# 1924

- Lenin dies, Stalin takes over
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China. Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Elizabeth Beard dies April 12, 1924 at the age of 48 years.
- Mary returns to Century Farm in June never to return to China. She is 42.
- Willard is 59, Ellen- 56, Phebe- 29, Gould- 28, Geraldine- 26, Dorothy- 23, Marjorie- 18, Kathleen- 16.

*[This typewritten, undated loan note is probably for the mortgage on the house at Century Farm that Willard refers to in his letter to Geraldine dated December 9, 1923. It was probably dated **early 1924**. Original note is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Foochow, China

$265.00

On demand, for value received I promise to pay to the order of Marjorie Beard TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS, with interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually.

W. L. Beard [*signed*]

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[*This letter, dated **January 13, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Geraldine has had some kind of operation and Willard's sister, Elizabeth, is feeling better. He mentions a hernia that Gould may want to have fixed in the future. Willard sadly reports that Mr. and Mrs. Goddard will be divorcing. Mr. Goertz will be bringing Willard a Rhode Island Red Rooster from Peking. Phebe K. has been advised by Dr. Dyer to rest from all her duties. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Foochow, China
January 13, 1924

My dear Boy:-

Your handwriting has been on several envelopes addressed to me recently- forwarding a lot of letters about Geraldine and her letters and your own. Phebe and I have had a very clear idea of her care from all parties including her own letters. We thank the kind Father for all the success of her operation. Your letter written on Thanksgiving Day was about the latest. All the news was of the best. I think one letter came from Shelton a day or two after Thanksgiving and she was going to sit up the next day. Shelton letters also report that Aunt Elizabeth was much better- so she was much better- so she was sitting up and feeding her self. I do not however look for great improvement there. I am prepared for any news.

I judge your hernia is not growing worse and does not give you much trouble. I am wondering if the money from Grandma will help you so you will feel like having the hernia fixed soon. That money came just in the nick of time to help Geraldine.

I see by recent letters that Mrs. Goddard has written Mama, and Mama has sent the letter to you. You have likely seen Mrs. Goddard before this. Mr. Goddard is in Los Gotos, Cala. He writes me that he has bought a small house there and is keeping house by himself. Poor man, his days of happiness are passed unless he changes for the better. I am afraid he has definitely decided to get a divorce. He was a very much changed man the last time he came to Foochow. Several have spoken about it to me and they did not know what was the matter with him. No man can feel toward another person as he feels toward his wife without having it effect his whole life. Neither can he cover it up. People will notice it and wonder until they know the cause. I hope you will call on Mrs. Goddard occasionally. You may be a little comfort to her- without ever referring to her sorrow.

Orrin Main was here a few weeks ago. He will likely have charge of serviculture in Fukien Christian University while Mr. Kellogg is home this year. He is not much changed. He tried teaching in the Shanghai American School last year but did not make a complete services. The Shanghai Am. Sch. is a big affair now. They occupied new buildings last fall and had to rent extra rooms from the first. I sent mama a paper with the account. The North China Am. Sch. is also growing rapidly- almost faster than accommodations can be found. Several children go there from Foochow- 2 of Mr. and Mrs. West's children. He is the engineer in charge of the Min River Conservancy- deepening the channel. A Polk boy. He is in the Customs I think and now Mr. Goertz of our mission is in Peking- having taken his 12 yr. old Edith up. Incidentally he is to bring down for me a full bred Rhode Island Red rooster. I have one here full blood, and three fine hens- half R.I. Red and half White Leghorn. This cross makes a very fine bird,- larger than the Wt. Leghorn- and the eggs are larger. They lay well and do not set much. I tried breeding from these half bloods and the second generation is not a success- so I'll breed back to full blooded stock and see how they come out.

For the past two months I've been getting up at 6.10 a.m. and feeding my hens. This means a quarter of an hour- gathering greens and scraps. Then I lead a class of students in calesthentics. This gives me about 45 minutes of good brisk exercise. I get a good sweat. Then a good cold bath and shave and I am ready for breakfast. They boys think it not at all fun to get up before it is really light for exercise. This regime however makes me feel fine.

Phebe got tired and Dr. Dyer told her to drop everything before she went too far and get away for a good rest. She went over to Mr. and Mrs. Newells over at Sie Buo for a week and last Wed. she started for Ing Tai. She had begun to feel better already before she started for Ing Tai.

Harbingers of Spring are here. The apricot tree in front of the house is a mass of flowers. Not a leaf shows but it is white with bloom The tree in front of the house in which mama, the girlies and I lived 1916-20 was bent over by a typhoon. It lives but does not bloom as full as the one in front of our house. Birds are also singing spring songs and building nests and mating.

Examinations began Friday. Commencement is Jan. 23- I hope to get away for a week or so,- go to Ing Hok and come home with Phebe.

It is always a great pleasure to read your letters. Your Thanksgiving letter was specially interesting- with its clear cut reasons for being thankful. God bless, guide you and your family Father

Dwight Newell hopes to go to Peking next fall= N.C. AM. School

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***Jan. 16, 1924****, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to her family. The school's hockey team played the Marines and will play again within the week. Mary tells about the various ill people there including her own sore finger. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Jan 16, 1924.

Dear Family,

This week we are more normal. Miss Burgess is back at work, after 10 days in bed with infected sinus and ear ache. Mrs. Powell arrived Tuesday noon. I got the infirmary cleared Sunday, but on Monday put two girls in. Today two boys came. There are many heavy colds still up and around. Miss Dizney comes over every morning and holds clinic, from 8.00 on. It has been a very great help. As for Dr. Love, he thereby gets a chance to eat breakfast in the morning. Any special cases get sent over, or he calls.

Lois Dawes had a fever of 104 last night, and it was only down to 101 this morning. Alfred Corbett "got funny" on the ice yesterday and strained a ligament in his hip. It puts him off the hockey team for this year.

The boys went to Peking and played the Marine team on Monday. The score was 3-1 for the Marines. Not bad, since the Marine team is the best in the city and has beaten everything so far. The Marines come down here to play this coming Saturday on our rink. This year the Boys have boarded off a rink on the pond. That is kept in good order. Tonight the girls had fun because the Academy Boys also have a rink and our team was playing the Chinese on their team and theirs on ours.

I have been having an infected finger for a week. The last two days it is really better, but it has been stuborn about yielding. (I see I need Mother to put an extra B in the above word [*stubborn*]) I want it to hurry, for it is tiresome to have to soak it several times a day, as well as time consuming.

We have the examination schedule ready for the ordeal next week. As usual, the Chinese classes are worse than a Chinese puzzle to fit in.

The children, Bobby Hunter, Trudy and Ruth Martin are just recovering from severe cases of tonsilitus. Now Mrs. Hunter is down, and today she broke out with a rash, and we do not know what it means. Miss Dizney is caring for her, so did not make us the afternoon visit we hoped for. Mr. Wickes was taken ill when out in the country and created quite a stir when brought home on a stretcher the other day. He is better.

The tiny babies are fine. Barbara grows so fast that I hardly know her if I stay away for a week. Caroline is less timid than she was, and fun to play with. Jean is a dear and greeted me most joyously when I called this noon. Margaret Wickes had to have her hair bobbed, because it got in the way of buttons on the back of her dress, and of bib pins. Gertrude Menzi has so much hair that she is in danger of needing to have it cut too. She is a beauty, and Mother and Father are most proud.

Mr. Goertz was here for 8 days, to get Edith established. Edith is doing finely; not so desperately homesick as I feared. She and I got up and had early breakfast with her father Monday morning and saw him off. The train was some late and we a bit early, so we took a free ride to the river. That insured seats too for the whole 12 who were going up.

I have taken my white fur coat in and am having it made into stolls. It makes three large ones and one small. Perhaps you girls will want them. If not, they will sell. The coat was a "white elephant". I wore it about twice a year here and stretched a point so that I might wear it once the year [*when*] I was home. There is a very good man on Teng Shih Kou now and I took them to him.

Lottie Lane Hildreth, who was out class president in college senior year, is again back in Peking. She is banished for a full year. The change is already working wonders. She is taking classes at the College and at Bridgeman to help out. She is to come down here and help with some of the cataloging of the new books. Martha

was doing it, but she is carrying Billy's work, so the library has to go. Billy is better and the Doctor says can return to work at the new term. He gained 12 pounds the last two weeks.

Wish I could share my malt candy. I am munching it as I write, as a preventative for coughing. It works too!

Mr. Goertz took to Willard a Rhode Island red rooster, also a setting of eggs. Willard has one hen left, and I hope this will give him a fresh start. I sent my korie [*duffel bag*] down. In it were 20 pounds of millet and 10 of corn for Will and Phebe besides 20 for Mr. Goertz. I also looked over my possessions and sent the new towels, extra thread, etc that I shall have since I am staying three years instead of the possible five. As the whole Kienning station was burned out and the three ladies lost every thing somebody will be able to make excellent use of the things. I added my old black serge skirt which was the first long skirt I ever had, or the remnants of it. The serge is good as ever. I sent to Phebe the three legged mud vase, that Flora will remember. I had had made a frog of the same material to fit it. I hope it carried all safe. Mr. Goertz kindly, put it in his suit case which he was carrying by hand. In that way, he could check my korie. He had seven packages when he left here, and was to get three in Peking and more in Shanghai.

Margaret West traveled with him also. She is leaving school. It is a relief, as she was flunking in everything. She trumped up a bad appendix to explain her sudden departure.

It is most 10.00 P.M. and so Good night.

Thursday P.M. Last week the academy boys had an oratorical contest and all the high school went over to hear. It was very interesting, "China and World Peace", in which it was hard to find anything about peace; "The essentials of friendship", mostly about love between man and woman or of the sentimental kind, "The early civilization of China", which was very good, well planned and well delivered; and Physical and Moral education in China. The last two were a tie for first place. They were graded on delivery and content.

I called on Mrs. Dunlap two weeks ago. She sends regard to Flora. She is not singing for us this year as the Doctor will not let here.

Miss Dizney is here to help Dr. Love for six months, possibly, not probably, longer. She holds clinic over here every morning, from 8.00 on. It is 9.00 or after before she leaves. I never have outstayed her, even though I am down to soak my finger. It helps wonderfully. She fixes the in-patients up, and gives directions for the day. If anyone is very ill, she comes back to see them in the evening or late afternoon. Just now she is quarantined with Mrs. Hunter, so Doctor himself was over this morning.

With Mrs. Powell so inefficient at caring for the sick, it is going to help a lot to have a real nurse on the job. Mrs. Powell can and could do more if she would not insist on assuring one first that she is incapable of doing the job. She has harped on that so long that we are most convinced that she is. But she does some things well after all her talk. Mr. Menzi has become so imbued with her talk, that he can hardly see the good that does occasionally come out. Her staying over for ten days to be with her daughter did not help her cause. Martha can hardly be civil.

This is a terribly sick letter, but I will write again soon and hope for better news. Mrs. Hunter is already much improved, so said Jim last night. We awfully want the nurse for Lois, who is no better, and I am waiting to have the doctor call and tell us what plane he has been able to devise.

Pardon the errors and I will get this off by the afternoon mail. It is time to be off for class.

Lots of love.

P.S. I bought one of Graces blue bird pins when in with Mr. Goertz. There were only two and he wanted one. I am glad to learn of the new autos. I'll be there for a ride next year, so hope they don't wear out. Your tales of Mr. Wilhelm, sound good. I forgot to put R.F.D. on one of your letters, but hope you are well enough known to get it just the same.

Lovingly

Mary.

Written in album: "Leonard Menzi, Prince, Margaret, Gertrude"
Picture taken in Peitaiho in August 1924.
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Margaret Menzi and baby Gertrude Menzi. Picture taken on grounds of mission and school compound in Tungchou, China.
[*Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

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[*This letter, dated* ***January 27, 1924****, was written from Ingtai, China by Phebe K. to her brother, Gould. Phebe is in Ingtai for rest and is staying with the Smiths. She tells about her stay there and some of the other visitors. Phebe advises Gould to get his operation soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China.

Ingtai,
January 27, 1924.

Dear Gould,

Your good letter with all its enclosures came on the American mail for which we all waited and waited- just three days ago. As I was here, I didn't expect my letters to reach me till the next day, but Miss Perkins had sent them on, so Priscilla and I got ours as soon as the others.

This is Feb. 1, so there are several days to write up. I am having a very pleasant visit with the Smiths. I don't get up for breakfast unless I choose, which I did this A.M. for the first time; since I am supposed to be resting. I usually get up for dinner and super. We have been for several walks, for there are lots of perfectly beautiful ones quite near here, and the views are marvelous.

Mr. Farley, who is a very obviously engaged man is here visiting the Smiths and it is lucky, for otherwise Priscilla wouldn't get the long walks she wants. They have gone off this A.M. to the top of some mountain before we go to the pagoda across the river, for lunch. Mr. Farley goes home with the Smiths next May to be married, and he is so set up over it that he talks of it more than two thirds of the time.

Conversation is a strange thing, isn't it? Here it consists largely in reminiscences of Priscilla's or Mr. Farley; in rantings against the mission practices and policies, or in discussions of the surrounding country and the comfort or manner of the trips up taken by all the arrivals for the vacation. As I have recently been using eye-monacle on the "Current Opinion" and other papers that tell of Turkey's new republic, the uprising in Greece a month ago, of the Highway commissioner's essay contest prizes and many other things, I would like to hear talk on that. However, we are having an awfully good time, and if ever there was a dear woman Mrs. Smith is one.

Father has probably put my letter on to you telling of my trip up. It was quite a trip, I'm here to say. After I arrived, arrived a crowd of 2000 people, protesting to the Inghok magistrate against the further building of the horse road from Gak liang to Foochow. I just stayed at the Girls' School with Miss Lanktree till Priscilla came up. Incidentally we had two or three parties, took several walks on the crossroad, - a broad but not smooth highway leading thru confiscated fields and orchards to Foochow- and later I went to graduation. General Song was there, the man who is building the road; and during the exercises he asked Mr. Smith who that little girl was, sitting with Margaret. The "little girl" happened to be <u>me</u>! I wore a long and very up-to-date velvet dress, that came to the ground, and a hat. Now how do you suppose I was to take that sort of remark?

Priscilla is rooming in the same room with me (Feb. 2.) and she tries to see that I sleep as much as I ought. Several nights she found me awake, but night before last she blew out her light before coming to bed, very thotfully so as not to awaken me, and I thot I'd set here mind at peace and let her think I was asleep. My breaths came as regularly and gustily as a real sleeper's, so far as I could see and I made good noisy turns. Everything went well till next A.M. when suddenly she turned on me and asked if I were asleep when she came to bed the night before. When I told her no, she reported me at the breakfast table at the Smiths. So there is fun and excitement even in being out of commission.

Yesterday everybody of American citizenship in Ingtai took dinner on the hillside above here. There were the Donaldsons with four children and their guests, the Mefcalfs (Franklin B. and wife), the Smiths with Priscilla and me, and Mr. Farley as guests; Lucy Lanktree with Mrs. Bedient and Billy, and Miss Asher of the University as guests. We had a grand meal in the presence of a raft of children spectators.

Today the young people of brawn[?] under Mr. Smith's and Mr. Donaldson's guidance took a long hike up to a silver river near here and on to a monastery in the hills. It was a perfect day and I should so like to have gone. But Margaret and I stayed abed all day. She is trying to bring out a vivid case of measles. We played "Birds", like "Authors", and since we were in separate beds, we strung a string between and exchanged cards by sliding a paper envelope in which they were along a string. I spent the afternoon in bed.

You said something in your letter which I have sent on to Father, about selling things to make money. I think you could sell Chinese parasols- paying $1 silver and selling, as at Vantine's N.Y.C., at $3 or $3.75 gold. Or I can get jade ornaments and carved ivory that the frat men might like for their girls. Tea I shall try to plan with Father, for by all present appearances, I shall not be able to go back to work for a month or two yet. I may stay here for that time- I don't know anything about it. It's a hard lesson to learn but perhaps I'll know next time better how to take care of myself.

As to your operation- I think, judging from all my recent experience, that you'd better do it as soon as possible. Health isn't a think one can tamper with, and money if you can borrow or plan the amount temporarily, is so much more wisely managed by <u>using</u> it for the most important things first. By delaying your operation now you are simply going on ebbing reserve strength, for which you will pay later- <u>surely</u>!

Feb. 4. Today is lovely! I am sitting on the Smith's lovely veranda railing- one long flat stone,- taking a sunbath and writing to you. Just here some folks came up to plan a walking party to a monastery over one night, and in the excitement I wrote nothing. They started yesterday, Mr. Farley, the Metcalfs, (Mr. and Mrs.) and Mr.

Donaldson, no one of them knowing the way. Mr. Farley was quite mean about not wanting the ladies to go- I presume you can sympathize with him. Finally only one lady went- Mrs. Metcalf, because she wouldn't let her husband go without her.

Yesterday P.M. Mrs. Smith, Priscilla and I walked over to the pagoda and met Miss Waddell's huge family there for tea. And today we've all been just lagging. I expect father up by Friday – today is Wednesday the 6th of Feb. Poor Father spent his birthday yesterday at a retreat of English people to which he was invited last summer.

Since I started this very poor epistle, Father has sent a whole raft of letters from everyone in the family but you and Mother. Since yours both came in the former mail, this simply completes the collection. It was good to hear of Jerry's recovery and comfort at Oberlin, and of the Xmas doings there. Ah! You did have a letter in the bunch too! I'm sorry you didn't go home for any of the vacation; but you did very well by your purse considering the short time you spent. The P.O. work must have been interesting at the Xmas rush season. What were your hours? Were you very tired at the end of the time? How very nice of the Beatties to take you in!

One of the Y.W. ladies at Miss Waddell's now is a Miss Hand. She has beautiful brown eyes, and a very musical speaking voice, but is lame in one foot. I have seldom been so drawn to a woman on only once seeing her. Do you remember that in Mt. Vernon I had a Mr. Hand as principal of the annex in No. 10 when I went to H.S. that first year? I asked her if she knew him; but she doesn't.

Margaret developed a very red case of measles Sunday morning, but has been fading ever since. Now she is planning things for us all to do, and sees us all as often as we will come in. Her mother is anxious for her to have fresh air, so opens the windows; only to have Mr. S., as soon as she goes out, close them again, as he fears she will catch cold. Isn't it the funniest thing to hear a child report the disagreements of its parents- especially right before them? Mr. Smith there when she told us.

I must bring this to a close now, as it is already too rambling. Yesterday was China New Year, and crackers that sounded like guns exploded all day. Some men on horses, or ponies came galloping along the grand horseroad about 3 P.M. It was quite a startling sight for there were no ma fres[?] and the horses were going really fast.

By the time Jerry is teaching again and the rest of you are back in classes. I hope Dot gets a good position and the favor of the "young lord" of Oberlin who was "stalled" in her latest. Very much love to you from your sister Phebe.

