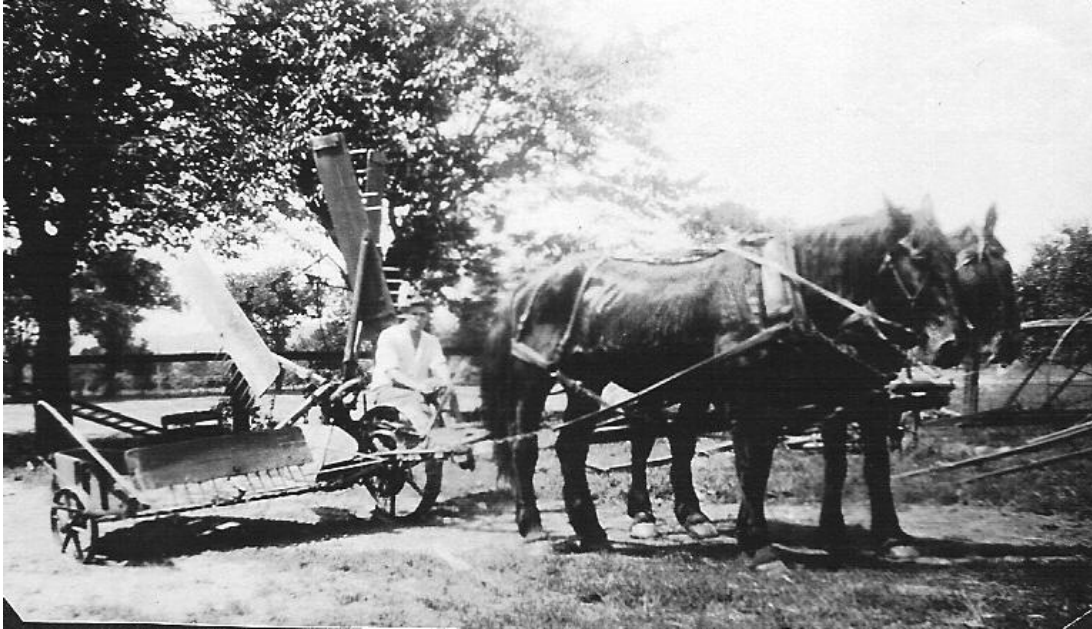
Your photos came all right and we thought the one of you especially was very good. Before this reaches you Mama's letter with the photos of the girlies will have been received by you.

These rainy days are good for rest. This is the third day I have done nothing but read, write and play flinch. It is interesting too [to] see the younger men taking hold of things on Kuliang. Mr. Belcher is a very efficient Sec'y of the Council, and people are placing confidence in him. He is a good business man also.

A year ago we were spending every minute to get ready to say good bye and put the world between the two halves of the family. God has been good to us all the year. Our plans may not all have been carried out just as we thought to carry them out but He has prepared good things for us all the way. Geraldine was with near relatives when she was ill and she is recovered. Mama's knee seems to be going to be all right. She has been and still is very careful of it and she does something new and natural with it every few days and we hardly notice a limp as she goes about the house. She does not yet kneel. It seems strange to her to be on the mountain with no amah, but it is one less servant to have around and thus far we have made our own beds. The girlies are to receive each two cents a week for making the beds.

I have been able to help so that no one's bank account has been diminished during the year- unless Phebe drew some. The mission has asked the Board to reckon exchange at 50 that is give enough salary so we can realize on our f?? salary of \$500-gold \$1000 silver. This last half year we have had to take our salary at -604 that means only \$827 + [unreadable number]. If the 2 for 1 rate that we ask is granted we shall be all right.

You are right in the midst of haying now on the farm- how I should enjoy getting into that work for a month. One of the things that I had anticipated doing while at home last summer was to get into the hay field as one of the workers but weather, other business and every thing else seemed to conspire to keep me off the mowing machine, horse rake and hay wagon. I wonder if you girls are riding the horse rake-or do you find enough to do to feed the men,- and yourselves.



This is probably the Century Farm "horse rake" that Willard refers to. Unidentified man sitting on it.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

There is no change in the political situation that I know of. Did I write that the last letters from Phebe and Geraldine brought their detailed accounts up to date. Thank them for these. They are very interesting to me as well as helpful to them.

Mr. Ding Ming Uong's mother passed away a week ago today. I have heard no particulars. She had her 76th birthday=75 years old-last fall. She has been comfortable all the time. She simply went to sleep. She has been one of the most- if not the most active of any of the pastor's wives in Christian work. She used to stand before large audience of men and women and preach as effectively as her husband, and in personal ministrations to the poor especially of the Christians she was always at work. In their early life they were very poor. She had twelve children. All of them except the youngest have been in Christian service. There are only three living. Min Nong, a daughter with eight bright children and the youngest son- a nice Christian boy with a wife and two little boys now in the employ of the Standard Oil Co. in Foochow. He and Ming Uong were with her.

Give all of our love to all in the home

Lovingly your Father

Willard L Beard

*[This letter date **July 29, 1917** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks about the weather and flooding, a local wedding, a letter from President King and the recent passing of his sister Ruth Beard.]*

Kuliang Foochow, China

July 29th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The weather here reminds me of our last week in Putnam a year ago. Only we have had more rain here. In 8 days 15 inches fell. We have not had a pleasant day or an hour of steady sunshine in two weeks. Houses on the mountain are leaking badly and it is impossible to fix them while it rains. Our house is all right- one leak in one corner of one room.

Our boarders came back yesterday. I went to Foochow Thursday. Of course I got wet. I expected to. But a graduate of the College had set Thursday as his wedding day and he wanted me to marry him. He wrote me that 3 pm was the hour. I went to the house at that hour and after sitting a short time he said the bride had not arrived and it might be 5 pm before she got there- her home was just around the corner in the next block, two minutes away. So I went back home and worked and got together all the things that Mama and the girlies wanted and went again at 6

pm. But the hour was again put to 8 pm so I returned and got supper with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and went the third time at 8:30. This time the bride was there and the wedding came off. I sat thru the feast for sociability altho I did not eat much after having had supper with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear.

It rained whole water from 9 to 11 pm. I got a rickshaw home- to the foot of the steps that lead up to the compound. As I stepped out of the ricksha a young man met me. Some four inches of water was flowing down over the steps the whole width of the street. I had on my new Karl Dektor shoes. But I had to wade. Friday morning I came back to the mountain. It did not rain across the plain but the last half of the way up the mountain it rained all the way. It was sad to ride for over an hour thru the rice fields and see the people in rain hats and rain clothes reaping the rice. They had to pull it out of water and carry it home to thresh it. I should say fully half of it was sprouted with sprouts over an inch long. This of course makes food- rice very dear and fruit very cheap for it is difficult to market it in rainy weather. Dikes and house walls have broken and fallen in several places.

I was much interested to see by the 'Sentinel' that came from the aunts in the north, this last week that the people over in Huntington had hopes of getting Mr. Kenneston to be their pastor. I hope it is true for I think he could help them. He knows them and they know him.

The rainy weather has not been very hard on us. People from out of port and young people here for the first time think it is pretty tough to be so confined for so long a time. But we have had a tight roof over us and it has been quiet. I have greatly appreciated the rest. Each day I have had an hour or more to help the girlies in Arithmetic and we have played flinch- at which the girlies are quite expert. And how we all have slept. Our breakfast hour is 9:30-10 a.m. and our go to bed hour 9 p.m. We all came up tired and we are getting nicely rested. This is fortunate for next week work begins.

This year I find myself President of the Fukien Education Association and chairman of the conference on Evangelism and with one of the addresses in the Kuliang Convention. These with the other work as member of the Kuliang Council will take some of the odd minutes after I finish each day with my Arith. pupils.

While in Foochow last Thursday I heard a small canon roaring away up on what we call temple hill, near the compound. On enquiring the cause I was told I Poh Tieng= they are shooting heaven. Why? To make heaven stop sending rain. But the heaven was not greatly scared. There was also another rumor that Sun Yat Sen was in Canton trying to get five of the Southern provinces to form a new Republic and that the Cantonese army was coming to fight Fukien. Poor China! If she can hold together against the senseless, selfish, enthusiasts inside her own borders she need fear nothing from outside.

We shall anticipate reading Phebe's account of the Y.W. Conference at Eaglesmere, and her visit in Mt. Vernon also Dorothy's account of her interesting trip from Oberlin to Shelton.

I received from President King a very interesting and sane letter urging the young men to continue their college studies in preparation for reconstruction work after the war ceases. I have thought along the same line. This letter is so sane and takes such a far look with the future as well as such a broad look for the interests of the world that I am sending it with this in case you have not seen it. The young men who go to war now are not the only patriots. Others who stand by their preparations and hold themselves ready to help build up the world when this storm of destruction stops will be doing their country as great a service.

It is still a great pleasure to think of you all at Century Farm and I ask God every day to make you each a helper in all ways. No one can fill Aunt Ruth's place, but you can help to keep fresh and ever present that spirit of loving service and good cheer which she always personified.

I am still asking to be with you all. How I should enjoy two weeks at the farm.

Mama's knee improves all the time- slowly. She cannot yet kneel,- walks all right.

May God be with you all to bless, keep, comfort guide and use you. Give our best love to Grandpa, Grandma and all the uncles and aunts

Lovingly- your father Willard L Beard

[This letter dated Aug. 2, 1917 was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are getting lots of rest but expect people to start wanting more activities once everyone is rested. She talks about Chang Hsun going to Peking and the trouble he caused. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Aug. 2, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

These are rather uneventful weeks here in our quiet house by the sea. We go to bed early and get up late. The babies cry occasionally; we go to our meals and down to the store (Sun Mow's) for our breakfast "bus"; we do some reading, very little writing and make a few calls- then it's time to go back to bed again. It is having the

desired effect on both of us, for Mary is again eating like the rest of us and is going into the water again. We are going to be a little more lively from now on because the whole place takes on a more social aspect. People are beginning to get rested and want to do something. I have been reading several books and have just started "The Love of Cathay" by Dr. W.A.P. Martin. We have often seen Dr. Martin in Peking, and it was only last winter that he died- nearly 90 years of age. He has not been at all active- mentally- since we have known him, but he has attended all meetings, social events, and graduations just as punctilious as in former times. One book I have enjoyed is Mrs. [Sarah] Conger's "Letters from Peking." From them we can see how greatly China has progressed since 1900- especially what rapid strides were made in the first three years after the siege [Boxer Rebellion]. Her glimpses of life within the "Forbidden City" supplements the books I have been reading- China Under the Empress Dowager and Court Life at Peking, both by [John] Bland and [Edmund] Backhouse- in a very interesting manner for one gets a very opposite side of the "Old Buddha", but read from Mrs. Conger's letters in the lights of the B. and B. chronicles one can see truths in between the lines. The character of the "Old Buddha" is well worth studying even if it does not inspire one with a deep love for the woman. She certainly will be reckoned among the great women of history.

Mr. Hodous of Foochow is spending the summer here in Peitaiho so we see him occasionally. He is studying Mandarin, but it is rumored that he is writing a book. He has told us a lot of Foochow news.

The excitement occasioned by Chang Hsun's coming to Peking seems to have died down in the city. We hear of disquiet farther away, but we hope it is just the natural dying out of his cause. The paper says that he is still in Peking but virtually a prisoner. Yesterday's paper says that the Vice President has finally accepted the invitation to come to Peking and be president. Some friends leaving Peking saw the trains bringing him and his retinue. Also I see in the papers that Parliament is to be reconvened, which is another score for democracy. If these men can go on now and finish drafting the constitution then these may be something to help keep affairs more stable. It is remarkable how we proceed on our ways exactly as though there were no unrest. No one seems to be disturbed except the people directly concerned. We were anxious for a week or two, but when we asked how our friends felt who were in Peking, it was their curiosity that had been aroused, not fear. One of our missionaries, who was supposed by his wife to be safe in Tungchou, was in Peking riding about on his bicycle seeing the sights. - even though the bullets were whizzing over his head. He would return every hour or two to the Amer. Bd. Compound to let them know of his safety and then be off again. The Chinese shot almost entirely into the air so the list of casualties was extremely short in comparison to the amount of ammunition used. Some one who saw Chang Hsun says that he seems quite broken so that it looks as if he might be willing to let affairs alone now. I think he ought to be dealt with in some manner so conclusive that there would be no possible chance of his interference again. For some reason he has had a tremendous influence in China since the Boxer uprising and every time he has moved Chinese authorities have been paralyzed. The outcome of this revolution should give the democratic parties courage to proceed in their plans and hopes.

A friend is just going in the direction of the P.O., so I will close for this time.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Peitaiho,

Aug. 2, 1917.

[This letter, dated August 7, 1917, was written from Rocky Point, Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the home folk. She is enjoying her days at Pei Tai Ho with swimming, concerts and tennis. A group from Pei Tai Ho has gone to Mongolia. Mary hopes that Willard and his family will come to Pei Tai Ho next summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Rocky Point.

August 7, 1917

Dear Home Folk,

How these weeks are flying! It is five weeks today since we arrived here. I feel like a new woman- and am eating everything and lots of it, swimming, walking, playing tennis and omitting none of the summer stunts. It is a good thing that we got our rest in early in our stay because now there are so many folk around that we have but little quiet. Mrs. Grant and Delnoce have taken a room in the other end of the house, Mrs. Adams is here with Mrs. Cannon and her brother, Mr. Stiles is also with her. It keeps our porch horribly noisy and unrestful.

Aug. 15- Well our household still grows. Two friends of the Grants are here now. Mrs. Reeds, the owner of the home, yesterday told Mrs. G. and Mrs. A. that she wanted the house to be quiet every afternoon during nap time so

that any who wanted could rest, also that it was hardly fair to have eleven people camped on our porch all the time. We are grateful and yesterday we were the quietest yet. The swimming has been most glorious this week. For two days it was very rough with glorious breakers against which we could hardly swim; then the last two days it was like swimming in a sea of glass. It was a grand chance to practice new strokes and I have at last gotten the so-called "scissor-stroke" with my legs and feet. Mr. Porter told me yesterday that I had it perfectly. On Saturday I went in twice, before breakfast and before lunch and swam out to the boat twice each time. Yesterday being Sunday I went only for my early dip and not for a good long soak and swim. We have great fun diving off the boat. I have found out a way of swimming all the way to shore. I flop onto my back and swim over the sandbar where the water is too shallow for either side or face swimming.

