

1920

- Pittsburgh's KDKA begins regular schedule starting the era of radio broadcasting.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen return to the U.S. in July on the Empress of Russia.
- Phebe is teaching school in Berlin, CT
- Gould is working and traveling on the M.S. Mt. Baker
- Geraldine and Dorothy are in Oberlin, Ohio
- Mary leaves China in July for U.S. to obtain a Masters Degree at Columbia University. Flora remains in Tungchou, China.
- Women's suffrage amendment ratified August 18, 1920
- Mary is 38 and Flora is 51.
- Willard is 55, Ellen- 52, Phebe- 25, Gould- 24, Geraldine- 22, Dorothy- 19, Marjorie- 14, Kathleen- 12.

民國七年一月十三號致格體院全教員攝影



Written on photo frame: "Foochow College Faculty. This large rock- 25 ft. high and 40 ft. in diameter stands in the center of our Foochow City Compound." Willard and Ellen are the 5th and 6th person from the right in the front row. Ding Ming Uong may be the man seated next to Willard. Probably 1920. [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and a duplicate is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **January 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years Day. One of their students contracted Tubercular Meningitis and died. The school has a new music teacher from Texas. Mary and Flora are working on getting their passports. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.
[January 1920]

Dear Ones at Home-

Flora probably wrote you all about vacation and the opening of school. The first Sunday of vacation we were with Mrs. Burgess. She has two darling boys who are most friendly so you may know I had a good frolic. So did Flora.

Christmas Day was a round of gayities. We started off with breakfast and a tree with presents at Mrs. Martin's. Then we tried to be first to shout "Merry Christmas" down the line. Then it was hustle to get ready for our guests, for we had asked to have a dinner party this year and the whole Love family were coming. We lingered long over coffee and candy so it was less than two hours between these guests and the arrival of everyone for some children's games. Stratton Martin, aged 3, was my partner for the Virginia Reel and a more serious earnest partner I never had. Supper at Mrs. Arthur Smith's ended the festivities.

New year's Day we were with Mrs. Edwards. Over fifty men called and we had a delightful day. This was in spite of the fact that Mr. Ogilvy had died the afternoon before so no Presbyterian or Union College men were calling.

Meanwhile Marion Newton, one of our girls, had developed Tubercular Meningitis and was lying unconscious at the hospital. She lived until the next Sunday morning. All of us teachers went to the funeral on Monday and all the children who were in Peking were there. Dr. Smith had the service. He spoke very beautifully and of the part that his daughter was just a little older than Marion when she was taken (17) and that he was not with her nor able to get to her. A third sad event of the discovery that the father of another girl has a malignant tumor on the brain and will live only a few months.

One joyous event was the receipt of a letter from Mrs. Brown applying for the position of music teacher. Even more joyous was last Monday when we welcomed her to our midst. She is a typical Texas girl, frank, a little blunt, open hearted and energetic.

The Sentinel telling of Bernice Black's death came this morning. She was always such a dreary person she will be missed- or a bit of sunshine.

My last copy of the Monticello "[unreadable word]" tells of the death of Miss Julian Kellogg. You will remember her as the teacher who was at Monticello for over 40 years and a cousin of Mollie Stark who made you such a long visit. She was 83 years old and had been failing noticeably for some months.

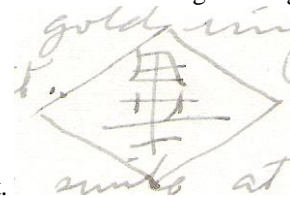
Flora and I went into town last week to start the wheels of the government to grinding out our passports. We go again tomorrow to get our pictures taken for the same papers. Many thanks for getting my birth certificate. It arrived in plenty of time. I am treasuring it along with my Liberty Bonds etc. I have the plan of the Shinyo Maru where I look at it often. If there is any special thing any of you want me to bring hurry up and write about it for I am starting in about five months (5).

We are delighted that the "Asia" is to visit us regularly this year. It will soon start making it's appearance. Once again all magazines are coming. The November numbers from New York came this last week. It was good to get a Literary Digest in real print again. Have I asked you to renew my subscription? Please do so for six months only (6 months) if you have not. I think that does not expire until February if I remember rightly.

How about my Life Insurance Policies? I forget them since the bills and receipts all go to Father. Have I sent enough gold to cover all bills? I am going to buy gold to hold for use en route home tomorrow for exchange is still down but liable to ascend after Chinese New Years.

This year I sent to American for Christmas only a few cards. I think it will be nice to give things in person

when I get home. Flora gave me a Chinese gold ring with my character on it. I would probably smile at my attempt but it will give you an idea.



A Chinese

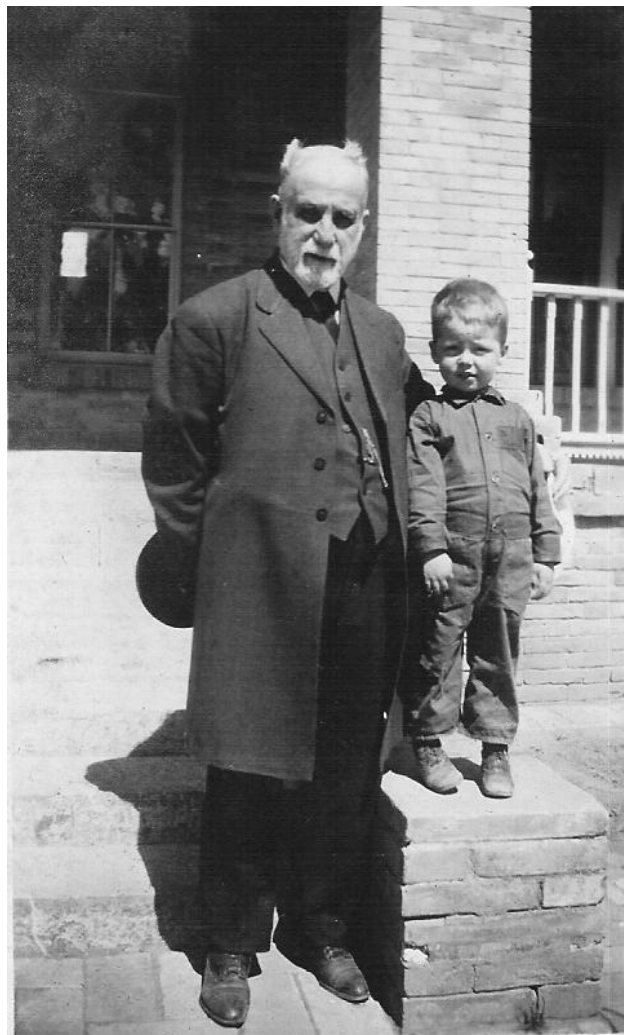
Professor Perrin of Boston University has been in Peking all this fall and winter. He was down Wednesday to tell Indian Stories to us. He is a fascinating story teller. He was forced to live for several months with some Indians in the Mount Shasta region several years ago so knew Indians who were unspoiled by civilization. He also traveled one whole summer in the Sahara desert and is coming again to tell us about that.

I had a nice Christmas note and greeting from Mrs. Lathrop this week. Only one Christmas greeting got through before Christmas. This last week brought eight or ten.

I must tell you about my house plants for they are doing so well. My big pot of heliotrope has over a dozen big spreading [*unreadable word*] of blooms. My [*two unreadable words*] is coming out nicely. Two geraniums are in full bloom. One calla has a blossom. My Chinese lily bell never did better. One bulb has six flower stalks and three others five each. My asparagus ferns are putting fourth new fronds galore. I had such a good time during vacation tending them. If you were here I'd offer you either Tungchow malt candy or Divinity Fudge. I made the fudge last evening and invited all the teachers, Mrs. Stelle and Mrs. Love in. I made it four times in vacation so feel quite experienced once more.

'Tis nearly four o'clock and church is at five. How exciting it must have been to get a radiograph from Gould. Lots of love to everyone

Mary



Written in album: "Dr. Arthur H. Smith, American Board missionary; Author of 'China in Convulsion', 'Chinese Characteristics', etc."

[Photo taken with David Burgess. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **February 7, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Marjorie to her sister, Phebe. Marjorie tells about her father's birthday (Willard) given by the Chinese. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.

Feb. 7, 1920.

Dear Pheobe,

(I spelled your name wrong, though it is sometimes spelled that way.) Geraldine wrote in her last letter, "Where is Monnie's pen?" I haven't written for months, I guess, so I'll try to write a good long letter this time to make up for it.

I guess I'll tell you about papa's birthday celebration. Mr. Ding Ming Uong (you know him) came and asked mama for papa's birthday. Mama told him, on condition that they musn't spend much money. Well, evidently the committee couldn't decide which to have the celebration, Chinese or foreign, so they had to send Mr. Ding up again to ask papa which he would rather have; so it wasn't a surprise. Papa at once said he would rather have the Chinese way. Papa had to give the feast because the celebration was Chinese style. The eventful day came at last. For two or three days before we had been getting presents, candles, a tray, a dish, and scrolls galore. All the morning of that day, too, there were presents coming. Early in the afternoon groups came with firecrackers to chuag-ang papa and bring presents.

At three o'clock in the afternoon there was a meeting. Papa knew he was going to sit on the platform, but we didn't know that we were going until we got down there. We all sat on the platform and the meeting begun with a song. Then there were speeches about ten, I think; one man said in his speech this little couplet,

Ngo sa ngo,

Go sioh bo.

Ngo sa ngo, you know, means fifty five, papa's age. The second line means that he can have another child and he will live to be twice as old, I think that was the interpretation. The speeches told all about what papa had done out here in the early years and so forth.

Then mama spoke thanking them for the royal celebration they had given us. Then papa spoke, at the end thanking them, too. That ended the meeting and we all went up to the foreigners compound to have our pictures taken. Then meeting was in the college chapel.

When we got up to the compound we found the English artist, Mr. Stains or may be Stanes, I don't know which, drawing or rather painting a picture of the pagoda, which is right across the street from our compound. It was a very good picture, I thought. His wife was sitting beside him. They were surrounded at once by the college boys and faculty, preachers and others who were invited to papas birthday.

We all had our picture taken the whole big gathering at once, and then we went to get ready for the feast.

At six we went to the feast which was in the same room as the meeting had been in. There were about fifteen or sixteen tables all of which papa had to pay for.

When the feast is about one third done, the oldest son of the man whose birthday is celebrated has to go around to each table and bow and say, "Great thanks, great thanks, I have nothing to offer you to eat." And then the people get up and bow to him. Now we (K. and I) had to be the oldest son! But we didn't go around to each table but just stood up on the platform and said it. Firecrackers were set off just then, so they drowned out all we said, and we forgot what we had to say and made an awful mess of it and the worst thing of it was that the foreigners said afterwards that we "said it very nicely!" They sat nearest the platform so they could hear.

Mama had secretly invited the whole compound and one or two others in for evening to play games and have refreshments. It was a complete surprise to papa. There was a terrible ring of the door-bell and we managed it so that papa went to the door; when he opened the door the people all sang, "Happy Birthday to You", and then they walked in. We first played a game of tossing the handkerchief, don't make me tell about it, I am so tired of writing. I'm hurrying as fast as I can to get through. Then we played, "Buzz" then "Mrs. Brown doesn't like tea or T." Then Mr. Reumann made a little speech and presented papa with seventeen dollars which all the people had contributed to. Then we had ice cream, which was the Kinnears present, two freezers full, and cake, also from the K.'s, and candy made by ourselves. So the evening ended happily. I forgot to tell you that we had dinner at the Leger's house because Margaret Leger's Birthday is on Feb. 5th, too. She is two years old. This is what Kathleen wants to say:-

The garters that you sent me before are pretty near worn out and I think they will be by the time the new ones get here. I want them about eight (better nice) inches long. Thank you very much. Kathleen

I'd like some garters, too. About 9 1/2 or 10 in. long. Thank you very much. Love to you all, Marjorie.



This photo was taken about 1920 by the big rocks and banyan tree in the Foochow missionary compound. Marjorie is 2nd from the left seated on the ground and holding a baby. Kathleen is 3rd from the left on the ground and also holding a baby.

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

[This letter, dated **February 11, 1920**, was written from Tungchow, China, by Mary to the ones at home. Mary dated the letter as 1919, but Gracie did not die until December 1919. She has heard of her niece, Gracie Beard's death. Peking has cases of measles, whooping cough and diphtheria. Mary tells of various events and people. She is looking for curios to buy to take back to the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 11, 1919-[should be 1920]
12.00 A.M.

Dear Ones at Home-

I am stealing time in school to write lectures because I do not seem to have any other. My class has a test so I have extra time. The last letter from home, also the papers, tell of Gracie's death. It does seem hard to see the reason why and it is hard to understand the necessity. [Grace "Gracie" Gilbert Beard, daughter of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. and Grace Gilbert Beard. Born October 10, 1902 and died December 24, 1919 of "Pulmonary tuberculosis" according to the death record. Her sister, Olive Beard, died before her in 1915, possibly of a heart condition.]

I hope the "flu" is not going to reach your section of the country this year. It has been bad in spots. Japan has suffered extensively. There has been some about here but little of the virulent form. The danger has been from pneumonia afterward. Peking has measles, whooping cough and a few isolated cases of diphtheria among the children. So far we have escaped.

Just now our family is well and the only disorders are a few lingering coughs. Those are going.

Last week-end Flora and I spent at Tsing Hua College with Miss Bader whom we knew well at Kuling last summer. We had an auto ride from the Peking Station out there Saturday night so arrived very comfortably. That evening we looked on at an ice-carnival the boys were having. They had a lantern parade then some interesting

racers. Lastly we had brot cocoa and fancy cakes and candy. On Sunday we heard Mr. Burgess speak to the YMCA boys in the morning. We had guests for dinner and tea and were out for supper with Mrs. Starr, another Kuling summer visitor. That left just time for a call on the Pirlie's[?] and a walk of half an hour between events.

The faculty and students were all wrought up on Saturday because a new president (Mr. Lok) is about to be thrust upon them and they do not like the man. Two men, one from the American Legation and one from the Foreign Office of the Chinese Government spent all day talking and could not convince either faculty or students that Mr. Lok is the man for the job.

The student movement is still strong against Japan and on Monday the boys posted a notice that they felt the day was needed for preaching so they could not attend classes. Can't you just imagine such a state of affairs in America?

We came in early Monday morning. I went to have a visit with Harriet Bontelle Lacy and her baby, aged 7 months. Then I had lunch at the Y.W.C.A. where Harriet is staying. She is en route for America and her husband is one of the delegates to the All-Section[?] Methodist Conference now going on in Peking.

I came home Monday evening but Flora stayed up for Mother's Club and came on the 6.10 Tuesday morning.

Today is the meeting of our School Board of Managers over at Mrs. Martin's. Flora is over there of course so we are running without her. We had some of the members for breakfast and will have all of them (6) for lunch.

Yesterday we started to work on the High School play. Our committee for cutting and assigning parts tried to fix the cast. The play is "As You Like It."

Elizabeth your desire for a collar is easily fitted. I already have several in my trunk. I am not sure as to the style I sent home but there are all different and I am sure you will like any one of them. If I see any others I may get an extra one or two for they are always useful.

Two of the American Board girls are coming down week ends to help our girls start a Camp fire organization. We both have been guardians and are fresh from the work. Things are starting off most enthusiastically. I am helping them earn a bead by pointing out some of the constellations to them during the few minutes between supper and study home at night.

7.00 P.M. Time came to close school then I had to wash for lunch. My afternoon on Wednesdays is full from 1.30 to 4.00 with no breathing space. As I had conducted two meetings and made a call yesterday I had not gotten out for exercise. Today I found Mrs. Price and Miss Brown ready to join me so we went to the candy-shop.

This evening study hour is early and closes early so Mr. Stanley may read us a paper on "Marco Polo." We anticipate a treat, both because of the subject and because of the speaker.

Tomorrow we are celebrating Lincoln's birthday by a half holiday. Mr. William Spencer is coming down to give us a talk appropriate to the day. He is also interested in Boy Scout work so he has asked for the privilege of watching a scout drill. Those boys have worked hard this week to make up for all they couldn't do because of lack of practice. Even skating has become unpopular.

We had direct word from Willard through Mrs. George Davis who visited in Foochow also through Mr. Burgess who attended the same conference in Shanghai. His letters are as scarce as mine. This seems to be a busy world here as well as at home.

My trip home is a little less real just now for I have all the wheels going and now only wait for my passport to get back from America and for the exact date for the sailing of the Shinyo Maru to be set and the months to pass. Meanwhile I am looking hard for every kind of curio I want to add to my collection. You may need an addition for what I have but I will trust to that. My trunk accommodates most of it now and I will have that along.

It is time for the lecture and so I will say farewell lest this get tied up too long by waiting for another session.

I hope you are all well.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter dated **Feb. 15, 1920** was written from Foochow, China by Kathleen to her sister Phebe. There was a President Lincoln's birthday party at the St. Clair's home and they played some fun games. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow China
Feb. 15, 1920.

Dear Phebe;

Last Thursday evening we went to a Lincolns party at Mrs. St. Clair's. This is what the invitation said, Lincoln's birthday, eight o'clock, come right in, no need to knock. It was on a little card that could open up. On the covers was the verse I just told you, and you opened two little doors and found this, St Clair's want to celebrate, wear a historic symbol, and don't come late. I wore for a historic symbol this picture of Lincoln and his family with his two dates. I pinned it on with a little American flag that you sent. Marjorie wore a split rial [*rail*]. Mama wore a picture of a slave and two pictures of freed slaves. Papa did not come till late so he did not wear any. As soon as we got down there we were given cards like this. Of course the cards did not have all the same writing on them. At our table, table six there were a small pile of cards each with a little wiggle on them like this [*a squiggle*] or [*squiggle*] or any way. With those wiggles we had to draw an American flower or animal. I drew a daisy and a horse. My partner at that table was Mr. Hubbard and Marjorie's was Mr. Scott. When the judges came around they thought Marjorie's and Mr. Scott's were the best so they had a punch in their cards and went along to the next table no. 7. The next time ours was the best so we went along and got a punch in our cards. At table 7 we came in with Marjorie and Mr. Scott again. At that table we played jack straws. When the bell rang it was a tie so M. and M.S. went along to the next table no. 8. Another couple came along and beat us so we did not go along that time. There they stoped that game and I did not get to table 8 at all. Even if I did not go I went and saw what they were doing. They saw who could make the best dolls out of tooth picks and make their dresses out of colored paper.