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***Jan. 29, 1924****, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She had to have the nail taken off her finger. She gives an update on the health of the compound members and students. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

N.C.A.S. Jan. 29, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

This two weeks since my last letter. Meanwhile, I have been giving examinations and correcting them under difficulties, I wrote that I had a sore finger which was better. It was but it got stuck and the last joint kept swollen in spite of efforts to make it go down.

Consequently Dr. Love took the nail off a week ago. It has been a clean cut and is doing well. But I find it awkward to use my left had only and some times must have the assistance of the right. It is the little finger, so it is possible to get the needed assistance occasionally.

I got the girls to help me take exams off on the duplicator, and put no marks on the papers except the grades. I like that method, and may use it in the future. A careful review in class is better than a lot of red marks.

Miss Burgess and I went in for the week end with Mrs. Galt. We had a nice visit. We were both full up with work, but the rest and change did us good. She still has trouble with her ear, but it grows better.

The infirmary got cleared out last Sunday. Lois left for Tsinan by the early train Saturday and we have had word that she and her father arrived safely. She is in bed for a few days to get over the trip, but is none the worse for it. That blue express is a great boon to comfortable travel. Even the third class is always heated. The other Pneumonia patient got out Sunday afternoon. He is back in school. We have put in two girls who are feeling as though a cold were starting.

The Hunter family is all coming on finely. Maude gave up the nurse a week ago. Jim never did get a rash. Baby got a rash but no bad throat. They are like Jack Sprat and his wife, it needs the whole family to make up a complete case of Scarlet fever.

Every one else is at their usual job, add in usual health. Of course a few colds. Esther Moody has gone to Shansi for her vacation. The two men at Fenchow are free for their vacation. Frank Hutchins has stolen Martha

Fenn's heart. I look for the announcement party soon. He is staying at the Menzis and Martha is there most of the time.

Billy is back looking fine, but not allowed to take full work for a while to be sure of no return of his trouble.

Henry was down for the afternoon today. The Fiskens and the Fenns are very thick. Billy is eating there for a while.

I bought a few strings of beads, some earrings and bracelets in town on Monday. When I get time to do them up, I'll send them. Do you know if the beads I sent to Geraldine ever reached her? Miss Burgess mailed them for me and did not register them, so I have been a bit worried about them. I know that Geraldine was ill about the time they were due to arrive, and that her Mother was busy and worried. But I should like to hear. Did you get some earrings, and did they sell? I could match some of the chains as well as not, if people like them.

I received a money order from Mr. McCann this week, for $3.80 gold from Flora. I remember something about it, but will have to look up and see for what it is sent. I have .80 silver collected for some coat hangers which she left and which it is easier to sell than transport. Towels, bedding, etc. I should also recommend selling. How about it?

Your last letter I sent by Mr. Goertz to Will. I am still waiting to hear how the rooster, and eggs traveled. Mr. Goertz wrote Edith that they arrived, but that is all.

It was good to hear that Elizabeth was bit more comfortable. I do hope it continues. Tell Paul Clapp that I am glad every day that he is still with you. I am hoping soon to hear that the candy arrived. I wonder what its state will be, good I hope.

Lot of love.

Mary.

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***Feb. 10, 1924****, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchou), China by Mary to the home folk. There was a small fire at the church but it was quickly extinguished. General Feng has chosen a bride from Tungchou, 2 months after the death of his first wife. Mary feels that Phebe K. has been working too hard in Foochow, thus causing her to need a "nerve rest". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

N.C.A.S., Tunghsien, Feb. 10, 1924

Dear Home Folk,

It is hard to name the season, these days. One day is a glorious spring like day, warm and sunny, the next it snowed hard all day. Today is the nice variety, but there is snow where the sun has not hit. One day the children rolled snow balls and made snow men, but the snow has been too small in amount the other days.

Jim Hunter started for Nanking last Monday night, to attend the conference of college and agriculture people. Maude cleaned herself and has had the care of baby. Then Bobby started to peal, after nearly two weeks. Hence the family is not united, except him. On Friday Jeannie started to have swollen glands, and she has kept us anxious, with high fever. But she sat up and played, and was most cheerful most of the time. This morning her fever was down to 101. It had not been lower than 103 since Friday, and mostly 104-105. To make it harder, Doctor had a call to go to Tientsin, and left early Friday. Mrs. Evans had a baby about two weeks old and has not recovered as she should. She wants Dr. Love and no one else.

I have been guardian for Carol these two nights. The babies are dears. Caroline is most shy, but Barbara will smile most winningly at anyone who will take time to talk to her. Junior and Betty are getting to be big children, and are most interesting.

My finger is getting most well. The nail is just starting to show. Still the loosened part below the nail is unattached, so it is not ready to be exposed to the world. I think my nail is coming sooner than Dr. Love's did. The swelling suddenly went down a lot last week, so the finger is only a little more than normal size. It was swollen for so long that the skin is slow about shrinking. It was good to be able to bend it after nearly a month with it straight.

Monday Eve. Flora's letter has just come, Jan. 7- Feb. 11. I do not wonder that you could not find time to write sooner. I wish I were there to help out in these emergencies. I wish you had sent some suggestion as to the way to spend the $25.00. I am trying to think of something that will be permanent, or as near so as possible. Or would you rather it be put into the general fund to help out?

We had a bit of excitement here yesterday at church. The lamp over the platform has been hung for some weeks without any extra wire, because the wire made it too low. Yesterday in the midst of one of the hymns, the lamp fell crash onto the floor. It did not explode, for some reason. The straw mat caught fire and the lamp stood upright burning. Mrs. Smith was near the back door and grabbed the coco mat and handed it to Mr. Lund. The mat

was soon all right and the lamp carried out. But then we saw a flame in the hole from which the hook had been pulled. A fire extinguisher in the hands of Billy Fenn, put that out. But we were not sure that it was not smouldering, since the sound is deadened by a filling of saw dust. Hence, Mr. Lund and Capt. Fisken took up a board over the place and made us feel safe. The beam is charred and some of the sawdust, but apparently the extinguisher put it out at once.

Miss Young and Miss Lum gave us a recital last night. They have been having some fine evenings with duets and favored us with the products. They were good. Mariette has come back with some clever new songs. Did I write that Margaret Ann Smith and her sister, Ruth are here? Ruth looks like Margaret, but is very dark, and taller. She is not enamoured of China yet.

Mrs. Fenn was down for the week-end with Martha. She is as nice as ever. Grace Breck was at the Ladies house, so was Laura Cross. All three send regards to Flora. So did Mrs. Galt who was my guest Saturday afternoon.

Miss Dizney is still being a godsend to us, and takes clinic every morning. She is a merry body to have around! She has the annex fitted up prettily, canary colored hangings and two of Margaret Menzi's canaries to complete the picture. The canaries are Safid and Katura.

General Feng has just announced his engagement to a Miss L. who is a Tungchow girl. She graduated from the Girls school here, from Bridgeman, and Yen Cing. Now she is with the Y.W.C.A. Friends are urging a speedy marriage for the childrens sake, but his wife has been dead only about two months. He says wait a year. Mrs. Galt speaks well of her.

Jean Josselyn is having a hard time. She had flu just after Paul Dudley was born. At an aftermath she had caked breasts. Now they are contemplating operating. Dr. Love feels that it must result in that. He saw her yesterday at the hospital. She has been running a fever for two or more weeks. Pauls sister is out. She is a trained nurse and is caring for Marian and baby Paul. She seems very efficient. But she has a job and is due to enter the P.U.M.C. in two weeks.

I have written Mr. McCann for sailings, as soon as possible after June 15. With four rugs for Leolyn and two for Miss Bostwick's brother. I want to get a southern route boat. Otherwise the northern route would be preferable. I'll let you know as soon as the date of sailing is determined.

Mothers birthday, and Father and Mother's wedding day have come and gone. Fathers birthday is soon here, long before this reaches you. This will not arrive before Flora's either. Congratulations to both Father and Flora. Edith, Wells, Marjorie and Dorothy make a month full of noted days.

I thank you for the letters from and about Geraldine. Will has sent me some of his too. I will send on the one Flora sent, for he can not get too much news of home. Phebe has been off to Ing Hok to get a nerve rest. She is a hard worker. I do not like to think of her needing a rest so badly, so early on her career.

I will bring as much as I can, Flora. I am taking toll of the pillows to dress up my couch by day. Is there anything in the line of rugs, you want? I might as well bring a few more, as well as six.

"Cases" are still much in vogue in the N.C.A.S. I wonder if Dan Cupid will have enough valentines to go around? Katie Dodd and Edith Watson have run a regular factory. Miss Dizney alone ordered 30.

We have a new scheme for exercise. A chart is to hang in the reception room. Each girl must "by order" take 5 hours of exercise per week. Every extra 5 hours count a point. A prize will be given to the one who has the most points at the end of the year. The girls keep their own records. But the record sheet is for all to read.

There goes the girls bell for bed. I hope this gets the boat on the 17th, which is the next one out.

I will be on the watch for the box of books etc.

Lots of love

Mary

I shall hope for a good report from Oliver. It is hard to understand why he has so much to suffer.

I do hope the treatment helps Elizabeth. It surely seems to have done no harm.

Written in album: “General Feng Yu Hsiang - China’s Christian General”
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

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[*This typewritten letter, dated **February 24, 1924**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about all of the sick people. General Feng’s wedding was that week. Mary is scheduled to leave China on June 29th on the Shinyu Maru. She includes a list of prices for beads and a wedding invitation to Lura Aikens wedding. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

N.C.A.S., Tungchow, Chihli.
February 24, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

I have had a writing streak and have five letters to show for it. There are about 15 more, so I am not open to congratulations yet.

First a catalogue of the sick, then more cheerful news. All in the compound are well. Jean Hunter has gotten back her fully joy of life since the Doctor opened the abcess, due the Scarlet fever. Bobby is not entirely well but can not understand why he can not go out with “Daddy”. “I have no sickness” says he in Chinese. Jim came over today for Sunday School for the first time. Maude will be out of quarantine soon, we hope, but her feet are terribly slow in pealing. My finger is out of its bandage, and doing fine. Elizabeth Burgess does not agree, for it is a bit unsightly with only a tiny new nail started and the flesh at the base still swollen. Doctor consoles me by saying it may be swollen for some months yet. Who cares, since the soreness is gone and the infection.

Jean Josselyn is back in the hospital. She had infected breast and when I called last Sunday she had gone up to the operating room. They removed one breast. The infection was spreading and so they broke their rule and used the Sabbath day. She was doing well when Doctor Love called on Monday. I hope to see her tomorrow.

I enclose the card to Lura Aiken’s wedding which came to Flora and me this week. I hope to go in altho it is the day school closes for the spring holidays. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Clarke are giving her a miscelaneous shower this week Thursday. I shall not try to go, but will send something. I am thinking of sending some of my Foochow

finger bowls for Flora and me as a wedding gift. Sorry I can not ask Flora for her advice. The man is some older than she, I hear.

We had a Holyoke meeting of seven last Monday evening at Mrs. Cook-Willner's. On Sunday Lottie and I discovered a Mrs. Leach, '10 [*class of 1910*], who it seems has been in town for a short time. Her husband is taking an eye course at the P.U.M.C. They belong in Hu Chow, near Soochow. Lottie came down with me Monday and stayed till Thursday. The whole Leach family, 4, came for Thursday afternoon. It was a blustering day and grew worse all afternoon. I invited in several of the compound people to meet them. Then we had compound tea here this Saturday, so we have fed the folk quite a bit this week.

Our sitting room looks fine with Leolyn's rug down. It is big enough to five a real finish. Evidently the room is more attractive this year, for our compound guests last year used to give the impression of eating and running. Now they stay so we are late for supper sometimes.

General Feng's wedding was last Tuesday. Marriette went. Today he and his bride came down to spend the day with her parents. They are Farmer Li who lives next the "London Mission house" as Flora will know it. They came by auto, with all curtains drawn. He made three stipulations, in choosing his wife; a Christian, a college graduate, and economical woman. Li Te Chang, is the first we know. She thought the wedding would be postponed sometime, so said the papers. But the needs of the five children made him hasten it. She had signed a contract with the Y.W.C.A. for three months just the day before the announcement party. But he said it was not fitting that his bride be seen on the streets between her betrothal and the wedding, so she has not been able to do a thing for the Y.W. Last Friday Feng was dining at the American Legation and was stopped on Legation Street driving with too bright lights and for speeding. Some of the papers are making much to do about it. The Legation reported it, but that was all they did. About three weeks ago one of the lesser officers wanted a car switched from one line to another at Fengtai. Mr. Bessell was in command and sent for the necessary permission. The officer got hot and knocked Mr. B. down and maltreated him. This too is the cause of much talk. The officer is still at large, and the people want him arrested.

I fear that the request for Cora's beads got overlooked, as I do not record sending them. I will get them next time I am in, possibly tomorrow. Also I will look for the turquoise matrix, for Mrs. Goodhue. I got several strings of beads, some bracelets, and earrings last time I was in and will send as soon as I have time to pack them. I will enclose a list now hoping I may pack them this week.

We are feeling very crank with an evening train. It leaves Peking at 7.45 and goes back about 9.00. I planned to attend College Club tomorrow and use it, but the speaker is too busy to give her talk so it is postponed. Mr. Menzi had to give a chapel talk on it last week. It was queer that three children "missed the train" on the first Monday that there was a later one to take.

The street railway in Peking has come to a standstill. It evidently discouraged them to have the store house burn about Christmas time. I say the rails will have gone through to American by the time they are ready to use them. Certain it is, that they cause no jar when one crosses them now.

The chicken experiment of Doctor and Jim was fairly successful. They got a 63% hatch. The improvised brood is interesting. The stove has a huge reflector over it which can be raised or lowered. A second lot of eggs are now in the incubator. I took the guests over Thursday. The man in charge told us to "wait a bit" as we started to leave. He followed us with three eggs, closed the door of the outer room, and fitted an egg into a hole bored there. It was an excellent way to candle an egg. The young embryo was show up beautifully. Why buy expensive apparatus and high power lights when the sun will do the work through a know hole?

My last letter from Mr. McCann said he was engaging passage on the Shinyu Maru sailing June 29th. It is later than I had hoped, but the Taft and Cleveland are being taken off so traffic will be crowded. I came on the Shinyu before. This will be better though, for Miss Young, Mrs. Sheffield, Mr. Stelle, and Miss Buell are booked on her too. I'd come northern route but for the many things I have to leave in and near San Francisco.

Leonard has been trying to get a school carpenter. We could pretty near keep him busy with repairs, and he could make many of the new things between times. Last week two of the servants got to playing with knives in their hands and one got badly hurt. He is in the hospital.

On Lantern Festival night the Senior and Junior girls and I got supper. The boys of those classes served it. Then the whole of them washed the dishes and cleaned up. They did a good job too. We made thick vegetable soup as before. But the desert was ice cream and chocolate cake. Mrs. Powell made the latter. She has been wanting to try out her favorite Receipt [*recipe*] so as to get her courage up to make it for compound tea. It was successful. She has had difficulty to get hold of the girls. I hoped the good cake would help and think it has a bit. It surely pleases them to have her do it, and the success assured them that she can do something well.

Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Hildreth (Lottie) and I were personally escorted in to see the ice lanterns by Chu Shih Fu. They were good this year, in spite of two years without them. Some of the others scorned our party and failed to find the lanterns too.

On the evening of Washington's birthday the students gave a second appearance of "The Rajah's Revenge" and did very well. Most of the audience had never seen it, as the cast took those who had been here. In the morning the children thought the spoonerism on the day fitting "Birthington's Washday" for Len had them clean off all markings which they had put on desks, walls, etc.

I hope the Dreyer injections continue good, that Father is well, Oliver still improving, and the rest of you all right. Father had a birthday last Monday and Flora has one tomorrow. Dorothy's is the next day.

Phebe's letter of Jan 26th made good time. I have had it two days.

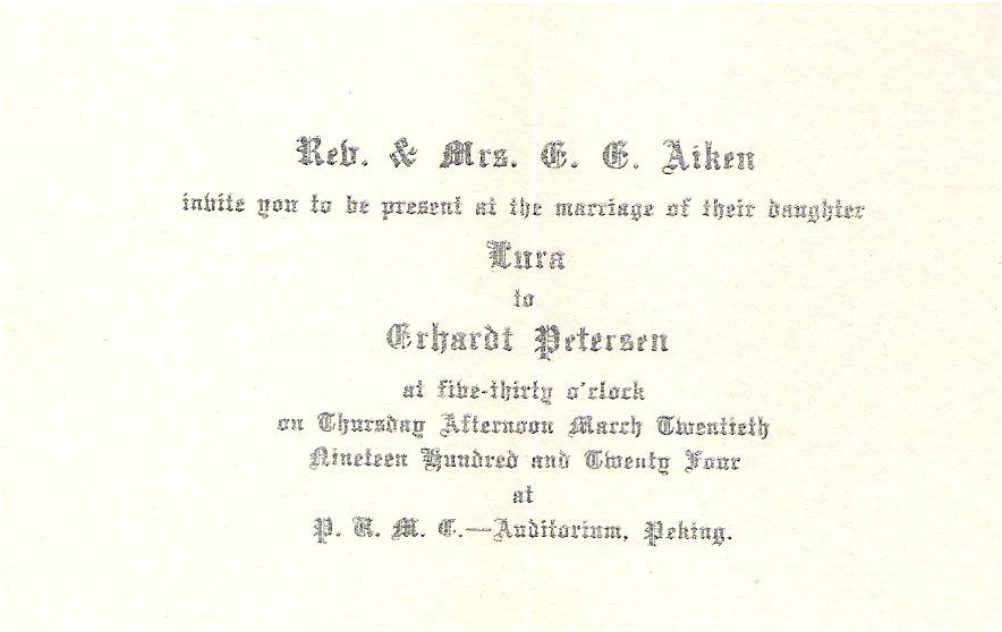
Love to everyone. I think of Paul Clapp and Miss Renoll's as belonging now. It is nice to think of them so. I hope to see them both next August.