On Saturday a week ago we had the usual concert. It was good but not so fine as some of the others. This last Saturday was one of the finest yet. Several of the artists were new to me. A Miss Christiansen has a wonderfully fine soprano voice and we encored so vociferously that she gave us two encores. Mrs. Wilson came last and gave us a single encore. We begged for a second but she was obdurate.

Last week two large parties went off for a long trip to the mountains. The Porter party had what they term "a perfect trip". The other party brought one young lady home on a stretcher overcome with the sun and one of the men had a sprained ankle. One of the mountains had to be climbed by chain ladders at the top because the cliffs are so precipitous.

The tennis tournament is on and we went over and watched a wonderfully fine match one afternoon. It was between the two men who have each been champion here at different times. Some of the plays were very spectacular. Once the ball nearly hit the back line and bounced very high. Mr. Hubbard ran way out of the court and sent the ball back when his back was toward the net and he had to jump for it too.

We had a fine letter from Willard last night. They were having "rain" and had been having it for two weeks. We could sympathize for we had rain too awhile ago. Now we are having hot weather with an occasional thunder storm. The rain cools the air and makes us ready for the next hot spell. Last night we were so cool that we had to sleep under blankets. Did I write you that I bought a quilt just like a regular old fashioned kind, at the last "sale". It has been just the thing for cool nights.

The Mongolia parties are at last heard from. The second party got in all right, but were nine days making a three day's trip. The bandits were more afraid of them than they of the bandits and so fled when their coming was heralded. Both parties were safely back in Kalgan. The experiences would have been thrilling and I almost wish I had been there with them. There was a long article in the paper about some soldiers going up to rescue them from bandits. They saw the soldiers and directed them toward a fine bunch of antelope they saw the day before and that was as near to a rescue as they needed.

Little Alice Wickes arrived this last week. She was six pounds and is a beautiful baby, dark hair and skin and only a pretty pink not red. We called on her when 18 hours old and I saw her again when three days. Their nurse had to leave when the baby was only two days old and they had a hard time getting another. Now they have a Chinese nurse.



Written in album: "Fanny and Alice, aged 2 months"

[*Fanny and baby Alice Wickes, about October 1917. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Dr. Love had been ill but was out in time to care for Mrs. Wickes.

We are looking for a home or part of a home which we may rent for next season here in the hope that Willard and his family will be able to come north. We thought of taking the two rooms here where we are this year but have decided against it because the court for the servants is so very small. A Chinese family have let the other end and we are advised against having to mingle our servants so closely with theirs. As neighbors they would be most pleasant I am sure as we already know them.

Please extend my congratulations in the growing Space family. I suppose the twins are grown to where I would not know them.

I'm going to walk to East Cliff this afternoon with Jennie Payne and we start in about one hour so if I am to get any rest I must be at it. I also want this letter to be off tonight. We are so glad to get each and every one of your letters, Mother and Phebe send. They are such a comfort altho they always bring the tears to the days. Willard sent us a letter of Gould's written partly on May 6th and finished on the 13th. What a man with a man's understanding he is going to be.

Lots of love and may God bless and keep you all safe.

Mary.

[*This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 22, 1917, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Elisabeth (Elizabeth). Willard talks about Gould and the possibility of his going to war. He tells a little of Kathleen's and Marjorie's activities. Foochow has not been affected much by the current political situation. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Aug. 22nd. 1917

Dear Elisabeth:-

The last mail brought your letter of July 16th with its enclosures re my Life Insurance. This business I will send direct to Mr. Johnson. The nine dollars for this year I will let go and ask only that beginning with 1918 the

dividend be paid in cash to Phebe K. About the mortgage, I am not anxious only when you decide what to do let me know. There is no reason why Phebe K. could not do all my business at home now, or if Gould goes back to school he could do it. If he goes to Europe it would not be well to trust such things to him.

The one hundred dollars I would like put in the Putnam National Bank to my account there (First National Bank of Putnam). I have done this way with money from the states this last year. It is easier for me to do this and use other money for the work here. Then there is no loss or bother from exchange. From your letter I judge there is no stipulation as to what work I am to use it in.

This came to me as a complete surprise. I have not thought of this side of Ruth's home going at all. Every letter that comes from home has some new item of interest regarding Ruth. Stanley's remark that she thought of too many things before going to the Hospital, is very true.

I have written Gould every week this summer since we heard that he had any thoughts of going to the war. I have not told him not to go, but prefer that he should go on with his studies. If he gives up his study now it is very doubtful if he ever takes it up again. The country will need men in all branches of commercial, scientific and educational life to help reconstruct the world when this war is over. If all the young men in the schools now leave and go to the war the country will simply have no men fitted for these large and essential tasks. England is already experiencing the loss of arms. These young men are no more. In any call such as has gone out in the U.S. for volunteers there is sure to be a great rush at first. Sentiment runs high and a man feels as if he were mean, selfish, cowardly not to be the first volunteer. But the more level heads think into the future and they see something in patriotism beside loading a gun and shooting another man. The young men who in the present confusion keeps his head and thinks the problems through will see that there is no dearth of men offering for the war. He will see also that in the near future there will be great need for men in all lines of constructive activity. If there were now an urgent need for men to fill up the ranks of fighters I should feel very differently about Gould's enlisting. But after all is said I do not want to say to him the parental "must." He must decide the question for himself. I can only help him by suggestions.

I did not intend to give such a dissertation on the advisability of a young man's going to the war. But here it is for you to read and criticize- if you want to.

The summer is fast drawing to a close and we are counting the days till we leave the mountain and go back to Foochow. We have had a pleasant summer - with two weeks of rain at the first but since then we have had fine weather. We have been rather quiet, not a day off anywhere yet. One picnic for Kathleen's birthday. But the being absent from the mountain last year and other circumstances have put me into the chair for practically all the conferences, conventions and public meetings. I tell people that I will never be absent from Kuliang for a summer. Tennis has been more interesting than ever. There are more good players here this summer and the games have been very even. We never had more interesting conferences on Evangelism and Education.

The girlies are into all the life of the foreign children. They have their D.T.P. i.e. Doll's Tea Party, that takes more planning than a big folks dinner. They are both learning to swim. Marjorie is leaving the water wings and going alone. They come home from the tank with eyes aglow at the big dives they make. When I ask particularly as the special kind of a dive it resembles a jump feet first or a tumble on the stomach but they are really learning to swim.

We have Miss Ehly and Miss McClurg with us still. They are good company and help to keep things lively. They like flinch and the girlies count it a great treat when the young ladies and papa and mama will give them an evening with the game.

Mr. Christian writes that they are starting from San Francisco Aug. 21, yesterday, to arrive in Shanghai Sept. 14. This will bring them to Foochow just about the time of opening of school. They are to bring with them Mr. and Mrs. Leger for our mission.

Did I write that Mr. Hodous is staying in North China for study of China's religion? He will likely go to the U.S. in October. Mrs. Hodous and the children will likely be in Oberlin this fall. Hodous had a call to leave the mission and join the faculty of Hartford Seminary. I do not think he will change.

As far as we know here the political situation does not greatly affect Foochow. General Li of Foochow has sent 3 or 4 thousand soldiers to meet soldiers said to be coming from Canton. There are said to be spies from Canton in Foochow who are trying to work up sedition here. I was in Foochow last Saturday. I was told that two of these spies were shot Thursday night.

I suppose before this reaches you the children will all be gone. At the farm the family will be Father, Mother, Phebe M. and You. I hope Father will be able to find help for the work.

A letter from Mr. Frank Brewer in the last mail says that he has resigned from Talladega and will now take a church. He says that while they were in the south they heard little of the war - - there was very little interest in it

there. But as soon as they got north the war was in everything. Here it is never absent. It stays in ones subconscious. May God guide and so guide that this may be the last war and so that nations may learn the Golden Rule.

With lots of love to all
Will.

[This letter, dated Aug. 26, 1917, was written from Pei Tai Ho and Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. She has heard some lectures on Mohamedanism. Mary has left on a trip to Shan Hi Kwan. Flora met a Chinese woman who is studying the soy bean. Flora feels that they need to use their garden more since the U.S. will not be able to supply as much due to war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Aug. 26, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

It is just a week too late for me to be writing this letter but since Mary's and my letters for these two weeks will be about totally different experiences I am going to make up for my apparent neglect by writing just the same.

Two weeks ago we had a series of remarkable lectures by a remarkable authority on Mohamedanism. I was quite ignorant on the subject so his words found virgin soil in me. Probably you have heard of him- Dr. Zwemer, who is in the theological school at Cairo, Egypt. He is the author of the most important books about Mohamedanism. One remark of his has a big source of comfort in it in relation to the present war. He says that this war has opened doors into countries that have been locked to all outside religions and that the Mohammedans realize that the bottom has dropped out of their faith and growth. He also exploded that common statement that there were no Christian converts among the Mohammedans. His lectures covered three mornings and he gave besides a good sermon on Sunday and led the weekly prayer-meeting. I did not go to all of his meetings but know that I missed illuminating talks.

Mary and I tried to get some of our calls made up and we looked some at houses for next summer besides having company during that last week so our days were full- and perspiry, for the weather was hot, hotter, hottest!!! Chinese weather is some what more dependable than our New England kind. It gets steadily hot or cold, to a certain limit and then changes as decidedly as one turns at a corner. The corner came one day the week following and now though the days still warm up the nights are comfortable cool and then will be no more stuffy nights this season.

On Monday Mary started off for her trip up Shan hai kwan and I began to pack for Tungchou.

Mrs. Young (whose husband is the Dean of the Rockafeller Medical School in Peking) wanted me to spend a few days with her so I did not have to sleep alone at our room. I spent Tuesday with her and her children and then on Wednesday got packed up for home and took the night train to Tientsin, where I spent two days in shopping. I bought the material for a new silk suit and I will enclose a sample. It is Chinese taffeta and will wear until I get tired of it. I made my last blue silk Chinese taffeta skirt into bloomers to wear on horseback up into Mongolia. They came in quite handy for the donkey riding at Peitaiho. The silk is still as good as new- after eight years of constant wear. I am having a dainty little Japanese woman, in Tientsin, make it. She was born and brought up in Helena, Montana and learned her trade there. She is more than busy and she said she has never advertised. I think I am to have one of the handsomest suits I have ever had. I hope it won't be too much out of style to wear home two years from now. I am also having made an evening dress using the handsome lace waist that I had, to be combined with some light silk. I had the tailor make over my black Japanese silk muslin so that I can wear it with it's black silk slip or a colored one. My wardrobe was at so low an ebb that I have had to stay at home from several functions just because I had nothing to wear. I have had very little new since I left home, and do not intend to spend much more until we start for home in two years.

In Tientsin I met Carl Rehnberg and had tiffin with him and his wife at his home, the next day. He called for me at my hotel and we had a pretty ride out to a newer section of the city where he lives. He wife as a New York girl of the type I do not often meet. She is used to smoking with her husband and the boy passed the cigarettes to me with the ease of an accustomed duty. They have a very pretty home with several fine curios in it although they have been married only since last April. They have stayed in town all summer and the heat has told on Mrs. Rehnberg.

On my ride up to Peking from Tientsin I shared a couple with Dr. Chin. Perhaps you have heard of her, since she has been lecturing in and about New York and several of the papers have been "writing her up." The government of U.S. has sent her back to China to make a study of the "soy bean." We spent some time talking about it and its possibilities, and if I could only have remembered her recipes we might be making some experiments here. It is the commonest bean raised here- and there are many varieties used in China. I would like to send some seed home for you to try if Father would care to experiment. We have one tiny bean which is used to make bean sprouts. These sprouts are very tasty and nourishing. We eat them cooked and in salads and the children are very fond of

them. The soy bean can be used for milk, cheese, and curd which is the foundation for a lot of the Chinese dishes. I have eaten it mixed with tomatoes and corn baked. A bit of history of Dr. Chin may interest you as Dr. Arthur H. Smith told me. She was taken to America when a very small girl and was educated by a lady in Madison, N.J. (whom she told me was 91 years old while she was in America this time). While there she became thoroughly American and wore the foreign dress. She returned to China and married a Portuguese from who she was divorced and took again her Chinese name. She was for a time at the head of a government training hospital for women in Tientsin but it was closed and she was dismissed a little over two years ago. We met her on the steamer when we went to Shanghai in on our way to see Will that summer. She was on her way to America. She knows very little about her own country and is thoroughly American in her interests though she poses as a Chinese woman from China. She can talk most glibly and has a very "catchy" vocabulary, but some way there is something about her that does not quite ring true.

I am sitting here in the front hall of the school building where I have a fine breeze which dispels the heat of this warm day. The building is perfectly quiet as I am its only occupant. I spend my nights with Dr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith. We three are the only foreigners in the compound. This rainy summer has produced a huge second crop of hay in the compound, which is so tall that only the shoulders and heads of passers by can be seen. Unfortunately the floods drowned out our corn field so we shall have little or none of all that we planned. I have saved back seed enough for another year, when we will try again in another place. We are going to have quantities of tomatoes which I am going to have the cook begin to-morrow doing up into catchup and canned tomatoes. He has done up over a hundred quarts of summer fruits and I shall not allow anything to be wasted this fall. We shall have to live "off the land" more than ever now that the U.S. cannot help us out.

In two weeks we shall be open again and evidently we shall have as many pupils as last year even though the war has taken home two families unexpectedly. It is queer that the applicants seem to be mostly girls. Affairs have been so upset here in the vicinity of Peking that people have hesitated to send their children where there may possibly be trouble. With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli,
Aug. 26, 1917.

[This letter, dated Sept. 2, 1917, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and five other women took a trip to Shan Hai Kwan and hiked, climbed and saw the Great Wall. Another day, she and some ladies had a breakfast picnic at the Sand Dunes. She inquires about some of the family members. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Pei Tai Ho, China]
Sept 2. [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

I am trying to write and keep balky clock going at the same time. The clock I fear is losing time in the process as it is too much trouble to lay down my pen the instant it stops.

The last letter I received from you was the one from Mother that Flora left here when she went away a week ago last Wednesday. She may have one awaiting my return.

Last week Monday six of us ladies started for a trip to Shan Hai Kwan [*Northeast of Pei Tai Ho. Mary spelled it also as Shanhaigwan in her photo album.*]. It was a covering morning but we started just the same and it cleared fairly well before we arrived. We stayed four days so had a chance to take some trips. The day we arrived we explored the peaks near the temple where we were staying. In a "tinger" (summer home) near the wall we found a couple who had spent their honeymoon there several years ago and were back for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne". The night's were all stormy; the first one some of us slept on the porches and did not get very wet; the second time three of us were determined to sleep under the old pine tree but about one in the morning we moved in to get dry; the third night we did not even try but all stayed inside.