Then we took the line of song on the back of the card. There were three songs. Colombia the Gem of the Ocean, and two other national songs that I can not remember. Anyway each song got together and we played charades. The first one was Gal-vest-on. Mrs. Rueman put on her husband's vest. The next one was Belona. You know Belona sassage. Mr. Rueman tied a handkerchief below his knee. The next one was Watchful waiting. Mrs. Scott sat in a chair with a rolling pin and drowsed and Mr. Scott came sneaking around she woke up and ran after him. That was ours or rather I was on that side. Another one was diplo-mat. The hole side came in with hats on and bowed low three times.

After that we had refreshments. Caro popcorn and marshmallows. (I don't know whether you can read that or not.) Then we went home.

I would be very glad to hear from you from your very loving sister, Kathleen. Over

P.S. Papa and Mr. Christian came in before we played charades. Papa had his face blacked and his hands chained together as a slave and Mr. Christian was Lincoln with an ax and wood and L freed P. or the slave. K.C.B.

*[This letter, dated **February 15, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Oliver, Grace and Annie. Willard has heard of his niece's death, Gracie Beard, and mentions all of the close relatives who have died over the years. Willard is working against opium and prostitution. The Chinese had a big birthday celebration for him. They will leave China on July 3, via the Empress of Russia to Vancouver. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Feb. 15, 1920

Dear Oliver, Grace and Annie:-

The last mail brought us word that on the eve of Christ's birthday Heaven was enriched by Gracie's translation to become one of its citizens. We had heard that she had not been well for some weeks but not quite prepared for the news that she had gone. I shall never forget trying to help care for her when she was a wee baby while we were home on our first furlough. And each time that we came home she was always so full of good cheer and always brought sunshine wherever she went.

It is not a disturbing thought to me- that the ties that hold us so fast to this place we call earth, are gradually being transferred to the place we call Heaven- since we came to China. Grandfather and Grandmother, Uncle Charlie, Aunt Hannah, Elsie, Dorothy, Aunt Louise, James, Ruth, Olive and Gracie of our immediate family have gone on to wait for us. It always makes Heaven seem nearer to me. Every day we meet you all at God's Mercy Seat= our family altar and oftener in private talks with the Father. The news of these sad events of course reaches us only after the keenness of your sorrow has passed, but I always like to look back and know that on that very day I had talked with God about you all and had asked Him to give you the things needful for you on that very day.

There were never so many things pressing to be done here as at the present time and there were never such opportunities offered for Christian work. I will enclose a few items that I have put down showing the results of special work in a few churches.

There are so many Union Institutions just getting started or needing special attention that my time is much eaten up in these Committee meetings. Opium is coming in to Fukien again and in a very bad way- hard to fight. The officials put out proclamations to the effect that the people must be patriotic- not buy opium from outside but plant it themselves to stop outside opium from coming in. At present "out side" means Japan. The Japanese are bringing in- smuggling vast quantities of the drug. It is sold openly all thru the country districts and in Foochow the shops sell other things in front while in a back room trusted men are allowed to smoke. All these shops are under Japanese protection. The police cannot raid them until they have notified the Japanese Consul. He has ways of getting the shop ready for inspection before he grants his permission. In the country where the Chinese official is specially avaricious he commands the farmers to plant, taxing them \$7.00 per Chinese acre= 1/6 of a foreign acre. If they refuse to plant his soldiers arrest or torture or sometimes kill. To get money the soldiers also tax and license gambling tables \$2.00 per day. In fact they go in for any way at getting money- foul or fair- mostly foul. Here in Foochow the police receive \$40000 a year from prostitutes. The church that I plan to preach in this a.m. at 10:30 used to be in a good business center. Now, in front, in back, and on both sides are houses of prostitution. Well this is the other. I am spending half a day a week in trying to do something to stop the opium traffic. A year ago I was one of seven or eight to write the Governor about prostitution, but the \$40000 was too strong for us. I must be off for church now.

Sunday Evening:-

To day I have preached in a church in the suburbs, eaten dinner a la Chinese with seven Chinese, attended a church committee meeting, called on Sam Leger who is sick, taken care of a hen and 5 chicks, seven hens and 2 geese, taken a squint at my garden from which we are getting beets, cauliflower, lettuce, Chinese cabbage, foreign cabbage, kale, kohlrabi, turnip, mustard, swiss chard, spinach. How's that for an old farmer? and the strawberries are in blossom. I shall plant corn before long.

A week ago last Thursday was my birthday and we have been in Foochow for twenty five years. The Chinese are great on celebrating and they wanted to celebrate so we let them. Much of the day previous and all of Thursday up to 3 p.m. was occupied in receiving calls and acknowledging presents- altho I told them I wished they would not bring gifts.

I will not try to be exhausted but among other things are a pair of geese, a rooster, two doz. eggs, a lot [of] cakes and steamed biscuits- vermicelli of several kinds, four huge flower (paper) pieces 5 ft. high and 4 wide, 13 pairs of paper scrolls, one large red silk banner, 7 or 8 framed silk mottoes, a few pairs of vases. The program at the meeting was gotten up entirely by them. Ellen, the girlies and I were placed on the platform in front of the four flower pieces and behind eight large red candles all burning= one for each of the family. There were speeches on the work done during the 25 years- poems read etc. Then a photo taken- I'll send one if it comes out well and in the evening 130 sat down to the feast- I forget to mention gifts of packages of fire crackers that would have taken our breath away when we were boys- packages 1 foot long and many large red candles - 2" in diameter and a foot long. Well I think the people all had a genuine good time and I hope it will help in bringing God's kingdom here.

We are all well. The girlies grow and develop- what shall Ellen and I do without them during our next term?

May God- the God of comfort- be your strong hold. We are booked to sail from Shanghai July 3 on the Empress of Russia via Vancouver.

With much love Will.

[Willard includes a typewritten paper on the following:]

New Methods of Evangelism which are old.

The Foochow City and Suburbs stations of the American Board Mission have used the following new methods of doing Christian work during the past year.

1. We sent eleven students, mostly from the upper classes of Foochow College into six different villages, mostly near the City for evangelistic work. Each of these was given \$10. This money all came thru private subscriptions by missionaries and it was considered to be enough for the bare expenses of each student for the two Summer months while he was in work. These boys all had pleasant experiences and reported from two to five or six people each who had interested in the Gospel. One village asked for the work to be continued and are putting up much of the money needed. In other places the students worked in connection with another new form of work as follows;

2. Two young men were asked at the beginning of the year to become evangelists with the whole big plan to the North and East of the City with upwards of 60 villages with 100,000 people in them. It was definitely decided

not to start any chapel and school. The work was purely personal evangelism. It is hardly necessary to state that this was not at first a pleasant task for two boys on whose diplomas the ink was only just drying. But they were surprised at the reception they met. As inevitable the names of certain villages soon began to appear frequently on the reports and soon one village asked for regular Sunday Services, fitting up a room and finding seats then another village did the same thing. At the end of the year, just now, these two young men have on their books the names of 58 who have become learners, three have just united with churches. The mission indefinitely planning to open regular work in four villages.

3. Growing out of the general favorable attitude toward Christianity and out of the China for Christ Movement and out of the new spirit that is manifest in almost all places, an evangelistic Committee was appointed by the Annual Meeting which is already functioning. Each church is planning a series of special Services from three to five days according to the conditions. A week is taken in each for organization and preparation. These services are held in the afternoon and evening and at the meeting people are asked to give names and addresses if they are willing to be enrolled as learners. At the first series of meetings held Jan. 11-13, 96 names were enrolled in one church. The church which holds 300 if packed was full at each meeting. At a Bible class social about one half of them were present. Jan. 24th, Special Efforts are made to keep in touch with the learned and keep them learning.

[On the next page is a scroll that was given to Willard at his birthday party. This scroll is from the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend. An interpretation was included with it:]

“Benevolent”, “Kind”, “Gentle”, “Neighbor”

“Mei Shueh (name of the person from whom this award was given) who is nearly seventy years old and has lived as neighbor to the school headed by Mr. Beard. As a result they have been very intimate friends. Mei Shueh and children and grandchildren have at different times received education from Mr. Beard. Mr. Beard has stayed in Fuchow seven years since his last trip to USA. His achievement has been well known in this community and admired by all the people he has met. He is now leaving for his homeland this summer again. Before he departs, Mei-shueh is giving him this personal scroll as a symbol of Mei-shueh’s sincere appreciation and will cherish their friendship forever.” To

Headmaster and his wife, Beard.
1920, Summer, at Fuchow
from Tsou, Mei-shueh
(written by Chen, Pao-shen)

親善鄉仁

梅變春秋將七十家在九仙山麓平遠甚側甚
先生所主格致院席對門而居平日親愛如家人兒輩就
學荷蒙

教育心實感焉溯

先生自美雅閩於今七載鄉人士仰之如泰山北斗其大
有造於閩中外共曉無煩鄙人贅也惟鄙人年老幸

獲居同里閑休感相關昔人云親仁善鄰其

先生之謂乎今夏言旋故國鄙懷不無憾於其行
也因此代贐並綴數言以抒積悃叩請

稗主理
師母 惠存

中華民國九年歲次庚申夏五福州鄉梅變謹贈

古閩鄭葆琛謹書

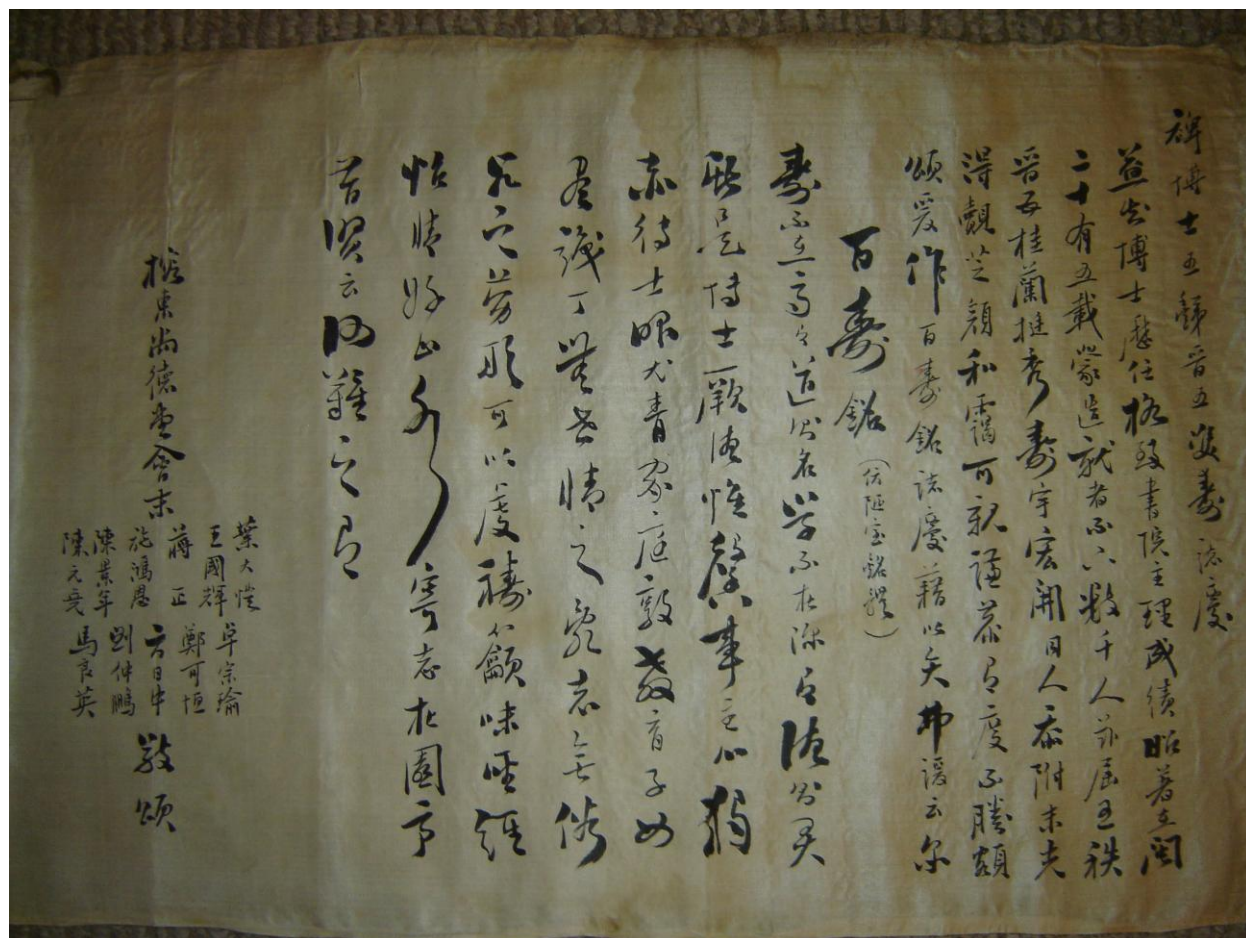
[Following is another scroll given to Willard on his 55th birthday. From the collection of Cynthia Elmer Amend. An interpretation is included with it:]

“To Dr. Beard (at his fifty-fifth birthday)

Dr. Beard has been the headmaster at the school for 25 years. His achievement has been well known and thousands of students have benefited from his school. We (the following names at the end of the note) are composing a poem, (titled Longevity) to commemorate his fifty-fifth birthday.

“Life must have wisdom and knowledge must have virtue. Dr. Beard has them all. His devotion to God and his love for his fellow men and his sincere efforts in education the children make him one in a million.”

From XXXX Fraternal Society
(12 names)



[This letter, dated **February 20, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He writes on the first day of Chinese New Year. He tells about his birthday celebration put on by the Chinese. Willard's family will be going back to the U.S. on the Empress of Russia. Mary leaves China earlier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China.
Feb. 20th 1920

Dear Folks at Home:-

To day is the first day of the Chinese New Year. It has been a cold rainy day- much to the disappointment of the Chinese for this is the great holiday of the whole year. On this day about the only things they do is to gamble.

To do any work is a sign that they will be obliged to work hard all the year. To use such a word as "death" will have the effect of casting gloom over the family for the whole day and will surely bring bad luck.

We are having an old fashioned rainy season. For two weeks now it has rained almost incessantly. One day was beautiful- the last one, my birthday.

The Chinese wanted to celebrate so we told them they could. They asked whether it should be Chinese or foreign style we told them Chinese. I think they all had a royal good time- so did we- and we learned some things we did not know before.

First. All the planning and the work was done by the Chinese in their own way- they did however consult me on many points- in each of which I assented to their suggestions.

Second. All the day Feb. 4 and on Feb. 5 up to 3 p.m. callers were frequent and everyone brought a present altho I had specially requested that they should not do this.

Third. The range of gifts will interest you. A pair of geese, a rooster, 2 doz. eggs, several pounds of vermicelli, 3 lbs. of peanuts (shelled unroasted), 2 pyramids 2 ft. high of sponge cakes and steamed biscuits, 4 large floral (paper with bamboo frames) pieces in each was an image of a man on horseback or a goat or deer made of thread vermicelli. These were handsome. - 7 pairs of red candles, about 2" in diameter and 15 in. long. We are planning to take home some of these. Eight of them were burning during the exercises- one for each member of the family- present and absent. 14 pairs of paper scrolls- 1 large red silk banner, 5X8 feet- 9 mottoes on silk in frames- 1 lacquer tray- 2 pairs of vases- I do not know how many packages of firecrackers there were 4 large packages left which we plan to take home and of course many were set off that day. I am not sure that I have mentioned all but enough I think to show you the range.

Fourth- The program- At 3 p.m. a delegate came to ask us to go down to the College Chapel. All the gifts- except the live stock were displayed attractively. An audience of about 130 were waiting for us. We four were asked to sit on the platform with the four paper flower pieces behind us and the 8 large candles before us all burning. The program consisted of singing, Scripture, prayer and historical addresses- a poem which had for its topic both our 25 years of work and 55 years of life. Then both Ellen and I were asked to reply, - which means say thank you.

Fifth- The photo was taken. I will try to send one home- will bring one anyway.

Sixth- Immediately after the photo came the real part of the celebration- the climax to the whole= the feast= 130 guests sat down in one room to this sumptuous repast which cost about .45 a plate- more strictly, .45 a pair of chop sticks. A celebration of this kind must be gotten up in the name of a son or sons. So Gould gave this birthday. But Gould was not present to tell the people, "Greatly thank you, we have greatly troubled you, we have nothing for you to eat." Duai sia sia. Duan ki daeng mo noh siah. So Marjorie and Kathleen did this for them, and they completely brought down the house.

Seventh- I paid for the celebration which was part of the "Chinese Style".

The only expense connected with the whole thing was the feast. The expense was \$60. But it was not as bad as seems at first sight. I knew all about it before I accepted the "inundation". And one important consideration was this. - We have not been able to entertain the Chinese as we have wanted to in our home and this gave us the opportunity to do it all at once and in a way that was in perfect keeping with their ways of doing and in a way that gave them all a perfectly natural good time- so it was acceptable and profitable all round.

This week begins the Chinese week of prayer which we are calling in China "The Week of Evangelism". Yesterday special Union services were held in three churches in Foochow. To day the same and tomorrow the same. I am one of three men asked to speak on each of the three days.

Our last Christmas boxes came this week. Two packages- one from Phebe K. of some cranberry sauce- one from Gould of three travelling cases. Your gifts came some time ago. The hickory nuts are delicious- we are enjoying a few a day- and so are our friends. The girls are keeping the mirrors for future use. We thank you all for them and more for the thought that inspired the gifts- It is Saturday night and 10 o'clock so good night.

Sunday night= Have I written you that we are now booked to sail on the Empress of Russia July 3rd, - altho we are trying to get transferred to the Honolulu route,- with however little hope of success. Mary will likely get off first.