With love Mary.

| Beads for sale | Price silver | Sale price, gold |
|---|---|---|
| Laquer pendant, red and black | $2.00 | $5.00 |
| Bracelets, coral, 3 | .75 | 1.50 |
| Blue stone and bone | .60 | 1.20 |
| Chased blue glass | 1.50 | 3.00 |
| Large bone pendants, ivory beard | 1.80 | 3.50 |
| Small bone pendants, 4 each | .20 | .50 ** |
| Carved seeds | 3.00 | 6.50 |
| Green jade | 2.80 | 6.00 |
| Crystal, white | 2.50 | 5.50 |
| White bone | .90 | 2.00 ** |
| Coral earrings, with feathers | .75 | 1.50 |
| " " , plain | .75 | 1.50 |
| carved brown wood | .70 | 1.50 |

Of course these prices are for you to reconsider, especially the starred ones as they are almost duplicates of some sent earlier and you know what you charged for those. The pendants have cords this time so cost me more.

| | |
|---|---|
| Separate long bone beads | about 10 cents or less according to size |
| Carved peach seeds (4) | 10 cents |



Reb. & Mrs. G. E. Aiken

invite you to be present at the marriage of their daughter

Lura

to

Erhardt Petersen

at five-thirty o'clock

on Thursday Afternoon March Twentieth

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty Four

at

P. U. M. C.—Auditorium, Peking.

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Marjorie Beard – probably about 1924 upon graduation from high school
*Photo in the archives of Oberlin College*]

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*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 6, 1924**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She gives an update on the people of the compound. The Shinyo Maru is booked so now Mary's plans are to leave on the Korea June 14th. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

N.C.A.S., Tungchow, March 6, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

Last week I was on duty. I started well by having Miss Burgess take the Saturday evening so I could attend Mrs. Sheffield's birthday supper. I went in on the early evening train and returned by the late one. Esther Moody came back with me. We had two courses of the dinner, but missed the other and the speeches. All say that those were clever. There were 53 at the tables and places for four more who had expected to be there. The Corbetts and the Bakers were the only ones not American Board. The Bakers have just moved into the compound, taking the house the Stelles had the year Flora and I lived with them for a bit.

Sunday morning I ran off to see Gertrude Menzi have her bath while I would not be needed as the children were in Sunday School. Then I got in on the last of Barbara Loves ebolutions [*ablutions- cleansing*] also. On Monday I skipped when the letter writing was going on and saw Margaret Wickes bathed. Do not ask which is the best baby!! Margaret has the darkest eyes and the most hair; Gertrude is the fattest, and Barbara kicks the hardest in her bath. All have a ready smile.

Mrs. Hildreth, her husband and the two children came down Monday afternoon and all but the husband are there till they go to PeiTaiHo. I had them all over to supper as Mr. Hildreth was leaving the next morning by the early train. The kiddies are dears. I was over there for supper Wednesday evening. Tuesday was compound supper at the Ladies house. So Lottie and I dined together the first three nights.

We started in Tuesday to rehearse a new version of Pinafore which we faculty are to render for the children the 19th. It will be rapid work, but we would all rather work and get it over than to have it hang on till after vacation.

Fred Balteau has the mumps. Dot Galt is home with symptoms and Margaret McCann in quarantine because she has been exposed, up at Dots. Both the Grubbs are in the infirmary with a form of Flue. Clinic was well attended this morning. I do not keep such close watch now that I am no longer a regular attendant with my finger. My nail is grown out about a third of its length. I even pound the keys of this machine with it sometimes.

The beads are still not done up. I got an extra string, black and red, for 90 cents last week. I think it will take. It is the woven style, like the tiny corals but only glass.

"Pamela Pounce" came from Miss Brewster last week. I have sent on to Will two bundles of Sentinels and receive as many from him. He has forwarded all the letters from and about Geraldine's illness. It was certainly nice for her to have you all helping to pass the time so much. She is appreciative too, of the time and strength it took to visit her so often and of that needed to spare the visitors from the busy home.

I am glad to hear of Floras good position for another year [*see note at end of letter*]. My sailing is changed. The Shinyo was too full so I am hustling off on the Korea sailing the 14th of June. I am delighted, for that will bring me home nearly as early as Flora must leave for summer school. I'll miss the strawberries but not much else!! Hurrah! Miss Young is on the same steamer, so I have company as far as Honolulu at least. I have so many rugs to take that I am loaning them out. Carol Love is using one of Leolyn's big ones as there is only one room here large enough outside of the infirmary, and I will not put it there. It looks right well in Carols living room. It will get some wear but that is what I want.

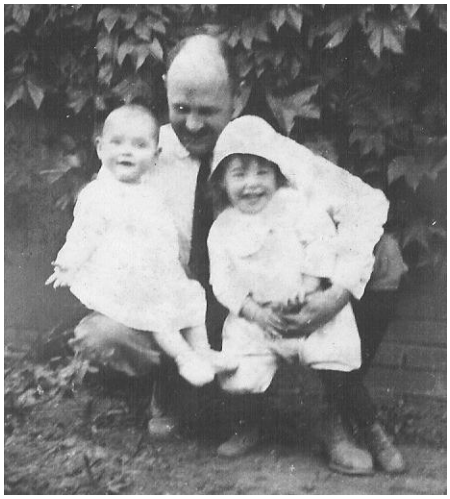
The weather seems to have malaria, every other day is a glorious warm sunny spring day and the alternative ones are either snowy or cloudy and windy. Today is the off day. It looks as though we would have the Hunters at close range soon, if one can judge from the display of property on the lawn, porch, window sills, and clothes lines for the last two days. Doctor is not going to fumigate, only sun and air thoroughly.

I hope your good winter continued, thought the papers tell of a bad storm in New York. I did not find that it was of long duration.

In three months and one week I shall start out on the briny deep for home.

Love to every one. You will have to write soon, if there are any errands for me to do.

Mary.



Written in album: "Carol Love and Barbara May 1924" "Dr. Love, Barbara and Caroline May 1924"

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

[*From: The Evolution of the School District of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey 1814-1927, pg. 205*

*Miss Beard, whose service here began in 1899 and ended in 1926, left her position as teacher of fifth grade in South Orange and from 1906 to 1909 taught in a school for the children of Missionaries in China. Coming back she became principal of First Street School from 1909 to 1914, when she went to China again to establish the North China American School at Tunghsien, twelve miles east of Pekin.* ***On her return she was appointed principal of the Montrose School in 1924****. The school in China is a union institution founded by the American Board, the Methodist Episcopal Board, and the Presbyterian Board for the children of missionaries in the provinces of Chihli, Shantung and Shansi, as well as for other American and European children. The course of study, textbooks, supplies and the spirit of the school were all American, and, needless to say, directly in contact with the work done in the schools of South Orange.*

***On page 284 Flora is listed as being the Principal of Montrose from 1924 -1926****.*

*Foster, Henry W.. The evolution of the school district of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey, 1814-1927. Geneva, N.Y.: W.F. Humphrey Press, 1930.*]

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***March 25, 1924****, was written from Foochow, China, by Phebe K. to Gould. She sends Gould Chinese parasols for his Christmas present in hopes that he can sell them and make some money for himself. She tells about a wedding and a revolution between General Song and Uong in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 25, 1924.

Dear Brother,

By the last mail I sent you the things by which you were to get your Christmas gift---a box of Chinese parasols or umbrellas. As I was incapacitated at Christmas time, I did not get off my presents tho I had many of them already bought. These I got just recently at the shop that is doing quite an American business thru the help of Mr. Munson the Y.M.C.A. secretary here. I thot you could use the money they will bring to better advantage than if I should send you the actual things; and tho you do have to work for your present, so to speak, I thot it would be a really better gift all around. These are sun parasols that can be used in rain. So many fear rain will spoil them!

There are 13 umbrellas in the box:

1 short one with horn tip and handle and handle strap
8 with tassels
4 bamboo handles without tassels.
(1 is a child's size)

Judging by the prices that others who have sent them home have got for them, I should say that you can get at least $3.50 for the 12 and $4.00 for the horn-tipped one. They actually cost about $1.20 apiece but that does not need to be published. They should get to you in time for the spring buying and with the college crowd there they should sell well. If you want to order for people I can get more provided the order reaches me before June 1st. I don't want to go into the business exactly but will do a bit this year since the fad in the U.S. this spring is all for Chinese stuff and these umbrellas are so easy to send. I hope you can make near $45 on them. There ought to be little or no duty on them so what you get is pure gain. Good luck to you and let me know how things go. You may not want to do a selling business but these ought to be easy to get rid of. If they go hard, I have written to Marjorie and you can send them to her.

In a few days I shall start off a few boxes of the Jasemine tea for you to sell. I didn't want you to get all these bundles on the same mail as you would have them to pay duty. Please let me know how much duty you have to pay if any. This will also go toward your Christmas gift.

We have had quite a bit of excitement recently between Mr. Brand's wedding and a mild revolution. Perhaps Father has already written you of them. Priscilla Holton, our new tutor, has a sweet voice and has made quite a hit on South Side. So she was invited to the wedding. Of course it was in the Little Stone Church. The bride and groom marched up the aisle singing the first hymn with the congregation, and Priscilla said they just pranced up. When the ceremony was progressed to the ring part, Mr. Brand nodded to "Son Willie" to come and hold the bride's bouquet as she had no attendant. Poor Willie is a rather good-looking man, tall and blond, but not very full of life. So he stood there holding the flowers thru the rest of the ceremony. After they had raced out of the church, the bridal party went home in rickshas instead of in a horse carriage or some grander conveyance. Later they took a weeding trip up the river in a houseboat and Willie was invited to go too---but declined decidedly, we heard. The lady is a nice looking lady of Mr. Brand's class in England, has money, and has taught in Miss Lambert's school for the last year. I have an idea that Miss Lambert is not wholly innocent of helping the matter along, for she is a good friend of Mr. Brand's. Miss Perkins met the bridal pair on the street after their return from the trip and that they looked a bit bored already. Willie wasn't very happy about the arrangement--- and I am not sure that I blame him tho in my mind this Mrs. Brand is much better looking and sweeter than the first.

The end of the matter is that I got an invitation to go to the wedding two days after the day it took place. An invitation to their At Home was also included so, as I was not going out then I just had to send my card. The worthy groom I understand, addressed all the invitations himself so he could not get them all done at once. The church was crowded as it was and I couldn't have gone anyway so I got my full quota of fun out of it as it was.

The revolution was like all those of last year. General Song, who was supposed to be in charge here, was paid several thousands of dollars by Uong, one of his underlings, to vacate Foochow in his favor. After having borrowed most of Uong's best soldiers and taken all his ammunition with the ostensible purpose of going to the border of Kiangsi to take the head position there, Song left the city and went to the Upper Bridge. The next morning he came back and drove Uong out, and took the city. It is said that Chinese all over the city knew of the plan of Song of leaving under pretence and then coming back as he did. So Uong must have known of it. Except for the anxiety of the people and the kidnapping and maltreatment of them on the march as they dang the soldier's loads, I find little but amusement in the "revolutions" we have been having. They don't seem to hinder the growth of trade and opulence along our street since last China New Year there have been many new fronts put on and the whole appearance of our district is much improved.

Miss Perkins is putting in a horse road of stone from the corner going into the city to our gate. It is now over half done tho it is rather rough. Some of the business men of the street are cooperating with her tho their names are not in evidence. If they are known, it will lay them open to all kinds of calls for money so they are willing "humbly" to help in the dark.

Last night I was trying to go to sleep when the most awful clatter and bedlam arose out in the street. After a man had run away yelling bloody murder, I heard the Fire gong ring and the shouting increased. Then I looked out and saw smoke coming from a house not far away. They soon got it under control so we didn't have too much excitement.

I am still resting, walking two hours a day and eating as much as I can. This week I am going to Diongloh with Miss Nutting and Miss Ward for a week, and then I hope that I shall be ready for work. Rest feels rather good

but so much of it, especially when I cannot read or use my eyes much, is a bit of a bore sometimes. I am discovering a lot of places and things around this part of the city on my walks so that is interesting.

I can write with the typewriter by the touch system so I do not have to use my eyes. The Smiths are to be here for the next few days for mission meeting so with Margaret, we shall have a high time.

I hope you are not working too hard and that your health remains good. I hope you can plan to have your operation as you suggest at least by next September. We got such good pictures from the girls of themselves just after Christmas. They meant a great deal. Aren't they a stylish set of girls?! Well, I must stop now and take my hour's rest and then my walk. Father is working very hard but I think he is well. Much love to yourself and best wishes for the term's work and the summer.

Your loving sister,

Phebe.

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[*This letter, dated* ***March 26, 1924****, was written en route to Paotingfu by Mary to the home folks. She describes their operetta the night before school closed for vacation. She attended Lura Aiken's wedding in Peking. Mary's sailing date on the Korea Maru has changed to June 17th. Although China is not politically stable, Mary's work and life continues on as normal. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Train en route for
Paotingfu
March 26, 1924

Dear Home folks,

Vacation is five days old and no letter has started homeward. The last two weeks were very full with a rehearsal of our Operetta every afternoon for 1 ½ hours. The fateful evening was the 19th, the night before school closed-and everything was a huge success. The dinner was a Chinese feast and how the children did eat! Several members of the school do not care for the native food so one table had foreign food. Five preferred to sit there, Mrs. Poncill, Miss Dizney and three students.

Our costumes were easy to get up. I wore my old brocaded white silk skirt, a gay sweater and for the out door scene added my white fur stoll and big black velvet hat. Martha Fenn was the stern, old fashioned school marm; Billy the sedate, sour pedant; Mr. Breakey the gay dashing fellow in sport clothes. Miss Burgess wore knickers and carried a racket and balls. Mrs. Powell dressed as herself. Miss Dizney had on an evening dress of one of the girls, sleeveless and so low we do not allow the girl to wear it. Len was in his gown.

The story was a faculty meeting at which we discuss various items of business (never the same at any two rehearsals) and Bualry (prof) and I plan to go to a movie. Len disapproves of movies and forbids us to go. Then the Prof urges that we go anyway but I am shocked and sing "Refrain, and?? Prof. You ?? from pressing". etc. But he sings a little song ending, "While there you sit, know I'm enjoying it". Here I yield and we are going.

We steal out in the second act but get caught at the foot of the steps by the Boss who has been told of our plans by the Pedant. We are ordered to our rooms but Butterball (Miss Dizney) tells us that the Boss has invited her to go to the show. Here we wind up with a grand chorus of rejoicing. In the first class comes the lines "Hurrah, hurrah, the spit balls fly" and when we were recalled for an encore, we say that and then "wash basin balls" as the children called them.

We cleared the <u>dining room</u> and had the Virginia Reel the length of that. Shades of Mrs. Gordon!!!! It was 10.45 when we broke up and went to bed. The children have a "band" consisting of several violins, a ukulele, a jazz whistle, Chinese cymbals and the piano. They played for the Virginia Reel and for once we <u>all</u> heard the music.

On the 17th we had a Holyoke dinner. It was asked that all Mount Holyoke-ites all over the world plan a get together that day to celebrate the completion of the fund for the Clapp Science Building. It was Dr. Clapp's birthday. We had a grand Chinese feast. Because of the dysentery cases traceable to restaurants we had it at Miss Willner's house. Her cook made everything except the roast duck. Lottie Hildreth, also 1905, Anita Day[*?*] 1929 and I had to leave a little early to get the 7.50- back to Tungchow.

School closed the 20th. I went to Peking at noon to finish the ticket buying and stayed for Lura Aiken's wedding. It was at the P.U.M.C. auditorium. The decorations were pink and white and the maid of honor and flower girls were in pink and white. Esther Moody was maid-of –honor and Gertrude Martin and Helen Corbett flower girls. The youngest Dobson was ring bearer. He had silver bow and arrow slung over his shoulder. He told his mother he would carry the rings but he wanted to go home as soon as he had done it.

I had dinner that night with Jean Josselyn. She is much better but still has to have her wound dressed twice daily. Mr. Josselyn's sister, a trained nurse, is still with them as she sprained her wrist being thrown from a ricksha so can not go on duty at the hospital. Baby Dudley is growing finely and Marian is a dear.

We had a Pasttime Cub Meeting last Saturday night as a farewell for the Fiskens. The "neophytes" were numerous, Mrs. Lowry, Capt. and Mrs. Fisken, Henry Fenn and Bill, Miss Dizney, Maryette Fenn, Mrs. Hemingway, Ruth Smith, and Mrs. Hildreth. They could not eat up the refreshments ?? because we started with a compound supper and made sure of them.

I have started my spring sewing and have a dress and blouse at the tailors. My gold dress is being dyed brown after being made over.

The latest from the Korea Maru is that she sails June 17 instead of the 14th. I really like it better as I can use three extra days to advantage. I am thinking how best to get everything home.

I have irregular jade, 30 pieces large and small. They are packed but not posted. I gave 18 cents each for them. About 20 cents would be right, unless you think them worth 25 cents. I could not find the unstrung carved bone beads so sent a string which you can sell to be broken or any way you like. Just calculate the cost per bead if sold separately to make it equal the cost of a chain ?? a pendant.

I mailed some lace and pendants to Miss Brewster this week. I will get the cost of her order Monday. Grace's blue with ?, four (4) also went off. I had had them for some days.

Exchange is good for selling. I got 192.50 for the $25.00 draft. It would have been better to wait but I did not know it. It was 195+ when I was at the bank last.

Politically everything is upset but we go on not-with-standing. The papers say there will be trouble this spring but Chang Tsao Lin says not.

Phebe's last letter said Elizabeth was not quite so well but Oliver better. It is good to hear that Father keeps up the business so well. But I am glad that the milk ?? is sold. The Sentinels have much to say about milk business.

I feel quite proud to see Ben's name in the paper so often and always with sympathy for his position and methods.

Peking is getting very modern. On all corners big white lines have been painted on the pavement to keep autoists to the left. The highest number ?? auto that I have seen is 1200+. I forget the last two figures. The car tracks are all laid throughout the city and poles up but there they have stopped.

I'll write again. Hope you can decipher this.

With love

Mary.

Mary Beard, Her book, March 1924
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

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[*This letter, dated **April 7, 1924**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchou), China by Mary to the home folk. Mary describes her vacation in Paotingfu. The PUMC is having trouble with a case of small pox, encephalitis and scarlet fever. She attended a vaccination party and plans to get typhoid injections over the next 3 weeks. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL
T'UNGHSIEN CHIHLI

April 7, 1924

Dear Home Folk,

My last letter was just before vacation. Edith Goertz and I had a fine time at Paotingfu. Miss Andrews is wonderfully smart, teaches 2 classes a day, inspects the latting[*?*], takes chapel services and receives Chinese callers. She is 83. Her private Amah sleeps within call and is most faithful. She helps Miss Andrews walk out as she is short and heavy and unable to walk without support on both sides, a cane and a person.

We visited two temples of Tsao Kun's one to the sleeping war god and the other to a private god, Buddhist style. The latter has three wives, a-la Tsao Kun. Two are relegated to a side room and no. three sits in state beside the God. We also visited two of Tsao Kun's play things, a park valued at several million, with a lion, tiger, kangaroo, hyena, monkeys, bear and birds besides considerable space for flowers etc; and an aviation field with five planes. Four were practicing starting and stopping so we watched them for some time. Flora would not recognize Paotingfu. Tsao Kun has spent many thousands and the main streets are big broad thoroughfares well paved. No more bumpy rides over stone roads there!