The days were more clear and on Tuesday we descended into the deep valley behind us. The climb was steep so we slid down and crawled back on all fours. The valley is glorious with it's river flowing over a very rocky bed. In places it spreads out over a broad area covered with small rocks and stones and again it flows through a narrower gorge and forms deep clear pools. In one such pool we went for a swim. The water was perfectly clear, cool and most refreshing after two or more hours of climbing and tramping. Our lunch was eaten under a cliff so perpendicular that it "strutted" and we sat on square flat stones that had fallen from above at some previous date.

One could not help wondering what would happen if one should try to fall when we were by! But it was wonderful to be on one's back and look up, up a sheet rock for about five hundred feet.

On Wednesday we started to explore and found a path which took us along the Great Wall into a valley and up a steep mountain side to a "look-out". It was raining hard by spells so we could not [take] any cameras for pictures. I do wish I had snap shots of us as we climbed up like quadrupeds over the rocks. Where the rocks were two sheer steps were chiseled out- and we pulled ourselves up by clinging to the wall at the side. One spot made me hesitate about going on for a time. It was solid rock at an angle of about 45 degrees from the perpendicular. A six inch path was chiseled out for us to cross on. My, but I am glad I went on for the views were worth it. From the tower we looked to the south across the plain where we saw the Great Wall zigzagging out to the ocean and to the east we overlooked a series of peaks each a little lower than ourselves and tapering to nice hillsides. On the north was a steep descent into the valley where we had been the day before and beyond four or five ranges of mountains. To the west was the valley we had ascended from and the mountain peak around which was the temple where we were staying. Way off to the south west was a curve in the short line and we knew that "East Cliff" lay out near the point. We were so glad that the clouds lifted and showed us all these beauties during the few minutes we stood on the "lookout" and tried to imagine the use the Chinese made of it way back some thousand or so years ago. I wonder why it was thought necessary to build a wall up that steep mountain side at all for without the made steps it is quite impassable.

We came home on Thursday and I found that Mrs. Reed had seen Flora off all safely the night before. On Friday morning I got our "boy" off to meet Flora in Tientsin that evening. It was a very rainy day but I had a glorious sea bath bathing with the waves. In the afternoon I went to tea at Mrs. Mathers, a Holyoke girl about eight years before me.

As the gay crowd was still inhabiting our porch I accepted Mrs. Young's invitation to sleep at her home for Thursday and Friday nights. On Saturday Mrs. Wickes asked me to come to her for the week. Her husband had had to go to the "Western Hills" near Peking for a conference and she was lonesome alone. Little Alice Wickes was not quite three weeks old so she was also a little nervous. I was there just a week and did enjoy it although it was a very quiet time. Little Alice is a treasure, pretty as a picture and very good.

On Thursday morning I went with a party of ladies for a breakfast picnic to the Sand Dunes. It was a fine day to go because the sun was not very bright. We went in bathing suits and it was well we did for in one place we waded nearly up to our armpits. If our snapshots which I took are good I will send you some so that you may see what a "kid" I am when I get a good chance.

I expect to return to Peking this Tuesday so as to be organized while Flora spends Thursday and Friday in Tientsin. Last night I returned, bag and baggage, to my old room here at Mrs. Reed's because Mr. Wickes came back. I am going to take two meals a day up there but get my own breakfast.

The London Mission Lady, Mrs. Howard-Smith, who had been our neighbor at Tungchow last year, is lying fatally ill here. She has uremia and meningitis both and neither disease will respond at all to treatment. There have been three doctors and four nurses on the care. For over a week she has been unconscious even though her temperature has been as low at 99 degrees. Generally it has been above 105 and even 107.

Mother's last letter was very newsy. I am so glad that Mr. Kenneston has accepted the Huntington call. It ought to be good for him and for the church both and he already knows some of the people.

I wish we had some of your fine cherries. The ones we get here are natural fruit and very small and sour. They are good when canned but not out of hand. We each had three "White Orchard" cherries from Mr. Corbett's tree this spring. A feast? Yes, out here.

I look to hear that Uncle Daniel [Nichols] is better. Please give my best love to him and Aunt Ella. I always mean to write but it is such a lark to get all my correspondence done.

I hope that Mr. Palmer's fall proved no more serious than you thought before.

I will write Abbie soon a word of sympathy. I am glad to know that Mrs. Hubble can stay in her own home and not have to move off somewhere.

I wonder where Gould will be when this reaches you. His plans for being off for service our country were quite sure. Will Monnie go too? When did the girls return to Shelton and is Geraldine quite recovered? Gould's letters to his father have been so appreciative of you all and your bravery. I feel that he must have been a comfort to you as well as you to him. How is Elizabeth? I do hope she continues well, with no setbacks.

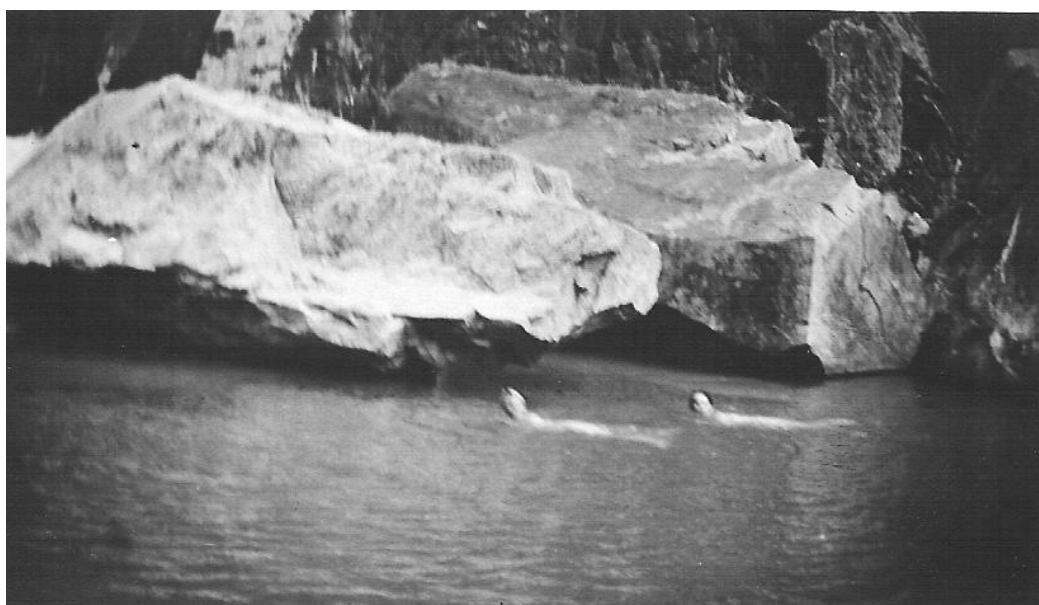
May God be good to you and keep you well and give you comfort is my daily prayer.

Lots of love

Mary.



"On Shanhaikuan 1917" L to R: Alice Reed, Josie Horn, Mary, Alzina Munger, Jessie Payne
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Alice Reed and I swimming in a pool in the valley behind Shan Hai Kuan. Impromptu suits!" *[Mary is on the left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



Written on back of photo: "Our party en route for the sand dunes, August 30, 1917. I took the picture."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "This is steeper than it looks so the necessity of crawling on four extremities is forced as it seems. I am behind the camera."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "Sliding head first down the sand dunes. I am under the cross "[third from left. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"An old beggar who used to visit our front steps at Peitaiho this summer."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



"Fruit and vegetable store, Pei Tai Ho"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Sept. 2, 1917 was written by "Pauline", presumably a friend to Phebe Kinney Beard. Pauline mentions a conference Phebe attended and that Mrs. Eddy was one of her foster mothers. She mentions people that they both know. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nippon Dusen Kaisha

S.S. "Hitachi Maru."

Sept. 2, 1917

My dear Phebe:

I was not a little surprised to have a letter from you follow me all the way out to Japan. It was a huge treat and I consumed it with real greed!

What a time you must have had at the Conference! My dear girl, did you know that Mrs. Eddy, the mother to Sherwood and Brewer, is one of my earliest foster mothers? She has taught me everything from Arithmetic to Geography, and she did her best to make an honest girl of me! I am so sorry I didn't tell you about her when I was in Oberlin. She was the one who held me up in New York and shortened my Oberlin visit that way! But I never dreamed that she was going as far away as Eaglesmere to lecture on Missions! She is surely the eighth wonder of the world. I am positive that she discovered, and took a good draught of the Fountain of Youth sometime in her life time.

I surely do appreciate your efforts to write me a letter in the inspiring atmosphere of a depot! I am so sorry if you didn't get the card I mailed you before leaving U.S., and have had any anxiety about the letters you returned. They reached me quite safe and sound.

Your accounts of the conference and the personalities you met there are great. You dwell on the greatest thing created- PERSON, and they surely form the most vital of all our experiences. I am so glad you have come in touch with such a wealth in that line.

I am interested to know what it is that impressed you to say India was the most needy field? It is meaning so much to me to come in touch with these countries, - even in this superficial way. In some ways we would have done better to have come at some other period than vacations time, for we might then have seen more of the work,

but as it was we have had a great time in the missionary resort of Karuizawa, and seen many old friends as well as many new ones.

The Armenian Delegation arrived while we were there, and we had a few glimpses of the Comptons and Walter James.

Besides that we climbed Mt. Asama, the active volcano near there, and had some other delightful mountain climbs.

I have been hugely interested in visiting Japanese hotels and village streets. It ought to make quite an interesting point of comparison with China and India in the bargain.

I want to mail this at Shanghai, which we are nearing very rapidly.

Will you give the enclosed note to Mrs. Garland, for me? Thanks. Much much love.

Always your loving Pauline- P.S. Give my love to Eva, and tell her I can imagine how she made things home at the Conference.

[This partial letter dated Sept. 9, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to one or more of his children in the U.S. He feels that never in history has man helped his fellow man as they do now through organizations such as the Red Cross, YMCA and donations from people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Sept. 9. 1917]

.....do so, and I hope Gould will also read it. I will quote only one sentence. "The fact that you are not in the first call raises a presumption that you are needed in the reserve for a future call; but if you are eager- go! It is better to be in the service with a satisfied ambition than at home with a restless ambition." I am not at all anxious over what Gould has decided to do. He will under God's direction do right. But it is natural to want to know where he is, and what he is doing.

It was just one year ago that we arrived in Foochow. How many changes have taken place in our world since then! I do not see how a person with no faith in God and His overruling care can look into the future with confidence. To my mind God is preparing the world for the greatest advance in all lines that man has every made. Never in the history of the world was man doing so much for man as this year,- never was man doing so much to put down unrighteousness and exalt righteousness as now,- even in the face of- yet it is because of man's madness. Think of the Red Cross- the voluntary work of the Y.M.C.A. and the voluntary gifts of money and time and commodities to help suffering men and think of the efforts put forth in Christian countries and in the war zone for tempted young men. Add to this the fact that gifts of men and money for missions do not abate. Never were so many people planning and working and praying for good to conquer evil, for the world to become better.

Have I written that President King's Baccalaureate sermon reached me two weeks ago? Two people have already borrowed it to read- one of them a brother of Mr. J.H. Oldham Editor of the International Review of Missions. It is a most thoughtful and helpful discourse in the world crisis, and it gives hope. I must drop a line to President King to let him know how much it [is] appreciated here. If you have a natural opportunity you may express to him the help it has been to me and us. I must also drop a line to Mr. Vander Pye. I am honored to have him remember me.

God give you all wisdom to plan and execute in His wisdom, - may he keep you healthy in body, mind and spirit.

Very lovingly your Father
Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated Sept. 17, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Phebe. He is not sure where his son, Gould is, but feels that he may have joined the aviation corps. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Foochow China
Sept 17 - 1917

Dear Phebe [daughter],-

I am sending Gould's letter to you. Please forward it if he is not in Oberlin. We are prepared to hear that he is in Long Island or some other place in an aviation camp and if he is sure God wants him there it is all right.

I am greatly pleased at your attitudes toward his going or not going to the war and I have not felt anxious about it at all. Mama had felt rather strongly that she did not want him to go at all – and when your letter came last night it looked as if he had practically decided to join the aviation corps. She said “Well that is not as bad as the U-boats.”

Please let me know how you are off for money. I do not get any reply from Geraldine or Dot as to their being able to live on the allowance from the Board. I should like to know how they stood Sept. 1916- Sept. 1917.

I am enclosing \$10- for Geraldines birthday present.- I sent \$2.00 last week.

All are well and send love

Your loving father

W. L Beard

[This letter, dated Sept. 30, 1917, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have received the expected piano and are very happy to have it. North China has been having terrible flooding. Mrs. Corbett returned to China with many things from the U.S. including the school's new silver ware. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Sept. 30, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

We have been in session at the school now for two weeks. They have been more than busy ones but the “busy-ness” has been of such a hopeful type that it has not been too fatiguing. With our tinted walls we seem to have partaken of more homey ways, and the children do really appreciate the change. Yesterday we were quite excited over the arrival of our new “Mason and Hamelin” piano. It is a beautiful one both in case and tone. It was rather a sorry sight as we unpacked it for the under front board was loose, the keys were every which way and the upper front board was askew. There were only about six notes that could be struck. We were about to send for a man from the Tientsin music store to fix it, when I met Mr. Porter and Mr. Corbett. In about ten minutes they had it all in proper shape and there are only two notes that show even a bit of strain from the long journey. They are almost unnoticable. The case has very few scratches, so we are very happy to have such a fine piano in our school. We have opened another room for a class room, which is making some more work for us. There has seemed to be innumerable ways for the spending of money this fall, but we had to expand (or bust!) and since we had over seventeen hundred dollars left from last year's household account we have had the permission to spend some money for needful alterations.- School has opened so much more happily than last year and the experiences we went through with them will be good capital for preventions this year. We have a younger group of children here and an adorable set. Our new pupils are mostly 8th graders.