We are approaching the time for opening College again with everything uncertain. We may not have a student and we may be surfeited. The student world in China is a very uncertain thing just now.

May Our Father keep us graciously to meet in another six months. - Ellen says that we will live in Shelton.

Yours Will

[This letter, dated **February 23, 1920**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She writes on a snowy Chinese New Years Day in North China. More room is needed at the school so it will be enlarged. Flora

is to go to Japan in four months with Mary and then Mary will leave from there for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Feb 23, 1920

Dear Ones at Home-

We have gone back to winter and have just had the heaviest snow fall of the season. That is a very heavy one for North China- at least 4 inches. It tried to snow every day but the dry air and temperature about 32 degrees evaporated the snow so every night found the ground bare. Yesterday the air was thick at times, but today is clear and cold.

Eva Price and I went for a walk in the fiercest part just for the fun of the homelike feeling of soft snow on our faces. She has been lonesome lately. I think my going home, or rather having a home to go to, makes her feel anew her lack of one.

A week ago Sunday Mrs. Martin had the church service and read us one of the stories from Van Dyke's "The Blue Flower". The children as well as we adults loved it.

This Sunday Dr. Galt preached on "The Heavens belong to God but the earth has been given unto men. He always gives a good scholarly talk. This was especially good for though it was scholarly yet it was within the grasp of even our youngest child. He and Mrs. Galt were over for breakfast with us this morning. It seemed quite like old times to have them down here.

This being the week after Chinese New Year's Day we have no early morning train. We get fooled and wait around for mail after breakfast nearly every day. It is hard on Dr. Love for he can not go up the night before and the noon train gives a very short stay for getting conference meetings. The big all China Medical Conference is on in Peking this week and of course he wants to go.

Peking is having Conferences so thick they overlap. The All Eastern Methodist Conference closed Feb. 17 and the Medical opened Feb. 21. The Educational Conference is Feb. 26 and 27 and the Medical does not close till Feb. 28.

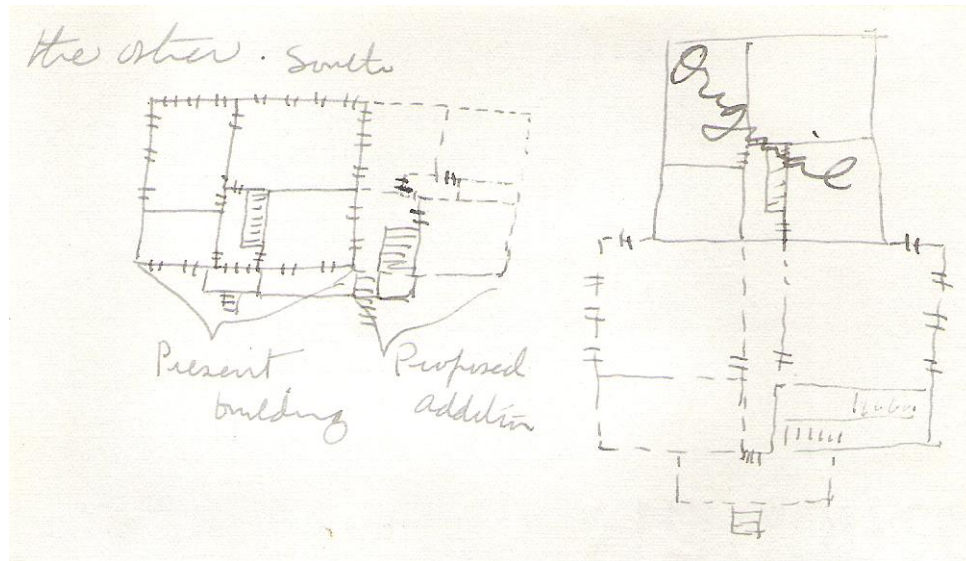
It is impossible to get a room in Peking except at the Hotels and even they are fuller than usual.

On the night of Chinese New Years- Friday- the Camp Fire girls and I got supper for one family. We made a vegetable soup just thick and had enough so there were about four bowls apiece. For desert Miss Price made the "Afterthought" in Phebes Framingham Cook Book. The girls made salad dressing and served cabbage and lettuce salad too. It was such fun that we want to repeat it.

On Saturday Mrs. Arthur Smith served our compound tea. There were several guests and we had a gay time.

I was hostess this week end and on Saturday night we played "Tungchow Train" a game we have adapted from "Stage Coach". Then we made ?? from George Washington. Last night I read a story of Ellis Parker Butler "Keeping up Grandma's Morale" that came out in the Red Cross Magazine last year; then another "One Hundred Years too Soon" in the December Scribner's. It is a time story of Kua Li the favorite wife of Kwan Hsu, the last Emperor and is very well told. Several of the children have been in the Palace where the story takes place and I have been to the tombs of both the Emperor and the wife and had pictures of them all.

Flora is eating, sleeping, talking, thinking and all the rest of the "ings" new school building. We have to have more room and the plan is to enlarge this building in some way. There are two plans and one day one appeals and the next the other.



I think I forgot to acknowledge the Line a Day Book which came two weeks ago.

Another of my side issues has been using the minutes before study hall to help the Camp Fire girls learn some constellations. The boys got jealous and have joined the fun. The ten or fifteen minutes are enough to peek at several constellations but not enough to get too cold.

This last week I tried a stunt I have long wanted to try. I had four guests in for tea in my own room. My new big tea pot holds enough for that many and my room is big enough to accommodate that number. I hope to try it again soon.

I'm planning for a dinner party for Flora's birthday this week. I've thought of home a lot lately with all the birthdays- Mothers, fathers, James, Willard, Edith, Geraldine, Wells. Just think of the cakes if you were only pupils in our school. We had a cake yesterday, another today and a third Wednesday.

In four months I'll be en route I hope. Flora plans to see me off in Japan and make a short stay there. I hope the building won't interfere.

I'm going to start home in my old suit and hat bought here. If it is too bad, I'll get Leolyn to help me get fitted out in San Francisco before starting East. So anyway, I'll be all up to date when I reach Shelton.

Lots of love

Mary.



Written in album: "Camp Fire Girls June 1920. Esther, Joyce, Betty, Ivy, Dorothy, Margaret M., Mary-Helen, Margaret T., Ruth."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **March 1, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about various people and events. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

March 1, 1920

Dear Ones at home-

I am following Elizabeth's excellent example and writing two letters in close succession. We don't object at this end and I hope you don't either.

The National Geographics from 1919 came about two weeks ago and I was very glad to welcome them. I shall be glad if you will have it continued for 1920. I have had my volumes all bound and they make a fine array on my bookshelf. I find them useful too in class work.

The Asia never has arrived yet. I wonder if some other Miss Beard is getting that too. Yesterday and today brought large foreign mails. Yesterday most of the material was letters but today many papers came, so I think we have gotten our share of this last ship load.

I can not yet see Wells as a big tall boy but how well I remember Stanley and his growth during Willard's first term in China. You probably can work the same play on us with Wells.

You are right Elizabeth about definiteness of plans. I only know that I sail in the Shinyu Maru from Yokohama the last of June. Now I am hoping to go over by way of Korea. I should like to see the country that way. I hope to have a few days in Japan but can not tell for sure. Flora and Eva Price and a friend all plan to go over and if we go together it makes several to consult.

Mar. 3- I am enclosing a letter from Will that came yesterday. What an interesting birthday he did have! He was nice to let the Chinese do it their way. I think I wrote you of the foreign(?) wedding here last June. It was a queer mixture of customs. Some of them are better where the Chinese custom is followed except for the idol worship part. There the Christian ritual is put in; or better yet is to be real foreign.

Last week I spent Thursdays at Mrs. Martin's. Mr. M. was in Peking for the Education Conference. And Mrs. M. does not like staying alone with the children. It was fine sleeping out on the porch with little Gertrude for my "hot water bottle". In the early morning, Stratton always came running out for a few minutes of cuddling. Little Ruth was a dear and I planned to be around whenever I could about 5.00 or 5.30 for that is the time she may be picked up. Also I sometimes had a chance to hold her at the hour of the late evening feeding.

We had a Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell down on Saturday to "look us over" as a place for their daughter next year. They sent their application yesterday, so I guess we suited. Flora had Dr. Betow down for the week-end and how those two women did visit.

They stopped for a few hours sleep and that was about all. The Saturday tea was at the school last week and Miss Bostwicks' little room was full to overflowing. Fortunately the guests were about evenly divided in numbers as to those leaving on the 5.17 train and those coming that kept us from too great a crowd.

Yesterday I went to Carol Love's for afternoon coffee. It was my first visit in over two weeks and the first time I had been in the house since the Chandlers arrived.

The Chandlers got here last week Tuesday. They looked very tired but are now all O.K. They had all had the flu in Tientsin, so stayed three weeks instead of three days as per schedule. Mr. C. is going to take Flora's Sunday School work so now we are all free.

I almost forgot Flora's birthday. I wanted to give her a dinner but two of my guests would be in Peking Wednesday so I put it Tuesday. I had Dr. Smith, (Mrs. S. declined), Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Love and Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Dr. Love went that afternoon to Peking to attend the Medical Conference that started Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard-Smith had a little daughter born Tuesday but she never breathed at all. The care[*or case?*] held Doctor Love here for three days of conference. Mrs. Howard-Smith is getting along finely and has from the start.

Last week was the "Week of Evangelism" of which Willard spoke. Margaret Smith and Mrs. Arthur Smith were out every day with bands of Chinese men. Mr. and Mrs. Stelle are down in the country and return Saturday after a two week's absence.

Do I owe Father anything? It is quite a while since I have sent a draft home. I have a gold deposit of \$150 here now. Exchange was good so I got it to be ready for June.

Mrs. Frame started last Thursday for Japan. She is to work for money for the Woman's College also for teachers. They are affiliated with the Union College of Peking now and adopted by Wellesley so are no longer orphans or strangers in the educational world.

It is evening study hall and I must get to my Virgil and Algebra for tomorrow.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **March 7, 1920**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He talks about the instability of China and the students seem to be the only ones who care about making it right. Willard is encouraged by the spread of Christianity throughout China. He and the family will leave for the U.S. in four months. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China

March 7th 1920

Dear Folks at Home:-

These are interesting times in China- with the north and south still at war, with the military party in power and the country in reality under military rule, with the military officials "economizing" in every way and getting all the money they can lay hands on and keeping all they can get, with national officials and provincial officials borrowing all they can get and mortgaging anything that they can find (it is rumored that our General Li has mortgaged public lands in Foochow to Japan for money). The government school teachers were paid 50% of their salaries last year, soldiers are even worse off:- with officials compelling farmers to plant opium even at the point of the bayonet and when resisted killing people,- men, women and children by the hundred- with the student body, apparently the only body that cares enough about these conditions to do anything to right the wrongs-and these students all thru the land striking and seriously considering refusing to return to school- with these conditions prevailing all over the country you do not need to be told that China is an interesting place.

But the foregoing conditions are not all that make life here interesting. There is an interesting religion- in the Christian religion which far surpasses any thing I ever saw. In 14 different places the Am. B'd mission has held special services, or it would be more exact to say done special work for the main work has been in many places visiting in the homes, and talking with individuals. About 800 new names have been added to the list of learners and many backsliders have been reclaimed. In three instances the whole family has enrolled as learners and cleaned out all idols.

To day I went to administer communion at Cui Buu. Three men joined the church. One was an old classical school teacher. He has attended church for 4 years. Another was the eldest son of a Colporteur.- All the family but the mother are now church members. She refuses to become a Christian. Only prayer will save her. The third was a 21 year old young man from a well to do family who has been a learner for more than a year.

After communion we all took dinner together and listened to the reports of the different officers for the past year and then elected the new offices.

After this service I went over to the "Honorable Virtue" church at the invitation of a learner who wanted to put away all his idols. The chief idol= The King of Monkeys= was placed in his little house, which was about 1 ft. wide, 16 in. high and 8 in. deep, on the table and we held a service-sang a hymn about God's protesting love and care, a prayer by preacher Ma and then the missionary was asked to speak.

The audience consisted of the preacher, his wife, the Bible woman, two Christian girls, five church members, the man of the house, who was to put away his idols, his two wives and three sons, about 9-14 years old and a young woman and an old man who are living in the same house and who are most ardent and superstitious idol worshippers. The subject of the talk was God's fatherly care of us, with of course references to the influence which the King of Monkeys had been supposed to have on the family.

This man has been a learner for four or five years- why has he not confessed Christ before? He has two wives and knows he cannot unite with the church. This last year he has been in Formosa in business. While there both his wives were taken ill at home in Foochow. They had the priests come with incense and gongs and incantations and they got well. But they spent a lot of money, and the man knew it was both profitless and wrong. This experience convinced him that the idols must be put away. He has himself taught his wives until they both agreed to get rid of the idols.

After closing prayer he himself took the King of Monkeys that had "protected" his home for years out of his little house, wrapped him in the yellow cloth that had been his background all these years, with the little bags that had been used for incense and asked me to take him away. Then I asked what God that big one over in the corner was. "Oh! that belongs to the owner of the rice shop out in front." He took it up at once and carried it out to its owner and asked him to keep it. Then he dashed out of the back door and came in with a long ladder and put it up against the partition and was about to ascend as preacher Ma said, "Don't you are too heavy, you will break the ladder. Let this boy go up." Up went a 14 year old boy and brought down a charm. This is a piece of coarse cotton cloth 18"X10", yellowish with a character in thick red ink something like this.



The owner took this charm out of its frame and asked me to take it away with me. This was all of idolatry that he possessed. I asked his wives if they were afraid to see the household goods go. They replied with a smile "No". These gods are now adorning(?) our parlor table.

This past week I have attended on invitation two meetings of students- one with returned students and the commissioner of Education and one with the returned students= Foochow students who have graduated from Colleges in the U.S. or England= to see if some way could be found to get the students back into school- Last Dec. 1 the General closed and sealed their meeting place and to express their feelings of dissent they left school- and altho the government schools should have opened in January, not a boy returned. Yesterday was our opening day. 90 came to the Higher Primary and 14 to the Middle School. The H.S. should have had 180. The Middle sch. 250. But in the meeting yesterday the Student Council decided to send notice to all students to return tomorrow so I have hopes we can have school.

We are all well- those hickory nuts have been a very great treat. Kathleen has just said, "In less than four months we shall start for home."

May God prosper our plans and bring us to see each other about next Aug. 1.

Very lovingly

Will.

*[This letter dated **March 8, 1920** was probably written from Putnam, CT by Elbert Kinney to his niece, Dot (Dorothy). Elbert talks about Dot being 19 years old, about his car and of Phebe and Donald. He talks of clothes that Dot said she needed and enclosed a \$25 check for her to use for whatever she decides on. The original letter is in the Oberlin College archives.]*

[March 8, 1920]

-Notice-

Don't faint- I am writing.

Hello Dot. "You poor wrinkled gray haired nineteen year old, Old Maid" When I look at your picture before me with those eyes bulging with those "come hithers" you need not seek sympathy from me now. If however (which will not be possible) when you have reached twenty nine and have not become that trim matron which I know you will be, then I'll extend to you my sympathy if needed.

Never you mind if fate should so decree. You know when I build that next house that will be big enough for all my nieces and nephews to come and take care of their bachelor uncle.

From your letter you seem to be enjoying college life to the full. Do you know I am somewhat anxious. I have always understood that college was where one educated your brain and that was what I thought you were doing, but I see you are also educating your feet as well., never mind. I suppose that is part of modern education.

Well we just had one good time when Phebe and Jeanette came for the weekend.

Jeanette seem to be a regular girl, a good sport and I rather liked her. She reminded me much of a former friend of mine. Little did she know what memories she was bringing to mind as she caught me once or twice feasting my eyes on her as she sat in my big chair.

I shoveled out the whole length of the yard so I could get out Billy Dodge and believe me it was some job with the snows four to five feet deep. We went to church and took a little ride to Pomfret Monday.

Billy is having quite a rest this winter, but he behaves perfectly whenever I take him out. I am thinking of getting a new speedometer. They have one that when you reach 30 miles an hour a white flag appears. At 40 a red one appears and at 50 a grafophone begins to play. I am going to be an angel and live where angels travel. Do you think that will hold the Speedies; it will me.

We enjoyed Phebe and Donald's stay with us Xmas. Of course Donald has told you what a time he had getting here,-the next time you write Donald. Start in this way Hello "you good looking boy" and see what he says to it. It came about like this. Mr. Merrill our minister came down to us the first Sunday they were here and said right before us all, "I wondered who that good looking boy was with you and I jollied him about it all the time he was here in fact Donald is developing into a good looking boy. One day he tried on my hat which was hanging on the tree (a new soft one not dirty) and he looked very good in it. I saw that he liked it and then just for him I got my new overcoat and let him try it on and to my surprise that fitted him perfectly. I told him he could wear them while he was here if he wished which he did, and he did look swell. I was quite proud of him they say that clothes do not make the man but they help in looks at least. I bought him a hat just like mine before he left of course you will not tell him I told you this. He is very sensitive. By the way- I am going to Springfield, Mass Mar 24 and 25 to coalminers convention and am thinking of going to see Donald over night. It's not very far from S-

Phebe left us a bunch of letters when she was here to read and we learned much from them.

I see how very short of clothes you are etc etc etc!!! Lets see nightie, skirt, waist, petticoat, stockings shoes, dress, corsets, - - - etc etc- have I got them all. I guess so. And of course Jerry can use a little extra chintz so I am enclosing my ck for \$25, which you can divide between you for what ever you want, clothes or entertainment or general expenses, but listen if you buy corsets for example, don't buy 16.50 ones as a lady recently told me she did. I asked her what was the idea, as I had seen the ad - for \$1.25. She said she did not wear that kind and I said shoes \$18. Dress and shirt 150. Hat, \$25, and I said where does the man get off that marries you, and I advised her not to tell the next prospect (for she is looking) that she wore 16.50 corsets.

Aunt E and I are going to the auto show in Boston next week - wish you were both here to go. Some party we would have. Now don't you think that I have out done myself. I do. I believe I owe Jerry one or two letters but this will make up for all of yours.