I spent the last week end with Jean Josselyn. She is much better although still dressing her wound where the breast was removed. She will have to tend that till fall when a second operation removes the extra folds of skin. Baby Dudley is darling and gains his ounce a day regularly. Miss Josselyn is a trained nurse and it was most helpful to Jean to have her there to help with baby then with herself.

The P.U.M.C. is having a hard time. Mrs. Robert McCann went in ill and developed small pox; an English lady developed what was first called Infantile paralasis [*polio*], then sleepy sickness, then Esphalitis (?)

[*encephalitis*]. It is something the doctors have never seen and evidently most infectious- as all three nurses developed it inside of a week. A child developed scarlet fever. So 3 wards are under strict quarantine. Hunter Corbett went in Thursday afternoon for a slight operation and got held for two weeks, till the scarlet-fever quarantine was over.

Apr 10. Trudy Martin has the measles- a sad aftermath of her happy times practicing for and being flower girl at Lura Aiken's wedding. It is just getting time for further cases if such there are to be. We hope not as the ?? in the little compound school has been-quarantine for the slightest ailment. Hence Trudy was quarantined four days before her rash appeared.

Mrs. J.S. Burgess and the boys, with occasionally Mr. Burgess, are now occupying the Stelle House. It is an effort to keep the boys away from the dust of the city as visitors cars began to trouble him again and David too had some trouble.

We had a vaccination party last Monday. I attended and have what Doctor calls an immunity take. I think it a pretty strong immunity take since it is red for a circle of three inches diameter and has festered and broken today. But it began the second day and should not so do till the third.

I plan for the typhoid injections this weekend and the two following.

We had compound supper at Fanny Wicke's last Tuesday. I tried to get Jean down but she had dinner guests. I shall try again for the next one I am free for. Last night I had supper with Maude Hunter. She sent over a late note as she was to be all alone. Martha came in late, having been helping Margaret Menzi; who has a relapse from Tonisilitis.

The babies are all growing apace. Margaret Wickes is a sober baby but with an adorable smile when she does indulge. She is most appreciative of attention though and wiggles adorably. Barbara Love quips, laughs aloud and is one broad grin whenever I see her these days. Caroline is getting over her excessive ?? as she improves in health and gets out of doors. Jean and Bobbly Hunter grow more attractive every day. Jean allowed me to hold her for a long time at Compound tea last Saturday when the girls entertained in Maude's home. Magaret Wickes is so far she reminds me of a little squirrel with her pouches. She bubbles happiness every minute, even when hungry.

?? in Paotingfu send regards to Flora., the P?, Hubbards, Galts, Whallers, Miss Anders, Chapin, Buck[*?*], Phelps. So have the Dr. Smiths, Jean Dickenson, Mrs. Peck (Legation) , Stella Burgess, Mrs. Hemingway and probably those whom I do not recall just now.

Mrs. Hemingway and Winfred were with me two days during the early part of vacation.

Spring is here with a dust blowing up every afternoon. Violets, for??, dandelion, vetch etc are already out. There are no leaves yet but the trees are in bloom.

It is time for the bills[*bells*?]

Lots of love

Mary.

Have received two packages of papers direct[?] lately and several ?? ??.

Thanks Mary

Written in album: "The Hugh Hubbard family"
*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

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From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – April 12, 1924

BEARD- Shelton, April 12, Miss Elizabeth Beard of Long Hill avenue, Shelton, daughter of O.G. Beard, and sister of Hon. B.N. Beard of Shelton. Notice of funeral later.

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From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT – April 14, 1924

BEARD- Shelton, April 12, Elizabeth Beard, daughter of Oliver G. Beard, Long Hill avenue. Funeral services from her late home Tuesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Interment in Long Hill avenue cemetery.

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From: The Evening Sentinel, Shelton, CT- April 14, 1924

MISS ELIZABETH BEARD
Daughter of O.G. Beard Passes Away- Had Many Friends Here

The many friends of Miss Elizabeth Beard were grieved to learn of her death which occurred Saturday. She was a daughter of Oliver G. Beard of Long Hill avenue, and the late Mrs. Nancy Nichols Beard. During her later years, Miss Beard has lived at home with her family. She was a member of the Shelton Congregational church and was for years active in the work of the Sunday school and the Golden Circle of King's Daughters.

Of the grief stricken family there are her father, Oliver G. Beard, of Shelton, three sisters, Miss Flora, and Miss Pheobe of Shelton, and Miss Mary Louise Beard of Pung [*Tung*] Hsien, China, and three brothers, Dr. W.L. Beard of Foo Chow, China. Oliver G. Beard Jr., of Bridgeport, Mayor B.N. Beard of Shelton, and S.B. Beard of New York. Funeral arrangements are in charge of C.E. Lewis and Son.

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[*This letter, dated* ***April 20, 1924****, was written from Hei Sung Tan, China by Mary to the ones at home. She spent Easter camping outside the entrance of the Black Dragon Temple in the Western Hills with 14 girls and Miss Young. She mentions her sister, Elizabeth's failing health. Niece, Phebe K., plans on coming north for a visit and Mary hopes that she will arrive before Mary has to sail for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Hei Sung Tan
Western Hills
Easter Sunday
[April 20, 1924]

Dear Ones at Home,

Sixteen of us, fourteen girls, Miss Young and I, are having a nice quiet Sunday here in camp just outside the front entrance of "The Black Dragon Temple". We left Tungchow Friday morning early, had a little over an hour for shopping, came around the city by train and by train to Tsung Hua. Mr. Danton was the station to greet us and we went over to the college campus and had lunch in the Ting-ze. The Dantons sent over hot and cold water to supplement our biscuits, cookies and fruit.

We were off on donkeys just before 1.10. About 2.00 a man on a bicycle overtook us with a note from Mr. Gibb. Mr. Breakey had telephoned that a telegram had arrived for Faye Hibbard of Taianfu to come home at once. Her little brother and mother have been ill some time with typhoid. She had a letter, gotten from the portman en route to the station, saying her mother was much better but that the doctors gave no hopes for the 3-year-old son. Miss Burgess went back with Faye and we hope they got the Len Ching auto in to Peking so got the 4.00 o'clock train to Tungchen. We thought of Faye as getting home about 12.00 or 1.00 this morning.

There is a lovely large pool about 4 ½ feet deep within the temple. Flora's Juliet Bredon will tell you all about it. We went for a swim in relays yesterday morning and again in the afternoon. We had just returned when the baggage of another party appeared. It proved to be Mr. and Mrs. Grover Clark and Grace Boynton. After supper I introduced myself so that we might arrange for a time for a swim this morning.

We got camp cleaned up and breakfast cleared about 9.00 and then had our Easter Service. We had taken off on the Duplicator 10 favorite Easter hymns and I brought a book Mrs. Sheffield loaned me. "Our Lords Last Week" which gave the story of Easter as told in the Gospels also an excellent "Interpretation of the Resurrection". Miss Young read the Prayer from the Episcopal Prayer Book.

After service we had a dip in the pool. Already a party of three had arrived but the Clark party stood guard and we got our dip. Mr. Clark from the inter court called to the ladies who were in the gallery, [*the rest of the letter was written back at N.C.A.S.*] (N.C.A.S. Apr 26), "Is there any reason why I shouldn't enjoy the fun, too?" Mrs. Clark called back, "Yes, ten of them and they are all in the water". Only three of us had conventional bathing suits. The extra set of underwear did nicely for the rest and gave them clean clothes every day in the bargain.

I stopped writing where ceased using pencil to extend an invitation to the Clark party to have Easter dinner with us. Their servants guarded camp for us so we all left at once and ate on the edge of the pool.

We had an audience of over 100 all day Saturday and 50-75 all day Sunday. Our departure Monday was made about 9.45, so the crowd had not yet gathered. Like all ?? [*curious*?] too, the intensive interest and newness was wearing off. Also we kept two strict guards to allow any pilfering, so one incentive was lacking.

The girls took guard duty for 1 ¼ hours each, by twos, from 9.00 P.M. till 6.00 A.M. The first night we lazy folks went to bed by 8.30 so the first watch was a long one. The other two nights we had informal song services lying on our beds.

Coming back we stopped at Hu Tien to say "Thank You" to Mr. Gibb for helping get our baggage looked after and for helping put out <u>good</u> donkeys for the crowd. There was not a bad donkey in the crowd. A most unusual occurrence with so many!

On Thursday I got Phebe's letter telling of Elizabeth's failing condition. I had hoped to see her this summer, but if it means much suffering for her, I can not even pray that it may be so. I shall look for news by each new mail in. [*Elizabeth died April 12, 1924 of pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years.*]

Phebe K. writes on April 6 that she is at Liong Doh [*Diong Loh*], still resting. She plans to come north for a complete change. I hope she can come early so as to arrive before I leave.

My date of sailing is still June 17th. But I hear that the Korea was four days late in leaving Shanghai this trip. Letters from the two Leolyns, William and ?? give good reports of the Berkeley family. Leolyn will not come home with me, partly for financial reasons as the making over of the home took considerable more than the insurance, partly to save up for the sabbatical year, 1925.

The Holyoke-ites had a picnic on the wall last Monday. I just stayed in till the 7.50 train and went in camp costume. Mrs. Sidney Gamble is our latest arrival. Mrs. Larry Sears comes out next fall. She is sister to Mrs.

Gamble. A Miss Wilder is here waiting for 6 months to pass so she may marry Dr. Hoyt of the C.I.M. She will attend the next meeting, here May 17. The wedding is the 19th. All we Holyoke-ites are invited.

I went in Wednesday afternoon for a committee meeting at Minnie Corbett's. We drafted some resolutions for increasing the athletic facilities especially of the Peking School. They are to be laid before the Mothers Club at the May Meeting.

The Basket Ball team of the Language School is down today to play our girls. It is a horrid windy dusty day, so I fear it will be difficult playing. We have had a dust storm about every other afternoon for two weeks. It is lovely and clear till about 11.00 or 12.00. One of the worst was Friday night when we were out at camp. The pool saved the day.

Everything is late this season. We had the Mother's Club come the first Saturday of May to see the yellow roses and Wisteria. The Lilacs are not yet clear out and no hint of yellow on the roses.

Dr. Love has been trying for three weeks to get to Pei Tai Ho to oversee some repairs. First Trudy had the measles, then Stratt and Ruth got them. At last everybody was fairly well so he got off last night. I slept over at Carol's and am going over this afternoon for the week-end.

Yesterday was "tag day" for the N.C.A. I ordered one copy sent to Flora, hoping it would arrive before I did. Miss Bostwick had asked for one and I sent the usual one to Will so I get a 4 on my tag.

I must close as it is time to ring the bell. I have set a "bad example" and written a letter in Study Hall but I did not want this to hold over another week.

Lots of love

Mary

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[*This typewritten letter, dated **May 14, 1924**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She says that Phebe K. is coming north to visit them and will stay at Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Mary's sister, Elizabeth, died of tuberculosis after a long illness. Mary is leaving for the U.S. in a month. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

N.C.A.S. & May, 14, 1924.

Dear Home Folk,

Again I have not lived up to my good intentions. It has been more than two weeks since my last letter.

May 3rd was Mothers Club. The entertainment was a May Day celebration, Marjorie Maxwell and Harriet Irwin had the program planned and the children partly trained before we asked them to save the production for the Mothers Club. Then Miss Young and Miss Fenn helped them polish it and connect the events. "The Queen of the May was lost and the Dust Nymphs had stolen the key that would unlock the secret. One of the fairies found it, so she was produced and crowned". Mrs. Menzi was Queen. The dancing was on the lawn under the big evergreen trees and it was a perfect setting.

Cleora stayed for the week end and I had the Menzies and Loves in for Sunday dinner, also Lottie Hildreth.

Phebe wrote some time ago for me to engage a room for her at Pei Tai Ho, and now she is planning to come as soon as she can get here. The Doctor forbids week before fall so she might as well get all the North she can. The ladies house will put her up till school closes, then I will have her over here till I leave. Maude Hunter is letting her have one of her rooms at PeiTaiHo. Phebe had asked for a room at Gould Cottage but I decided that was no place for a good rest, and engaged Maudes room. Now comes a letter from Phebe saying that she hopes a room in a private family can be obtained. Our letters crossed.

Lottie Hildreth and I are entertaining the Holyoke group Friday. Miss Wilder has been out here for six months waiting for the C.I.M. to allow her to marry a Dr. Hoyte of Shansi. This is in part for her, so we are having husbands and fiancés. (only one). We are going to have Club Sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee. The wedding is Saturday. As a Holyoke girl I am invited and hope to go.

Friday P.M. Phebe's letter of April 16th came this morning. I have been waiting for it and expected to hear that Elizabeth was gone, but it is still hard to realize it is so. I am glad she did not have to suffer but it was hard for you to see her so uncomfortable that the morphine was necessary. I hope that you were able to get rested from the long strain and care. I am sending the letter of to Will today. It is good of you Phebe to write us so fully and often. We do appreciate it, I assure you. [*Mary's sister, Elizabeth Beard, died April 12, 1924 of Pulmonary Tuberculosis at the age of 48*.]

I will send this on hoping it gets an early boat, and write again soon. It is nearly time for the afternoon session and I have study hall. Then Botany lab till 4.00 and must be dressed and ready to meet the evening train and our Holyoke crowd.

Lots of love. I am counting the days till I start home. One month from tomorrow we sail, from Shanghai.

Mary

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[*This typewritten letter, dated **May 22, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe Maria Beard. Their sister, Elizabeth, has died and at these times, Willard feels bad that he can't be at home to help in the care and comfort. He is sending Phebe M. a mandarin coat. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard*.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

President's Office Foochow College

May 22nd. 1924

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

The last mail brought your letter telling about Elizabeth's release. And Mary's letter from you was on my desk this morning. The mail must have gone to Peking more quickly than it got down here. I have sent your's to me to Mary. I had thought of Elizabeth as with Mother and Ruth and James and all the other dear ones who have gone on ahead of the rest of us, for some time. Father's letter written April 1 told me that you looked for the end to come any hour. Elizabeth must have had a very strong constitution. I think her sweet nature had something to do with it. I think I wrote in a recent letter of the letter she wrote me for my steamer in 1921. It was so sweet all the way thru. I could not help thinking that she perhaps thought she would not see me again on earth and the whole tone of the letter was impregnated with a spiritual quality. It showed a remarkable faith and trust in God. It is one of the very few letters that I keep in a very special place in my trunk, not to be destroyed.

Two large bundles of Sentinels came by the last mail and I have them ready for the mail to go to Mary tomorrow. It makes me feel homesick to think of Mary going home so soon. I shall not be able to mail any more papers to her.

Phebe K. is getting ready to take the next steamer for Shanghai to go on to Tunghsien to be with Mary for a few days before she leaves. With Phebe I am sending a Mandarin Coat for you. I do not know whether you can us it or not but you may have a kind of nice feeling when you remember that you won one of the things. And you may like to put it on to show others when they come to see you and you want to make them envious. I am sending also two little stools that I bought last summer,- the carved, folding kind that mother liked so much and that I told her to see and I would send more to her. I wish one of these could go to Ruth in Pearl River. The other do as you like with. Keep it if you do not have one in the house, or give to any one that you think would appreciate it or sell it.

I know how tired you and Flora must be and I hope before this reaches you that you will have gotten rested. You have had more than your share to do and to bear during the past year. One of the real crosses of my life has been the thought that at the times when the dear ones have been ill and the burdens of you at home have been increased so much I seemed to be useless. You must not for a moment think that either Mary or I thought that you have been dilatory about writing. You have done marvelously. Now that Mary is home you will have one less to write to.

Last week we had some very hot days. The ther. was playing in the 90's all the time. But on Wednesday it rained and we have had to put on more clothes. I even wore a light overcoat to church on Sunday, with summer clothes on underneath. We had quite a flood this week Tues. and Wed. It is all down now. Yesterday the mission went down to the Fukien Christian University for our Prayer Meeting. Two of our families are teaching in the University and live down there. Two other families are associated with our mission and the other family are Congregationalists. That leaves only one Methodist family and one Episcopal family not a part of us.

Next week I must leave my usual work to attend one of the leaders and Pastor's Conference to be held at the new conference set for Foochow. School is to close June 25.

Lots of love and loving sympathy to all Will.

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[*This typewritten letter, dated **May 25, 1924**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She has to leave China a little earlier than planned to catch her steamer back to the U.S. Niece, Phebe Kinney Beard, will be coming north for a visit before Mary leaves. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

May 25 [1924]

Dear Home Folk.

A telegram on Friday has put Miss Young and me in a ferment. Our steamer is not going to come to Shanghai at all and is leaving Yokohama the 12th. It means leaving here the 6th and traveling via Korea. The alternative is to wait till the end of July. We prefer to rush now.

I at once packed my Geographics and today have sorted over a lot of stuff. Fortunately I had taken the last things to the tailor last week and am to get them tomorrow. My coat was still to go to the cleaner, also my sport skirt. Going by Korea also necessitates a passport, so I stop at the Legation and fill the papers in the morning.

I am taking in the rugs for Mrs. Fette to get packed and the earlier start will remove the necessity of bringing them back here.

Miss Boring gave us a lecture on "The Beginning of Science" on Friday. Mrs. Burgess elected to get us a weekly speaker. She succeeded in getting two. Flora knows it is one thing to plan and another to carry out the plans. Especially when the elusive third person is concerned.

Flora will appreciate this little fact. Three year old Chauncey Pettus was down with Mrs. Burgess for a week to recuperate in our bracing air. It took two days only to rid him of a fever he had been running for many a day.

Mrs. Burgess's mother arrived this afternoon to spend the summer. The Burgesses find themselves so well that they are taking the Stelle house for next year too.

I am looking any day for Phebe K. She wrote to ask about a room and I replied by return mail. I hope she arrives this week.

It is 10.45 and I am off by the early train so I will send this on with the hope of seeing you a week earlier than I had hoped.

Lots of love
Mary.

P.S. I am to have a birthday celebration of some sort tomorrow. Can tell what when it is over.

*****

*[This letter, dated **June 21, 1924**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Phebe K. to Gould. Phebe is in Pei Tai Ho for the summer and was able to visit with Mary in Tungchou and Peking before Mary left for the U.S. She describes her first donkey ride. Marjorie's graduation announcement arrived. Phebe wonders what Jerry and Dot are doing for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

No. 142 East Cliff, Pei-tai-ho.
Chihli, China.
June 21, 1924.

Dear Brother-Boy,

Your nice letters have been coming and, I haven't been keeping up at all! And now you are probably at Shelton helping with the farm work, and enjoying it as much as ever and bringing joy with you. You are the only one of the family whose summer address I know, so here goes. I have just received Marjorie's graduation invitation, just three days after the event occurred, so of course I didn't attend. We wonder what Jerry's and Dot's plans for the season are.