We are having and hearing about the terrible floods all over North China. In the summer the railroad running from Peking to Hankow was so badly washed away that it is taking four months to mend it. There are miles of space where there is no suggestion of ever having been a railroad. Tientsin is surrounded by a huge sea and part of the railroad trip up from the South has to be taken by boat over the flooded tracks. The Grand Canal burst its banks and so badly flooded that hundreds of villages are completely submerged. Some of the Tientsin homes have their drawing-rooms under water, and the American Board Compound has needed a boat to get around in, ever since the 20th of August. All this means misery to thousands of people especially with winter coming on. Some of the villages have lost everything and have nothing to eat but the fish they can catch in the floods. If one stops to contemplate on the misery in the world just now, one gets swamped, and gets to feeling mean if one has a bit of enjoyment. It seems almost wrong to be having all the things that seem to be coming our way this year, but so far we have done nothing that was not necessary. – Miss Bostwick arrived two weeks ago, and it is a joy to have some one who has the time and the knowledge for taking care of the business end of the school. She knows lots of the people here (she spent three years, 20 yrs. ago in Tientsin) and has some knowledge of the language. She went to church to-day and was able to understand quite a bit of what the preacher said in Chinese.- To-day the darning cotton, stockings, bedspread, and thread arrived in perfect condition. I am looking for the pencils, erasers, etc. which I ordered last July and asked you to pay the bill. I would like you to deduct the amount from my money at home and I will credit it to my account here. I think I will send some more money home since exchange is so bad the other way. A dollar gold brings only about \$1.17 silver. This is pretty tough on most people here because the cost of living out here is constantly rising too. The Chinese feel the strain of the higher cost of living, too. I am enclosing a list of materials which the school needs for starting the Household Science department. If you find some one who wants to pay for the permanent materials, the school will be glad to say “Thank you”, but send the bill if no one turns up.- The silver came with Mrs. Corbett and was on exhibit for our callers the day we introduced Miss Bostwick to the people of our compound. It was much admired, and helps a lot to help make us feel that we are here

permanently as a school. (You sent no bill, so is this a part of the gift?) Mrs. Corbett brought Ruth's beads and shawl. The beads are too short to be becoming to Mary. I think there should be at least six added to it. I do not suppose you can remember the size so as to match them and send out a half dozen? I have not mentioned such a thing to Mary, so if you should be able to get them it would be a surprise to her, and I will be glad to pay for it. - I am in need of some black stockings and do not remember having asked you to send me some. If I have don't mind this. I like those having half white feet and the size is No. 10. I used to get good stockings three pairs for a dollar (I'd like 6 pair). That may help you to know what to pay for them now- accordingly.

The paper just came from Will telling of the death of Mr. J.W. Peck. Is it possible that he was only 66 years old? He has been an old man for a long time.-I was also much interested in the accounts of the trolley accident that killed Grace Wanning Day.- What a wonderful escape Gould and Maruice had! I should think it would make them sure that their lives were saved for something worth while, in the future.

Yours with love-
Flora Beard.

Tungchou, Chihli, China,
Sept. 30, 1917.

[This letter, dated Sept. 30, 1917, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He refers to his other children living at the farm for the summer and mentions that Ellen's limp is better and the girls are well. The College went to give birthday greetings to General Li's mother and some compound members later attended a dinner in her honor. Willard wonders if Gould is in college or flying. He hears that China is trying to restore the monarchy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Sept 30 1917

Dear Folks at Home:-

I do not dare to look at my correspondence register to see when last I wrote you. I am a little comforted by the thought that the children were with you during the summer and you in that way hear directly from us nearly every week. I know however that this was not exactly like a letter all your own. I have come to the conclusion that there is always enough to fill the time of every man who is willing to work. At least I find this true in my case.

We have been well all summer. Ellen was limping badly when she went to Kuliang, but she is nearly all right now. The girlies are growing all the time and are quite well. Marjorie tends to grow fat. Kathleen keeps about the same but grows tall. She says "My old stomach won't let me get fat." The clock struck ten some ago so I must say good night and finish this later.

Tuesday Oct 2.

Yesterday was the day of the celebration of the Autumn festival- Sunday was the real day but as we are a Christian School we celebrated Monday. It was also the birthday of Governor- general Li's mother. So we had a good lively time all day. The College had prepared a fine silk banner- much like the large purple one I brought home in 1910, only it was a very bright red. \$11.00 it cost and the paraphernalia to present it will cost some \$4.00 more. We were going to start at 8:30 to take it over. 1st was to go the College Band, then the faculty. Then the students- ahead of all were two coolies carrying the banner, candles etc. We telephoned that we would come at 9:30 a.m. Within five minutes came a hurry up telephone message that the General would not be ready to receive us at 9:30- we must not come until 11:00 a.m. as they could not get ready before that hour. So we went at 11:00 and were received in proper style by the General himself with his blandest smile and warmest hand shake and also by the General's mother also- all dressed in her best and looking proud of her son. She is a little bit of a woman, while he is a great big man. You would have been interested to watch us as we performed. Being a foreigner we shook hands with the General and bowed three times to him, then bowed three times to his mother then three times to his family. I then spoke a few words of congratulation to him, referring to the very friendly relations that existed between the College and himself. You remember he gave us \$100 for athletics last year. Then I stepped aside and the faculty bowed three times to him and three times to his mother. Then came the students they lined up about sixty at a time and bowed three times,- the College Board and General Li's Board dispensed music alternately. Then the Faculty was asked to sit in a reception room a few minutes. Then we were invited to see the Theater- the best troop in China-from Peking. We foreigners watched it for a time and retired. The Chinese members of the faculty were invited to remain for dinner. This faculty from a Christian school were given the seats of honor in a hall crowded with the best of Foochow's political, educational and social life.

In the evening ten of us from our city compound attended the dinner which General Li gave in honor of his mother. Some 100 foreign guests- Consuls, Customs and P.O. officials, and missionaries, and about 1500 Chinese

guests were present. Then we had to attend the theater again. We went in great style- taking horse carriages,- the costs of which amounted to .325 cents each.

Two things about the whole affair interested me. 1st to see the great change that has come over customs in Foochow during the past ten years. Then years ago the ushers and attendants would not have known anything about receiving foreigners- I doubt if more than some of the Consuls would have been interested,- perhaps not even then. Last evening the ushers were six young Chinese- five young men and one young woman,- four of these- 3 men 1 woman were Christians and leading Christians. Mr. Ding Ming Uong was one.- Mr. Cio Lik Daik Y.M.C.A. was another. And these young people were asked to help care for- not only the foreign guests but the Chinese guests also. It is an honor to Foochow College that Prof. Ding Ming Uong should be invited by the highest official in the province to assist him in entertaining his guests at such a time. I hope he did not find him so efficient that he will want to get him away from us.

The weather has been very hot all of Sept. It just turned a little cooler last evening. I wore a Prince Albert coat in the morning and was wet thru when I got home. But in my evening dress last evening I was just comfortable.

We are still waiting to hear what Gould decided to do- so we are in the dark as to whether he is up in the air or in some college. I am not anxious. If he is sure that he is in the right place for him to be in- where God wants him it is all right. But I could not from this distance write him arbitrarily what to do. Such decisions must be made by him. We can tell him our wishes and shed light on his problems but the real decision, he must make himself.

Oct. 10th= China's Day of Independence. But it is a day of disappointment for many all over China- you doubtless know more of it than even we do here. You may remember that last year the boys had a big lantern procession. Well they have made large preparations and had big expectations for a larger parade this evening. The lanterns are all ready and calculated to call forth praise.

Yesterday at 3 p.m. one of the officials telephoned to ask if we were coming to his yamen as he wished to prepare to receive us. At 4 p.m. came an urgent letter from the Police Commissioner stating that a telegram from Peking told them there was trouble there and we must not have the procession. This morning a policeman came in to say we must not go tonight. This was because last evening several schools paraded in spite of the request not to- So there are 250 very disappointed boys here. Until 3 p.m. all the officials were planning a big celebration. But last evening all was more quiet than usual even somber.

The papers say that another attempt is being made to restore the monarchy. We must expect these attempts for years. It may be that the attempt will succeed for a time. The world has been making immense strides toward democracy during the past few years,- too great strides for permanency- in my opinion. But it is not reasonable to believe that China can exist for long as a monarchy.

The mails here have been very dilatory lately- nothing from the U.S. since Sept. 18, so we do not yet know where Gould is. We think of the girls as in Oberlin.

I hope to hear good news from you all soon, and that Dr. Shelton has paid over the \$10.00 he offered to the parents of the next Beard baby.

Very Lovingly

Will

[This letter dated Sept. 30, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. In it, he laments the slowness of the mail delivery, having to fuss and socialize with officials, and the current war.]

I enclose \$2.00 = \$14.00 in all thus far toward the \$19 for your birthday

Foochow, China
Sept. 30th 1917

Dear Geraldine:-

The mails are again very slow. They have brought us nothing since Sept. 18th from home. Last week I wrote in Dorothy's name enclosing two \$5.00 bills for Geraldine's birthday. I hope you will write me as soon as you receive them. That letter I registered on Sept. 9th. I sent \$2.00 in the letter addressed to Phebe.

I do not know whether it is the fault of the mails or what but we are having trouble with the answers to letters. On July 23rd I wrote the Board asking them to give us Dr. Cooper's salary for a Chinese American doctor,- asking them to cable reply. I waited until yesterday and sent a cable. The reply came today "use Cooper's salary." I do not know whether they ever received the letter or not.

Exchange has gone up, up, up until \$1.00 gold brings only \$1.18 silver. Those last few days it has dropped a little.

The past week has been very ordinary. I went over South Side Thursday afternoon and took the girlies. They visited the Billing girls while I did a lot of business, - took Mr. Leger over and introduced him to the consul for one thing.

We have been planning all summer for a visit from Sherwood Eddy in Dec. and Jan. and one from Mr. Buchman in Oct. But this past week cables have come asking us to postpone Eddy's visit until next Spring and Buchman's until Nov. This is not at all disappointing for it has seemed to me that the Chinese were not quite ready for the work either of these men planned to do.

General Li's mother has a birthday tomorrow. Tomorrow is also the day we celebrate the Autumn festival. In the morning we plan to go over to give the venerable old lady a silk banner that is costing the College \$11.00. I am trying to get the Chinese teachers to go but they are so afraid that their clothes will not be fit, that they do not want to go. Then in the afternoon some of us foreigners are invited to a feast at the home. So Mama and I have got to go. General Li is the highest official in the province. But I wish someone else would do this kind of work for me. I am glad to take care of the College, but I do not at all enjoy this fussing with officials.

You girls have been back in Oberlin for nearly a month we suppose. How we do want to hear where Gould is. And we want to hear how you are. It seems to me it ought to be most time to stop osteopathic treatments. We hope you are all right.

Have I written that I was gardner this year? Mr. Billing has moved over S. Side. I have already up and most ready to transplant tomatoes, beets, lettuce, turnips, radishes, cabbage, carrots and celery and chard are planted and I will plant peas soon.

News that comes to us of the greatest and most cruel war in history seems to point to a long time yet before the end. Someone remarked today that if Russia failed up the struggle would go on for five years. It is impossible for us here to realize the awfulness of the fight. The slaughter continues and more and more are drawn into it. We had a letter from our Dr. Cooper- a Quaker- from France where he is in charge of a hospital. He writes "We can hear the booming of the canon and see the flashes. At times it seems as if I must grab a rifle and rush to the front and help in the killing." But God is still the ruler of the world and He is only allowing men to suffer for their own folly, and when the folly is over there is sure to come a time of reconstruction during which the human race will make greater advance in all lines than it ever has before. Just now all of the knowledge of world- all the great achievements of scientific discovery- except in the line of medicine in surgery- are being used to destroy men and things. As soon as the war is over it will be a great big job for men of science and learning to turn these scientific discoveries into channels helpful to mankind.

May God help us all to think straight and to keep sane in this time of insanity, and may we each keep in such close touch with Him that we shall in each decision of life be guided by Him. Your loving father

Willard L. Beard

*[This letter, dated **October 7, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They are enjoying the new piano. Flooding is becoming more serious and ruining crops so their watchman fires gun shots occasionally to ward off thieves. Flora hasn't been feeling well all summer but is fine now. Letters from home for all are slow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 7 [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

How the days do fly. We are already on the fourth week of school and it seems but yesterday that we started. Our piano is a great great joy. I tell Mrs. Corbett that there is something nearly every hour of the day to remind us of their good work for us when on furlough. She brought over vinegar cruets and pepper shakers yesterday to add to the collection.

This is a "company" week-end in the compound. At Mrs. Porter's tea yesterday there were seven guests. Two small boys who are down did not attend the tea. We had fifty two at church service this afternoon.

Mrs. Porter, who was an American Board missionary in Peking for many years, gave us a little talk. She spoke on "Little Foxes" or "Tall Goats who eat the roots of the Banyan Trees"- and held the attention of the children beautifully. She has been here all summer with her brother who is much older, not very well, rich and who travels extensively. She resigned to care for him. They are most generous givers as the Foochow people, Peking, TeChow, Tungchow and other stations can testify.

The floods are getting more serious instead of less. You probably have read the telegrams which Mr. McCann has been sending to Boston regarding TeChow. The water has risen so that there are about two feet of water in the homes of the foreigners. The women and children are in their way here in houseboats. The men are staying to help the natives. As the foreign compound was in the highest plot around, it means that the natives must be nearly all homeless.

Letters from the Nelsons in western Shensi speak of excessive rains still falling, so probably these floods are the result of that. The Yellow River has broken its bank and is seeking new channels. When I studied Geography and saw dotted lines to indicate the old route of the Yellow River, I little understood what it meant to have a river change its path.

In Tientsin many of the streets are flooded and are traversed in boats. Some of the people returned to PeiTaiHo as the drawing rooms had two feet of water in them. The A.B.C.F.M. compound is flooded but the homes are set so high that boats deliver the people to unflooded first floors as yet.

We expect a new twelve year old girl this week. Three other girls are registered but the railroads are still not so they can not get here without much difficulty.

This week Thursday Mrs. Fenn and William were down for a farewell, as they sailed from Tientsin this morning en route for Shanghai and thence to America. We do miss William for he is a fine boy and a good influence on the younger boys. Two years ago William and Ursula Miller each won in the tennis tournaments but we had never given them our school letters which they became entitled to wear. On Thursday Flora gave them in front of the assembled company who were in for tea.

Did I write that I had had my room freshened? My lamp of two years ago scorched my wall terribly and I never could get it clean so I had it done over. The color is rich cream for the side walls and pale cream for the ceiling. With green closet curtains, my green skin on my table, grayish rugs and creamy curtains at the window it makes a very cheerful room. I can not get used to the joy of having colors about instead of the dead whiteness of everything! It is a relief.

We have been getting packages from you of late- three now. They contained 6 pair of stockings which I take are those I ordered as Flora says she asked for some; darning cotton by the dozen for the school; hairpins for Flora and two bedspreads. We are each going to take a bedspread for ourselves as we have but one each now, so please so change them on our accounts.

Dr. Porter is down for this weekend with Flora. She has been ill most all summer and fall but now thinks she is fully recovered.