Hope you are both well and we shall want to hear from you often.

Where are you to be next summer, it will be here before we know it. We hope you will see Putnam before vacation ends.

With love to you both

Mar 8/20

Sincerely

Uncle E.C.K.

Aunt Emma thinks this letter ought to be censored. Do you?



L to R: Dorothy, Kathleen and Marjorie. This may be at Oberlin College about 1920.

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



*[This letter dated **March 28, 1920** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe. He tells her that her little sisters in China (Marjorie and Kathleen) pray that God will help her in her class. They are headed back to the U.S. in about two months. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow, China.
March 28th 1920

Dear Phebe:-

It is 9 p.m. so this will be a very short letter- not at all like the good long ones you write me and the others here. Your last was specially interesting telling about the superstition of your room mate. Superstition is not by any means confined to China and the non-Christian countries. There is a lot of it in our own dear land and among the nicest people there- and perhaps thee and me may have a bit ourselves.

I wish you could hear your little sisters pray every night "Help Phebe in her class." Every night since we heard of your difficulties with those youngsters both girlies have asked the Father to help you in trying to help them.

Today has been a beautiful clear spring like day. Mama and I walked out to An Seu- the last large village on the plain as you go from S. Side to the foot of Kuliang. Only 20 pupils have as yet begun school, but the little church was so crowded with men and women that the last two men who came in could not find seats till we had crowded the little folks up. All the churches are full every Sunday.

Good night- I'll add more and get this off in the next mail.

May 31. Wed. evening- We are having beautiful Spring weather- just right. Some of the people are putting on summer clothes. College is in full swing again. We were all afraid lest there would be very few students this term. We have been registering about 400= 160 in the Higher Primary or 170 and 220-230 in the Middle School this year we have 175 in each,- due to the student's strike of last term, and we feel very fortunate.

Ray Gardner has been ill for most a month and it will be two weeks before he will be able to do anything, as he has about 22 periods a week in College it is rather hard.-

A lot of people are going home- Belchers- Hubbards have already gone, - and we'll be going in a little over two months- where will we find a place to stop? - No word from Oberlin and they say Shelton is full- We'll have to build a house boat and float in a river or pond.

How do you like the enclosed from Whittier's "The Eternal Goodness".

With lots of love

Father

Willard L. Beard

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar.
No harm can come from him to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Whittier "The Eternal Goodness"

*[This letter, dated **March 31, 1920**, was written from the Western Hills of China by Mary to the folks at home. She is there for vacation and tells about the area and things that they have seen and done. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Probably the Western Hills]
March 31 [1920]

Dear Folks at Home-

Wish you were here to see the view. I am sitting on the bottom step of our cottage. Several other cottages dot the hillsides of various sizes, three large tombs and some ordinary cemeteries while the land is divided into all sorts of irregular shapes by roads, fences and dry creek beds. Beyond are low hills, one with a temple crowning it, a

river and then more hills. As I sit here alone it is so quiet that I hear the dull rumble of the camel bells as the trains of camels pass on the roads far out on the plains. The longest train I have seen was about 40 in number. Mostly they are from ten to twenty in number.

I am in a quandary now. As I sit here above the plain I see the two small boys of the party deliberately doing the thing I told them they might not do. I fear they will come in with huge appetites and get sent to bed with only bread and water to satisfy it unless they cease.

One very new tomb quite near us has been undergoing marvelous changes. One day we went off and left the plane barren. When we came back the front court was set with rows of pine trees. Every day more trees appear and now the whole hillside back of the place is marked out with little ?? for more trees. The family have a home foreign style (on the outside) just next the tomb and are planting trees in front of that too.

There are nine of us out here, three teachers and six children. Eva Price was sick before coming out and thinks mostly of her stomach and how it "acts". I say "yes" or "no" and change the subject because the details are tiresome. Grace Parsons puts the youngsters up to all sorts of tricks and jumbles for them every time they don't get just what they want at the very instant they want it. I forgot myself today and told her she had got to stop some of her nonsense. I guess I feel out of sorts and am weary of a vacation full of so much responsibility. But how I do enjoy it when everything goes smoothly!!

There is a funeral in one of the near villages. The drums beat off and on and the mourners blow the deep toned long horns. Just now they set off strings of firecrackers. I am waiting for them to start off with the catafalque.

We have had company here all the time. Dr. and Mrs. Lennox and children have the cottage just below us and two girls were out in another cottage for the week-end. Mrs. Lennox presented us with a bottle of fresh milk and some fudge last evening. We had malt-candy and cookies with which to return the favor. The girls gave us enough celery for a soup and four eggs just for the sake of not having to carry them back.

As you will judge, it is vacation. The last two weeks of school were very full ones. I went in to Peking time for the Holyoke-Smith play rehearsals and plans. Then on March 19 when we teachers were giving our annual entertainment for the children I went to bed and missed it all. There was a rehearsal the next day and the following Monday and I could not attend rehearsals so I had to give up my part. I did not even go to the play for I changed my plans and came to the Hills the day after school closed.

We have visited four temples, two ??, the Hunting Park and taken a stroll over the hilltops. The temple Tien Tai Shan to which we went yesterday has an interesting history. In 1661 the Emperor lost his wife and wounded so sincerely her loss that he was published as dead. Instead he retreated to this temple and became Abbot. To corroborate the story is the fact that when the next Emperor visited Tien Tai Shan the Abbot did not bow low as a priest should. Also, when the Abbot died in 1670 the Emperor sent robes of yellow (Imperial) and other gifts used only for royalty. The Memory of the priest sits in a throne with a gorgeous yellow satin robe on. Every year he gets a new one and all the old ones are kept in locked chests. The hangings in the room are all of Imperial yellow satin also.

We stopped at Shir Cheng Shan on the way back. The hill was made into a fortress by one of the eunuchs in 1520 or thereabouts. He planned to tunnel the mountains and turn the river into Peking to flood the city. Then he was to seize the throne and be Emperor. The fortress was to defend the entrance to the tunnel. His plot was discovered in time to prevent the digging of the tunnel. On the peak of the hill is a Mohammedan temple, small but with a glorious outlook.

Good news. I made myself as conspicuous as I could when I saw the boys start off. Evidently they saw me so took a ride around and came home. At least they had not been gone long enough to go to the river as I had forbidden them to do.

I have squandered 10 good dollars on a book that has almost proved it's worth on this trip. It is "Peking" by Juliet Bredon. She has devoted two whole chapters to these hills and a little foreknowledge makes the trip so much more worth while.

Everything is smooth and fine so forget my grumbling earlier in this letter. You ought to see our bloomer brigade. But bloomers are the thing for mountain climbing and donkey riding. I will mail this in the city tomorrow enroute home. We leave on a 9.30 train so must ?? and off by 8.30. Lots of love Mary Beard



Written in album: "Boarding train at Hsi Chi Men – Western Hills Trip 1920"
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated April 18, 1920, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School is coming to a close and they will be sending three of their graduates to college. They have received a gift of money for their school. She tells of a man who was trying to raise money for a Peking school. Mary has been granted a year of furlough with her salary continuing while in the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

North China American School
 Tunghsien, Peking, China Apr. 18, 1920.

Dear Folks at home:-

This is a glorious morning- birds singing, lilacs in bloom, and trees at the bewitching stage of leaving out. It is Sunday, and everything going on that a Sunday morning suggests. Our spring-time is so short, it merges into summer's heat so soon that we hold on to these temperate days just as long as we can.

School is proceeding fast. There are so many things to be finished up in the next two months that there is not much time to apace and the days go fast. We are graduating three young men this year all of whom go on to college next fall!

Monday evening:- It has been so hot all day that we are relieved to have the cool of the evening. I have been to Peking which is getting to be my usual Monday's stunt. In some way errands multiply as we grow. This time it was to get my picture taken for this year's N.C.A.S. Annual.

Events are very interesting for our school just now. We have a gift of \$15000 from the Mrs. Russell Sage Fund, but it consists of securities which have to be sold and are not yet available. In the meantime our numbers are increasing and we receive three or four inquiries each week for next year so that without doubt we shall need to prepare for at least 509 pupils next fall. We hear that the Y.M.C.A. (of which Mr. Petters of Peking a member) has voted to a majority for their children to come to Tunghsien. No one outside of Peking wishes to send their children to Peking to school. The American Business Men's Association (of which he was a member) has dwindled to nothing. Last winter it gave Mr. P. a public calling down in the paper. The American Chamber of Commerce has voted not to give the \$22000 to build his school and have answered that they do not understand upon what authority he has imposed upon them the responsibility for such a sum. He had parceled out \$100000, so that the Methodists, the Presbyterians, and the Business Men of Peking should each give \$22000 and the Rockefeller's \$33000. We know that the Presbyterians have no notion of giving that money. Now that the Chamber of Commerce has turned him down and his own people have out voted for him, it looks rather dubious for his school. Another fact against his success is that the man who is principal says the little high school that he has had this year has been the bane of the

school. For the five children in it, he has had to give up all supervision of the grade classes. It looks as though the bubble would give its last gasp soon. It has been a big bluff from the beginning and now it looks as though the Methodists might be asking to come back, as I am told the Bishop is "on to" the man who sprang the coup d'état on the Methodists church board last year. Besides the New York M.E. Board has never given its sanctions to the deed anyway. We are doing the "And the barber kept on shaving" act, and hope this would better be kept "in the family" for a while, as matters are not yet clinched here. We have our plans for a big addition in the hands of the architect now so that as soon as the money comes, we shall be ready to build. The addition is to be twice the size of our present building. Just what we are to do with our big family next year is the problem that is facing us now, but we hope we see a way through.

The N.C.A.S Board of Managers has granted Mary a year's furlough, with her salary continuing while at home. She sails the last of June from Yokohama, and I hope, now, to go that far with her. I do not yet know whether I can get away. We had hoped that the new principal would be here this coming fall, but he declined our offer, and so I stay on. Besides, I am rather tempted to stay and see things through. Things are mighty interesting.

A few weeks ago we had Dr. John Dewey and his family spend the day with us. Last Saturday we had a perfect deluge of company in the compound so that we had over seventy to our tea. The occasion was a musicale given by a woman in Peking who has a fine voice. Mrs. Josselyn (nee Miss Dudley) happened along and added her violin to the occasion. It was the best musicale outside talent that we ever have had. This Saturday we are expecting a lot more of company, then I think we shall have a lull until May 15th when hundreds of Peking people come out here to hold the May meeting of the Peking Mother's Club. We have two recitals for our piano pupils, a play, and graduation and another play to plan for so that we shall be busy until Mary goes. We began packing for her to-day. I am sending home a few things by her.

I am hoping that Mary can persuade Edith to come back with her to stay awhile here and then go home with me around by the way of Europe. It would be a fine trip for her and would keep Mary and me company on our journeys. If ever I can get caught up in my work, I am going to with Edith, but you might mention the subject to her and let her begin to think about it. Mary will have pictures and curios to show some of the beauties of the land.

To-morrow we are going to call on Acting Minister Dr. C.D Tenney and his wife at the Legation. They are giving an 'at home' in honor of Mr. Larmont who is travelling here in the interests of American industries as they can help China. He is interested in missions and the missionaries are especially invited to-morrow. Mary and I have been planning to call any way but shall not let this take the place of the call we wish to make. Last year when Mrs. Rider (Mr. Tenney's sister) and her daughter were here, we saw much more of the Tenneys.

We have had a delightful visit with Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn (nee Miss Dudley) and now they leave very soon for Chungking away up the Yangste river, where they have another year to stay before they are shifted. She is hoping their next station may be nearer to Peking.

Yours with love-

Flora Beard.

P.S. Enclosed is a price of my new crepe dress. F.B.

[This letter, dated May 9, 1920, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her mother and everybody. Mary wishes her mother a happy Mother's Day. She attended a Chemistry Society meeting one day and took a walk through the old summer palace with a group another day. While eating some chocolate candy she cracked her tooth and had to have it repaired. They attended a reception for President Hsu. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.

May 9, 1920

Dear Mother and Everybody,

Mother gets a special greeting hence I am writing on Mother's Day. We celebrated by all wearing red roses at breakfast. But the best was the good sermon we had this afternoon. Mr. Schwartz talked on decision. His reading was the story of Elijah and the Priests of Baal. He gave the three great needs of character as courage, concentration and conversation and Christ as the only safe guide.

To go back a few weeks. Two weeks ago Saturday I left at noon to go out to Tsing Hua for the Chemistry Society meeting. I was to be one of a house full of ladies at Mrs. Pierles. Three of us materialized. Mr. Peirle and the men slept at Mr. Jones' but ate with us. We had a grand Chinese feast at 6.30 then Captain Castenedrio[?], Italian, gave a paper on balloon gas. He used to be a professor of Chemistry but joined the Aviation Corp. when Italy entered war and was in the balloon service all four years. He is secretary of the Legation in Peking now.

On Sunday we all went for a long walk through the old Summer Palace and had the servant meet us with a picnic lunch at the gate of one of the Prince's palaces. Alas the Prince who now owns the place had sent word he was coming out that day. Everything was swept and garnished but not for us. We tried a second with the same result and ended by sitting by the roadside with a word of Chinese to watch the process. The brunch was extra good and our appetites keen so we had fun in spite of the obstacles. Monday morning I heard the first part of a lecture by Miss Welch. She was in Europe during 1916-1917 as correspondent; in Paris, Venice, and other towns near the Austrian front. She was thrilling and had herself an audience reduced to tears. I liked Captain Castenedrio better, stirring but not emotional.

Last week- and I gadded worse yet. On Thursday I was eating some sweet chocolate and one of my teeth cracked clear up through to the root. Dr. Love pulled out the loosened piece and I at once called a Dentist to get it filled to be safe till I get home. On Friday I took the evening train to Peking, had my tooth filled, went to Mrs. Corbett's for supper and the night. The Choral Club was rendering "Elijah" that evening so of course I went. It was one of the best productions I have heard. Mr. Congdon is always good and a new soprano, Mrs. Little, was most excellent. Mrs. Dunlap was good too, altho her voice is too small for a big ball.

I had planned to go to Tientsin Saturday afternoon anyway at noon so cut the morning too and left on the 8.35. In Tientsin I spend Saturday night with the McCann's as they are nearest Madame Yanagi, the dress maker. On Sunday Mr. Lieper called and took us to church then I went out to Hsi Kou with him after church. I took a short nap after luncheon then got a rickshaw and went to see Marion Evans and have tea. She has three darling little girls, the baby only 10 mos. Mr. and Mrs. Leiper came for me in their auto. I helped Mrs. L. put the babies to bed then we went over to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley's for dinner.

Monday morning I just sat around and talked with Mrs. Lieper till time to start down town about 10.30. I had to get some Georgette crepe and take it to the dress maker. I lunched at the Grime's and took the 2.35 train for Peking. Flora met me at the station and we started at once for home in rickshaws. She had some sandwiches which we ate and then had hot soup on our arrival about 9.30.

On Tuesday we were invited to go to Peking for 8.00 P.M. dinner at the Legation. It was full noon but we were too tired for the long ride by man power so the three of us hired an auto at 7.00 to bring us home.

Lessons, rehearsals, a little tennis and studying filled the time till Friday noon. We closed at 11.45 because we were all invited to join a party and attend President Hsu's reception. There have been several changes in the Palace and one whole series of palaces not open the last two years were free for us to visit this year. We also were taken across the lake in the picturesque barges instead of having to walk way round. Again we came home by auto, but seven to a machine at the same price.

Yesterday was our holiday because of the visit the day before. I packed all day long except when I stopped to wash my hair and again late to go to tea at Mrs. Arthur Smith's.

If you have not paid my Geographic subscription, please do so. It is going to have some very fine articles which I want. I'll let it come here and have Flora save them for me. I have a whole shelf of bound volumes.

Dr. Smith has been showing me snap shots of the big snow fall in Northampton, Mass, and shuddering over the cold I'll have to endure next winter. He does not scare me at all.

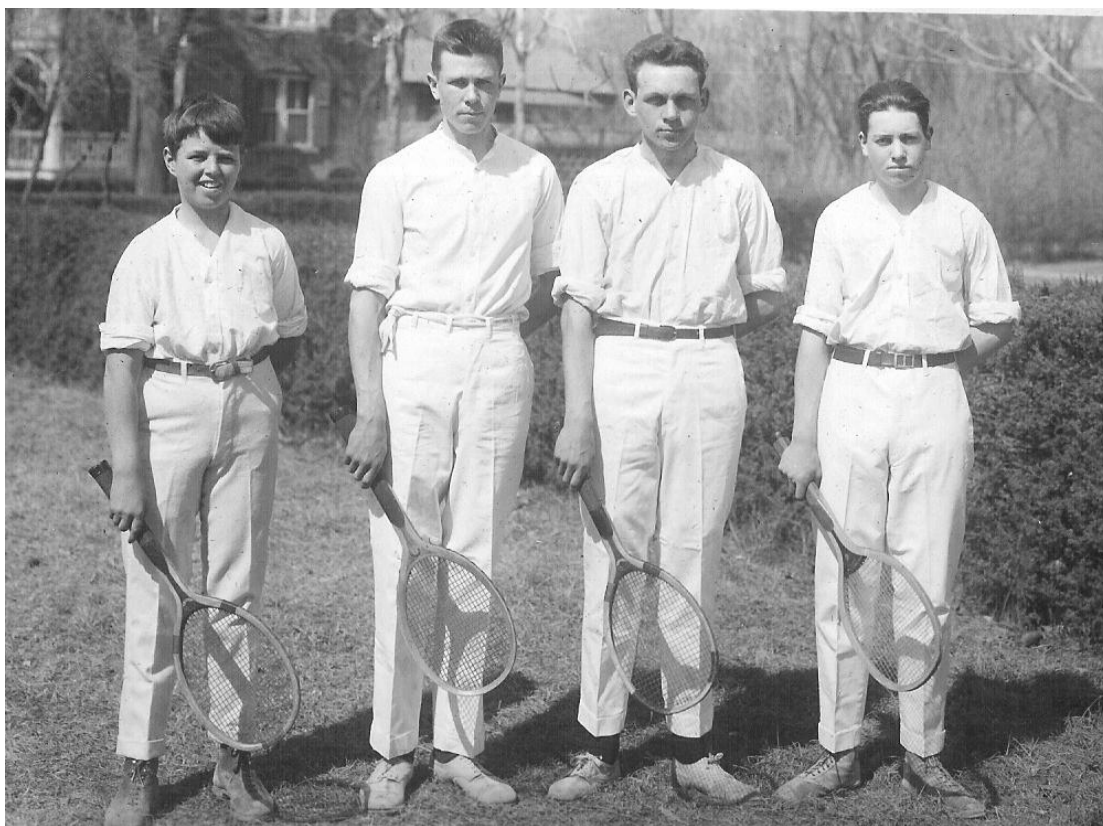
Next time I write I'll be able to give dates of sailing and plans for leaving here. My box to be freighted to Kobe is packed and I shall get it off this week. It seems as though there were little but newspaper in it when I think of the number there; but there are a few things besides judging from my list of contents.