Before this reaches you, Aunt Mary will probably have got home and told you that I am summering at Pei-tai-ho. Such a lovely place for a summer would be hard to find, but more of that later. I spent one full happy week with Aunt Mary at Tunghsien, and saw the school working- a good fortune I never had even dreamed of. It was awfully good just to go about among so many foreign children, and at their picnics, plays, graduation, and concert it was relaxingly natural to have the students themselves do things rather than have to do everything yourself, and be all the enthusiasm as one seems to have to with our girls. Aunt Mary was leading lady in a play taken from "Pinafore" and she surely made a hit. As a last scene to the whole thing, the August faculty came in and threw real spit balls at the audience as they sang a chorus. It took like lightening, for we most of us got hit and could prove the reality of the apparent missels. I saw Peking in a flitting journey round with Aunt Mary twice; for I didn't feel equal to "doing" things then.

After a two day's stay with Cleora Wannamaker at the palatial ladies' house a half hour's journey from here, I came over, one beautiful evening just two weeks ago to the Hunter's dear little cottage and started life again as Aunt Phebe to two darling youngsters, Bobby aged 3, and Jean, aged 1 ½. In the first few days we just sat around, played with the youngsters, and watched the new arrivals. As soon as a ricksha appeared at the hilltop, two or three men rushed headlong down across the valley to the opposite hill to get to their house first with a mop, a broom, matches etc. from one or the other of the two rival stores. Mrs. Hunter found after she had been here two days that both stores were supplying her with ice and coke, and both had brought a broom and matches, for which both presented bills!

As Mrs. Hunter sells goat's milk, she has had lots of callers so I have met a good many people. We took

one ride over to Rocky Point, where the station is, and got weighed. We had planned on my birthday to go for a donkey ride- my first, but I had and had an eye-ache, so I stayed in bed, and Bobby and Mrs. H. went- and brought me back a box of lovely correspondence cards to use. In the afternoon Cleora and a Miss Nelson came to tea and stayed to supper. It was lovely with ice cream, too! Strawberries, lettuce and push peas are common here, and now Mr. Hunter is sending black-caps from Tunghsien! Yummy! And such milk.

Then Thursday, Miss Nelson and Cleora planned that I should come over for the day, so I started out alone on my first donkey. I wore my knickers, and I tried to cut over [*our*?] accustomed figure. But the donkey knew of my novitiate. Every time he started to gallop I yanked on the reins, a la merry-go-round horses! So of course he stopped going, and I a-wondering why! And when he slowed down I grabbed frantically for the quilts in front of me which formed my saddle. Fortunately I got my balance that trip, when, at 10:30, I didn't meet many people. After a swim we had a nice dinner topped off with some of Cleora's divinity fudge, and a nap. Then Miss Nelson, Cleora, and I started back to East Cliff on donkeys. I got a fine beast who trotted nicely and galloped divinely. When I got to the top of our hill, he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and hee-hawed for a full-minute. I had been quite crazy to be on a donkey when it brayed; but I was disappointed in not feeling anything like bellows under me. It was all noise- but such a noise! After the girls did some errands I rode back with them to meet Mrs. Hunter and walk back with her. Three two-mile rides in one day and a two-mile walk on top of it was a pretty hard day for a first one, but I finally got to sleep and didn't hear any noises that night.

After a day's rest, Miss Nelson and I went for a morning's ride out to the West End. We went to the beach, and all thru a Russian section where the houses are even more palatial and European and ornate than they are here. I feel as if I were at Atlantic City, the houses are so grand. (You'd know I'd never been to that grand place by that sentence, tho.) I had my no. 24 donkey that I had the day before, and every time we came to any donkey, he brayed as if he'd lost his last friend. I have the hang of it, so I could ride comfortable for a day now if I had the strength. I went bathing again, and had a Chinese meal for lunch, then a rest and in the P.M. bought a diving cap for all of $3.00!!! Now I can go bathing here.

What with bathing, and donkey-riding and tennis, I am not going to have time for many teas or other gaities. I've got to go slow at first, tho, for this week has been pretty strenuous. I had a set of tennis on Friday that tired me as much as the donkey-rides.

Your last letter mentioned my not getting the records you sent for Xmas. I did get them and was very delinquent in saying thank you. They were waiting for me when I got back from Ingtai at China New Year time, and I put them right onto the Victrola. They surely did sound <u>good</u> and they are pretty. When Alice was out for a week-end she put them on and enjoyed them hugely, since they are her college, too. She has gone back to America now, but I am glad to have them. When you send again, better pad them with soft paper more; for these have short cracks in from the edges, tho not enough to hurt the playing of the record much. When I wrote you last I meant to have said thank you for them- and closed the letter within it. I'm glad your parasols are going well, and the tea. Father will see about that when you write him more definitely later.

Will you please send this to the others of the family and send me their addresses if they are to be fairly permanent? Every once in a while I have a strange feeling that I should be at Kuliang taking care of Father, but it's little I could do now. I wish Aunt Mary could see Bobby play with Jeanie. She walks now with one hand but doesn't walk around a chair or alone at all. Such pink cheeks and fat as they are both getting! My best wishes for a lovely summer for you all. I hope you may get brown and strong and ready for fall and any medical attention you have to have. Wish both you and Aunt Mary could be here to enjoy the fun of this summer with me. But you will have Uncle Stanley's children and other fun.

Much, much love to all.

From

Phebe K.

If the rest of the family want duplicates of these photos let me know which and how many and they are theirs. Aunt Mary will have some of her own!

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Form 603
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 102

# LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS

(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

23477

S. S. "KOREA MARU" Sailing from PORT OF YOKOHAMA, June 12th, 1924, Arriving at Port of SAN FRANCISCO, June 26th, 1924

| No. on List. | Name in Full: Family Name. | Name in Full: Given Name. | Age: Yrs. | Age: Mos. | Sex. | M. S. 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. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Hart | Sophie C. | 55 | 10 | F | S | Waltham, Mass., Aug. 20th,1868 | | Tower Court, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. U.S.A. |
| 2 | Buell | Constance | 32 | 5 | F | S | Wellesley, Mass. U.S.A. Dec.15th,1891 | | 47 Croton St., Wellesley, Mass. |
| 3 | Bailey | Baxel | 35 | 11 | F | S | Nebraska, July 19th, 1888.. | | Custer, South Dakota. |
| 4 | Beard | Mary Louise | 42 | 1 | F | S | R.F.D.No. 8, Shelton, Connecticut. May 26th, 1882. | | Shelton, Conn. |
| 5 | Kellogg | Mora E. | 71 | 2 | F | W | Galesburg, Ill., April 3rd,1853 | | Wheaton, Ill., |
| 6 | Kelogg | Gethrude E. | 32 | 6 | F | S | Auburn, Calif. Nov. 18th, 1891 | | " |
| 7 | Lane | Lucia M. | 67 | 7 | F | S | Cincinnate, Oh. Nov. 21st1856 | | 236 Griffith, Ave. San Mateo. |
| 8 | Stone | Albert Hendrix | 33 | 6 | M | M | Denton, Texas. Nov. 21st, 1890 | | c/o Whittier National Bank Whittier, Calif. |
| 9 | Stone | Mabel Lyons | 31 | 10 | F | M | Athens, Maine, Aug. 8th, 1892 | | " do" |
| 10 | Stone | Margaret Frances | 4 | 6 | F | S | Kulin, China. Dec. 5th, 1919 | | " do " |
| 11 | Stone | Albert Hendrix Junior | 2 | 6 | M | S | Waco, Tex. , Dec. 5th, 1921 | | " do " |
| 12 | Stone | Mary Virginia | 1 | 2 | F | S | Kulin, China. Mar, 21st, 1923 | | " do " |

Passenger list showing Mary Beard travelling from Yokohama to San Francisco in June of 1924 on the S.S. Korea Maru.
[*From Ancestry.com*]

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***June 25, 1924****, was written from Peitaiho, China by Phebe K. to her father. She writes that she is enjoying Pei Tai Ho. She talks briefly about the alliance between Russia and China. Phebe had an amusing ride by donkey. She had to spend a day in bed because of a headache (one of the symptoms of nephritis). She tells about many people in her letter and is enjoying her time at Pei Tai Ho. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China.

142 East Cliff, Peitaiho.
June 25, 1924.

Dear Father,

Nine days have fled and I have not written you. So you can know that they have been very happy full ones. The letters you forwarded to me were only ads, or a graduation invitation from Marjorie and I suppose that you have one of those yourself. If not let me know and I will send this on to you. It is very pretty. I also got a letter from Miss Caroline Savage a friend of Aunt Flora's in Berlin [*CT*] that gives really little news. I was sorry to learn of Cousin Helen's misfortune and I do hope Johnson will get over his trouble faster than Ruth Emily did. What a surprise the news of electricity at the farm will be for Aunt Mary! She will probably hear of it at Aunt Leolyn's. Sad that your Rhode Island Red died, but you seem to take it philosophically. I am glad that you feel that she had done her work. Aunt Phebe's letter shows the loneliness she must have felt all these months more than any other she has thus far sent. I am more than ever glad that Aunt Mary has gone to her. Her letter I am sending back to you as I do not know if you want it or not. Where did you get the pretty pink paper to wrap it in?

I am glad to hear that you have rented the left over room to Miss Abel. How inspiring to know that the conference at the Upper Bridge did so much for the pastors. It pays to carry on such meetings. These bombings are getting altogether too common in China. We are following the papers about the alliance between China and Russia. Such foolish talk, and such a tragic outcome for China! Russia seems bent on doing the same great damage to China. What have the Safanoff family done? I do feel so sorry for them all. There are great numbers of Russians in Shanghai and here in business, tho I must say the clerks in the stores in Shanghai are not what you would call efficient in the use of time as we think of it in the U.S.A. Until Mrs. Hunter's cook came, she bought her bread of a Russian bread man who brought it around fresh each day. It was good bread and, as she said, she felt as if she was helping him by getting it. He seemed so honest and self-respecting that it made me wonder about him and the others

like him here. At the other end of town there are a lot of houses that belong to the rich Russians in Tientsin, great Middle-Age European structures that we would hardly want even for town houses.

How nice it would be if Cousin Joel could come up to Foochow! Get him if you can. Susan Armstrong will be glad to have another man connected with the college as she feels that so many women as seemed likely to be there would be not so good for the school. I know how hard it has been to get teachers and reminded her of the fact, but I thot you would like to get her reaction.

I hope Mrs. Siek's little girl is doing well. When did Donald leave for America? I hope too that Catherine is going to Kuliang. I suppose she will. Your last letter, the one telling of Catherine's baby, came to me at Peitaiho after Aunt Mary had gone. I surely have missed her but Mrs. Hunter has been so nice to me that I have tried to forget it. She herself needs a rest and I have been trying to help her with the children all I can. Mr. Hunter is still in Tunghsien for work and a conference so does not get here till July 1.

Sunday June 29 Since I wrote you I have had several new experiences. Incidentally it is now Sunday and this letter has sat on my table all this time unfinished. Mrs. Hunter called to me just as I got to this paragraph and reminded me that I had been working all the morning and that I must not get another headache by working too long. So I took her advice and stopped - - - - till now! (That's two exclamation points I've used in this letter and Arthur says they are not in good taste in too great numbers! Three.)

Wednesday was the day that I had the headache and was in bed all day. That was also my birthday and as Mrs. Hunter had asked me only a day or two before how old I was, I had also told her when my age would increase. So she had a tea and a supper with Cleora and Esther Nelson who was in Foochow with the nurses in Feb. as guests, and in the A.M. as I could not go to Rocky Point on Donkey-back as planned, she and Bobby went and brought me a box of lovely correspondence cards. So I had a very nice day. The next day I went to Gould cottage by invitation to eat the divinity fudge that Cleora had made and could not bring to me the day before because of no box. I went on a donkey alone and in my knickers for the first time. You really should have been there to get the benefit of my first grace on a donkey. Every time he started to run, I pulled on the reins hard to keep myself in place. That was the way I used to do on the merry-go round and it worked well. But the beast always stopped for some unexplainable reason, until I suddenly thot. Then as he slowed down, he always trotted in a jerky way so I slid onto his neck if I didn't seize the quilts that formed the saddle. But as I went along, my training on Hercules won out and I learned to sit without clinging, to walk and trot without sliding all over and to hold the reins in one hand according to regulation. When I got over to the ladies' house I was as excited as a five year old boy. And to that a swim in the breakers clad in Cleora's bathing suit, with Jean Dickenson as company, a Chinese lunch, a nap and a ride back to East Cliff with Cleora and Esther, and you have a day of it. Then I was feeling so fine that I rode back with the girls to meet Mrs. Hunter and walk back with her. I was more tired than I knew but was not too lame the next day.

On Friday I was quiet till time for tennis when I had a good set with four ladies. Saturday Esther Nelson and I went for an all-morning trip to West End where the Russian settlement is. We rode all over the place, up and down hill and saw fishing and other things. When we got back I went swimming again. This time I walked home.

Last Sunday they had a nice service on one of the big porches here overlooking the sea. The audience was so large that it filled the porch and today they will overflow to the lawn and sit on their little mats. Dr. Scott preached on the Transfiguration, and tho he got lost in Fundamentalist discussion a bit he gave us some very beautiful thots.

This week I have been rather quiet as my donkey riding didn't just make me feel better. I have played some tennis and have met Mrs. Roy Worley, seen Roy but not had a chance to speak to him, and have made several calls. Cleora is having a Kindergarten at Mrs. Burgess' not far away so I see her in the afternoons. Twice I have walked over to Rocky Point, to call on Mrs. Martin with Mrs. Hunter, and once to call at Gould Cottage. The Love family came Thursday A.M. and Maude had them all to breakfast which gave me a chance to get acquainted with their adorable children. Mrs. Hildreth, Aunt Mary's friend from Swatow came to supper with her two lovely children one night. Yesterday Mrs. Burgess gave a very pleasant tea for a few friends. I met Madame Fenn, Martha's grandmother, a dear spry old lady for her years, Mrs. Lowry who was in Foochow for the M.E. Jubilee last fall, a Miss Crane who has seen Mother in Oberlin, and several others. It was very pleasant.

There are so many P.U.M.C. people here that I am crazy to ask them about that boy who came here for medical work from the F.C.U. last summer. I can't think of his name. Could you ask Mr. Bedient what his Mandarin name is so I can ask if he came into the 35 or 40 that they accept as a class from the 80 odd whom they take as a pre-medical entering class? Thanks.

Cleora and I took a walk around the point yesterday A.M. and called on the Hubbards among others. They have another little girl that looks just like Emma Rose as she came out with us. She is stronger than she was tho Mr. Hubbard has built a new stone house down near the water and they are just now christening it. It is a very attractive

house and he is as proud of it as he can be. Those children are fine too. All the time I was there yesterday he and they were rough-housing in a gentle way and taking their little sister in too.

They are blasting a well out just in front of our house and Bobby is quite excited about the "Fung pau" as he calls it. Rocks go quite a way into the air when they blast and it is a funny sight to see the men all run before the thing goes off.

On one of the rafters of the porch here a pair of swallows has built their nest. They seem to have hatched their eggs now for both birds are flying about getting the bugs for them to eat. Just these last few days a sparrow has been bothering round trying to steal the nest. They say that often happens but we are going to try to prevent an actual seizure by the sparrow. Another swallow is building a nest on the wall of the back porch and I saw him sticking the little mud balls on this morning for the first time. It is so interesting to see these performances that you hear about so often.

Aunt Mary is probably now about landing at San Francisco. She left Yokahama on the 12th so that would get her into Honolulu on the 22nd. Maybe it will be a day or two yet before she arrives, then she stops over with the Morgans for three or four days and will get home about the 7th or 8th of July probably. I do hope she has had a good voyage.

Thank you for fixing up that mess at the H.S. Bank for me. I have drawn my $48 for my steamer ticket and a $11 check to Hazel Atwood for my stay there since then, so I fear all my July allowance will have to be deposited in that bank to cover the checks already out. You may instruct Arthur to do this if you get further notices from the bank. Your $100 will tied over the month and as I am not going to do much buying till I go to Peking the last of August, I will be O.K. Just in case of necessity I want to ask you if it will be O.K. for me to draw in advance on my fall months allowances <u>if necessary</u>. I don't want to do it, but if I am here and can bring things to a reasonable limit with me wouldn't it be better to buy while I am here than to skimp too much on money.

The bureau scarf please keep as it will be no use here and will only be one more thing to bring back for which I shall have to buy more packing receptacles. If the hair nets for Mrs. Christian have not already got there when this reaches you please give her the $3 as I have ordered them sent to her. Aunt Mary was so busy those days I was there that I could not ask her to take me shopping and I did not have the energy myself to get anyone else to take me even had anyone had the time. So I had to write for them after I had got down here. I have heard nothing from the letter and the lady to whom I wrote is here now so I imagine they have gone. I will see Mrs. Goodrich about them as soon as I can about it. I hope they have gone O.K.

I am so glad you are to have the Tappans with you this summer. It will seem to you like a sort of reunion of the boat again even without Aunt Mary and the rest of us. Cleora and I were just saying that we wished the Tappans had come last year instead of this. Please greet them very cordially for me. I do hope they will have a good recuperating summer and that the baby will gain a lot. Don't charge too much for every pound! Cleora still tells us that the reason she didn't gain more last season was because of your stringent rules as to paying for the gain!!! She is good and fat this year and gaining too. She and I take walks every day after her school is over. She can still talk a lot <u>and</u> she wants to come to Kuliang again!!! She is very much taken with the place. As much so as I am with Peitaiho. But I can't come here another summer right away at $3.00 a day! This cottage is for rent next year and if Mother is here next year you might like to take it. I believe it is $400.00 the season. If you want me to find out more about it I will. There are three bed rooms, one small living room, several small rooms for storing and wash rooms, servants rooms for two men and one woman, and a big porch all round three sides, a part screened with blinds for a sleeping porch, and the other end screened for a dining room. They are furnishing it so that the occupants next year will not need to bring anything. It was an Evans cottage and the Hunters added servants quarters and one side porch. Very comfortable and has a good view somewhat obstructed by houses directly in front but far away, and only about 10 minutes slow walk from the beach.

Roy Worley is here but I have not had a chance to speak to him yet. He looks about the same as ever.

The Loves told me approximately where the cottage is that you and the Aunts had the summer you were up. They were not here but evidently were told. It is over at Rocky Point and so far from the beach!!! One of the houses in front of it was damaged by the whirlwind they had here last summer.

Ah! Here is the thing I was trying to think to write you. I saw in the paper that Foochow had had phenomenal floods two or three days ago. I wondered if it came anywhere near any of our property. They are so in need of rain here that every drop that falls causes everyone to squeal with delight and the refrain of all is "I do wish it would rain!" It is tantalizing for Foochow to have such surplus of water and we up here famishing for it. Do write me of the flood.