We have had no letter mail for weeks but everyone else is in the same state so we know that it is the fault of the mails not the writers. I wonder what Gould and Maurice decided and hope to hear that they are fitting themselves for more efficient service later. Are the girls all returned to Oberlin? Is Geraldine better so she will be able to carry full work? Is Elizabeth standing the strain of being home all right? How are Mother, Father and Phebe? Oh, a doz other questions come to mind that those delayed letters must answer.

I wonder if you would sit as quietly as I, if you had just heard a gun fired beneath your window or at least within a few rods. I do not even jump now for I know it is a watchman's way of telling a probable or possible thief that he had better desist. With the many ruined crops and the cold winter coming in, the temptation to thieves is greater than usual and it seems to me that the shooting is more frequent. I do hope that America will be able to send some food out to be dispensed by her own people; for the hunger suffering will be terrible unless outside aid is given.

May God grant to you all many blessings.

Lovingly

Mary.

[This letter dated Oct. 14, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. The College boys planned to celebrate China's Independence Day with lanterns in a parade but the Chief of Police got word that there was trouble in Peking, so they did not want any demonstrations for the Republic. A meeting was held among the Presidents of missions and schools to try to help the students stay sexually clean and pure. The Bliss family is back with Swiss goats and some chickens. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China

Oct 14, 1917.

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

The delay in our mails is getting to be a serious thing for us. Since Sept. 18th we have had no word from the U.S. either by paper or letter. This is saying that we have not heard from our four dear children in America since about Aug. 10th. And it is the same with the Board letters and letters from other friends- and papers. When they do come there will be so many- specially papers that it will be hard to digest them all.

Last week I did not write. Mr. Neff and I went down to the Arsenal where we now have a church, starting at 7:15 a.m. and it was 6 p.m. when I got back. This past week China's Day of Independence came. The boys of the College had prepared lanterns for a big parade Wednesday evening. But about 4 p.m. an urgent letter came from the Chief of Police to say that the General had just telephoned that he had just received a telegram from Peking that there was trouble there and to make no demonstration for the Republic, the Chief of Police told us to stop the lantern procession for Wed. evening. There was a pretty sore bunch of boys I can tell you. It took a good part of Wed. a.m. to quell their turbulent hearts and then we had to do some more quieting work. The political situation is very uncertain. This produces an unquiet state of mind in the whole populace- altho outwardly all goes on as usual.

From time to time there are events that indicate very clearly the growth of new ideas here in Foochow. A few evenings ago the Presidents of government and mission schools met together to see what could be done to help the students of Foochow understand better sex hygiene and the laws of personal purity. It was the first time that such a meeting has taken place here and all expressed themselves as greatly pleased. Things were done also. A sub committee was appointed to arrange for a course of lectures and steps were taken to suppress obscene literature.

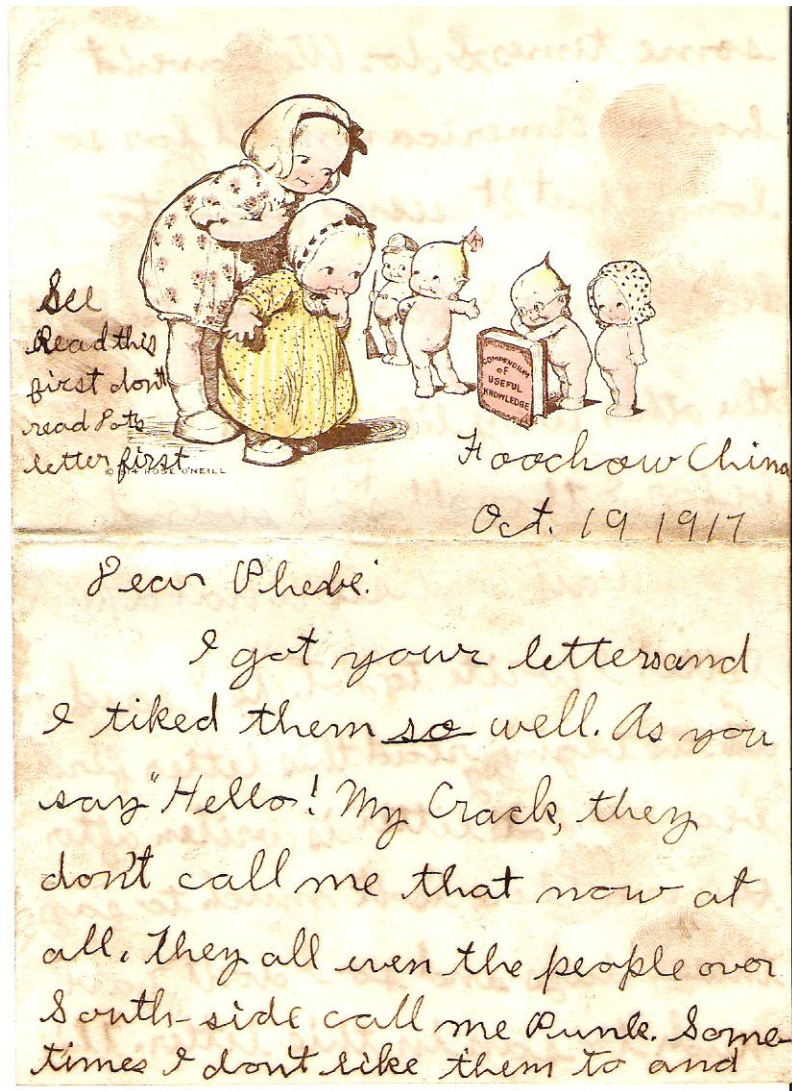
Yesterday I attended the memorial service of the wife of an earnest Christian at Upper Bridge. I baptized this woman three or four days before she died. After several had spoken, the husband arose and spoke very nicely. He said he wanted to bear witness before his neighbors to the true character of his wife. He said he knew it was not customary in China for a husband to talk in this way but he wanted his fellow villagers to know that he loved his wife and thoroughly respected her. Then he referred to a remark I had made that she was alive because she believed Jesus, and he explained quite fully that it was her soul that was alive. This was a very unique testimony and came – not from a paid agent of the mission but from a successful business man to his friends and neighbors. It was a fresh living testimony.

Marjorie and Kathleen are getting quite a variety in their schooling. They have three kinds, - or sometimes four. Once a day they go to the College with Mama for Am. History. Once a day to Mrs. Newell for Geography, and Mama has them in spelling and other studies. I fill in sometimes.

You will think it stale if I write again that I do want to hear about what you all are doing this term, - specially do I want to hear about Gould. It is a test of my faith in God and also in Gould that I am compelled to wait thus, for I must say and believe that Gould is doing the wise thing- and is where God would have him be.

Did I write that Dr. and Mrs. Bliss and Elizabeth and Edward were back. They brought five fine Swiss Goats with them for milk and some Barred Plymouth Rock and White Leghorns. Miss McReynolds also came with them for Ing Tai [*previously known as Ing Hok*].

Very Lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard



[This letter dated **Oct. 19, 1917** was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister, Phebe. She mentions her friend Rachel and a doll. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

The small 3' X 3 ½" envelope is addressed to:

Miss Phebe K. Beard

110 East College St. [This is the address for Tank Home, home at Oberlin for missionary children. See photo following letter.]

Oberlin, Ohio

U.S.A.

[It has the Examined by Censor on it with the number 389.]

See

Read this

first don't

read Dot's

letter first

Foochow China

Oct. 19, 1917

Dear Phebe:

I got your letters and I tiked [*liked*] them so well. As you say "Hello! My Crack, they don't call me that now at all. They all even the people over South-side call me Punk. Sometimes I don't like them to and some times I do. We haven't had an American mail for so long that it seems good to have one. I was going to write the other way like this [*the word "this" she wrote perpendicular*] but I began befor I thought so I went on. You wait and see what a funny letter I write to Dot. As I said at the begining read this letter first because Dot's letter is written after this one. There isn't much to say these days and so I don't have much to say in this letter. This letter may not be very interesting but you know I have nothing to say so you see. That lovly baby doll's eye is out. The damp weather up at Kuliang took it out. I think I will have to get a new one. I wonder if I ever toled you about anything we and Rachel used to do together, well lots of times we used to go down to Rachel's and play with her dress paper dolls and she would make us laugh to beat the band. We couldn't make her laugh but she did us. And she said the boys used to make her laugh but I don't see how they could make such a girl as her laugh. I have been sitting here for almost half an hour writing this letter I think I will have to close because I got to write a letter to Dot now. With lots and lots and lots of love from Kathleen

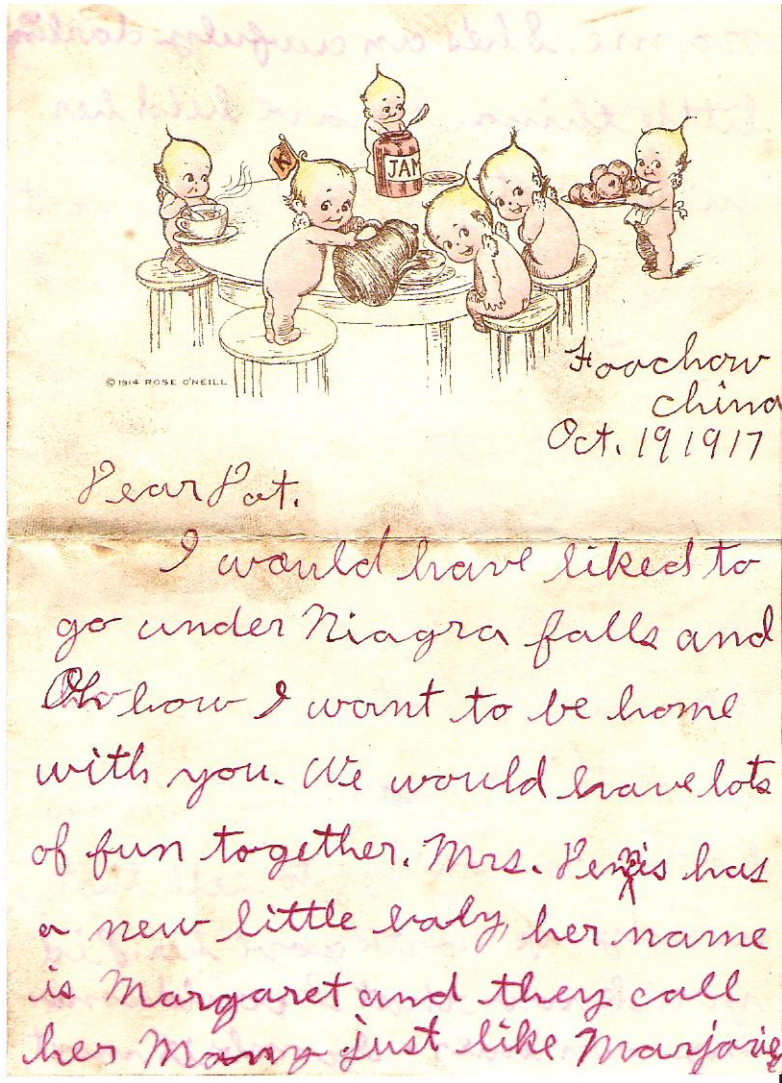


Written on front bottom: "Tank Home for Missionary Children, Oberlin, Ohio." This is where the previous letter was addressed to.

[Postcard purchased from ebay by Mark and Jana Jackson.]



Marjorie (holding poles of Chinese chair far right) and Kathleen (seated on ground far right) and friends about 1917
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



[This letter dated Oct. 19, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister Dot (Dorothy). She talks about some of the other children. She has been dreaming about thieves in their house and compound. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

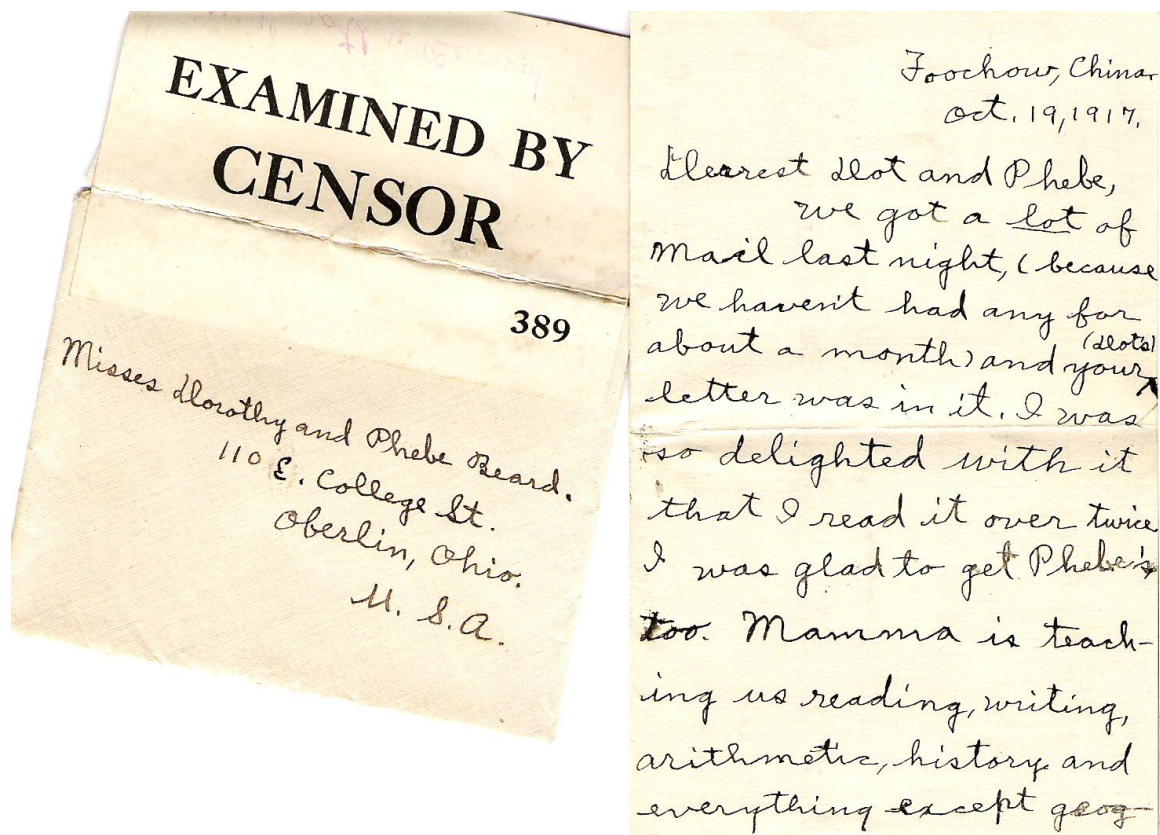
Foochow
China
Oct. 19 1917

Dear Dot,

I would have liked to go under Niagara falls and Oh how I want to be home with you. We would have lots of fun together. Mrs. Dennis has a new little baby, her name is Margaret and they call her Mony just like Marjorie's name. She's an awfully darling little thing. I have held her quite a lot. Bobby Dennis won't come to me any more. I got a birthday card from Aunt Molly. Edith Pease wants one Japanese doll and one Chinese doll. So we are going to get the amah that you used to have to get them. Mrs. Dennis had some things to sell that a lady up North gave her. Did you know that I could comb my own hair. I comb it most every morning. I comb it the way Geraldine [Geraldine] always wanted to comb it in back. I use Mamas old baret and she uses her new one. I am writing with red ink because it looks pretty. I forgot to before. When Mrs. Christain came our woman went to her so we had to get a new one. This one has a little boy that used to come every morning and after noon, but he doesn't now. We hear Dwight crying most all the time. He was crying just then.