A letter from Stanley and Myra enclosed snapshots of Nancy and Stephen. They are dears.

I am using spare time and other on reading the "As You Like It" cast. My fame is spreading. I was offered a part in the Mother's Club play and asked to read the College Club play. Perhaps I'd better change my occupation(!).

Lots of love to everybody. We are well but up to our ears in work. My exercise is playing tennis in a ladder tournament.

Mary.



Written in album: "Bergen Stelle, Victor Hicks, Hartwell Ayers, Lawrence Galt Tennis Team 1920."
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter, dated **May 9, 1920**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to his mother. He attended an American Song service in honor of Mother's Day. He is in Shanghai for a China Continuation Committee meeting. They will be travelling back to the U.S. via Vancouver, Canada on the Empress of Russia in July and Mary will be returning to the U.S. a couple of weeks earlier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Missionary Home
 Shanghai, China
 May 9th 1920

Dear Mother:-

To day has been observed here as Mother's Day. I attended the American Song Service this afternoon and greatly enjoyed it. There is an audience of perhaps 300 at these services which were started for Americans some three or four years ago. They are as yet held in a rented hall and are of an informal nature, - much singing by the audience always an anthem by a small choir or a duet or solo and scripture and prayer with a short talk. They are held at 5 p.m. and do not interfere with any of the regular church services. This Mother's Day meeting was conducted much like a prayer meeting. The leader told us he wanted anyone who would rise and tell the incident in his mother's life which had most impressed him or the characteristics of his mother which most impressed him. There were at times three on their feet at once and it was most impressive. One man said his mother never punished her children. The next man said that if that was the ideal and if punishment was unnecessary his mother had wasted much time.

I left Foochow April 28th and the steamer left Pagoda April 29, arriving in Shanghai May 1 at 4:30 a.m. I took a fellow passenger to the Dr. Lacy's house and then went at once to the Missionary Home. The people were at breakfast. As I entered the dining room the first person I saw was Mr. Hodous. We were also room mates and it has been good to be with him again.

The China Continuation Committee met May 3rd at 9:30 a.m. and was in session morning and afternoon daily closing at 7:30 p.m. Friday, May 7th. I was appointed chairman of the Business Committee and had enough to

do to keep me from idleness, - only one protracted evening meeting - 8:30 to 11:30. Mr. Hodous attended all the sessions. He wanted me to go with him up the Yangtse to KiuKiang and from there to Nangshang thence overland on foot to Shaowu and down the river to Foochow. But this is at least a two weeks trip and I did not feel as if it would be right to take the time. The trip is very interesting and lets you see a lot of China. As it is I am caught in Shanghai for at least a week. A Japanese steamer left yesterday for Foochow. But in the present student situation I deemed it very unwise to go by a Japanese steamer. So I must wait till this week Friday or Sat. before I can get a boat. I have not heard a word from Foochow since I left and do not know whether the students are in school or not.

I have tried hard to get our route changed to go by way of Honolulu but there is no use talking with the S. Ship Companies. I asked an agent if he had anything the last of May or first of June- "Do you mean next year?" he said. The earliest it is possible to book is next Nov. Yesterday morning I went down to see the Empress of Russia off- or rather to see the passengers on the tender. We are booked for her next trip July 3rd. The dates as advertised are Shanghai July 3; Yokohama July 10. Vancouver July 19. Our plan now is to come East at once and see all the people, and leave Conn. in time to put the children in school, - This plan we will follow, provided there is a place for us to live in in Oberlin. This will give us about one month in Conn.

The Empress of Russia is one of the big, fast boats, 16850 tons goes 20 knots an hour- makes Vancouver from Yokohama in 9 days, carries 296 first class, 84 second class, 92 third class and 690 steerage, 1162 passengers in all. In 1916 when I came home it took 16 days from Yokohama to Vancouver on the steamer that I took.

Tues. May 11. The paper this morning says that my steamer leaves this week Friday evening for Foochow.

Shanghai is planning a big American School. The Committee has purchased over 30 acres of land and plan to erect 6 buildings- 1 Main School building- 2 dormitories- 2 buildings for staff and a Gymnasium. They hope to be using the buildings in Sept. 1921. Then there is a plan to build around this a model American settlement. In the minds of the Committee they will need to plan for 500 American children by the end of 5 years. There are now about 175 in the school.

The girlies are feeling the thrills of going home and being at home. Marjorie said the other day, "Oh how exciting it will be to set in the R.R. station and hear the train come in and see the passengers rushing about and rush ourselves for our train and rush for our seats." From the reports brought back by all who have recently been home and from our letters from home, we shall have to plan very closely in order to live within our income. This with the labor situation and the race troubles and the general unrest of man everywhere- and the fact that I have crossed the ocean seven times keeps me from having the same excited feeling that I had at other times. Then it may be just possible that after a person passes 50 years he does not get as excited over such things, as he did at 20 or 30 years of age. It is very interesting tho to see the enthusiasm of others- younger.

I wish Mary and we could travel home together but in the present congested state of the steamers there is no use of talking. Then she can start two weeks earlier than we can.

God has been very good to us all. He has kept us from calamity when the world has been thru the greatest cataclysm of history. We have all kept on in our chosen pursuits with success. We shall not see the faces of Ruth and Olive and Gracie but they are very near us and their memories are very sweet and help us to be better people. God has graciously preserved you and father and we can look forward to seeing you in a few weeks now.

I think of you as planting corn just about now. I wish I was there to help. I am sorry I shall be too late for haying- perhaps I can mow the road sides.

With Love to all Will

*[This letter, dated **May 21, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and Flora will be going to Japan. Flora will stay to visit with Willard when he is en route to the U.S. Mary will leave for the U.S. prior to that. She tells news of the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[May 21, 1920]

Dear Ones at Home-

Elizabeth's letter telling of the blizzard early in March came yesterday. Flora had one from Hattie by the same mail.

May 21

The above shows that I had a good intention once but never carried it out. (We were reminded in a talk recently that a certain place is "paved with good intentions" so I'll try not to add too much to the strength of that floor.)

Just last Monday Flora and I engaged passage to leave here June 20 for Japan. She stays there to see Willard and take a vacation seeing things. I sail to 29th on the Shinyo Maru. Our plan for going by rail through

Korea, fell through because it is more expensive and Flora and I had not the money. I'm not paying my passage but I guess the Board will be glad to save on me.

A recent letter from Stanley and Myra brought darling pictures of Stephen and Nancy.

Would you tell Abbie that I shall have to bring Edith's coat unmade because it is impossible to get a tailor now. My tailor has several things of mine and was supposed to bring them last Thursday (the 13th) but has not appeared yet. People in Peking say many of the tailor shops are running all night as well as all day. Chong Sing refused to take extra work from new patrons last time he was down. I'll try again but doubt having success. Everyone wants to get sewing done before going away for the summer. The tailor is making over several things for me.

One of my dresses came from Madame Tanagi and it is a beauty. I hope the other comes soon for I do want to see it, altho I probably will not wear it here except to show it off.

This morning I gave the school monogram to the members of the girl's basket ball team because they won two match games with the Chinese girls of the college in Peking.

We are working hard every afternoon on the "As You Like It" for the last day of school. We have a fine out-of-door stage where we have to add only a log seat or two to fix it up.

Last week three of our pupils left rather suddenly. The father is in India and sent the older son to bring the whole family down there. He has thought every month that he would come home the next, but has given up hope.

We are getting a little taste of heat. Twice it has blown up and clouded over and given every indication of a coming storm. Both times it cleared and for a day was cool and clear as though it had stormed. The crops are getting sadly in need of rain.

Last Saturday the Mother's Club came down. We all (about 200) had picnic lunch together down by the artesian well. The members of the Club in Tungchow furnished the lunch for the children and supper for the adults. Such a joke happened. Drinks were being passed freely to everyone. We at the school had ice cream and there were four or five others who did. One guest saw us (about 40) visiting the freezer and so thought it a public affair like the drink jar. She offered her own plate and asked for cream[?]. Fortunately I knew her and so told the boy "yes". Fortunately also she knows no Chinese so did not understand what I said. Later she discovered her mistake and was most contrite. I told her I sanctioned her having it or the boy would have refused.

The Club gave a little 20 minute play and then we served tea over in the Academy Library. There was a long time to stand around and talk afterward.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant drove down in their car and arrived just as people were starting for the train. We induced them to stay for supper by using lettuce as a bribe. It was interesting to hear all about Delnoce and her work at school. They brought back a young cousin, nephew of Mrs. Grant, with them. He is an only child as Delnoce is, so I told Mrs. Grant she and her sister have just changed children.

May 22.

Mrs. Bader and her sister whom Flora and I visited last Fall at Tsing Hua, came Saturday evening to spend Sunday. We had quite a gay supper Saturday night. On Sunday we showed off our beautiful compound in spite of occasional sprinkles. Service was at 3.30 because Dr. Ingram had to get back to Peking that night. A cup of tea after service made it time to start for the train. The Tsing Hua boys had been on strike for two weeks but had announced that they would go back to work on Monday. As both guests had classes at 8.00 it was necessary to make a brief visit.

Strawberries are ripe and we have them once a day now. Lettuce, radishes and beet greens are other tastes of spring.

Trudy Martin has chicken pox. We are hoping it does not get at us and have every reason to hope for no child had been here for 48 hours before she showed a spot.

I'll save any other ?? till the middle of summer so there will be something left to talk about. Lots of love

Mary

Songs sung during supper at Miss Mary L. Beard's Birthday Party, May 29, 1920
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.

O beautiful for spacious lawn, For shady moat and wall,
For purple violets in the spring, For sodding lilacs tall;
N.C.A.S.! N.C.A.S. ! The fairest spot we know,
In grace and beauty over dressed, In grace and beauty grow.

O beautiful for stately flad, with folds of morning light,
'Neath China's sun as beautiful, As in the Homeland bright.
N.C.A.S ! N.C.A.S.! God's blessing rest on thee,
And on thy children every one, From sea to shining sea. — Miss Eva R. Price

Miss Mary

(Tune- Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily.)
When we first came on this campus, Every bouncing lad and lass,
Just how green we were we knew not,
Till we entered Miss Mary's class.

-Chorus-

Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily, Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che lay,
Co ca che hunk, che hunk, che laily, Till we learned Miss Mary's way.

Not the wisest do the bluffing, Not the learned look most wise.
Little proplets, all your scheming , To pull the wool o'er Miss Mary's eyes.

Chorus (When you learn Miss Mary's way.)

But whene'er you're really working, Sure you have just dandy times,
Learning wonders now in Science, Latin and old Shakespeare's lines.
Chorus (When you learn Miss Mary's way.)

When you come again to Tung Chou, Mistess Mary O'er the sea,
You will find us all awaiting, Just as tickled as we can be.
Chorus (Since we've learned Miss Mary's way.)

(Tune – Mary's Little Lamb.)

Mary had a little school, little school, little school, Mary had a little school, N.C.A. S. its name.
Every day it worked and played, worked and played, worked and played,
Every day it worked and played, till widely grew its fame.
What makes the school love Mary so, Mary so, Mary so,
What makes the school love Mary so, the eager pupils cry.
Why, Mary loves the school, you know, school, you know, school, you know,
Why, Mary loves the school, you know, the teachers all reply.
But Mary soon will cross the sea, cross the sea, cross the sea,
But Mary soon will cross the sea, what will the school do then?
'Twill work and play most faithfully, faithfully, faithfully,
'Twill work and play most faithfully, till Mary comes again.

(Tune – Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.)

Don't you hear them say she's going away? Miss Mary Beard is going home to U.S.A.
We hope that she'll come back and teach for many a day, She'll find a welcome in N.-C.-A.-S.

(Tune – Aloha)

Farewell, farewell, Miss Mary dear, We fear that you're not very sad to leave us,
We hope next year, you'll come back here, And be glad to see us again.

(Tune - ?)

They say that Miss Mary she ain't got no style! Style all the while, style all the while.
They say that Miss Mary she aint' got no style! She's style all the while, all the while.

(Tune- Merrily We Roll Along.)

Good night, Mary, Good night Mary, Good night Mary, You're going to leave us soon.
Peacefully please sail along, Sail along, sail along,
Peacefully please sail along, And then come back again.

*[This letter, dated **June 5, 1920**, was written from Berlin, Connecticut by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Grandma. Phebe is teaching in Berlin and tells about her busy week. School will be ending soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Berlin, Conn.
June 5, 1920.

Dear Grandma,

When we left you in Derby, we got almost a new buss and went right into New Haven. We tried to call on Mr. and Mrs. Markham, but found that they had broken up housekeeping. Eva is in New York with Eunice Kinnear, I suppose. You knew didn't you, that Eunice expects to become a mother in July, and has been critically ill with pneumonia this winter. Finney is boarding at one of the dormitories, so the landlady informed us. So we didn't see either of them.

This week has been very busy. On Tuesday night I attended a good, but tediously long piano recital by the pupils of one of the teachers in New Britain. Three two-piano duets were the most entertaining features on the program. Then again last night in spite of all the downpour Helen Cowles, the daughter of the Mrs. Cowles who is Mrs. Graff's friend, gave a vocal recital. She is soon to be married and just before the last encore Mr. Beebe her accompanist played a measure of the wedding march. Then she sang "If Nobody Ever Marries Me"! It took very well.

On Thursday and Friday evenings the school took our time first for a pleasant Parent Teacher's Association Meeting where June Briggs[?] furnished some entertainment impromptu, and then the school operetta again. It didn't go so well this time as at first, but we realized enough to make about \$122 from the two performances. Miss Lyons plans to make up the cost of the piano by taxing each child ten cents.

Bowling took our time on Wednesday night. We played the men against the girls and we came as near as eleven points behind them in one series. We think that is pretty good for the first year against experienced players.

The problem that faces me here in Berlin for next year is where I am to live. The Honisses want me, the Smiths have asked me to come back to help them keep their home together- if some one is here with them the two ladies will feel more comfortable in staying here- and Miss Lyons wants me to keep house with her. All are good places, and yet there is some difficulty in making a choice at once wise and pleasant to myself and all concerned.

The flowers came thru very well. All this week I have enjoyed the lady slippers and lily of the valley. I haven't got used to the size of those lady slippers yet. They don't have them in these parts at all in the quantities that you have them. We certainly thank you all for taking us to the woods and helping us get them and packing them so beautifully for us.

And I thank you ever and ever so much for letting me bring Jeannette down. It troubled me very much to think that we didn't meet Aunt Elizabeth, after keeping her waiting so long. I'll meet my appointment next time even if it is late!

We were so glad to see Uncle Stanley's family. Jeannette loves children, and I've shown her my pictures of Nancy and Stephen, and the children themselves are so much dearer that I was glad she could see them. They are wonderful children; we girls have often spoken about how well they were cared for and how advantageously their care showed in them.

With two sets of people to care for I'm afraid you had your hands full, you and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Elizabeth. I just hope you didn't get too tired. We certainly appreciated going down to the parade on Monday. I hope Nancy and Stephen can come up to see the circus parade this month. We were very glad to see all of you

people; and I do hope that our coming didn't cause any change in your original plans. I should have been more thoughtful than to have brought so many people into your care at once, especially just after house cleaning.

Mrs. Smith is having a granddaughter visiting her now from Ohio, just from her first year of teaching, too. She is a very interesting girl. There is also a very mysterious but fascinating lady here evidently from New York. She seems to know about everything from Eastside Settlements to Montreal and the latest stage or theatrical successes. She is a very interesting conversationalist.

Reports are going in weekly now, and everyone is so tired they are just waiting for school to end. Only two weeks more! Mr. Showalter gave us such a nice talk at the last teacher's meeting. He would make a fine chaplain.

I hope Grandpa will find some one to help him thru the spring and summer. We asked him if he didn't want us as farmerettes and he seemed to have no objections! We have heard from Vermont so summer school is assured. A good letter from Marjorie and Father came the other day. It really sounds as if they were starting!!! Aunt Mary starts about two weeks now, doesn't she!

Thank you again muchly for our pleasant visit.

Very, very lovingly, Phebe K.

I think I must have sent Gould's letter to Geraldine for I haven't it here. You shall see it as soon as I get it.

*[This letter dated **June 29, 1920** was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker in the South Atlantic Ocean by Gould to his sister Dot. He is on a ship and has been in port in Argentina. He tells all about his stay, ships and crews from other countries, the people of Argentina, their houses, stores, and women's skirt lengths and style. He went to a dance and learned some South American dances. He went partridge hunting with some men from other ships. He teased about what they might think if he brought back a South American girl for a wife. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker
South Atlantic, Northward
Bound.
June 29, 1920

Dearest Sister Dot;-

I'm repenting from my hard feelings for not having received any mail for five months. Just the last thing before pulling out of Bahia Blanca I got a letter written by Aunt Phebe on Mar. 22nd and it has been lying in the American Consulate since April 23rd because she didn't put the name of the ship on it and they had no idea whom the Gould Beard might be or when he would show up for his letter. That is absolutely the only letter I have received from home since leaving Gulfport Miss. I got some, if I remember correctly from various girls (not my relatives) while in Habana, but even they deserted me. When we arrived in Bahia Blanca there was a stack of mail for us, but I was the only man aboard that did not get something. As I am about the biggest writer, it struck everyone as a huge joke. I don't really know what I have done to make you all stop writing. If you keep up your silence you can expect the same from me until some day I arrive unexpectedly home.