You might send this to the girls as I may not have time to write so fully again on this period. I shall have to get some carbon paper so I can make several copies of the same letter to save time and effort. I do want to catch up my correspondence while I have time. I am getting fatter and fatter and I look like a beet for redness and feel

stronger than for many a week so I guess I am coming round. I sleep from about 9 P.M. to 7 A.M. and over an hour in the P.M. so I am getting a lot of that too most of the time.

I must stop raving on now for you will not want to read more. My greetings to the Tappans and the LeMays tho they don't know me nor I them. Don't you think this Corona was a pretty good investment!

Lots and lots of love,

Phebe

I hope your graduation went off well.

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[*This letter, dated **July 12, 1924**, was written from Peitaiho, China by Phebe K. to Mary. Phebe has been at Peitaiho for a month and a half and has been resting and building up her endurance. She has been socializing, swimming and going on donkey rides. She feels that Mary left a big hole in their lives when she left China for the U.S. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

142 East Cliff, Peitaiho
July 12, 1924.

Dear Aunt Mary,

Night before last your long letter to the Hunters and me came,- just about in time as we have been reckoning your voyage as you go along. From Honolulu on you will not have Miss Young. I am glad the trip has been so comfortable so far. You have certainly done well by your friends in the correspondence line, and we have all been more than glad to hear and very appreciative of the time you must have spent writing. Every time I get a letter from you it reminds me of the letter-writing, orgies can I say, that the whole steamer had on the Golden State just before reaching ports. No paper! No ink, no tables! And then we'd get in before we had all the missives done we had promised ourselves at the last port to do!

By now you are probably at home, after the jolly visit with Aunt Leolyn's family and the tour thru the West and the Grand Canyon. I do hope you found all at the farm well.

I've had a very lovely month and a half here already, and it is slipping away altogether too fast. Already Esther Nelson and I are mourning for more vacation- and here we are specially favored with three full months away and half the time still left! The saying is too true, the more you have the more you want, and, the most privileged are the most discontented.

Two very happy days at Rocky Point with Cleora and Esther Nelson made me almost sorry I wasn't going to be there all summer. But when I got over here and Bobby got used to the new lady whom he tried to take in right off. I was glad I wasn't at Rocky Point. This place here is so much more summery and informal than the cityfied Rocky Point.

At first I did almost nothing but sew, knit, and sit on the porch, and eating and sleeping. At last came a grand day when the ladies asked me over for the day and I donned knickers and trailed over there on donkey-back. A swim and another ride back after dinner and a nap only elated me the more, and I rode right back to meet Maude and came home with her. On the Sat. of that week I went for a trip with Esther, and had a gorgeous time discovering West End. That tired me so I didn't ride or swim again till Dr. Love came up and I had asked him about it.

Yesterday I took my next donkey-ride with five other ladies out to the tiger's den and the Turtle Rock. It is lovely country, and we had a light rain, a good lunch, a fine brunch to set the whole thing off. We were gone from 9 A.M. to 2:15 P.M. with an hour and a half for lunch and rest. I can see a lot of improvement in my endurance, tho I am still shamefully flabby.

I've been swimming twice again before going for the day to Rocky Point twice this week. The water was fine, and I went to the float one day. The Hunters have seen very little as they have either been ill slightly or Jim wasn't here. He came about the first of July, and has been very quiet since. They have played tennis some, but little. When we get started bathing we'll have fun. We've already read quite a bit together and separately and Maude has done a lot of knitting. She is a whiz!

One night before Jim came, Bobby got a kernel of corn up his nose. He told us right off and then a circus started. His mother tried hairpin treatment first, then nose blowing with a cloth held carefully to his nose; then pepper and yarn tickling to make him sneeze, but all to no effect. Poor Bobby got more and more excited, and after every blow, or smell of pepper, he valiantly encouraged his mother by saying "It's coming, it's almost out!" I never shall forget him sitting straight on the edge of a dining room chair, crying hard, his face red with blowing his nose, and trying to prevent another poke of the hair pin by telling his mother it was almost out. After 15 or 20 minutes of effort, Maude took him to Dr. Love. When I met them on the way back, they said Dr. Love took him up and held one nostril and said blow. Out the offending kernel came at first blow.

I am getting quite a bit of satisfaction from your Corona myself. I had a paper to copy, and that with some letters, have gone quickly with the machine. It is very good.

Martha Fenn and Frank Hutchins came to P.T.H. for a week the last of June. They called several times before he left on July 5. They decided I believe, to let the announcement of the engagement go for a while so it is not yet out officially, tho the whole place talks of it. Her brothers are both in Mongolia for the month so she must be having a quiet time.

I've been over to Mrs. Burgess' for supper once, and I am going again tonight. She has just had her roof off as it was not done properly to suit them, and it is just in place again. Friday night Mrs. Chandler gave a dear dinner party to celebrate Madame and Dr. Chandler's wedding anniversary and Mrs. Hubbard's birthday. We got caught in a shower and had great fun wading in the gutters and seeing our way by the light of the lightening flashes. Strange tho, that we didn't get very wet.

The hotel- Oriental Grand Hotel Peitaiho,- has added a second story. I am told since last year, and is nearly done with whitewashing and decorating until four days ago there were no guest and could not have been, for the roomers were not ready. But the "chariot" as Jim calls it, a real coach and one slow bay horse trotted down to the train and back twice every day to meet the trains, and the Delco plant generated electric lights and perfumed the air with kerosene oder for rods around every few nights. Mr. Hubbard's new house down near the flats to the left of Eagle rock (from here) is a beauty. I have only been on the porch but it is a lovely one, and the back looks as well as the front. They are still blasting the well in front of the Hunters, and Bobby enjoys the "feng pau" hugely. It is an inspiration to see the men work. They spend all day draining out the water that the last week's rains put in last night, and send off a blast or two just at dusk. Then they stand around and pass the stones that are pulled out, leisurely, about among themselves, to be finally tossed lazily onto a pile by the last one.

A Finnish boy was drowned on Friday at Rocky Point. He had just been asking money help with an older man at Gould Cottage at 11 A.M. As he had no bathing suit he waited till the crowd had gone, then went in near the rocks, as he couldn't read the sign in English. An old man, Mr. Cannon, I believe, also died that day. He had been in swimming, had a heart attack and died later.

Esther Nelson wants me to go to Korea with her and Cleora for August. So far as expense goes, I don't think it would be out of the question; but I think here I'd be less likely to overdo; and staying in one place is more restful to me anyway than racing round right now.

So far not one word of my visit with you!! As I wrote to Father, I would not have missed that week with you for anything. I enjoyed every minute of it, and I never shall get over my good luck that I could see you at work with the school. I was glad everyone was so taken up with commencement because I could just go with the crowd, and didn't have special engagements that I couldn't have taken then anyway. The rides around Peking I enjoyed too, for it did give me a bit of an idea of the city when I couldn't do more. – By the way, I have ordered my rugs from Mrs. Little, and one large one like the one I didn't get, and one of the round fish bowl rugs are only $72. by her bill. I'm tickled!- You were too generous on the train coming to P.T.H. and now this check as an additional birthday gift- I thot I'd had mine already! I don't know how to say thank you, but it is much, much appreciated, and your train gift did come in very useful. I only hope you didn't rob your self, and you just starting on a trip!

I did feel sort-a' lonesome as the train took you on, but Maude was so nice and we had such good times together and are still having them, that I've tried not to think too much of how nice it could have been to spend the summer with you. It was good to spend those two days with Cleora too. All the trips I've had so far, I have been owing to Esther Nelson whom I came to know then.

Father writes that the Tappans, one of the bride and groom parties on the Golden State, are coming to be with him on Kuliang. Cleora and I wished they had planned it last summer instead of this so we could all have seen them. They have a little baby that from Father's letter, I judged to be ill or not very well.

Well, I must be getting my nap before church. Dr. Scott spoke the first Sunday. I'd like to hear him read Tennysons- he has such a voice, such an intonation and enunciation. An English Baptist spoke the next Sunday and turned his head so much, it gave us the impression of his turning round and round all the while bodily. His talk was good. Last Sunday a Dr. Bronson from Philadelphia, who was at chauqsha[?] last year, and to be in Peking next year, a giant physically, spoke. The singing to me is the most enjoyable part of the service. On that wonderful porch, with only sky and sea, mostly, to see, and <u>all</u> those voices blending in parts with practically no instrumental guidance- only a baby organ- it is marvelous and stately. When they plan a church here, they should have it with open sides so as to give view of sky and sea, an open air church.

I hope you got well rested on your journey, and are enjoying to the full all the farm summer products, and the canning and cake-making and auto rides, etc. The gardens here are wonderful and a surprise, too. My best love to all at the Farm and a special hug and kiss for Nancy and Stephen and Ruth when you see them next. A restful and happy summer to you, and very much love from, Phebe K.

I am sending the snaps of our last summer's family that we took that last day. They are very poor, but you may like to have them. P.K.B.

All the things I found among the papers etc. in that basket when I got here! I didn't realize I was getting so many stamps and other nice things; and I thank you again just heaps for the hand-me-downs. Maude is tickled with her stove, and has used it here. You made lots of people happy, when you gave away or sold your things, but you made an awful big hole when you left Tunghsien! I'm still hearing about it from many quarters.

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[*This letter, dated **July 14, 1924**, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to his father. There has been flooding in Foochow. He tells about the different people who were supposed to live with him for the summer. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

Kuliang, Foochow, China.
July 14th 1924

Dear Father:-

This letter I am addressing to you altho it is for all. I am enclosing (1) a letter from Phebe K. which I would like to have forwarded to Ellen after Gould and Mary and the rest if you have read it. (2) a Montgomery Ward order for a fountain pen. This I want for Phebe's Christmas present. She lost hers in Shanghai (3) a letter of "Appreciation" from one of my students. [*See letter dated August 11, 1924*] You might send this on to Ellen. She may raise her estimate of her husband after reading it. It is a very good illustration of the mind of a certain class of Chinese students.

I have just finished reading the Sentinels that came in the last home mail- up to June 4. In one of them I found the notice of Scoville Lyon's death. It is not often that I waste time in reading murder trials. But the Frank murder in Chicago is unique. The first page of the Ansonia Sentinel is well selected- arranged and written. I find news on nearly every first page.

This year two very big floods kept me in Foochow till last Tuesday = July 8. I do not remember that I ever came to Kuliang so late. However the weather was cool- comparatively- in Foochow and I could do as I pleased most of the time and I got a good rest for ten days before coming up. Mr. and Mrs. LeMay and three small children are with me. I rented my extra room to Dr. Stewart of Shaowu then some of the people up there thought it would be nicer if the Shaowu families could be in different houses while here on Kuliang- so I sent Dr. Stewart to another house. Then Miss Abel of the Meth. Mission took the room. The day after this was settled came a letter from a Mrs. Tappan of Hainan, an island South East of Hong Kong. So I got rid of Miss Abel and wrote the Tappan's to come day before yesterday. Mrs. Tappan wrote that a missionary of their mission (Am. Presbyterian) living in a station alone with his wife and four small children had been killed by bandits. Mr. Tappan must stay to settle. So my room is empty now.

Mission meeting began last Wednesday. It may close next Wed. Yesterday I preached at the Union Service here. The church was nearly full- in spite of a very heavy shower that stopped just as people were starting for church.

Phebe's letter will show that she must be improving. Mary's letter from Honolulu came today. I'm glad she had a good rest on board after leaving Yokohama. Tunghsien will miss her immensely. Dr. Goertz and Beaches and Newells do not say much more about sending their children to Tunghsien- "Now that Miss Beard is not there." They even suggest that Phebe stay there and teach so they can feel that their children can have a Beard to take care of them.

You are right in the midst of haying- how I'd like to get on the machine and the rake and the load. There will be less ground to mow now that the land across the road is sold.

Have you forgotten that you sent me a fine large thick wash cloth last Christmas? I have sort of used it for best until now. I have brought it to Kuliang and use it every morning with great pleasure- But one question comes to my mind every time I use it= What shall I do when this is worn out? Must I go back to the thin Chinese cloths again?

I am putting up a small new building on the College grounds to be used by the Y.M.C.A. and to make two recitation rooms. I wanted to go down to see it tomorrow. First I must wait till Wed. Mission meeting drags.

I hope Mary is with you before this. I have thought of her and you all much during these days. She will almost look for Mother and Elizabeth- and she will take days to accustom herself to the changes but she will bring sunshine and comfort and real help in every way to you all.

I received Gould's letter about tea in the last mail. I shall not send more till I receive a definite order. I want to know specially how the little oblong tins sold. It looks to me from his letter as if the round tins went the best. I think of you all the time in reference to your operation dear Boy.- Where are mother and the girls this summer. May the loving Father keep you and us always giving out good will so as to help Him make this world better.

With oceans of love to all Will.

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[*This letter, dated* ***August 3, 1924****, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Ben and Phebe M. He is on Kuliang and has a family of five living with him and a single woman will be arriving soon. Willard comments about the cars owned back home. Mary is on her way back to the U.S. Gould will have a hernia operation. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

Kuliang Foochow
August 3- 1924

Dear Ben and Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

August 2 and 3 always brings to my mind a picture of our old buggy with its slanting back behind the seat, drawn by old Fan going down the lane. Just showing above the back of the seat were the heads of you two. You were starting to White Hills to visit Grandpa and Grandma Nichols, from whom you were both named. You must have been about 9 and 11 years old. Congratulations- and many happy birthdays of usefulness to follow these of 1924.

I am enclosing a letter from Phebe K. which came last night. I think Gould will still be with you or in the vicinity when this reaches you, and Geraldine may be somewhere about. Please let others read Phebe's letter and then get it into the hands of some one of my immediate family so Ellen and the children will all see it. Phebe must be much improved or Dr. Love would not advise her to go to Korea.

Here in my own home or rather house on Kuliang I am living a very quiet life this summer- quite in contrast to a year ago. Mr. and Mrs. LeMay, David 5 years today. Miriam and Rebecca 6 mos. are with me and Miss Margie V. Phillips is to arrive Tuesday from the Philippines. She comes to teach in Foochow College, and will have a room in my cottage until school opens.

Since coming to Kuliang July 9th I have been down once a week to Foochow. We are putting up a small addition to the College buildings and painting all the buildings this summer and it pays to be around once in a while. Then with a faculty of forty members there are always changes to be made. Yesterday I engaged one man and a week ago two men.

Word came from some place that you had a new car- a Rolls Royce- was it? and Oliver had a new car, and the last mail brought news that Elbert drove a new Chandler out of the factory in Cleveland and took it East full of Kinneys, Humes and Beards. If new cars are any criterian of your business prosperity, you fellows must be getting along fairly well. My best conveyance is a pair of 60 year old legs. Yesterday I rode down the mountain on the backs of four men- walked across the plain and took a ricksha at the city gate. A ricksha took me 1/3 the way to the mountain foot. A chair with two men the rest of the way and I walked up the mountain. It cost me $1.10 to ride about 3 mi. How would you like to carry passengers at that rate?

Phebe's last letter brought one from Mary written at sea and mailed at Honolulu. I am very glad she could go back to Santa Barbara and also that she could see the Grand Canyon. I did not get entranced with the Sante Fe route when I came out in 1912. The chief impressions the trip left on my mind were mountain sides covered sparcely with stubby firs, skeletons of Texas long horned steers and great plateaus of grass with flocks of sheep grazing. Each of the other routes is much more interesting. But the Grand Canyon will make up in interest for Mary.

The next two weeks here will be interesting for those who have work in Evangelistic or Education lines. This week the Convention and the Evangelistic Conference comes. Next week the Annual Meeting or Conference of the Education Association. The Tennis Tournament begins this week. I have promised to act as Chairman of the Evangelistic Conference.

Never have I seen so much wet weather in July as this year. We have not had three nice pleasant days in succession. Last Tuesday evening and night over 3 ½ inches of rain fell. I hope it means no typhoon this summer.

You are all finished with getting hay in Newtown and Father is thru with his haying. It must make a deal of difference with his work not to have the Blackman farm. I hope you, Phebe are getting some rest. With Mary at home I hope to see you fold your hands occasionally, or take a vacation and go to Putnam and Pearl River,- run about and see your nieces put their pupils thru their liver squeezing stunts.

For whom will you vote Ben- Calvin seems to be pretty wise. He knows how to keep his mouth closed at any rate. As some one put it "his 'fecundity of ideas and frugality of expression' commend him to the people." Do you remember Dr. Pierce who preached in Newtown thirty years ago? He preached my ordination sermon in the Huntington Church Sept. 11, 1894. His son Jason Noble Pierce is pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington D.C. He preaches to Calvin Coolidge, the Sec'y of the Navy, the Attorney General and will (?) preach to the Vice President when Dawes goes to Washington (!) Pray that he may keep his feet on the ground, from all I hear Davis is a good man- but I'm afraid Mrs. Davis will not be the first lady of the land next year.

What is Wells doing? I have not heard from him in a long time. I think of Daniel as in High School and of Edith as a sweet girl getting to be about 16. And Mrs. Mayor Beard presides over the whole household with her usual sweet dignity.

The Sentinel has many good words to say about Mr. Wilhelm and his good work in the Shelton Church. I judge he is helping things to move there.

Gould wrote that he was likely to have his operation for hernia in New Haven. I think of him as perhaps getting over it now. It is one of the hardest things I have to hear- to be on the other side of the world when my own are passing thru those serious times. I have to make an effort to realize that Mother and Elizabeth are not going and coming with you as formerly. And it was hard to think that I could not be of any comfort to Geraldine last November.- But it is not quite so bad, for in spirit I am with each of you every day, and I have a talk with God about each of you every day. So I know that in whatever need you are today I have talked with God about you on that very day and have asked Him to give you whatever you needed for that days successful living.

With love to you

Will.

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*[This letter dated **August 14, 1924** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen. Kathleen asks whether Ellen has decided to send her to Northfield. She talks about some big news event in Putnam and that she is bored and ready to get away from Pearl River. Original letter is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Pearl River N.Y.
August 14, 1924.

Dearest Mother mine;

I have waited for a letter from you but it didn't come so I am writing again. Have you decided to send me to Northfield or not? Have you written to see if I can get in? I would like to know also when school starts up there. I hope not very early for it will take some time to get ready. If you decide to send me remember to pack all my things up that I have there. If I leave here two weeks early I will go to Putnam in a little over a week. The summer seems so short so I look back upon it but it seemed awfully long at the beginning.

Aunt Myra and Uncle Stanley went out to dinner tonight so Ruth, Nancy and I ate alone. I put the children to bed fairly early so as to write you.