Most every morning I wake up about five o'clock and stay awake. And I always think I hear thieves in the parlor. This morning I thought I heard a thief tapping on the glass and I talked aloud to mama to scare him away.

Another night I thought I heard lots of them going up the hall one by one. With lots and lots and lots of love from Kathleen.



[This letter dated Oct. 19, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Monnie (Marjorie) to her sisters, Dot and Phebe. She talks about school and the other children. Two ladies from the Methodist Mission were visiting and one caused Ellen's knee to feel much better. Envelope is marked "Examined by Censor." Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

Envelope addressed to:

Misses Dorothy and Phebe Beard.
110 E. College St. [Tank Home]
Oberlin, Ohio.
U.S.A.

In bold letters on the back of the small 3" X 3 1/2" envelope is the number 389 and the words "Examined by Censor"

Foochow, China
Oct. 19, 1917.

Dearest Dot and Phebe,

We got a lot of mail last night, (because we haven't had any for about a month) and your (Dot's) letter was in it. I was so delighted with it that I read it over twice. I was glad to get Phebe's too. Mamma is teaching us reading, writing, arithmetic, history and everything except geography. Mrs. Newell is teaching us that. We go to history with mamma to college with the Chinese college boys. Just think of girls of nine and eleven studying with boys in the teens and twenties! But it's lots of fun. At first Punk cried and made a fuss and I didn't want to go. But when we had been two or three times we liked it. There are three children in the compound, now, besides us. They

are, Dwight Newell, 5, Marion Jean Newell, 2, and Charles Francis Belcher, 2. Francis is so cunning. He has a little yellow curly head and his curls go bobbing up and down whenever he runs. Everybody thinks the world of him. Mr. Ray Gardner just loves him. Mr. Gardner is engaged to a very stylish young woman who isn't pretty and whose name is Miss Adelaide Thompson.

We are learning the duet that Geraldine and Phebe used to play so fast, "The Awakening of the Lion". It is very easy for me and Kath. says that it is pretty easy for her. It's awfully pretty, isn't it? We can play it quite fast but not as fast as Jug and Freaky used to play it. We might go over to the Southside school next year. There are quite a lot of children over there in that school. It will be such fun boarding with Marjorie Bi. We have a bureau all to ourselves now. We had it made. It is painted white.

Well, I'll tell you how mama's knee got well! We had some summer boarders. They were ladies from the Methodist Mission. One, Miss Grace McLurg was a Hingua missionary and the other was Miss Emma Eiley. Miss McLurg was tall and slim and the other was short and fat. Miss Eiley loved Punk because she reminded her so much of her niece, Ruth when she was Punk's age. Miss McLurg liked me because-I don't know why. Well, one time we all went to the tank and went in swimming. Mamma was standing with one foot up and Miss E. was standing by her. Miss E. saw mama's foot and it was such an irresistible temptation to pull her big toe, so she took hold of it and pulled. Mama felt something snap in her knee and she was afraid Miss E. had done something to her. But when she was walking home she said that her knee felt lots better than it used to. She had never had any trouble since, that I know of except that she can feel a storm coming in it. I guess that I shall close now.

With lots and lots of love to all,

Your sister Monny

*[This letter, dated **October 23, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. The flooding has brought the children back to school at different times. Students and teachers made chili sauce and canned pickles. Mary has been playing some tennis. The envelope has been labeled "Examined by Censor 322". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tuesday P.M.

October 23, 1917

Dear Ones at Home-

I am the guilty one who did not write last week- no this Sunday either. Last week I took all the children for a walk to see the "Altar to Heaven" of Tungchow. Then we ??ed over to the railroad track and followed that line. It was a glorious day and the children had begged for several Sundays for a walk. This last Sunday I sent them off for a walk alone and made the most of the quiet home to get a nap. Naps are a luxury- more so than ice cream even for we get that every other night while naps do well if they get in every other week. We are still gathering in the children. The big TeChow floods brought two. They are fifth graders whom their parents were keeping home for one more year. A community lady has put her 12 year old daughter in. Not yet have the Ramsays arrived although the road is practically repaired and others are travelling back and forth at will. They are not eager to come and are probably later or earlier in carrying out duties than others. We are 29 in our dining room already and will be 32 when everyone is here. The cook is acting terribly mean and offish so I expect any day to hear that he has gone a step too far and received his walking ticket. He waxes insolent or saucy and takes such monstrous "squeezes" that we are continually trying to curb him.

A week ago Monday I took my first trip to Peking since school opened. I went up at noon and met Miss Bostwick. Then we went to Lun Fu Ssu, the big temple fair that is held every ten days. We had great fun visiting all the stalls and made a few purchases. There were many foreigners there whom I knew. It was a day for brasses evidently and I never have seen a finer display. I wanted them all but bought only three pieces.

Last week I mailed the two packages to you at last. If I remember I sent a list of the contents in my last letter. I get into Peking so seldom that I have made but few purchases suitable for Xmas. Did the embroidered dress I sent in Mother's name ever reach you? I sent it in the spring sometimes but am no sure of the date. I thought to get it home so it could be made up for the summer if anyone wanted it.

Wed. P.M. Still it rains! Today has been a very dark day with no sun and occasional showers. Such weather for us to have now! This afternoon all of us pupils and teachers too gathered in the dining room to prepare tomatoes for pickles. We fixed 21 pounds of the ripe tomatoes for Chili Sauce and 14 pounds of green ones for Chopped Pickles. It took us just one half hour. Then we teachers measured and weighed the tomatoes and other ingredients. I had two good weeps over chopping the onions and a sneeze over using so much pepper. It was fun to do it all.

Mrs. Fenn and William sailed for America October twelfth. Almost Christmas time they will be passing through Connecticut to place William at school in Mount Herman. I do wish they could stop and see you in Shelton. Mrs. Fenn is one of the finest women I have met out here. She is clever in the superlative degree and humorous "Billy", as he is generally called has been one of our first boys for three years and we miss him very much. He is like his mother in being clever; has an excellent mind, in fact is almost too much of a genius to be willing to get down to hard work; but is true boy in line of fun and play. That is enough of a eulogy for one boy, I think! They were here for an afternoon just two days before they left Peking. Our ladder tennis tournament is on. I have played three matches and gotten badly beaten. My one consolation is that I was not beaten much more the last time than the first and I was playing a better player. Mr. Beers has consented to crack [or watch?] me and I hope I can improve my game. We have had a fun good sets of doubles, but these are not tournament games.

I must close and get at my evening's work because I already have spent part of the time in a private lesson and I determined that this letter should be off before another day was past. Phebe's last letter came after I wrote last. I hope you are all still well.

Do you know anything about anyone sending me the "Independent" for a period of three or four months? One copy has arrived, but I know not whom to thank.

Lots of love to you all.

Mary.

P.S. Willard forwarded a most interesting letter from Elizabeth. I was so glad to get it. We do appreciate each and every letter, I assure you.

Mary.



Halloween North China American School
Tunghsien, China [Tungchow- about 1917. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

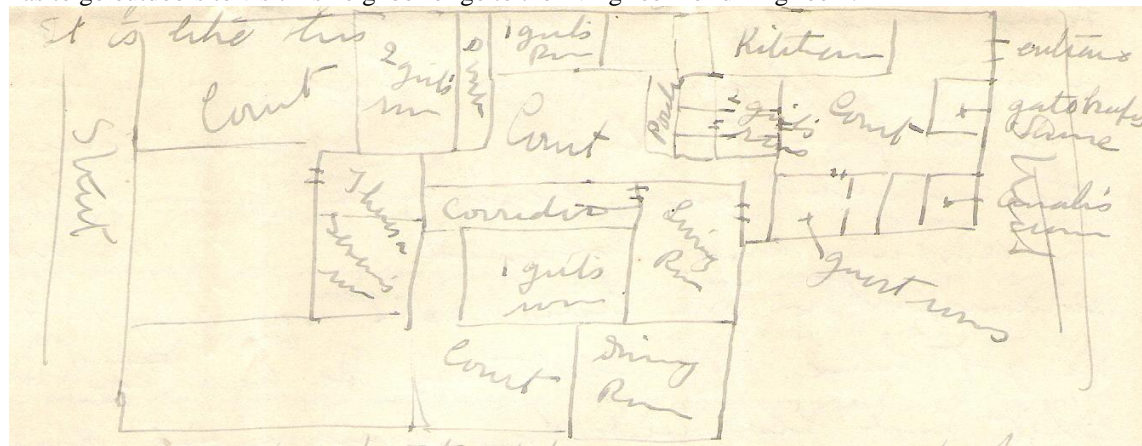
[This letter, dated **November 11, 1917**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about the latest Pasttime Meeting. Their post office name will be changed to Tunghsien now because the government feels the "chou" or "chow" name ending reflects the old style imperial days. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.

November 11, 1917

Dear Ones at Home,

Last Thursday found both Flora and I away so I fear you did not get your letter. Flora left Saturday noon and went to Tientsin to be gone until Tuesday noon. She had school business and dressmaker opportunities for all day Monday. I left Saturday evening and stayed with Miss Theresa Severin in Peking at the Y.W.C.A. I had a delightful restful visit with Ted and her six associates. I was too tired to be gay Saturday evening but we went to bed early and slept late. They have an old ?? Palace with its series of court yards. Everyone has a home to himself and has to go outdoors to visit his neighbor or go to the living room or dining room.



The doors off the street at the left are used for class room and Y.W. classes and I don't know the lay of the room so I can not give the diagram. The ramifications are most bewildering at first.

The last week brought a letter from Stanley and Myra. I am glad they were so well when they wrote. Their letters always have such a ring of happiness that I rejoice to receive them.

This week we had a Pastime Club meeting on Friday evening. Flora had a grippy feeling so stayed home and took the home cure of hot bath, hot drink, early-to bed, "pink pills for pale people" and did away with headaches and cold. I went, but was late as usual. We initiated five members and had some right jolly laughs about it. One of the funniest was Mrs. Stelle conducting a kindergarten class of the four other initiates. Mr. Stelle, "the bad little Billy," was an adept in being naughty. Mrs. Stanley had to give us a lecture, illustrated, on life in a houseboat from Te Chow. A spring couch was the houseboat and there were some difficulties in keeping their balance. We are very circumspect in our hours so it was only 10.45 when we got home. Yesterday we had tea with Mrs. Corbett and planned for Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Corbett's house and Christmas supper at Mrs. Love's.

Monday P.M. I have been in Peking all day. Miss Bostwick and I went up this morning. She intended to return at night but I was to get back at noon. Alas errands were too long drawn out and I missed it. About two weeks ago I bought the fur for a coat. It is commonly called "Leopard skin" but is really Mongolian cat, which is a small species of leopard. Today I bought the goods for the outside- for I shall wear the fur inside. I enclose a sample of the goods I purchased. We had luncheon with the Wilders. The more I see of Mrs. Wilder, the more I like her. They are both quiet people but very true and sincere.

Mrs. Stanley has come to Tungchow for two or three months and has taken her two children to live with her so our family is reduced by two. Mr. Stanley said their time in Te Chow was quite too damp and cold to take little babies into.

Wednesday P.M. We are having glorious weather, clear and crisp. So far our family of thirty has enjoyed splendid health and so have the natives round about us. Doctor Love says his hospital will begin to feel our prosperity unless he gets a few patients more.

We received notice last Saturday that after January first the name of our Post Office is to be changed to Tung Hsien instead of Tungchow as now the Chow cities are being done away with as relics of the old style imperial days and they are being made Hsien cities instead. Our tickets are marked TungHsien already.

I must close and get outside for a bit of the clear crisp air of which I spoke.

With lost of love

Mary.

P.S. 'Tis too late to wish you a jolly Thanksgiving but about right for Christmas greetings. I hope that Christmas Day finds you all well and brings to each a blessing and a new joy in life.

Mary



Written on back of photo: "Our thirty five children. The star marks Mrs. Corbett's oldest son, Alfred".
 [Far left, 3rd from front. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated Nov. 17, 1917, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith and family are back and Kathleen and Marjorie are playing with the Smith girls. The streets of Foochow are being widened and Willard says the sun can now reach into the streets easier and kill the germs that cause sickness. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
 Nov. 17th 1917

Dear Mother:-

This is Saturday night. The children are in bed and all is quiet and it is only 8:30 p.m. and no prospects of callers. I must get to bed early for tomorrow I plan to walk five miles, preach and conduct communion and eat a Chinese dinner and walk home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Smith arrived back from furlough last Monday. They brought Helen as far as Shanghai and left her in the American School there. Eunice 11 and Margaret 6 are with them. Both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were "quite seedy" as the English say when they went home, but they seem very well now. Of course Marjory and Kathleen are putting in every minute playing with Eunice and Margaret. You see with Rachel Hodous and the Billing family away from our compound our girls feel lonely and the coming of Eunice and Margaret must be utilized to the full. They have been playing specially hard all day today. After supper we had prayers and both girls were ready for bed at 7:15. The Smiths will stay in Foochow until after Annual Meeting Nov. 20 to 27, then go to Ing Tai.

We are having superb weather. Until three weeks ago the weather was very warm. We wore our white wash shirts and were still too hot. It was also very dry. But then we had a good rain and since then we have worn ordinary clothes with overcoats at times and at night we need four blankets. The days are bright and not hot,- ideal weather- like ours in September just before the frost comes. I think of father with his apples most all in barrels by this time. Corn picking is the order of every day. I wonder how the crops turn out this year and if it is possible to get help.