We had a pretty good trip down. The weather was good, with the exception of one hard blow that kept us nearly in the same spot for two days. We hit plenty of steamers when we struck Penambuca, and were constantly in sight of them until we got past Rio de Janeiro, when they thinned out. After passing Buenos Aires we saw none at all until we were in the channel going to Bahia Blanca.

Bahia Blanca and terrain are as level as a nigger's hoe cake. Only one mountain peak peeps about the horizon toward the North West. The main city sits three miles inland and has three small ports to do her commercial business. First in line as we went up came the Military Port. It is a small group of dry docks and machine shops, with a few houses, marine barracks, a railroad station etc, around there. Next in line is Ingenieria White where we lay. It is the largest of the three and it is quite a little town. There are four docks; two are open and two are covered with huge grain elevators. Port Galvan is the third in line and is mostly grain elevators. A distance of three miles separates each of the three ports. When we arrived, there were 54 ships in port. Most of them were English. Two French ships, two Japs, four American, two Argentine, one Brazilian, and on Spaniard and a Norwegian ship made up the rest. Of the English ships in Port over three quarters were German ships. Two of the Americans including ourselves were wooden. The Frenchman was a sailing vessel. I never saw the like of the English officers. Every man who held any office or ship board of an Englishman was togged out from head to foot in gold braid uniforms. The Japs about did them one better though. The American and Norwegians always wore civilian clothes except the shipping board ship and most of her officers followed the American custom of wearing civilian clothes ashore. Shortly before one left, the Belgian training ship for merchant marine officers came in and

they took the cake for Uniform Willies. They even included white kid gloves in their shore rig. Nevertheless, even if I am haranguing them for wearing such flashy togs, the brighter the uniform, the more attention was paid you and the better liked you were among the Argentineans. We Americans did not stand much show when a gold braid was in sight of the girls; and if it had not been that we were all better paid and richer than the gold braids we might have been left out of it all together.

Argentina is just as cosmopolitan a country as the U.S. In fact all the east coast of So. Am. is the same. Germans, English, Spanish, Russians, Italians, Greeks, Portuguese and all the countries of Europe are represented and also Asia. Germans and Italians and Spanish predominate in Argentina. The middle aged and older men are very fond of the Kaiser Bill mustache, but the younger generation are mostly clean shaven as are men in the States. The people are very candid and hospitable once you are properly introduced to them, but if a stranger, you are outside a brick wall to them. The houses on the outside do not look houselike but on the inside no pains are spared to make the house beautiful. The houses are built much on the same general plan as I have represented in the sketch. A is (a) little receiving room, (b) is the parlor, (c and d) are bedrooms, (e) is the dining room, and (f) the kitchen. (B) is the characteristic places of every house. It is a garden piazza or open, usually with a tile floor but always beautifully filled with ferns, flowers, palms, and small trees. It is the most used place in summer and is not deserted in winter, for even as far South at Bahia Blanca there is only frost occasionally.

I found the stores in Bahia Blanca every bit as good as any New York store. Americans and English goods predominated although before the war German goods were in the majority. I saw fancy clocks on the Spanish style that I wanted to buy until I saw "made in U.S.A." on them. I asked for perfume, the best they had, and among others they handed me Colgate perfume. I finally left Bahia Blanca with only two men's belts of braided leather as souvenirs. Furs are cheap down here and very good furs too, but as the country is not as cold, the animals are not as thickly furred as up north, and I decided if I wanted to get you girls furs I would get them in the States.

The skirt is short, quite a bit shorter than the style in the States when I left. One of the best things about this dress is the neatness with which they always dress their feet. With the short skirt, their feet are conspicuous and they take particular pains with them. Powder and Paint are not prominent on their faces, but you rarely ever see a bad complexion. Their carriage is most gracefull, not at all like the slip shod flop of some of the North American girls. Whenever you see a respectable girl in company you see her ma as her shaperone, and that unhappy individual doesn't even allow the sprightly seniorita To even sit on the other side of the dance hall from her. The young people here, men and girls, are the most gracefull dancers I have ever seen. None of this bop, flop, and pump handle works, it is all gliding and whirling. If you really want to know how to dance come down here and learn it correctly. Well, how is that for an essay on "First Impressions of the Argentina Girl".

We unloaded our lumber in a week and a half and lay idle for two and a half weeks until our cargo of wheat was ready. It only took them a week to load her and if we had poured it in hulls instead of putting it in sacks we would have been finished in half the time.

I got to like Bahia Blanca pretty well before we left. You people up north think that Argentina is a wild and savage country, but I found the people just as cultured and civilized as any in the best part of Boston. The girls especially were stunningly beautiful. I very seldom saw one who was not very neatly dressed. Their clothes fit them well, their skirts hung gracefully, and they wear nothing that does not become them. They haven't got that habit of slapping on the clothes regardless of their comeliness, just because they are the style, that our girls in America have. The material is plain and usually the color is soft and mild. Some dress all in black, gray and dark maroon red and different shades of blue are popular.

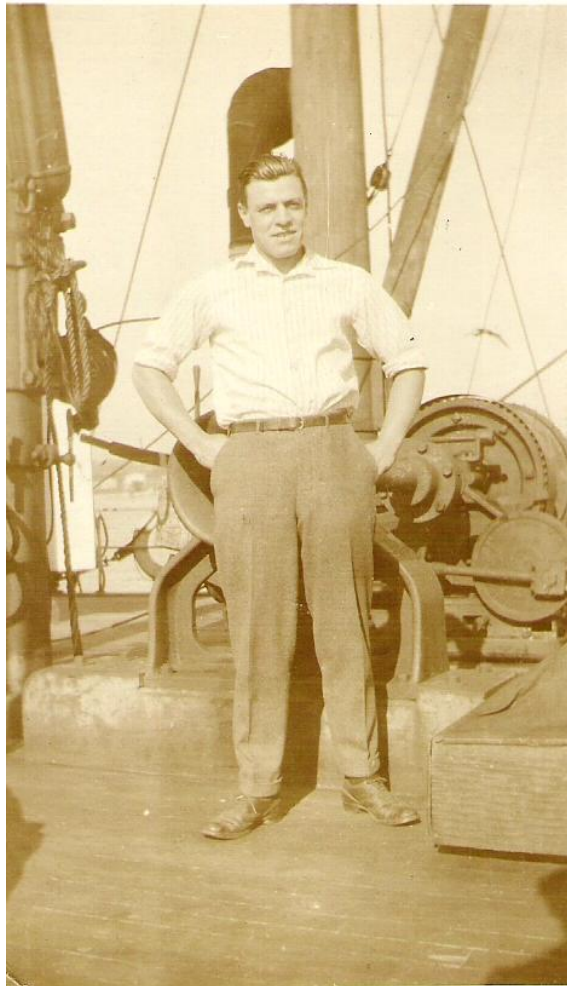
While the chief was in Buenos Aires on his last trip down here he met an Italian girl. As soon as we arrived, he beat it to Buenos Aires by train and married her. She is living aboard now. She met friends in Bahia Blanca and I being a young man had to be introduced to the girls of course! They couldn't speak any English and I couldn't speak any Spanish so we sat around at first much like idiots who can only express themselves by motion and contortions of the face. But that did not last long. When we went to their house to visit they asked me to dance, and I had to decline, but they wouldn't stand for that and so there was nothing to do but get up and make a fool of myself learning to dance and jelly of the girls toes who was trying to teach me. I ran one of them up against the wall a couple of times. Another I ran into her ma who was sitting on the side of the room and we both deposited ourselves at her feet, much to the amusement of the company. I don't think I did so badly however for they all seemed ready to take their turn and even came round for it if I tried to seat myself during the music. I attempted one step, two step, waltz, tango and fox trot. Tango and fox trot are the best. Dinner came along and the wine was served. They all drink or sip at it down here and it is a regular thing at lunch and dinner. They don't know how to drink water. They use water to wash clothes, but for drinking use wine. It took quite a bit of obstinate refusal, with a pleasant demeanor so as not to hurt their feelings, before they would consent to my drinking water. However, when the little champagne glasses were passed at the end of the meal I drank mine after the chief's wife had

explained to me that it would be an insult not to take it. I refused the cigarettes also and I guess for a time I was considered as a curiosity worthy of traveling alone. Nevertheless they always were inviting the chief's wife and myself to the house, so I guess they don't take offense if I do live up to my convictions. How would you like it if I should bring home a little Spanish girl for your sister in law?!!

Several of the skippers got of a hunting party one Sunday and the Chief and myself were invited along. The party was composed of an English skipper, a Norwegian skipper, our skipper who is Scotch, the stewards who unloaded and loaded on ship and his two daughters who went just for the ride, the Chief and wife, and last and least among them "meself". We packed into two cars, a Buick and a Hudson, and went 65 miles out onto the plains along dirt roads at the rate of 40 miles an hour. We got to our destination about 11:30 and started in at once. We took lunch at whatever time we could spare when we came in with some, at least that was the way the chief and myself worked it. Belgian hare, big, fat and furry, and partridges were plentiful. The day was cool and sunny and ideal for hunting. When we finished our hunting and took count we found that the Americans kind of cleaned up on the others. The English skipper had one hare and one partridge. The steward had three partridge. The Norwegian skippers and our skipper got drunk and that was all. The chief had four hare and two partridge. And I have five hare and seven partridge. I was feeling much ashamed of my marksmanship, for I missed two out of every three shots and that is getting rather bad, especially for a Yank.

There isn't much more to write. I might be able to fill four more pages, but you must be tired by now. We are bound for Rio de Janeiro with wheat. Will probably load lumber back to River Plato and from there -----! I'm sorry we won't be back in time to see the China detachment return. Give my love to all the sisters and everybody. Remember love to all my friends.

Reciba v. senorita, la profunds expression de mi afecto respetuooso Q. S. P. B. Brother Gould.



This photo of Gould may have been taken on the M.S. Mt. Baker. About 1920.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

From an interview with Kathleen Beard Elmer by Jana L. Jackson in 2000:
In the summer of 1920, Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen took the "Empress of Russia" from Shanghai to Seattle. It was a big steamer that held thousands of people and was luxurious and overcrowded. At night, Kathleen was fascinated watching the adults dance. She remembers that the style of dress then was elastic at the skirt. When the women stepped back while dancing, their skirt would slide up to their knees. Kathleen was about 12 then and met her 1st beau on that ship, William Gand. She was a daughter of a missionary and he was the son of a wine merchant. In a conversation with her at the age of 95, she said that they played shuffleboard and chased each other around the boat. Kathleen's mother, Ellen, did not allow dancing with boys until they were 18.

Form 100-10
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

Number 6

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

8. 8. Empress of Russia. sailing from Shanghai. 6th July, 19 20. Arriving at Port of Vancouver, B.C. 19th July., 19 20.

ON List.	NAME IN FULL.	AGE.	Sex.	Married or Single.	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE).	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS AND DATE OF PAPERS.	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES.
	FAMILY NAME.	GIVEN NAME.	Yrs. Mos.				
1	Adams.	George, I.	49	M	M	17th Aug. 70. Lina. Ill.	Portland, Ore.
2	Beard.	Willard, L.	56	M	M	5th Feb. 65. Huntington, Conn.	Oberlin, Ohio.
3	Beard.	Ellen, Lucy.	52	F	M	29th March 68. Union, Conn.	Oberlin, Conn.
4	Beard.	Kathline.	11	F	S		Oberlin, Ohio.
5	Beard.	Marjory.	14	F	S		Oberlin, Ohio.



Phebe's senior photo from Oberlin College- Graduating class of 1920, Sociology major.
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter, dated **July 12, 1920**, was written from Burlington, Vermont by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Grandma. Phebe is in summer school in Burlington after visiting at Century Farm. She describes the countryside and what courses she is taking. A large group from the school visited Ausable Chasm. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Envelope postmarked July 12, 1920 and
addressed to Mrs. O.G. Beard, Shelton,
Connecticut Box 164]
28 Brooks Ave.,
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Grandma,

Just about a week ago I left the Farm for Burlington. The visit to the Farm was very very happy, and it was good to see all the people again before leaving for summer school. I was very glad that I changed my mind and came to Shelton instead of to Middletown. Geraldine and I didn't get quite caught up, but we had a good talk anyway.

Last Monday as we traveled up from Springfield we wondered how Nancy was enjoying her first Circus parade; and in the evening we thought of the others of the party at the circus. If the weather was the same with you as with us, it was a beautiful day, though rather hot.

The country is lovely. As we came north, the hills closed in around us, fir trees were more and more common and rocks cropped out of the hills everywhere. The streams were full of little smooth stones; and their gullies were often very deep. I never saw a whole field of devil's paint brush till that day, and then I saw many of them.

Burlington is a beautiful city, but not so large, as we are accustomed to think of large cities. It seemed to take forever to reach here, stopping every fifteen minutes at some stations. Of course, so long a ride was a bit tiresome, but we were an hour or two late.

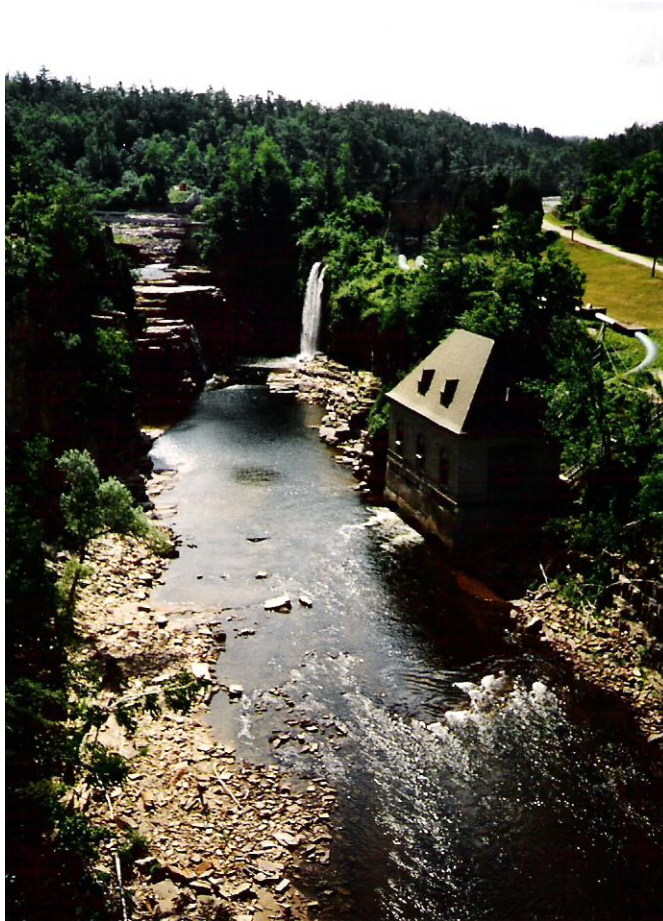
For two nights we had a lovely room in Converse Hall which we had to leave in order that I might get a piano to practice on. The music department is evidently undeveloped here, though the teachers are good.

On the first night we all went to a musical contest where six piano students and fourteen prospective vocal students performed for the prizes or five lessons. They were really very good, and the concert had more interest than most.

The courses and professors seem good. I have a Mr. Bliss, from Montclair, N.J. in Principles of Education; Pres. Hill of Missouri Normal in Secondary Education, a fine man; and Mr. Myrid[?] in French conversation, a stiff course; and Mr. Agle, a Southerner, in Latin. All courses are interesting and alive as far as I can see. Mr. Messenger, the director is as cordial and energetic as he can be.

On Thursday night we had a reception and dance for a get-acquainted evening, and on Friday A.M. we had a community sing. Yesterday about three hundred of us went to Ausable Chasm. I wish you all could have gone with us. The boat ride over, the short train ride, the stairs and stairs and stairs were fun. But the rock in all its formations, the water, the trees and grass were marvelous. We walked down and back, having lunch first, and went into all the caves, and other places there were. Niagara surpasses this in water volume and grandeur, but for natural beauty of the river gorge and variety this is way ahead.

Today we have just rested. At meals we have the happy company of three delightful Chinese students, and a girl from Wisconsin. Work is not very heavy, and everyone is friendly. Weather is really warm, but the air is cleaned and dry. We've had a good deal of rain since we arrived. My address is at the head of this letter. Please let me know if there is any new word from the China people. I hope Aunt Phebe settled the mishap we had on our way to the car last week. I'm sorry it happened and I hope no trouble came from it. Give my love to all, Jeannette sends love, too. Phebe K. Beard.



Ausable Chasm, NY- photo taken about 1998 when Kathleen, Jill and Cyndy visited it.
 [Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[This letter, dated **July 13, 1920**, was written from Silver Bay, N.Y. by Dorothy to the folks. She is waitressing at Silver Bay. Dorothy tells about her work and some of the fun she is having there. She visited Ausable Chasm at a different time from her sister, Phebe. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Silver Bay, N.Y.
 July 13, 1920.
 Box 23.

Dear Folks,-

Silver Bay agrees with me alright but I can't help getting a little homesick for the farm once in a while. This is the first summer I haven't been there for a long time. I'm going to see you if I possibly can before the summer's over, tho! I think if the folks go there to start for Oberlin, I'd like to start from there with them if they don't go too early.

The first conference we had here was the college Y.W. It was a large conf. And the first two or three days we each waited on three tables for three sittings a meal. We can't understand how we ever did it. Soon they got more tables, and some of the college girls offered to wait for their board and room, so we each had two tables and two sittings. The conf. lasted ten days and the very day that one left, the college Y.M. came in, so we had no rest between. Some of the waitresses had to good a time at that conf. and were spoken to after the boys left. That was the easiest and best conf. to wait on so far. The boys were not fussy at all, and they were so informal at the table. They cleared off the table, and helped in every way possible except when they wanted seconds, and I never trotted so much in my life as I did after seconds for those ravenous boys.