You probably heard about the great calamity in Putnam. The New York papers are full of it so evidently it was a pretty serious matter. I don't exactly understand about how it happened but I have a faint inkling. It must have been an awful blow to Putnam and especially to the Gilpatric family. I feel very sorry for them and for Mr. Gilpatric having to spend the rest of his life blind and probably in prison. [*G. Harold Gilpatric was cashier of the wrecked First National Bank of Putnam and former State Treasurer. He was charged with embezzling $100,000*.]

Do try to get to Putnam as soon as you can and write me so soon as you go. I long to get away from here. It is so dull I can hardly stand it but I live on in expectation and even that isn't very definite.

Aunt Flora is coming here to spend the week end this Saturday. She has been at New York all summer studying and she finishes this week. I don't think Aunt Myra anticipates the visit very much but she is coming so that is all there is to it.

Don't send this letter along to anyone because it is only for your eyes.

I am out of news and paper now so will have to stop. Very lovingly

Kathleen

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Dorothy gets a job in Saginaw working as girls' physical education teacher at North Intermediate. It is here where she meets Harold C. "Whitey" Newberg, a blonde headed math teacher from Galesburg, Illinois at the same school.

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[*This letter, dated* ***August 17, 1924****, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe M. He talks about life on Kuliang this summer and his hour long stumbling trek in a typhoon at night trying to walk a ten minute hike back to his house from the Belchers. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

Kuliang Foochow China.
August 17th 1924

Dear Phebe:-

This means all at Century Farm and all who look to it as home. By the time this reaches you the summer will be over and teachers, students and visitors will have gone and you will be just the family. I cannot help thinking how different from last year. Mother and Elizabeth will not be there to say good bye to those who leave this year. I take a lot of comfort in the thought that Mary is there. Her last card was the one showing the Grand Canyon. The few sentences that these scenic postals allow looked as if she was enjoying the trip- and had pleasant companions.

Last evening a good letter came from Marjorie. She seemed to be enjoying her summer. I have not heard from the other members of the family since they left Oberlin after the reunion. I can place all but Ellen and Geraldine. Ellen did not write what she planned to do. Geraldine I thought had rather a heavy schedule, but if she took it easy she could get rest. I liked Dorothys bobbed hair very much. Several have done it here on Kuliang this summer. Mrs. Le May among others, and Margaret Bissonnette. I approve.

The Bathing Pool is very fine and popular this year from the beginning of the season until last Wed. Aug. 13. We did not have three consecutive pleasant days. Some days over 4 in. of water fell. – Last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday terrific showers came that threatened to wash the mountain into the sea. The Chinese say that three days- and there are always three days- of showers like these bring a spell of good weather. It is true this time.

Last evening we gave the "Crucifixion" by Stainer. Mr. O'dell came up from Foochow to sing the tenor. Mr. Morgan took the bass- Mrs. Cartwright played very acceptable. Mr. Blakeney led. I think it was the best Cantata we have ever given. Both Friday and Saturday evenings were clear and the moon was full and Kuliang- Chinese and foreigners were uplifted by the services. There is a feeling= you know it- that something good has been done.

Monday evening:- I wish you could be here with me. Ask Mary to tell you how a Kuliang evening seems- one so quiet and calm that an ordinary lamp stands on the table on my veranda with scarcely a flicker.- The sky aglow with stars,- the moon about to peep up over the eastern horizon- and I must add one other condition that she will hardly recognize from any of her experiences here- I am all alone- supper eaten and writing on the veranda. It is the first such evening this year since I came up.

A week ago last Tuesday, in a typhoon wind Miss Phillips arrived here- direct from Manila. She is to teach in Foochow College this coming year. Her introduction to Kuliang was rather strenuous- a typhoon wind to come up the mountain in and three days of rain with no sun after that and four days following with very hard showers, before she saw good weather.

I have been down to Foochow four times since I came up July 9. And the only riding I have done has been a chair down to the foot once and up the mountain once, with a few stretches on the plain. I am building a small addition to Smith Hall= our recitation hall 27 X 41 feet 2 stories and I like to see it occasionally. Then the problem of faculty is always up- the engaging of teachers is termly= each term.

Swimming is fine this season with lots of pleasant companions. Miss Sawyer who went to Hong Kong with you Mary last year is among them. She asked after you Mary,- if your arms were well. Tennis tournament is on. Dr. Montgomery leads as yet. Hykes [*hikes*] are popular- several ladies walked to the Tea Gardens today, starting at 5 a.m. eating breakfast on the way. I should have gone if it had not been for the Council Meeting. We are to build a new Club house this year. I am on the building committee. Did I write that we have the same cook this year that we had in 1915 when Flora and Mary were here? I think I did for I remember writing about the depredation of his little son- with Mary's National Geographic.

Phebe wrote last from Seoul, Korea, where she seemed to be enjoying herself,- altho she wrote that she was resting while the others were running about sight seeing.

I am thinking daily of Gould and wondering if he is just about now having his operation. I am also wondering if he comes in for a share in the Soldier's Bonus and for how much. If he does get some it will come in handy for him. By the way some time when you write will you tell me the state of my Liberty Bonds. When must they be taken up? I think I have already written that I would like them put into the Derby Savings Bank or the Bridgeport Savings Bank. I mean of course the value of them.

How you must enjoy the electric lights. No more cleaning of lamps- no more waiting for the sitting room lamps to "come up". "Turn on the light" and it is done. I congratulate you. I suppose you have lights in the barns and the garage also. And now you will have an electric washer and lots of other things. Father will be getting an electric milker. You'll put electricity into the hen roost to keep the hens laying nights as well as days.

Two weeks ago I was out for dinner at the London Mission house. I went over by the Belcher house- where Miss Armstrong lived last summer. When I came back my lantern blew out just back of the Belcher house. I never before knew what it was to be out on a rough hill alone in the dark. There was a real typhoon wind blowing and it rained in sheets. I felt my way along, thinking how fortunate it was that I had built that road and that I was I and not some man or woman strange to the hill. I crept or rather shuffled along, fell into the potatoe fields two or three times, but kept one hand or foot on the stone road. A flash of lightening revealed a stretch of path before me with steps. I thought they were the steps leading from my well to Miss Peters house and I made the most of the light. But in the darkness I found myself up against the Belcher house typhoon wall again. I had turned around in the wind and rain and dark without knowing it and had gone back. Then I gathered my thoughts and decided that I must take the wind for my guide and keep my face to the N.E. wind. I crept very slowly- not taking a foot off the ground. Mary will remember that the path runs in a semi circle around or along a terris just above my well,- a misstep would send me down ten feet= at one place right into the well. I never realized how sinuous that path was or how many cross ditches for the water to run across there were. I was wearing rubber boots and carrying a pair of shoes- one of these fell from under my arm. In one of my falls I broke the handle of my umbrella. The rain had wet me to the skin. But I had at last reached home.- I was just one hour going home- a ten minute walk. The next morning I put on my bathing suit and walked over and picked up the lost shoe. One leg got well sprained, so it is just now almost well after almost two weeks.

I think of all you dear people very often. It is lonely here with none of my own people with me. But I have much to do and little time to think of my loneliness. God has been very good to us all and is good still. Mother and Elizabeth and James and Ruth are very precious in memory. It is very pleasant to think of wife and children and father and brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces- all helpers in making the world a happier place for people to live in.

Very lovingly yours

Willard

I see I have presumed much on Mary's knowledge of Kuliang to help you understand this.

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[*This letter, dated* ***August 24, 1924****, was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. Kuliang has a record number of residents this summer. He has gone on some beautiful hikes and picnics on the mountain. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

Kuliang, Foochow, China
August 24- 1924.

Dear Mary:-

Day before yesterday brought your good letter. Gould's with one from Ellen to Kathleen came in the same mail, also one from Mr. Aton of Sioux City- whose baby I baptized last summer- you remember.

I enclose the card for the Bank as you request and thank you and Father for the trouble of doing the business. I wrote Phebe only a few days ago- so there is not much new to write.

Last Thursday Aug. 12 I went to Foochow and came back Friday. I saw several men- teachers, pastors, carpenters, masons, etc., rode in rickshas, but heard no news. Before I got to my house here- along by the Club, I heard there was a battle in Foochow and the war was to begin in a few days up river- so if you read about all these things in the papers do not get scared for perhaps they did not occur.

Thursday, Aug. 28-

This is my vacation week on Kuliang- Monday morning we went over to Raven Rock and ate breakfast- a delightful morning and very pleasant time. You will recall the place. Tuesday afternoon we went to Moon Temple. No slow one a long this time. Just as we reached the temple a shower began- way over across the river. Below were the angry black clouds, then above them the white fleecy clouds and resting on these the most beautiful bank of rainbow colors that I ever saw. We sat down way out on the point and ate lunch. Just before we were finished, the shower came so close that we had to go inside and finish. We went way thru to a shed or porch just built on this year. Then it began to hail. I never saw hail in such quantities. The stones were nearly ½ in. in diameter and they fell in such quantities as I never saw before. They fell on the sloping rocks and bounded all over- shooting in to the place where we were. The rainbow and these hail stones were unique in my experience. The rain stopped just as we wanted it to and we left for home, and a nice cool walk home- arriving just at dark. To day we went over to Ox Head fort for breakfast- about a dozen.

Kuliang has a record number of residents this year. 263 adults, 147 children. I never enjoyed the bathing more, and very many people are of the same mind. August 30th you see for yourself that this is my vacation week-

this is the third whack at this letter. Yesterday 13 of us went to the Monastery. The day was perfect- not as hot as when we went in 1915. We left at 7 a.m. and got back at 7 p.m. Miss Nutting sprained her ankle just before she began to come down the steep bad road= a few rods above the place where Flora came so near keeling over in 1915. We had three chairs with us. Two were ahead- the one with us broke one of its poles a little time before the ankle turned, and the coolies could not carry her anyway. I helped her down and the other chairs were waiting at the foot of this steep, bad place so she got home all right.

Day after tomorrow I plan to go down for three days. We have the first Faculty meeting of the term Monday, Sept. 1 and examine new students on Wednesday. Then I want to come back Wed. p.m. or Thurs. a.m. and stay till Sept 8 (School starts Sept. 11). Monday when I go down for good= take my chickens down. That rooster that you gave me has about 50 sons and daughters that I know of. There are nearly 30 here on the mountain.

Edith Goertz and Francis Beach go to Shanghai School this term. Dwight Newell goes to Tunghsien. Miss Funk engaged to a widower with five children= the manager or registrar of the C.L.M. school at Chefoo. The Bedients are glad over the birth of a daughter last Sunday evening. Did I write you that the Wiants adopted a little boy at home two years ago and now they are too happy to keep still about the prospect of one of their own about Christmas. The St. Clairs are looking for another in January. I must close this and do some work today. I hope Gould is all right from his operation, that you are all well and happy. With love to all Will

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[*This letter, dated **Sept. 14, 1924**, was written from Shanghai, China by Phebe K. to Mary. Phebe tells about her adventures in Pei Tai Ho and her camping trip to Korea with friends. After coming back she toured Peking and saw the palaces and temples. She is delayed in Shanghai on her way back to Foochow because of a war in Shanghai. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

Missionary Home.
Shanghai.
Sept. 14, 1924

Dear Aunt Mary,

Last night I brought my writing case down planning to write you after dinner. Then the Legers were in a talkative mood so I exercised my jaws instead of my fingers last night. I am waiting till time to go to church at the Anglican place now, so this won't be finished at one sitting.

Your letters and cards have come so delightfully often, they have been a joy thru the summer. Your last one reached me at Teng Shih K'ou, the one written at the farm when Aunt Phebe was in Putnam. So many people have asked me if you were coming back, and so many have asked for you in general.

I wrote you about the middle of July how I was enjoying the Hunters, the bathing, the donkey riding etc. I took several donkey trips with Esther Nelson, finishing up the last week in July with a ride to the Sand Dunes. We two went alone, and at Eagle Rock the donkey men begged off, so we had the fun of running our own beasts. We got into two rotten places but got out, then tied our donkeys and walked over the dunes. We had a fine ride back and readied the shallow of Eagle Rock again, when Esther's beast went into a mudhole all over. I shouted to her to get off, and then after two or three futile efforts to get out, the poor donkey settled back as if it were a bad job. Two men happened to be fishing in the creek nearby, so we called to them to help us. I was rather pleased that my crude Mandarin made them move. They picked the donkey's feet out one by one, then boosted him from behind, and got him up. After discovering a way across the stream that was solid they led my donkey across. It was quite an adventure, and we were thankful to deliver both beasts to the men alive, if muddy. It was their own fault that the accident happened so they had no business to be as angry as they were.

About the last week of July, Esther and Cleora asked me to go to Korea for that camping trip with them. I held off for a while because of strength and finances, but Dr. Love finally said I was O.K. and I fixed the other up with Fondina[*?*], so I got my emergency passport in five days from first proceeding and went. As floods at Antung had cut the rails, and as Esther was determined to start on Saturday, we took train to Tientsin and boat to Dairen. Cleora and I went second class to Tientsin at night, and we had some funny passengers. I sat with a young German who seemed to think I was his pillow; so I took some punch bag practice with my elbow on him. A tall Chinese who looked a red Indian amused us by sleeping with his mouth open, by buying apples and varnished chickens, and handling them all over with caressing motions. It was sickening.

Cleora got us around Dairen very easily. We found the Y.M. after quite a search, and finding their rooms unsuitable for ladies, we were sent to an American Hotel- run by Russians. The experience was rare! A tall dope-fiend porter gave us one room between the four of us, as it was safer in this men's boarding house. All the linen had to be changed, a cot and one of ours added to the furniture; and all – "Eata, drinka, sleepa, everything four dollars one day". Our food was excellent and plentiful and they served us obsequiously.

Twenty-four hours have passed since I have written the above, but I'll catch my thread and go on. As there was no boat connection as we hoped, from Dairen to Wensan, we found the trains turning again, and took the Muckden-Seoul route, with just enough time in Muckden for us to be glad we had no more. At Seoul we stayed with a M.E. doctor, Van Buskirk and his wife for two days. They were courteous, and that's about all; but we saw something of the town- a beautifully situated one, and most interesting; and got our supplies for the month. Mr. Yun had told us that only potatoes, rice, and eggs could be got there at Onseiri, so we had five cases of food. The night that we moved on we picked up four more Peking ladies who were on their way to Onseiri. They were going to the Van Buskirks, but we urged them to join us, and that meant eight people and their baggage for Cleora to see thru. Tho Esther Nelson was supposed to be well, she didn't run her party.

So the next A.M. we landed at Wensan breakfastless, Finding a Chinese-speaking porter, Cleora left all baggage with him to get to the boat that left at 6 P.M., and we took two Fords and spent the day at the kadi[?]. On the way out, the other Ford ran over a dog and killed it and our breakfast was a series of deluges, beginning with eggs in all stages of freshness, and going thru cereal for 10, coffee and tea for more than 8 etc. I never hope to eat such a meal again.

When we got settled on the little coast steamer with two cot beds out and our ratons[?] fixed for beds, and our provisions piled near, Esther took a picture of us and our things. Later the other girls did too, and just as the boat started the officer, having heard of our infringement of rules in a Jap. port, came and demanded our films. After much talk, one of the other four tore her film in bits, gave it to the officer, and he threw it overboard. Too much trouble to get ours so we have some nice pictures off them.

Our trip was fine, except that it ended at 3 A.M. instead of 6 as we thot. After we were waked by the whistle a porter informed us "You must get off. Onseiri near." So in the dark we packed ratons and beds, counted our sixteen pieces and finally got off into the scows that took us over the calm back water to shore. After our hour or more of talking thru a fine Korean boy who could speak a bit of English, we got two Fords to take us to the camp eight miles in the mountains and an ox cart for all our luggage. Just as the sun rose we started at a real Japanese pace, over good roads, and the ride was lovely in the fresh morning. We woke Mr. Yun in his courtyard at five, and before seven he had got us a fire, in a kerosene oil tin, got hot water, and eggs, and we had breakfasted and washed in the stream that rushed by the house.

We settled that day in two tiny Japanese-like rooms, and all summer, we cooked our own food on the kerosene oil tin stove, ate on a low Japanese table, washed clothes, hair, bodies in the soft stream water, and just rested. Esther and Mabel Silsby the other girl, a stenographer in the A.B.C.F.M. office in Tientsin took the round trip, tramping eight days in the Diamond Mountains, the New Kongo trip. They came back dead tired but elated; and Cleora cooked waffles or hot cakes enough for seven people eight each, that evening they got in. From about ten till four we were feeding and re-settling that tramping crowd, and getting our own dinner.

I did very little cooking as Cleora and Esther enjoyed it so that I hated to deprive them of the privilege of doing it! We had very good food and I gained so fast that Cleora threatens to charge Father at the rate of $10 per pound as he did her last summer.

I took a few trips but stayed pretty still. Parties were going thru all the time for the long trips, so we saw many people. We were able to get some fresh vegetables and fruits, too, so got along very nicely, especially with three Korean meals.

Cleora and I came home early as I was hoping to go home with Priscilla. I saw the Altar and Temple of Heaven, the Observatory, the Summer and Winter Palaces, and the Confucian and Llama temples. Cleora gave me a ticket that Mr. Exuer[?] gave her to the Confucian worship at which Wellington too officiated or substituted for the President, so it was a great privilege to go besides seeing the temple. The people I went with were very pleasant, and the places were just too beautiful to describe. I am so overwhelmed by them that I really don't remember them well, and want to go back some time and see more and again. They overreached my expectations and gave me a new conception and appreciation of the Chinese. Cleora was a very efficient thotful hostess, and I am glad to have spent my time in Peking with her. I had to take things slowly because I wasn't awfully strong when there.

Then came the war at Shanghai, and I foolishly stayed on till I had to come by Nanking train, and on to Shanghai by boat. As our boat was taken the first day for soldiers, we were delayed a day, and not knowing it, waited all day and missed seeing the city! I got there to find the McClures, the Legers, Miss Thomas and many others waiting for a boat back to Foochow so I have company tomorrow when I go. They came on the Pres. Cleveland which I passed in the river coming in and saluted as an old friend. Mrs. Newell passed thru on her way to the N.C.A.S. as matron to the girls, a very recent plan and she takes both her children and two others up. Edith Goertz comes here, and I brought her trunk down with me. Her father is here settling her and she has just had a cold, poor kid. My paper is giving out, so I'll have to write more later. I am going to supper with the Legers to Daisy Brown's tonight. As Priscilla couldn't buy your Corona, I used it, and left if for Jim to sell at P.T.H. I got $65 for it

so that is the history of your Corona. I was glad to have it for two months. I am crazy to see my Peking rugs on my room floor. I am strong and nothing physically the matter, but seem to have a mental habit of being ill that I shall overcome this winter. I'm glad to get back. Lots of love to all.

Phebe K.

Wish you had been here for the camping trip and the P.T.H. time.