I received your good letter on Nov. 8 and one from Elizabeth Oct. 18. Elizabeth's account of a day at Century Farm was not only very interesting but it was most illuminating. We saw all of you at work, play and rest- even saw you pick out the blackberry pricklers. With five young people you must have been kept busy to keep them busy. The children write that they had a delightful summer at the farm. I hope they were useful.

Gould was twenty one last Tuesday. I suppose I ought to feel old to be the father of a son 21 years old., but I do not yet begin to feel old. You and father must feel some big to have grandchildren of age. If I had been as smart as you or if we had been Chinese you would now be trotting your great grand children on your knee.

Uncle Dan had better give over his wild bulls and fractious horses to other young men. We are looking every mail for news from Pearl River. The Am. Board mission here is very flourishing – in prospect. There are prospects of seven new missionaries [*babies*] within the next few months. As they will all be milk eaters we are wondering if it will affect the price of milk.

Improvements continue to be made in the streets of Foochow and they improve in quality as the people see the advantages. At first the narrow streets ten feet in width were broadened to twelve or fifteen feet wide, and they are talking of going over those widened once and making them broader. It is a pleasure to walk on the smooth streets – we do not need to continually look to see if our foot is going into a hole or if we will stumble against the next stone with its edge five inches above the other one. The sun gets into these broad streets and kills the bacteria so the city is much healthier.

I am putting this into an envelope addressed to Phebe M. – containing a letter to you from one of the girls written some days ago.

Sunday evening: This morning at 8:45 Ellen and I started for a place in the country about five miles from our home. I walked all the way and Ellen walked and rode. We arrived at 10:30, just as the bell rang for service. I had to get right into the pulpit. When the preacher asked the audience to rise while he prayed I remained seated to let the molecules in my legs readjust themselves. Then I preached and conducted communion. We ate dinner with the preacher and his wife. Ellen got away with about half a bowl of rice while I devoured two bowls. Then to even things up with the preacher Ellen left all the lunch we took, for them.

Last Thursday evening we had the College Faculty in for dinner. Thirty one sat down. This is only the Faculty for the Middle School. Would you like to know what we gave them to eat? = 1st course, fried fish, native cabbage, mashed sweet potatoes, 2nd course chicken with biscuit, onions, crabapple sauce, 3rd course pudding (steamed) with egg sauce – bananas, pumelo, tea. In one end of the room were four squashes raised by Dr. Gillette and sent up for the compound. After dinner I rolled the largest one the length of the table and some of the Chinese tried to lift it. It weighed 72 lbs.

We are all well and happy and busy. May God keep you all, use you all and make you all a blessing – Lovingly Will.

[This letter, dated Nov. 18, 1917, was written from Tungchow, China, by Flora to the folks at home. They bought a new Singer sewing machine. The teachers and children will be going to see Pres. Feng Kwo Chang and the Imperial City. Envelope is labeled "Censored No. 34 VR". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Nov. 18, 1917]

Dear folks at home:-

The days go by so rapidly that it is only by looking back that I can realize that a full month has gone by since I have written you. Mary has been faithful to her bi-monthly turn, so you know that we are well. We have a fine school this fall and every one has kept well so far. The quality of work compares with that of our first year and the spirit of the school is sympathetic to our ideals. Our new piano is a joy. The new sewing machine arrived yesterday. It is a Wheeler and Wilson. It seems the Singer S.S. Co. has bo't the W.W. Co. out. This was one with the W.W. Co's name on so they gave it to us for \$45 silver. They guaranteed it for five years just the same as their own, so I hope we have a bargain. They assured me that the S.S. Co's "parts" fitted this, so I can't see why they haven't done us a good deed.

On Wednesday a party of us teachers and pupils to the number of twenty-seven are going to the palace to be received by Pres. Feng Kwo Chang. This a great day for us for it is what I have been wishing for the school. These children will appreciate the opportunity of seeing the Imperial City. We hope to see the palace on the island where the late emperor was imprisoned and a number of other historical spots. The whole of us will have to spend the night in Peking and we plan to get up at 5 A.M. and take the 6.10 A.M. train back to Tungchow where we arrive in time for breakfast at our own table. We have all the children placed out in different houses for the night. Isn't this fine!

I am nearly destitute of winter under flannels and have forgotten to ask you to get some for me. Will you please purchase for me four union suits – long-legged, elbow sleeves, and low or Dutch neck. (I like the Dutch or square neck best). I do not care for the very heavy ones and I want all cotton. I used to give \$1 each, but they are probably more now. If you can get size 7, I should like it, but I can wear size 6 comfortably, if you can't get the other. Did I ask you to get me some black stockings? I need a half dozen pairs, of the heavier weight of the quality that one used to purchase at 3 pair for #1. It almost seems to me that I have asked you for I think I remember having included my wish to have the half white footed kind.

Did I tell you that I have been having a new dark blue silk suit made, and an evening dress in which I have used my white silk lace waist? It is to be a dream. I have a Japanese dressmaker who is a marvel at fitting, making them. I expect this will last me to get home in.

Did I write you that the thread, darning cotton, and counterpanes got here all right? Everything seems to be getting through, tho' a long time at it. I hope to get a few parcels off to America within the next few days. I fear they will hardly get there in time for Xmas but I hope they may.

I have been so busy with storm windows, Household Science furnishing, caring for garden materials, etc., that time has slipped by more rapidly than I have thought.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Tungchou,
Nov. 18, 1917.



Written on back of photo: "Entrance to the palace where we met President Feng. See Flora's smile". [Far right. Another copy of this same photo is in Mary's photo album, but her caption under it is "Going to see President Hsu". They visited President Hsu in November of 1918. Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **November 25, 1917**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She was one of about 170 people to visit Pres. Feng and tour the palace. She refers to some narrow escapes of family members back home. They have had some trouble with their help. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

November 25, [1917]

Dear Ones at Home,

A fine long letter from Phebe came this afternoon. I fear there was one more gap in letters- this time because the letter did not start. It is almost Thanksgiving and we are planning for a school dinner at noon. Then we teachers are all invited to the compound dinner to be held at Mrs. Corbett's this year in the evening.

This last week has been one of interest. It started very common place but glorious as to weather. On Wednesday- a party of thirty of us went to Peking at noon to join the Language School for a call on President Feng and a visit to the grounds. There were about 170 in the party. We went directly to the audience room where we waited almost fifteen minutes for the guards to get in place. Then Pres. Feng came out with two more guards and his interpreter. He welcomed us as foreigners interested in his country and here to learn his language so as to help open up the interior of China. Then Dr. Arthur Smith responded by a Chinese parable to the effect that we are all children of the same great parent therefore bound to each other by the ties of brotherhood. Pres. Feng invited us to sit down ("Ching Tzoa") and motioned to the side rooms. We found tea and cakes there and refreshed ourselves with the same. Then we visited the island where Kwang Hsu was imprisoned for seven years. It is a beautiful little spot but I

should not like so long a sojourn there. His king (bed) is beautifully padded and the furniture is of mahogany or the heavy dark wood of which the Chinese are so fond. The mottoes which the Empress Dowager had written in various parts of the room are still there. They assure the reader that the world is full of happiness, beauty, blessings etc. What a ?? in that place! All other places of interest were closed but we wandered about the grounds and looked longingly at exteriors. No wonder we saw little! Premier Juan resigned the next day and Pres. Feng was left alone without cabinet or helper. All this had been brewing for some days and we had feared lest our call be called off.

We were scattered all over the city in twos, and threes for the night but all met for the 6.10 train the next morning. We again had our private car and were safely returned in time for breakfast.

Thursday night Mr. Gordon and Mr. Beers gave a dinner party. Jean Dudley, Mr. and Mrs. Porter and I were the guests. We had an excellent dinner then made divinity fudge for entertainment. I resided at the stove as usual. We did not stay late because of the early rising of the previous morning- 5.00 A.M.

Yesterday Mr. Barre, father of one of our girls and member of a private concern for advance of the American agents located at London to look after the Belgian Relief work when it was started and he worked with them for a year or more. Hoover and Stalker were the men he spoke of as heads of it. He had charge of the finances. One morning he received one check for 500,000 lbs. also one for 12 pence[?]. Every one gave according to his means. His was the task to help supply ships for transportation, invest the funds in food, receive the pay for foods as sent back for Belgium and reinvest. The details of the work were and are stupendous. They have over 70 ships. Spanish and Dutch men are doing the distributing now beyond Rotterdam but Americans still do all the rest. America now supplies the \$15,000.00 monthly for ??.

The TeChow floods have receded so that several families have returned. The Cadys go soon with their little new baby. Mrs. Stanley hopes to get home for Christmas but is not sure of doing so. Their home has only half of a second story and so far everyone is living in the second story.

Certainly there have been some narrow escapes at home- Gould and Monnie in the barn and now Stanley and Mr. Palmer from the dog. We have real cause for Thanksgiving this Thursday in that these four lives were so miraculously saved.

Mon. A.M. It got to be 10.30 so I went to bed and left my letter to finish this morning. I wonder if your man and wife did return. Would that we could either have strength to do our own work or get responsible help. We are having troubles too. The head cook is squeezing way beyond reason- and is suspected of being implicated in some opium smuggling which has been going on. The watch man of the compound is already in prison on definite charge. Our boy may also be implicated as the three are known to be friends. Vacation may see a change in our forces. Both are good in certain ways, but we can not sanction any such acts provided we can prove anything. One of the servants sprained his knee and has to be laid off for six weeks. Fortunately three of those will be vacation weeks.

The tailor was down last Thursday and I gave him my fur coat to make also the two blue dresses to make into one.



The dress will be like this.

The drawing looks as though I were very fat and I am weighing as much as usual but not quite so portly as the sketch. My coat is very plain with large arms size, broad belt and deep collar that buttons up tight or hangs open as I wish.

Mrs. Burgess tells me that you have to pay a war tax of 60 cents on every parcel received. I almost hesitate to send much under that condition though I suppose you could not begrudge that extra to help on the cause.

I must get busy on papers and study as I have to go to Peking this afternoon to get some money for Miss Bostwick to pay off the servants during the week.

Here's another set of wishes for a Happy Christmas and 365 bright days in 1919 [1918]. They ought to arrive for New Years but I fear that a month is too short a time to get them home for Xmas. How we will miss Ruth this first Christmas! I wonder if Myra and Stanley will be able to get to Connecticut? Lots of love Mary.

[This letter dated Dec. 9, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. A group of evangelists are in Foochow meeting with the missionaries and discussing how to bring men to be Christ's followers. Willard says he sometimes feels that his work duties keep him from dealing with men on a more individual level. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Dec. 9th 1917

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

A week ago I wrote Geraldine and in the letter I enclosed a \$5.00 bill for Gould. I did not register this letter. We are momentarily expecting the home mail. As Nov. 19th was the date of the reception of the last home mail you can guess that we are hungry for news of our loved ones.

We have had superb weather for two months- just one light rain- every day bright nights cool and cold,- frosts the past two nights, but my garden is all right as yet. We are having delicious lettuce – and had one dinner of turnips, beets coming on soon, peas in blossom, tomatoes also in blossom.

Day after tomorrow we expect a party of evangelists- Messrs. Buchman, Day, Tewksbury- Turner, Blackstone, Pugh with two or three Chinese. They plan to meet only selected groups- such as pastors, preachers, students etc. twenty five in a group. Then after four days with these groups all the groups will meet for a final service. And for this final service each of the members of the groups must bring with him a man who needs help.

The ideal of the groups is to get men to go to work to evangelize. The church is not a live evangelistic church, and we hope to help Christians to become alive.

Dec 13 – The Buchman party is here and the group meetings are going nicely. Of course this small group idea is the strongest incentive possible for the students and others to want to join the groups. Men are much like cows. Cows may have all they can eat placed before them but if they can see grain or other food- perhaps not as good as what is given them, fenced away from them they will break down the fence to get it.

Last night over one hundred missionaries met with Mr. Buchman. He talked with them for about an hour then all had supper together at the Y.M.C.A. Mr. Blackstone paid the bills. And after supper Buchman talked again for an hour. He sits as he talks and uses a conversational tone. His method is not to make an address. His object is to help people to see the importance – the necessity of dealing with men as individuals, and helping them to become Christ's followers. To do this we must first win the confidence of men. Then win their confession. Then will follow naturally conversion and conversion. The missionaries need this help to keep them doing his personal work. I sometimes think that the reason for the decline in personal work among the Chinese is due almost entirely to the decline in the same work among the missionaries. We have had duties = things to do= so multiplied and our time has been so filled up with administration and teaching that the personal dealing with men as individuals has been neglected. I wrote someone a week or so ago that I have often during the past few years felt as if my time was so taken up with doing things that there was none left to just be, which is the important thing. And I am afraid that this is the case with very many people. Do you ever feel that way? It takes satisfaction out of one's life and gives one a burned feeling and a sense of not getting things completed. One is apt to get to sitting up too late and thus gets tired and generally behind. My only way to rectify such wrongs in my own life is to stop short- often with work undone and go to bed at nine o'clock, then I can get up at six and feel like going to work.

Last Sunday we all four went out to a village near the foot of the mountain for communion. It was a beautiful bright fall day. We took lunch with the preacher and got home about 2:30 p.m. On the way out in the morning a Ford car passed us and then we met it- we had to go by the new road part of the way. When we came back, the poor little car lay in the bottom of a creek on its side- no one was hurt. But it made us feel sorry to see the nice little friend so humiliated.

The mail came Sunday night about a 9 o'clock, and brought a letter from Gould. He did not mention any of his sisters so we take it for granted that you are all "developing fast" and are all right. By the time this reaches you it will be vacation with you and possibly another term will have begun. Your best source, and a never failing source, of council is God. Keep his confidence and be sure that He has yours.

Very lovingly Your

Father

Willard L. Beard.

We are all well.

[This letter, dated Dec. 11, 1917, was written from Foochow, China, by Willard to the girls (Flora and Mary). He mentions many missionaries and what they are doing. Gould is trying to get into aviation for the war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow

Dec. 11- 1917

Dear Girls [*Flora and Mary*]:-

The last mail-Sunday evening brought Mary's good letter with Phebe's enclosed. I have had this envelope addressed to you for- a long [*time*] with the letters from home in it. I actually thought it had gone until a day or two ago I found it on my desk. The coolie has taken a fancy recently to clean up and straighten out my desk and this envelope he covered up with other papers. Well now isn't that a plausible excuse?

It seems as if time grew scarcer every year. This year much of Hodous' work has come on me and my odds and ends of time are fuller- really there are odds and ends of time now.