Between that conference and the one that is on now, we "emps" (employees) had four days off. Those four days were filled with picnics, trips and fun of all kinds. We had a crazy base-ball game between the boys and the

girls. The boys dressed in girls clothes and played left handed. Such a crazy game!! The president of the Silver Bay Ass. was the umpire and he was as crazy and kiddish as the other boys. He's the best sport. If any fun is going on he's right in with the young people, if proceedings are sane and allowable.

The second day, 15 of the emps took a trip to Black Mountain, the highest peak on the lake front. We had a long launch ride across the lake, then we started to climb. Not all who went climbed to the top. About ten stayed at the foot. There was a good trail all the way up, but in some places it was good and steep. I made it in 1 hr. and 15 min. resting four or five times. Ish made it in about 1 hr. and 5 min. I was the fourteenth one up. One of the boys tried to break a record made two years ago. A Canadian made the climb in 42 min. This boy ran all the way up, not resting once and made it in 48 min. When we reached the top, we got the most wonderful view. We went up into the watch tower and looked through the glasses. It was a perfect day. The photographers brought his camera up and took a dandy picture of the group of about sixty of us. It took us a little less than an hour to come down and the chefs had a good dinner all ready for us at the foot. Then came a wonderful moonlight launch ride home.

The next day four auto loads of us went to Ausable Chasm. We had a ride of over 100 mi. before we got there. The chasm was beautiful, and at the end of the trip we shot some rapids. I sat on the outside of the bench in the boat and when we shot into the foaming rapids I was dowsed from head to foot. Then came the 100 mi. home again. Oh, it was great fun.

Each waitress has one day off every conference. Last conf. Ish, and one of our roommates and I got off together and found three boys, and went across the lake to Spruce mountain. That isn't quite as high as Black, but it is much worse climbing, because it has no trail whatsoever. We scaled rocky cliffs and had to go on all fours some of the time. I just love mountain climbing.

Next Friday Ish and I have our next day off. We have a party of six and are going up to a little lake way up in the mountains somewhere. They call it Jake's Pond. That's about the only trip I haven't made around here now. I have one mountain right back of us to climb yet. That is Sunrise. I began with the smallest- Inspiration and climbed it at 9:00 P.M. with no light and no moon. Quite thrilling!

Last Sun. night Dr. Paton preached at church. I didn't even know he was here. I spoke to him after the service and he was quite surprised to see me here.

Phebe wrote that she and Jeannette were coming here soon. I'm so glad that they can come because I did so want some of my folks to see this place.

Every Sun. afternoon we have an Emp's meeting down in the hall in the boat house. They are the peppiest meetings I've ever been to. All of the young people- boys as well as girls- are interested and take part very readily. The hall is full every Sun.

Every morning we hold morning watch for 15 min. before breakfast, and it is wonderful to see how the people turn out to those meetings. We hold it in the corner of the orchard on the stone wall, and everything is so lovely early in the morning when the sun has just risen. I lead last Thursday morning.

Another thing I love about this place is the way the young people get together and sing hymns- as on the launch ride home from Black Mountain we sang everything imaginable then somebody started a hymn, and everybody joined in and we sang hymns all the rest of the way. It seems as tho we sing songs most of the time here. It's lots of fun. When all the waitresses are shelling seven or eight barrels of peas, or stringing as many beans, we sing all the time. We have a large number of pretty Silver Bay Songs.

It's time to "crawl in" now so this bears lots of love to you all, from
Dot.

*[This letter, dated **July 20, 1920**, was written from Berkeley, California by Mary to the ones at home. She has arrived in the U.S. and is enjoying her time in the San Francisco/Berkeley area. Mary will be headed East by train soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[postmarked July 20, 1920]

1639 La Loma Ave
Berkeley

Dear Ones at Home,

My letter written on the steamer has assured you of my safe arrival at Berkeley. On Saturday we went into San Francisco and I got my ticket and shipped my baggage. I leave here July 21st, Wednesday on the Pacific Limited and arrive at Chicago Saturday at 4.00 P.M. and have engaged a berth on the Pennsylvania Line train leaving at 5.30. That gets me to New York, Sunday evening at 5.28. (5.28 P.M.) I shall write the schedule to Stanley and hope he meets me and takes me home for the night. I'll be home Monday to interrupt the washing, I hope.

I sent my trunks on on Saturday when I bought my tickets. They sold my ticket clear to Derby and my trunks are checked clear through. I'll bring the checks and the trunks will be ready to go home at once. I fear you could not get the trunks earlier even if I enclosed them.

On Sunday we went for a fine long drive and had a picnic lunch. It is so good to be in real America and be able to talk to anyone I see in my native tongue.

Today we all went to Golden Gate Park for the day. The children went on the swings, slides, donkeys, merry-go-rounds and goat carts to their heart's content. We went to the Art Gallery and Museum and watched the children. It was a fine day.

I have to wash a dress for train wear tomorrow and a few pieces of underwear so as to keep presentable en route. I don't know if we go anywhere or no.

Fortunately I fell into the hands of a kind custom's officer who did not maul my things nor charge much duty. I parted with \$14.10 only. I am so eager to unpack and show you my things!

Here's till Monday next. It is lovely to visit here and I am not sorry to spend the time here, only sorry to delay my arrival Home.

Lots of love

Mary.

Monday P.M. Everybody sends best love. They say they are having the time of their lives. So am I.

*[This letter probably dated **late summer of 1920** was probably written from Shelton, CT by Geraldine to Papa and Mama. The girls went to nearby Birmingham, CT. They are requesting that Willard and Ellen find some school books that they will need. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Probably late summer 1920]

Dear Papa and Mama

Everything has gone splendidly so far. The girls had a good time at Birmingham [*Connecticut*] on Tues. Marjorie did not have to come home at 2:10 as she expected, because there was a car at 4:25- so they all came on that.

We have forwarded several letters- two from Flatbush, one from Phebe, one from China –And one came from Mont. Ward's, which I am holding here. Have you got them all?

The beans are holding out like the widow's curse of oil. And everything else seems to be plentiful.

The order for our International Law books has been answered saying that the firm has no more. So I should very much like to have you try to get one there or in Cleveland. Any one of three will do- but the first one is preferable-

1- International Law – Wilson and Tucker

2- “ “ - Woolsey

3- “ “ - Lawrence

And Dorothy would like you to get a copy of Young's Astronomy if you can.

Kathleen wants me to tell you about “her experience”. When out at Birmingham, they all went in wading, and she – not satisfied with wetting her feet – sat down right in the middle of the stream. When she got home – she was wet thru to the skin so that every stitch had to be changed.

She's none the more for it tho,- perhaps a little cleaner. They built a fire and fried pancakes for the main part of their lunch.

Tonight Dot is out at the arboretum at a P.T. picnic, so I asked Gertrude and Eloise Layman in to lunch.

We've managed quite nicely so far, but we'll be terribly glad to have you back again.

Love from all of us,

Geraldine

*[This letter, dated **about September 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. There has been looting of shops in Tungchou and the missionary compound had to call the Marines for security. Some of the Chinese took refuge in the compound. She tells the news about school since it opened. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[About September 1920]

Dear folks at home:-

My last letter, I fear, ended rather like a chapter in a serial story for I did not know how it was to go on. I am sure that you have seen by the papers that nothing has happened. However, that is hardly the truth. We are just now finding out how narrow was our escape. Last week the man who owned the shop where Dr. Smith had Mary's plaques made came to deliver my June order. He said he escaped the looting because his shop was next to the only shop that had taken precautions, by hiring 30 men, whom he had had guarding his place for a month. Every one had been guying[?] this big shop for paying out all the money for nothing. The night of the looting the 30 men were on hand. When the first band of looters came, met the remonstrance, fired, and received a volley back, they said "Oh, they were just going out the North Gate", and left. This happened several times and the store is the only one in that section which escaped. The pottery man said that the looters intended coming our way in another hour, but were never able to carry out their plans. The battle that I mentioned never took place either. They rounded up the looters, and took most of them away. Our marine guard went home after staying eight days. I think it was Monday, Aug. 30th they left. On Thursday the Chinese began to pile into the compound again, with the rumor that the troops which were to leave at midnight were going to loot us at 10 P.M., and then leave by train. We did not place much value upon the rumor, but it became so persistent that at 6 P.M. we telephoned for the marines to return. Before 8 o'clock Mr. Spiker was here with 11 men, and we put them into the beds we had arranged in Wistaria cottage. Since the riot was to take place so early, the auto truck stayed until after midnight, but nothing happened. On their way into the city there was some delay in getting the gate open and then a shot was fired just as they started on. Mr. Spiker explained to them (the Chinese soldiers) where he was going, and they were allowed to proceed. About a half hour before our marines arrived a train came from Peking, and we heard some fine bugling, better than anything Tunghsien has been acquainted with. It was the arrival of 600 cavalry. It seems that these troops had refused to be removed at noon time, until they had carried out their plans to finish up the looting of the city. They knew they were to go at midnight. They had not planned for a big guard of cavalry to be here to superintend their departure, so they finally had to leave with out carrying out their pet scheme. Our refugees stayed a few days more but they all left and ever since it has been quiet. We all feel that the worst is over for this season. One of the marines said the Chinese would not do any more fighting now until next summer as they never did fight except that the weather was warm enough to keep them warm at night. I hope we have had our last for this time. The marines left on Sat. Sept. 4th, and we were to open school on the 8th! The compound had a meeting and appointed Dr. Smith and me to call at the Legation to plan for help if there were further disturbances here, since we were to have so many children here. I thought people would not want to send their children but Mary Vegey is the only one who has stayed at home, and more than half expect that finances have been half the reason. All but the Jenkins were here on the day of the opening. They were detained because Mrs. Jenkins had been ill and so could not get the children ready on time. They came yesterday and seem like good people to have here. We have 42 pupils here and five more possibilities. That will be our utmost limit.

Well!! Mary is missing some of the school fun. In the Peking school the k'dgr has nine pupils, four of whom cannot speak or understand English. Mr. Gleystien is converted to Tunghsien. His daughter Margaret has 7 Eurasians for classmates. Mrs. Young has returned and Anita's only classmate is an Eurasian!! She wants Anita and James here!!- The Methodists are actually going to take up the school matter in their Annual meeting next week!! Dr. Honkins has remarked that the affair with us has not been treated fairly. We now have two Methodists in our school and the Gibbs want to put three more here, so we hear. Mrs. Corbett says, there is a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed about the kind of nationality that is coming into the Peking school. Really events are happening much faster than I had thought possible. In the meantime the Presbyterians have promised to double their appropriation, word has come that Boston will consider the same for the Amer. Bd., the deputation is now here for the Church of the Brethren to settle their plans, and we are jammed with the finest bunch yet. School has opened most quietly and every one is trying to cooperate- even Miss Bostwick and Mr. Lund, tho I have to be the buffer. Miss Bayles arrived with the first bunch of children and is doing her part with generosity and professional ability. She is perfectly able to and capable of taking care of No. 1, but that in a way is a relief. So far we have no music teacher, which is a great misfortune as we have more than ever asking for music. We simply have got to have some one if we have to pay double the price. The Presbyterians have elected Mrs. Corbett and Dr. Wylie to represent them in our Bd. of Managers, and Dr. Scott and Mr. Romig from Shantung. I do not know who our fourth member from the Amer. Bd. is. We feel as though the bottom had fallen out with Mr. Corbett off the board, though Mrs. C. of course will have him for conferences.

We have 23 boys and 19 girls on roll now, and we are just in that chaotic state that comes before dawn clears up the darkness. I hope to have everything cleared up before another Sunday. Having to entertain the marines so much, and having the Chinese so upset put back our plans a full week. The carpenter, plumber, and painter will be around for a week or two yet and we need some more new furniture to make every one comfortable. Mr. Lund

keeps Wistaria Cottage so immaculate that one most slips up with its cleanness, and the boys act as though they liked it. Of course it is too early yet to say much about it.

Our new pupils have come into such classes that the 6th grade is our youngest, which means a lot less work. I wish you could see our fine Belgian girl, who makes me think of Geraldine when she was small. Our baby is an aristocratic little Russian 9 years of age last June. I have been sitting opposite Glenn Dildine who is the image of James at his age. He is an adorable boy. Enid Waller is back and seems supremely happy. Lawrence Grimes is much improved in health, manners, and in every way. Again, I say, we have a wonderful group to live with this year.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.



Written in album: "The Faculty 1920-1921. Mr. Gartz, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Bostwick, Miss Cummings, Miss Nourse, Miss Price, Flora [bottom left], Miss Parsons"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Sept. 19, 1920 was written from Berlin, Conn. by Phebe to her sister Kathleen. Phebe is teaching high school in Berlin, CT. She and two others registered in town so that they can vote in the election that year and in the letter she expresses her thoughts on the registration process. She expresses a little homesickness to be with the family. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Berlin, Conn.

Sept. 19, 1920.

Dear Kathleen,

Yesterday I mailed you a card just to let you know that I was here and things were going well, and now I'll write a real letter. Lately Papa and I have got into the habit of writing at post offices-so I wrote your card at our office. We had Betty Showalter, the baby you saw at Mr. Showalter's, with us; and Mrs. Smith had a tremendous amount of mail. Jeannette takes care of it and forwards all first class mail.

I wish you could all have been with us when we took our citizen's oath. Mrs. Horiss[?], Jeannette and I were the one hundred second, third and fourth women to register and "be made". When we had visited for a few minutes with the ladies of the committee, we were put into the town clerk's office where three men sat at a table on which were papers and books. Two or three other persons were about doing odd jobs. I went first to the Three! They made sure of my name and put my age down after it on their list. For some unknown reason I started to tell

them that my age was 23 instead of 25! Then, where was I born? and how long had I lived in Berlin? The fact that I had lived here only ten months as a teacher came near losing me that franchise; but a nice old man said that my residence was here officially and I was to be here this year so that wouldn't prevent my voting. And what do you suppose came next? With Grammar School, High School and College Diploma, I was asked to show them that I could read! Well, they didn't know about those diplomas, and they asked me to read only a few words as a matter of form- for they knew I was teaching here- but it struck me funny. I knew I'd have to do it. Next I had to state my party affiliation. Because I didn't really know what I did believe politically I joined the most popular side this year, so I'm a republican with an R. before my name of the town list of voters. [*Passed by Congress June 4, 1919, and ratified on August 18, 1920, the 19th amendment guarantees all American women the right to vote. Phebe registers to vote one month later.*]

Before we gave any information we had to raise our right hands and promise- swear was the word used by Mr. Woodruff the clerk- that we'd tell the truth. After we three had finished all our quiz, he again swore us in by asking if we would promise to do and work for the best gov't of Berlin, Connecticut, and the US, so far as we knew it, and abide by its' laws. We with raised right hands so swore.

For such an important procedure, and far-reaching privilege the manner of administering the oath, and the time taken was insignificant, and didn't make one feel any responsibility or importance at all. For all the foreign citizens coming into power there ought to be something done to make them feel the importance of this step- and for the Americans there should be some sort of impressing of the need for them to vote intelligently and rightly. Where a nation is concerned, an individual in place should feel the same call and pressure of duty as a soldier in war. I'm sorry Mama and Papa can't vote this year.

Now you'll wonder about school. When I reached here Monday- Labor Day- I found that the H.S. wouldn't begin till Thursday, tho grammar school opened Wednesday. That gave me a chance to help them straighten out the books for the different grades and to visit a class in New Britain H.S. My books didn't come till school began, so I had nothing planned.

Thursday A.M. Mr. Showalter took the H.S. class in charge for the hour, till the registering was all done. There is quite a bit of feeling against the school- people would rather send their children to New Britain- so he did all he could to cheer them up, and praise the Berlin H.S. up.

The sessions on Thursday and Friday were rather broken, since it was a new thing, and because some children from East Berlin had to leave before the last period to get their train home. This week Lady S., as we speak of Miss Scollow the principal, mixed up the schedule badly for the good of the French class. Now we are on a new schedule arranged by Mr. Showalter and things are back at normal again.

I like the H. S. teaching much better than grammar school. Four periods a week, tho, I have the seventh grade in special work- physiology drawing, science, etc.

We take our dinners each day, and Aunt Cora does put up the nicest variety of sandwiches, and surprises such as candy, pickles, dates, etc. When it is pleasant we eat on the front lawn, or just around the corner, on the side of the building. One day we went down to Ruth Slaght's and ate with her.

All this week I have thot of you people as unpacking your trunks and boxes; of doing dishes after supper together, of having family prayers, etc. Kathleen goes to school later than Marjorie in the morning, and both go at the same time at noon. You are both digging at arithmetic and Marjorie is in the H.S. How does she like it? I am glad you have got acquainted so quickly, Kathleen.

Just now you are probably doing your Sunday dinner dishes as we were doing a while ago. Can you guess where I'd like to be now? You heard Mr. Van der Pyle this A.M. and next Sunday you will hear the choir. I hope Dot will join this year and yet her schedule is pretty heavy.

I was so glad to get Papa's letter and yours. Do write again just as soon as you can and tell me all about school and college opening, the houses and the people. We had a wedding about a week ago in the church, and next Sat. we are to have a community Barbecue with 12-15 sheep roasted whole! It sounds rather barbarous, doesn't it? I must stop now to write to Gould. I'll write oftener and tell Monnie it's her turn to write. I haven't heard about the girls' Putnam visit.

I'm well, and growing fat. I hope you are all well. Very very, lovingly, Phebe.

[*Added to margin*]

Tell Geraldine and Dot to give my "Secret Garden" to Marjorie if they have it in their book box. Thank you. Jeannette sends love. P.K.B.

Ask Papa for his measurements for a sweater and what color he wants it and write me soon.

*[This letter dated **Oct. 26, 1920** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to his daughter Phebe. Willard is in the U.S. now. He advises Phebe to vote Republican in the next election and goes on to analyze both sides. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

120 E. Coll. St.
Oberlin Ohio
26/10/20

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

In your last letter you mentioned your undecided mind on the way in which you would vote next Tuesday. During the past week I have heard four men talk on the political situation, two Republicans, one Democrat and one Socialist= he was advertised as a Protestant. The two Republicans simply had nothing to say. Vote the Republican ticket. The Republicans party has saved the country in every crisis. The Democrats have had an eight year swing- have run the country into the ground. We'll save her if we are given the offices. The Democrats are for the League of Nations- largely because the Republicans are against it I should think. I think that if I were given the vote this year I should vote either for Cox because he is for the League or I should vote a protest ticket-either Socialist or Republican. Cox is not a good example of a clean man to set before the American youth either in morals or in his attitude toward the prohibition movement. One man said he should vote for him and pray God to forgive him. Another said he should vote for him and then ask God to make him straight. I was told last night that 200 men in Oberlin were following Pres. King in voting for Cox.

The most lamentable factor in this whole campaign as I hear it and read it is the absence of any talk by either of the old parties on any of the real live issues of the day H.C.L. - Housing Conditions= Coal shortage- Profiteering- Labor and Capital- immigration- International Relations (except as they are touched as in remarks on the League) freedom of speech and of the press.

Well I did not set out to tell you how to vote but to let you know that I am thinking about you as you make up your mind in this bag of political apathy,- for the people can find nothing to get enthusiastic over.

I sent a card a few days ago saying Mama and I hope to see you sometime during the next 20 days.

Lovingly your
Father



Willard and Ellen at 120 E. College St., Oberlin, Ohio – about 1920
 Note the “120” on the house next to Willard’s arm.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter dated Nov. 30, 1920 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He tells Phebe what her sisters were doing. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

120 E. College St.
 Oberlin, Ohio. 30/11/20

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

This is my third letter since supper. Geraldine has gone to the Library. Dot has studied and wants to Ko Kaung. Monnie is still struggling with a theme or some literature assignment. Kathleen has helped Mama “do the dishes”- has kept up an incessant talking all the evening which crossed paths with Dorothy’s study of Economics, and Mama has done dishes and helped Monnie with her writing. We are now about to have prayers- after which I’ll try to finish this.

Has Jeanette sent that Young’s Astronomy to Dorothy?

When you come to Oberlin will you bring with you your Life Insurance Policy with all receipts and other papers that you have that pertain to it. I want to get these Insurance Policies straightened out and I want to get to understand them. Just last week I got a snare in my own 1914 dividend straightened out after working on it since August.

The chicken from Shelton came Tuesday evening while we were all at the Detroit Symphony. Dot fussed that night and reached home first. She had the box open when we all arrived and there he was- the rooster and there were the apples- which- but rooster and [*apples*] are no more. It was a delicious Thanksgiving that we sat down to. Mama remarked- and I had thought of it several times- “I can understand now how the Chinese take so much pleasure in getting up their feasts.” Well Mama and the girls certainly did enjoy preparing that dinner. We finished the last of the dinner yesterday.

I bought of a farmer ten bushels of apples- Baldwins, Greenings and two other kinds yesterday \$1.25 per bushel- they are very large.

I wonder will you get here in time for the Holiday Concert- The "Elijah" I think this year.

From Putnam I got home Thursday at 1:01 p.m. - and found 4" of snow on the ground. The girls had a fire in the furnace and a warm house. Mama came Friday 8:59 p.m. Perhaps the girls were not glad to see us!!!

Sunday afternoon last I went over to Berea and spoke in the evening at the Cong'l Church and spent the night with a Mr. and Mrs. Matthews- had a very pleasant time. We are getting ready to send letters and candy to Houston, Texas to meet Gould. I have written for his Houston address. God is very kind to us. Monnie slipped on the stairs last night, but the sprained ankle is better so she walked up town this p.m. Lovingly Father



Ellen in about 1920

[Photo was taken by Bernier's Studio, Geneseo, Ill. where Ellen's cousin lives. Ellen may have had it taken on the way back from China. Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]



Seated L to R: Willard, Marjorie, Kathleen, Ellen

Standing: 2 unidentified Chinese gentlemen – possibly two of Willard's students

Note: Bottom right of photo has the stamp of "Rice, Oberlin, O". Maybe this was taken in Ohio in 1920 and the students were attending Oberlin College.

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

*[This letter dated **Dec. 2, 1920** was written from Oberlin, Ohio from Willard to his daughter Phebe. Phebe has told him that she would like to go back to China with him and become a missionary and Willard tells her who to write. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

120 E. College St.
Oberlin Ohio
Dec 2, 1920

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]-

In your last letter you say you have decided to go back with Mama and me, and asked to whom to write. I should write direct to Boston offering myself. Write to

Miss Helen B. Calder
503 Congregational House
Boston, Mass.

If you have not had correspondence with her tell her briefly your history and your reasons for offering yourself to the W.B.M.= Woman's Board of Missions. The chief result of this first letter which you write will be to put you into definite relations with the Board as a candidate for the work in Foochow or wherever you ask to be sent. Then they will ask for your statement of belief- your physical exams and for the name of several men and women to whom they can write for testimonials

Dean Bosworth told us on Thanksgiving Day – with husky voice from deep emotion- that his personal cause for Thanksgiving was that his son had decided to be a minister. My joy is as deep that you are going as a missionary. Very lovingly Father

*[This letter, dated **about December 22, 1920**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to Mary. Mary is in the U.S. and Flora writes the news about the teachers and operations of the school. They are going to use the moat for a skating pond this winter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School,
Tunghsien, Peking, China.

[About December 22, 1920]

Dear Mary:-

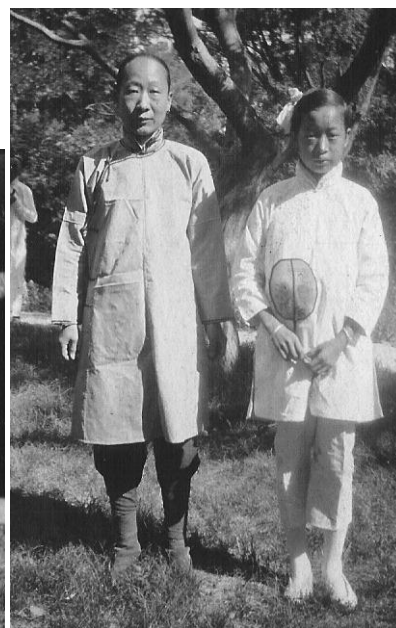
It is ages since I have written to you or the home folks. Fortunately for me you have been better correspondents.

The year started off with a bang- in fact several bangs- and in one way or another it has kept up all the fall until I feel banged to a jelly. I am still at it, just the same, even if I am somewhat weary. Well, that week of no workmen, has been chasing me until now. We could not get time for curtains in our house, and we have lived so tightly that it has been continual jostle and nudging of elbows and feet all the time. I have had to adjust and re-adjust, and am still at it. I have bought chairs, dressers, washstands, wardrobes, etc. etc., and still there is not comfort. We have had every available place full, and Miss Price had to move over to Miss Huggins to sleep, because there was no time, when our new teacher Miss Cummings came.

Miss Bayles came and is gone. She proved a perfect vixen and has gone without paying her bills. I will not honor her to the extent of a lengthy explanation. She had a \$1200 diamond ring which got lost mysteriously. She wanted all our servants to be put to torture. In the effort to find it Chang Nai Nai [*or Wang Nai Nai?*] took it so much to heart that she ate the heads of two boxes of matches and it took Dr. Love all day to save her life. She is all right again. Very mysteriously and psychologically it turned up the morning the children left for home. I do not know whether we shall ever know how it went or returned. We are well rid of her, and now we are finding out about her 'doings' in Tokyo.



Written in album: "School servants 1919-1920"



"Wang Nai-nai and her daughter"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had another teacher come just after Thanksgiving and I do hope she will stay for years to come. She is a cousin of Mrs. Elmer Galt's. Perhaps you remember Mrs. Galt's saying she had a cousin whom she wished would come out here. She is the one. She likes us so far, but has only said it will be "quite a wrench" if she decides not to stay. Now, the Board of Managers want you to secure your friend Miss Thompson (is it?) at once if you can. I am sure she will fit in well. Did you even get a letter from Mrs. Hunter's friend Miss S.R. Percival 314 Randolph St., Champaign, Ill. for teaching music? If you haven't, won't you please write her at once? Mrs. Hunter has written. If you can get her won't you ask Mrs. Wilder and Mr. Stanley to help you in getting some once for the music. We have a Russian- Mr. Gartz, who is taking our music, but he teaches only piano.

Well, our cooking went from bad to worse though Mrs. Stelle, Miss Bostwick, and I spent over three hours one morning trying to help Tien Ehn to see the errors of his way and to do things better. Suddenly came the opportunity of getting Mrs. Gordon (Mr. S. Moore Gordon's mother) and Mr. Gordon's famous cook. In two hours we dismissed Tien Ehn, and his cousin Yi Ming and installed new cooks in the kitchen, so that there was not a jog in the eating arrangements. Miss Price moved to Miss Huggin's and Miss Bostwick came over here. I have four little girls in your room and Miss B. has the other room. She has made a perfect home of it. This arrangement economizes her and my time greatly as I now sign all checks and have to know about all business transactions. I believe she is really happier in this place than she was for things had gotten so bad that complaints were coming in from every place. The condition in which we found the kitchen and vegetable room made me wonder how we had escaped something dreadful in sickness. I threw away a peck of bad food, moldy muffins, rotten vegetables, old cooked dishes, etc. We found little dabs of flour, and other little quantities of food set behind things showing how our things had literally walked off. We have had delectable food and never a heavy muffin or waffle since our new regime. Mrs. Gordon devotes her whole time to keeping the house clean, and everything about the dining-rooms and kitchen. Even the towels are white and Eu Chin is being instructed how to care for his silver. Miss B. still has the washing and No. 34 under her care.

We have had our experience with Mr. Lund, too. He wanted to have the boys left entirely to his care, so I kept my hands off entirely. One Sunday evening two of the boys were missing- Douglas Jenkins (the Harbin Consul's son) and Parker Grimes. The scamps ran away to Peking, intending to go on home. They were going to stay all night in the Chien Men Station and take the morning train. They got hungry and a bit lonesome, so they went around to Mr. Peck's house in the Legation and they were kept all night. They were two disappointed boys the next morning when I went to get them. I found out then that Mr. Lund was whipping the boys for every little miss deed. He did it by having the boys put their head between his knees and he spanked them. Soon I got letters for all boy's parents and for a time it was not very pleasant for Mr. Lund. I had many talks with him and will still have to have more. For a while it seemed as though we should have to let him go but after explaining that he was asking unnecessary humiliation of the boys I think things are patched up enough to get through the year. I do not wish to

try it longer. He has not proved himself disciplined enough to be intrusted with children, although he has on occasions shown himself to be a man versatile. He and Miss B. make the fun fly of each other; but at present they get fewer chances than formerly.

So far we have had 48 pupils enrolled but several are not returning after Christmas. Evy Shields goes home to America, the two Grimes are to attend school in Tientsin (a new American school), a new girl is too homesick (a spoiled child) and Jack Stuart is having his teeth straightened which needs to be done daily. He will stay long enough to finish the 1st semester, and then attend Peking school until June, when his Father expects to send him to America. He is driven to do this in order to get him away from his mother. (This is not to be mentioned). We have Dixie Freeman, the daughter of the new Community Church pastor in Shanghai. She is here because she is such a popular girl wherever she goes that she can never get down to lessons. We are hoped to be apart from the world far enough that no young men will ever find her. So far only one has. He is one of the new students in the Legation who came out on the same boat with her. She bore herself very dignifiedly, and he had to make the advances. His horse slipped its bridle and kept him four hours trying to catch it. This gave an added opportunity for glimpses of Dixie. She is a nice girl and I hope we may help her to find out how to study. The other day came an application for Baron Fittingoff to enter our school. He is the sixteen year old son of his father who died a few weeks ago at the Hsia Kai Lou. They had fled to Urga, where his father had large possessions- gold mines, etc. They are at present living at the Wagon Lits. They are coming out to see me day after to-morrow. I am fearful for his "Baron" in this democratic place, but he is a very attractive young boy, quite the opposite of Vladimir. He has a round good natured face, and was dressed in very careful taste.

We have two Rockefeller students and Mrs. Young has entered Anita and James for next fall. She wants Anita to come now. The Methodists have unanimously voted not to support a boarding or high school in Peking, and the sentiment is steadily growing against these two all around. This, and other signs, show that our present quarters are going to be entirely inadequate next Fall. I wish it were possible to hurry up the gift from the Russell Sage fund, for with exchange as at present it would build our new dormitory and leave a fair sum for endowment. Both Dr. Maxwell and Dr. Baxter have said that the Rockefeller's will help us out if we ask for it. We are not yet well enough informed as to their possible policy in giving, to ask for their money. Can you do anything to hurry up the New York people? Just at present they (the N.Y. people) seem to think the Peking and Tunghsien schools should agree to unite in work, that the high school should be here and the grades in Peking. This probably means another several years before we get much financial help. I have decided that the next building needed is a dormitory to be built out back of the tennis courts and by the big swing built on an angle thus though we need also the addition to the school in order to provide us with a chapel and extra recitation room, and manual training space. I have just today finished making the central attic room in No. 34 light an warm enough for the boys to work in. I have had all the walls white washed, and the openings closed so that the stairway door can be left open on the days the room is to be used, and the heat can go up there. So far the boys have not done much either in the way of Scout or M?? training, but I hope their hatchet is buried deep enough so that they can now get to work, and do something.

I have received two books and a pamphlet from you, all of which I have enjoyed though not finished. I am keeping the books to be used by the Mother's Club if necessary, but I think we shall need our open date for finishing our curriculum work. We have had a very interesting and I think profitable discussion taking two full meetings. Now I want to have the work go back to the committees for the finishing touches and then let us hear the results in the April meeting. I shall wait until you return when I want to make out our curriculum in detail. I think from what I got out of our own team's discussion that we shall be most interested in the 6-6 plan. Won't you find out what you can about Junior high school work?

As soon as Miss Bostwick gets her books finished up to date, I hope to have her finish cataloguing the library. Mrs. Ditmer of Tsinghua has promised to come over to help me some time. I am writing to her soon about it. I don't know whether I can manage affairs so that Mrs. Ditmer's ideas may be the predominating ones, or not, as Miss B. thinks she knows so much about it, but I hope it can be worked.

Little Marion Dudley arrived at the home of the Josselyn's last week, I think about Dec. 17th. Every one is very happy about it. The Hunters expect to be likewise happy some time next May, and the Wickes in April, so you see our population is increasing. Dr. and Mrs. A.H. Smith have given \$6,000 to build themselves a bungalow somewhere in our compound during this coming year. Mr. Martin breaks ground in the spring for his new building. I wish I could say as much for the N.C.A.S.!

Will you please be on the out look for filing records for school reports- pupil averages. I want to get ours begun before June, if I can. That is something that Miss Bostwick can do, if I begin the work; and then I can finish in the summer time.

I am asking for the Annual meeting to be held as early in February as possible this year, and if it can be arranged, I want it held before the Xmas vacation hereafter. Feb. is too late to get anything done in that year. If you

can secure your friend won't you cable Corbett, Peking, one- meaning you have Miss Thompson. If you can get Miss Percival cable Corbett, Peking, second. If you can get both cable, Corbett, Peking, two, and I will understand. Miss Price thinks she cannot stay with us longer anyway, and especially since exchange is making matters worse for her as she wishes to be near or with her sister. She has already applied for work in the Tokyo school, and I shall be glad to recommend her. I fear, she will never stand the life with her sister's lively boys added to her school work. She has found life too full of noise and responsibilities here, when I have made every adjustment possible to save her strain. She has been almost unbearably nervous for the past two months. She was in bed for nearly a week, and if Miss Bayles had not resigned, I do not think Miss Price could have kept her balance at all. In fact every one was just on the ragged edge. We are just now getting back to something nearer sanity.

Every one in North China is doing his utmost for the famine sufferers. Such awful tales come to us and the people who go to their rescue come back full of more tales. The Chinese themselves are doing their part. Miss Huggins girls are making babies' garments, and we are giving all our old clothes or new cloth to help them out. They are very enthusiastic about it. All the schools and colleges in and about Peking had tag day "Dec. 18th" and raised several thousand dollars. It was a 'dust storm' day so the amount was less than they expected. The Xmas exercises at Lu Ho Academy was a 'pay' affair this year and I believe they netted over a hundred dollars- all for the famine relief fund. The American Red Cross sent out \$250,000 to be used, so every available person has been released to go to distribute it. The people will have to be fed until the first harvest some time in June. Whole families are dying of hunger. Mr. Corbett is in Shuntu fu district, Dr. Galt near Shih Chia Chwang, Mr. Hunter two days in from Paotingfu. Dr. Tucker has a lot of men working for him, and Shansi is just as badly afflicted. It is the worst thing for many, many years.

I received the underwear and gloves some time ago and have gotten the gloves nearly worn out. I need some more. Won't you tell Miss Brewster that I have received four books from her this fall and several papers, and I shall write her personally about them when I can get the time? I sent no Christmas gifts home this year, for I had no time to get them. I did send by Mr. Hodous a parcel of photos to the folks at home, and hope, that they reached their destination O.K. I do not care much for the likeness, but they may be better than nothing.

We have dammed up the moat so that we have our own private skating pond this year. It gets used a lot more for being so much nearer. Just how successful it is going to be is not yet proved, as the current is swift enough to wear the ice out in some places. There is quite a lot of water going over the dam all the time, though the moat was perfectly dry until the dam was finished. The pond dried up entirely, and Mr. Martin had all the edges dug out, and then turned the water in from the canal. It took a week to fill it, and our fall was so late that I thought it would be evaporated before it would freeze. It is since the children left that it was pronounced safe for skating. The moat froze sooner. I have not yet put on high shoes, tho I think I shall if it gets much colder. Last week I put on my flannel petticoat, not because I felt the need of it but because it was so far past the time to put it on that I just did it. We had no killing frost until after Nov. 1st and then it caught us, badly.

Just because this letter is too long now, I am going to stop. Please let the home folks read this too. I have to make a New Year's resolution to write more often. Lovingly – Flora

[Following note added at the top of the letter:]

Dear Will,

I tho't you would enjoy this. I may need the word regarding new teachers etc. later. Lots of love Mary



*Written on back: "Skating on the moat."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*