The annual meeting with the Chinese was over Nov. 28. We had one session of mission meeting at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Eunice and Margaret got here just in time for the annual meeting and left for Ing Hok two weeks ago where they are as happy as ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Storrs are here now. Dr. Bliss wanted Mrs. Storrs to go to Shanghai for the birth of the child. They plan to go up on the boat that will take this letter.

We had a very pleasant Thanksgiving dinner in Mrs. Newell's new home. All the Foochow people were present except Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard and Miss Garretson. They may have gone with Mr. and Mrs. Peet.

Messrs. Buchman, Day, Blackstone, Turner, and Tewksbury and Misses Paxon, Davis and a Mrs. Adams have just arrived to hold meetings with select groups for personal work. Mr. Tewksbury is to stay with us.

Gould is bound to get into line for the war. He found the aviation field full in New Haven. His letter that came Sunday said he had tried to enter in Cleveland the Signal Officers Reserve Corps. Aviation Station. They could do nothing about that there but referred him to Washington D.C. I hope the war will close soon. It seems to me a young man is every bit as patriotic if he keeps right on studying and is prepared to help rebuild the world when peace comes.

I am wondering when we shall hear that Dr. Shelton's gold piece is claimed by Pearl River. The last letters report Myra as quite well and planning one more trip to Shelton.

Isn't it nice that Mr. Kenneston is in Huntington. I hope they treat him well and that he will stay there several years. He ought to fit.

We are all well and full of things to do- which we call work. It sometimes seems as if I was so full of doing that I am in danger of not getting time to just be.

The Board has just granted us an exchange of two for one which quite eases up the financial problem with us. This is for salaries of missionaries. We had it for general work from Jan. 1- 1917. The new rule for salaries begins July 1- 1917 and holds for 1918.

All send love
Will.

[This letter, dated Dec. 16, 1917, was written from Tungehou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Chinese men who became destitute from the floods are being used to build a road between Peking to Tientsin. She requests to have her magazines renewed. They make scrapbooks with them for children and the hospital. Many from the compound attended a violin and piano concert, then a voice soloist in Peking. Envelope is labeled "Censored No. 88 VR". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec 16, 1917.

Dear Ones at Home,

I wonder if you too are getting a "cold wave". I have been watching our thermometer at 7.15 when we go to breakfast. On Thursday it was 28 degrees; on Friday, 18 degrees, on Saturday 10 degrees. This morning at 8.15 it was only 14 degrees so I judge it was about 10 degrees at 7.15. We had a high wind Thursday to start us off. The wind is rising again now as I write and the thermometer is low- 16 degrees at four o'clock.

"Four days more and then vacation." Every last child is going after all so we three teachers will be alone. The vacation is planned full with the Christmas Day festivities, an "Old Home Day" the last Friday of the month and dress making, and dentistry to get done.

Yesterday was my social day. About 10.00 I received a note from Carol Love asking me for lunch. Dr. and Mrs. Stifler (Union Med. People) were coming for luncheon. Mrs. S. was Susan Reed Holyoke '07 and I knew her slightly. Fortunately I was giving a written lesson the first period so could accept without missing work here. Carol later had tea so that all the people could meet her guests. Mrs. Corbett asked if I would come to her dinner party on an eleventh hour invitation as one of her guests did not arrive. We were twelve at table and had a jolly good time. We stayed and played games until nearly eleven- a very late hour for a ?? festivity.

Today our service took the form of a Christian song service. Jean certainly gets spirit and beauty into the children's singing. We had ten or eleven carols and the children did very very well. I thought of Ruth on this her first Christmas in Heaven and of you on this first Christmas without her here among us.

The good road from Peking to Tientsin via Tunghsien seems to becoming a reality. Mr. Bailey has been coming down every day now for about two weeks. They have some 15000 men already at work and expect a force of 5000 soon. These are men who are destitute because of the floods last summer and fall. Instead of supporting them for nothing, they (the Government) are using them in this way. It is a project talked of periodically for some years. The present floods presented a new argument- the need of immediately employing thousands of men. Mr. Bailey got the government to promise as much as the Red Cross would give. Dr. Reinsch telegraphed for \$50000 and got it. The Relief funds of Tientsin gave another sum. Mr. Bailey is entrusted with the funds and a Chinese engineer who was trained at Tsing Tau under the Germans is helping boss the job. Mr. Stelle has just returned from a tour lasting nearly three weeks. He went out to pick out 1500 men from his district: men who needed the work. He took tags, which our children helped make, and gave one to each coolie chosen. As the man came in, they show these tags for identifications. Mr. Chandler has gotten men from Tientsin, and Mr. Hubbard from PaoTingfu.

At last the question of Mission Agent is settled. Mr. League withdraws for other work. Mr. McCann takes the work temporarily but Mr. Grimes returns in February to be the permanent head of the work. It has been a terrible mix up because of the inefficiency of Mc L. and his determination to hang on to the job at any cost.

The tailor still has my combination dress and fur coat. He is slow but can be forgiven since he has such a lot of work from us Tungchowites this time. The shoe man also is slow about getting shoes done. But the new men are not slow. They came in battalions almost. A tatting man was along this week. Another day two different curio dealers came. I made some purchases altho I am not sure of the wisdom of buying in these lines of war. The men are most anxious to sell and prices are fairly reasonable. I make an offer which I consider fair to us both and they can take it or not as they please. I tell them "pu yao chin" (It does not matter) and let them decide whether I get my goods or whether they keep them.

I wonder if I have remembered to ask you to renew my Literary Digest and Geographic Magazines. I find them useful and know of no better to replace them. The Digests are read by all the school. Lately I have removed all the covers and good pictures from the advertising pages to help make scrap books for the little children in one of the Sunday Schools and for the hospital. Dr. Love says that the men are very fond of picture scrap books.

Monday P.M. Dec. 14

I am going out skating for a while. We have to make the most of the ice before the dust spoils it and these few days are the time. The children were out all morning but I was busy taking off screens and pasting up cracks to keep the cold out. It took so long that I did not have time to dress to go to Peking.

I enclose a few pictures which I have taken recently. The one of us faculty is very bad of all of us but I let you see us at our worst. Miss Bostwick and I seem to be sticking out our tongues.



Left to right: Mary, Flora, Miss Bostwick, Miss [Jean] Dudley
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Back row left to right: Mrs. Stanley (1 reading class), Mrs. Corbett (1 reading and 1 spelling), Miss Bostwick, Miss Lyons (Domestic Science)
 Front row left to right: Mrs. Love (Physiology), Mary, Flora, Jean Dudley
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Do you remember the plate holder that Ruth sent out two years ago? I am having 'Lao Cho' the tinker make me some more which I shall give away this year. I forget what she gave but I am giving 40 tungzers (cents) each for them uncovered.

Did I write of the fine music I heard in Peking? A large party of us (ten) went out Friday to hear Mirovitch and Plastio in piano and violin. They were both wonderfully good to hear especially after our period of nothing of the kind. The next week Jean and I went up to hear Marie Lart sing. She was also very good. We sang the praises so high that several from here went up to a concert by all three a few nights later. We thought we had caught the 6.00 A.M. train enough times for a while so stayed home.

I have just had a Chinese shoe man make me a pair of high shoes. I gave him the last pair that Dektor sent out as a model. They fit well now and I am hoping that they will retain their shape. The white canvas ones are a success as I have found but these are my first leather ones. With shoes so high at home it seems best to try this way. These are \$10 mexican with rubber heels and those from Dektor cost me \$12.50 or more before I got them in hand.

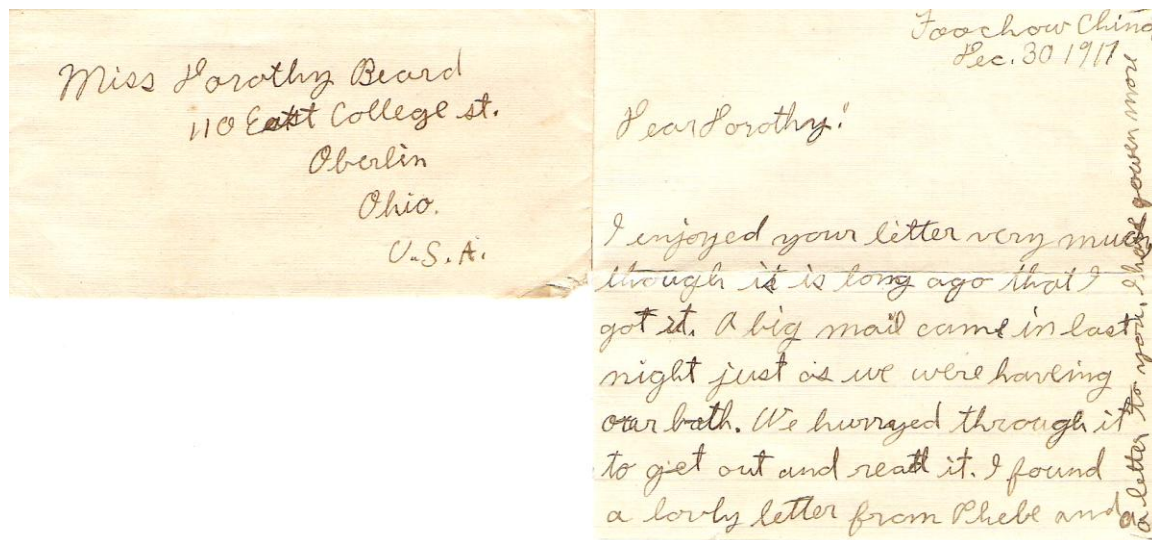
This will reach you about the time of Father and Mother's Wedding Anniversary. Best wishes and greetings to you both. How well the anniversary in 1914 returns to memory!

The sun has descended and the wind still blows so we are in for another cold night. It is impossible to keep our thermometer even as high as 65 degrees and mostly they are 56 degrees or 58 degrees. Flora longs for the new underwear you are sending. I have my heaviest out to put on tomorrow.

I do hope you are all well. It seems like a long time between letters sometimes. We are delinquent too these days I fear.

There goes the supper bell and I must close this without another sitting.

Lots of love Mary



[This letter dated Dec. 30, 1917 was written from Foochow, China by 9 year old Kathleen to her sister, Dorothy. She tells Dorothy what she got for Christmas. Letter in the collection of Jill Jackson.]

Foochow China
Dec. 30 1917

Dear Dorothy:

I enjoyed your letter very much though it is long ago that I got it. A big mail came in last night just as we were having our bath. We hurried through it to get out and read it. I found a lovely letter from Phebe and post card and the loveliest profile of your face was'nt it [was on it]. The lips looked just like yours. But it seemed that the forehead was too high for yours. Tell me in your next letter who cut it out and how you did it. This is the paper Marjorie gave me for Christmas present. I'll try to name all of my Christmas. An apple pin-cushion – from Mr. and Mrs. Peet.

a table croquet set – from Charles Frances Bercher a baby

a puzzle- from Mr. and Mrs. Christain

a pad- from “ “ “ “

a set “ “ “ “

My Darling of paper dolls

Three fancy pins and a ribbon from Miss. McLurg

a ribbon – from I don't know who

a basket - “ Mr. and Mrs. Dennis

a box of fancy writing paper- from I think Mr. and Mrs. Stors

Three handkerchieves one from Miss. Garretson

one “ Eunice Smith

“ “ uncle Stanly and aunt Myra

I got in my stocking a tub of tooth past and an ink well that I am using now. Yesterday abler noon we went to one of the Bible womens houses to her Christmas excercises. It is not far from the compound. When we first got there, we were invited into the house and had tea then we went out into the court yard and saw the exercises. We children sang and Papa spoke. After it we went in and had some thing to eat. Mag. and I did not eat anything except a gak orange. You can picture me siting at a little table beside a stove writing a letter to you. I have gowen more than two in. since you saw me last I have lots more to tell but can't with lots of love K.C.B.

History of the North China American School
From: Bulletin Number Two [*or Prospectus*] of the North China American School
Tungchou, Chihli [*Province*]
[*From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

During the month of January, 1914, the North China American School held its first sessions, when children from the Presbyterian, Methodist, and American Boards met in the school taught by Miss Tennant in a building near the Union College in the American Board compound at Tungchou.

At this time correspondence was going on between China and America which resulted in the Misses Beard coming to take up the work of organizing the school. They arrived early in September, 1914, just in time to see the walls of the new school appear above the ground. Since there could be no home for the children until this building should be finished, it was decided that for one year a day-school should be held in Peking. The finding of a place proved so difficult a task that for more than two months thirty children attended school in two of the basement rooms of the Y.M.C.A. building on Hatamen Street. Just after Thanksgiving, the school moved to the compound on Kan Yu Hutung, which had been previously occupied by the International Tennis Club. Here were sunny rooms and a large playground. At Christmas time the parents and friends came to the house-warming. In April the whole school and friends made a trip to Tungchou to see the new building. Dr. Reinsch made the day doubly enjoyable by providing a special car for the railroad trip. The school year was closed with an outdoor program, to which more than one hundred fifty guests came.

During the year thirty-four pupils were enrolled in the school, representing the first two years of the high school and most of the grades. The faculty consisted of the Misses Beard, Mrs. Charles Young, and Mrs. Harry S. Martin. After the expenses of the year had been paid, a sufficient sum was left for opening the day-school in the fall.

September 14th, 1915 saw the arrival at Tungchou of fourteen enthusiastic children to be escorted by the four residing there to the new home of the North China American School just across the field of alfalfa in front of the foreign residences. Later in the year three more pupils joined the number, making a total of twenty-one. The joy of companionship did not lessen during the year, but added spirit to every event.

On October 12th came the dedication of the building, the American Minister, Dr. Paul S. Reinsch being the speaker of the occasion. At Christmas time several guests attended the children's Christmas entertainment, and the closing of the year's work in June was celebrated in company with seventy parents and friends. There was a picnic lunch on the lawn inside of the hedge, and later the children gave "Hiawatha" under the trees.

The work of the year was carried by the Misses Beard and Mr. Hosmer Johnson, with help in some subjects from Mrs. Galt, Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Wickes, and Mr. Frame. A good balance in the treasury for the second time provided sufficient funds for opening the work in the fall. Several gifts came to the school, including over four hundred books, two United States flags, some table silver, and funds for Household Science and Manual Training equipments.

The children's health made it possible to reach the mark of 98% for attendance at school sessions, and the average for their scholarship was 89%. The development of outside interests manifested itself in the formation of a School Magazine, the Athletic Association, and the Household League, all of which are exerting important influences in the growth of character.

The present year has seen large growth along all lines.