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[*This typewritten letter, dated* ***September 29, 1924****, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. They have had a lot of rain this summer at Kuliang. A rumored war in Foochow did not happen. Phebe is back from her trip to N. China and Korea. School starts with a new teacher, Mr. Hightower and a smaller enrollment. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

September 29th. 1924.

Dear Folks at Home:-

It is 8:00 a.m. Monday. I want to get this off today so I'll begin it now and finish it sometime before the mail goes.

The business that I want to get into this is (1) I am enclosing an order for $100 on the Derby Savings Bank. I think I must have that amount there by this time, and I would like you to get it and send a check to Gould (M. Gould Beard, 508 Hill St. Ann Arbor, Mich.) for that amount. His birthday is Nov. 13 and I would like the check to reach him for that date if possible. Since he left for the army in 1918 I have not helped him a cent and I know he is very desirous to graduate next June and it will take more than he can see now in money to do it. To my mind he has done pretty well to pull along as far as this. (I must leave now for the Faculty Meeting)

3:15 p.m. The second piece of business is that I am enclosing a $2.00 bill for part payment for the pen you so kindly ordered from Montgomery Ward's. I have received a postal that the order has been received.

The summer is over and every one is at least on the road back to his work. At Kuliang the season was very peculiar. During July we had a lot of rain. Not more than two consecutive days of pleasant weather. This went into August for about five days. Then we had three weeks of perfect weather,- not a drop of rain. This is the time when most of the Amoy people come up and they had a grand time. Tennis flourished, so did Kushan parties and other hikes. Then the rain came again and it has not stopped yet. Today is rainy. The war between Somebody and Somebody caused some trepidation but nothing happened. The people who go up river were delayed a few days but as far as we hear they are going up without any experiences. Boats are very high and they are scarce. Many were divested of all oars and such and sunk rather than have the army get them. One Shaowu party had to wait while the boat men raised their boats and put in the oars etc. Foochow itself has been quiet and it is prosperous. There are more old stores being torn down and rebuilt than usual. And the new ones are very nice. Many of the roads have been newly macadamized this summer.

School has opened very quietly with about 50 less students than usual. This we intended for we had more than we could care for last term. Most of the schools have been giving the boys a holiday on Confucius' birthday. This year the heads of mission schools, decided it was not a good thing. The boys held idolitrous services. All the schools but one had classes as usual. Our boys did not like the order and they have offered a mute objection by refusing to sing in chapel. Thus far I have said nothing.

A week ago Thursday I engaged two motor launches and one house boat and went down to meet 6 McClures, 5 Legers, 2 Farleys, Misses Thomas, Neeley, Messrs. Goertz, Thelin and Mrs. Beach and Phebe. Quite a party went down to meet the returning and new ones. It was some job to get them and their baggage all up. I finished the day's work at about 10:30 p.m.

Phebe is looking much better and is now taking full work in the school, but not any of the thousand things outside. She has had a very interesting summer. Cleora Wannamaker was with her all the time in Korea. While in Peking she met Mr. and Mrs. Tappan who were to have the other room in my house on Kuliang. They have engaged the room for next summer. And Cleora is talking of coming down. We were very sedate in our house this summer.

I have not yet had letters telling of the disposal of my family for the fall term. Gould is at Ann Arbor. Marjorie at Oberlin, a Freshman, Geraldine at South River, N.J. Where Ellen, Dorothy and Kathleen are I have not heard.

Mr. Raymond Hightower should have reached Shanghai yesterday. He is coming to teach in Foochow College. The College has to pay all his salary and travelling expenses. It may bankrupt us but with the two

Christians gone I was the only man among these 500 boys and the teaching is more than I can carry with all the committee work that falls to me. Miss Margie V. Phillips who came over from Manila is working in finely. She is one of the kind that sees the best of every thing and does not complain. Mr. Neff got back from the Philippines last Friday. He is in Diong Loh.

I want to again thank you for the Sentinels. They keep me in touch with a big area in Connecticut. And that first page is a good world news page. I rather miss the folding them up again and sending them on to Mary in North China. They also form a connecting link with you, for every mail I think that you have thought of me, and it makes a pleasant thought.

Mary has gotten into the life of the home again- not used to it but accommodating herself to it. I cannot picture the home without mother and Elizabeth there. But these changes were expected, they are right and we would not have them otherwise. At the same time they make us pause and think and readjust ourselves. God spared Mother to us thru a long and active and very profitable life and He spared Elizabeth much longer than we thought possible some years ago. I like to think of Phebe and Mary in the home and enjoying themselves, with enough to do but not overworking. I hope this is a true picture.

Very lovingly

Will

That washcloth you sent last Christmas is a dandy. I use it for best-= if that means anything to you. I hope you repeat this present next Christmas.

*****

[*This letter, dated* ***Oct. 5, 1924****, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to Gould. She is back at work at Wen Shan Girls School but there are more teachers to carry the load now. She talks about her trip back to Foochow and it's difficulties because of war. She hopes he has recuperated from his surgery (probably hernia). She also hopes that Ellen can get back to China next year to help Willard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China

Oct. 5, 1924.

Dear Gould,

Here it is nearly your birthday again, and I head under heels in work as usual, so that letters go only about one a week. But this year is different from last fall; - Eunice Thomas is here to be a balance wheel, and there are four of us to carry our school and heavy social duties. Also, I am freer of work, only having two grammar classes, one in Chinese Bible, two in singing and 22 music (organ and piano) pupils.

There- how's that for telling all the important news in one breath? Now I can wish you many successful years after this one which you celebrate on Nov. 13, and much happiness now and thru the years. Your letters that are forwarded by the family have been a great joy and an assistance in keeping up with you in all your social activity with the family, and your work. I do hope the parasols were a real financial assistance to you, and that the price I suggested hasn't lost your face. Of course they cost here only about a dollar silver- 79 cents or 80 cents gold. Your last letter to Father about the farm, I read this morning lying on my rattan day bed in my pretty room where I am now writing this. In the middle of the floor is my new Peking rug covered with butterflies swarming about a peach tree. If you get married when I come home two years from now, perhaps I might be willing to part with it to you in honor of that event. I had such fun and anxiety about getting it down from Peking. But it is here safe now. It is not large only 5' X 7'.

My last letter home, I fear was from Korea, a month ago. Cleora and I came down alone, leaving Esther and Mabel Silsby to come alone. At Peking I had ten days to see the beautiful, spacious palaces and buildings which have given me a new love, appreciation and hope in the Chinese. Their Altar of Heaven is the most beautiful and significant thing in the world to me.

Newspapers are a species all their own here. While I was in Peking the war between Chili and Chekiang started. As we got news three days old at best I didn't know if it was safe to go or not. To begin with, our Foochow wars have never hindered us from travel, so I just never dreamed that I couldn't go when I got ready. From Monday to Wednesday I enjoyed myself; then suddenly learned that no trains were going to Shanghai. By Thursday I got tickets to Nanking, and left Saturday morning with postals bestowed at the last minute by the anxious ladies, so that they might here [*hear*] from me at strategic points along the way. At Nanking I expected to be met by Miss Steele-Brooke who was moving there from Foochow. As she hadn't arrived, I called all my Mandarin (quite an imposing littleness, I assure you!) to use, telephoned the Y.W., made the coolies contract my baggage from two carriages into one, and went to the Bridge House Hotel where we had to stay two nights. All day Monday we waited for a China

Merchants Boat that we later learned had been commandeered for soldiers. But at 6 the next morning the girl who was going with me and I were waked and informed that the boat was in, the soldiers were getting off at Nanking, and that we could go and board at once. This we did.

I never was gladder in my life to get out of a place. My money was running short, and my bank was in Shanghai; I had no friends there – and really you find even acquaintances are a real comfort when you are deprived of them. I was lucky to have picked up this long, lank, bobbed haired girl, who was going around the world alone by the Dollar Line boats, to travel with. She annexed a big-headed young Texan who was six months old in China, and knew it all, and was telling her some marvelous things about the dear old country. Well, if we missionaries never rubbed elbows with any but missionaries, we'd grow awful queer; and I really was glad of a change in companions for a while. It is interesting tho to see how thick men and women of the modern type can be while thrown together and, how easily they drop each other on getting way to Shanghai. She went to the Astor House at $12 per day. I to the Missionary House at $3. Some dif!

There I met the Legers, the McClures, Mr. Goertz, and others, noteably Mr. Thelin our new single man, coming to Foochow. After several long days of waiting the Sign Shi with four coolies and beds for 12 people started down with a passenger list of 23 foreigners. We slept on cots and in the dining saloon and hugely enjoyed our escapade. Our reception at Foochow was grander than usual with half the population to meet us, and two private launches under Father's supervision to bring us up river.

After a summer of travel it surely felt good to settle down for a season. I've got to find a place here yet, in spite of having a schedule, that things are working around very well. I am practicing some, so I hope to be able to play a bit when I come home. We started right in on dinners with Lucy Lanktree's birthday as our first excuse. As specially unusual guests we had Mr. Thelin and George Ratliffe, a young English business man who is fond of Priscilla Holton. Mr. Thelin was put by me, and from his actions then and since on the tennis court my family have found much promise and material for teasing me. Really it is rather fun since he is quite evidently not eligible. He is very nice, a growing man and fun, but people don't love to order.

When I left Foochow I told Father not to be surprised if I cut my hair before returning. Tho I had plenty of invitations to have it done I still have it all, and can't yet get the courage to say good bye to the ends. Dot's is very pretty and I do think Marjorie ought to cut hers just while it's the style. If she wants it long when she graduates there's lots of time for it to grow before four years are done. I'd do it in a minute if I were in college. Lots of people have done it here.

Father is well, but is working awfully hard. He has Miss Phillips from the Phillipines and a new man, Mr. Hightower, is coming as tutors. So soon he will be free of some things. Strange how the younger men of the mission don't catch onto things, and are happy to let the older ones keep on with them. I'm glad Father can, and he keeps wonderfully young in spirit and sympathy as well as in ability to carry physical strain. But I'd like to see some things taken off his shoulders. To me it is a satisfaction to see Father in Mission Meeting and other councils. He waits till all have blown their blow, then comes out quietly with something so evidently appropriate and right that all seem to agree at once. From many things he has let drop, I know this stage of success and service, is the result of long years of hard discipline, work under trying conditions and much experience. This last is hard to live by and trying conditions don't really make you wild with delight.

I'm glad you could see both the families last summer, and be such a help at the Farm. I hope by now you have entirely got over the effects of your operation and are feeling as fit as you ever did before it needed doing. Having so much time to recuperate was fine before school.

I am hoping muchly that Mother can come within the next school year. Father really needs her, and the whole mission has been waiting for her to come. Of course I know Kathleen needs her too; but I hope she can be put some where with one of you older children before another year is out. I can stay with her when I come home two years from now- and learn to dance!- but then she won't need anybody.

My summer did a lot for me, but I seem not to have entirely got my strength back. My eyes are on the blink, and I am overcome with sleepiness most of the time. But that will be over shortly I hope. Just now we are in the whirl of preparation for Annual Meeting just a month off, and our school's 70th anniversary.

I hope this year will get you well along toward your diploma without too much strain on your health. You'll have to take a trip around the world to celebrate your graduation when it finally comes. I hope you will give Mother some more good times, too.

Very much love,
Phebe

Please send this round the family.
The stamp is worth saving or selling. It is some memorial edition. I'll find out what.

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[*This letter, dated* ***November 23, 1924****, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He reminisces on life at the farm and writes what he imagines a scene to be on the front porch there that summer. He had a bout of dysentery. General Feng's coup was a surprise to all. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

The Kuliang Council
1923-24

Sunday morning Nov 23- 1924

Dear Folks at Century Farm and the others that used to be there:-

The last mail brought Phebe M's good letter telling about you all, and the visits you make to the old home. These bright spots are dependent on those in the home and also on the rest who have gone out and can come back from time to time. It does me good to read about them. I can visualize them for I have been a part of them so often- the autos parked in front of the house- the front porch full of old and middle aged and young, - one or two quietly slipping away unnoticed and before any but the initiated realize- plates and paper napkins glide around to each then come sandwiches, salad, cake etc. and everyone someway feels better. Questions that the universe depends upon to keep its forces together and running efficiently are discussed = never settled, for when things are settled progress ceases= and then Abbie looks at Ben and Ben looks at Daniel and Daniel goes toward the auto and soon the doors are closed and lights are lit and Father takes up the Bible and God speaks and then the prayer is said and all go to nod-land = and no one says so but another strand has been added to the strong tie that binds this family together and makes them one altho thousands of miles divide them physically. They are one in the realm that space much divides. We had radio transmitting and receiving stations long before the word "radio" was understood by any number of people and our instruments were all tuned to the number= "family ties" called Love.

I am writing in my bedroom. This sheet is the last but one of this kind that have been lying on my dressing table, so rather than go down stairs to get "proper" paper I use this. About five feet from me are two large packages that came in the last mail. The tags tell me they came from O.G. Beard, Shelton. Father's handwriting is on one of them and I can tell what is in them Phebe knows one of them is here. The other came since I have had a chance to tell her. We agree to wait till Christmas to see the things. I thank you for them. May this find you all well and able to enjoy the Christmas time. We are already planning for it here. I am much pleased that there are left of your last years gift some to hitch on to this years gift and make a continuous chain. The delicious biscuit or crackers you sent, I ate in July= I mean I finished them in July. I kept them very carefully wrapped and used to share one with Phebe when she was here. The shaving cream I have used pretty sparingly and there is still enough for a dozen shaves. The washcloth is a joy forever. The soap makes me feel like a millionaire.

The last mail brought the duplicate Deposit receipt from the Deposit Dep't of the Birmingham National Bank for $75.00. This is the semi annual interest on the mortgage. I must work out an automatic division of this amount as I have the figures. They are recorded in the enclosed slip. I will write Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen and ask them to write you direct what to do with their semi annual interest or to write to consult you about the manner of payment to them. I do not see how we can help bothering you a little in this. If you have any suggestions to make it easy send them on.

Have I written you that a month ago I got on another dysentery bug. Dr. Kinnear put 10 injections of senetine[?] and 16 big ipecac pills into me. The dysentery stopped in three or four days, and I lost only one and a half days in bed, and have done the routine work since and all essential work in the Chinese Annual Meeting and work on committees but I have not done much tennis and other outside stunts. I eat and sleep all right but my legs are wobbly. Mary probably knows how I feel. Yet "Every day in every way I'm getting better and better." Friday I attended a long Committee meeting at Ned Munson's= our YMCA house that we built and lived in 1907, 1908-1909,- stayed there to supper and then went to Anti Cob at Consul Prices – to listen to the second paper of the Fukien Province Hand Book ??= Social and Religious Life of Fukien Province. – Home at 11:45 p.m. Yesterday I left home at 9 a.m. after teaching one class, went down to the University, lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Blakeney, seated as "judge at the finish" in all the races of the Foochow Christian Schools Field Day, took afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs. Bedient- came home for a 7 p.m. supper- got to bed at 10:05 and slept till 7 this a.m. got up and make gems for breakfast and then fed my 23 chickens and ate breakfast- so I am not so badly off. Phebe seems to be doing her work and enjoying it and keeps well.

A week ago a big fire right at the South Gate burned over the ?? ground that was burned over just three years ago. Ten or more Christians were burned out.

Political news you get on the front pages now I see the Sentinel gives prominence to China news. Gen'l Feng's coup was a surprise to all. The Chinese here call him a traitor- because he did not first tell what he was going to do.

The Y.M.C.A. in China is in serious financial difficulty because funds in the U.S. are insufficient to support all the Secretaries now in China. There is a strong probability that they will close out in Foochow and leave the work here.

I think of you all often as I read the Sentinels for the first few days of Sept. I was almost startled as the dates looked so much like those of 1923 and took me back there. God has spoken to us frequently during the past year- but He has been kind and good.

Very lovingly Will.

[*Willard writes on stationary of the Kuliang Council. There are committees on the Council for the Club Building, the Judicial Committee, the Roads Committee, Sanitation, Transportation, Thursday Evening Committee, Music Committee, Study Groups Committee, Library Committee, Sanitorium Committee, and Religious Education Committee. Information from the Kuliang Council 1936 Annual Report which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]

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*[This letter, dated **November 30, 1924**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to her Aunt Mary. She tells about their Thanksgiving. The Wen Shan School had their 70th Anniversary. Willard is recovering from his illness (dysentery) and Phebe is growing stronger but must not do too much. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

Black Rock Hill
Foochow, China

Nov. 30, 1924.

Dear Aunt Mary,

On the last mail, came another of your good letters telling of Aunt Phebe's second visit to Pearl River, and of your going to town with Grandpa with apples. It won't be long before you are telling us of your Thanksgiving.

Ours came last Thursday and we gathered at the city compound, the Reumann's house and sat at three tables of about ten each. Of course the dinner was fine, and it was set off by some very nice table decorations, corncob pipes made from Father's chicken-corn cobs by Mr. Hightower, our new Foochow College tutor from Virginia; and place cards each with a silhouette from the Woman's House Companion and a verse by Mr. Hightower. The toasts were very good, and all was settled afterward by some games on the lawn, and volley ball.

The evening was most entertaining. Father and I ventured forth to a 9:15 minstrel show on South Side, where the American Association entertained the community with a very negro production by a band of minstrels supposed to have been wrecked on their way from Shanghai to Hongkong. Messrs. Carmon, McConnell and Polk besides a new man Mr. Willett of the M.E. Mission, carried the thing and it was very good. Father and I didn't get to bed till after one, and I have only just begun to get rested again.

Don't you like my paper? I am spending the day with the Y.W. girls on Black Rock Hill, and Charlotte Neely the tall one, gave me this paper as a sign of hospitality. It is very restful here, and the McConnell children have been amusing us quite some.

On the 11th of Nov. came the day for which we have worked all the term, the celebration of our school's 70th anniversary. Priscilla Holton gave a sacred concert in the evening and the afternoon was full with a pageant arranged by Eunice Thomas and carried out by the Chinese teachers and Grade girls, illustrating our history. Crowds came and stood or sat in the sun for the pantomime explained thru a megaphone, and then several men spoke. I had the thrill of meeting the Governor at the head of the steps and taking him to his seat. The morning was full of an alumnae meeting where the teachers entertained with songs, stunts and music. It was really a fine day. I was sorry about the concert in the evening, for we had issued too many tickets, so several tens had to stand outside, and that caused a good deal of feeling. The program went perfectly and I think even the foreigners received a real uplift from it. The University boys came in a body and took more seats than we had sent them tickets. I had the fun of being accompanist and we did things like Handel's Largo, Cavalieria Rusticaria, and the Pilgrim's Chorus. It meant a lot of practising, but that has been a real joy to me, and I want to continue it.

My schedule is full tho not hard. Twenty-one organ and piano pupils take nearly all the school period for lessons, and then I teach one class in Chinese Bible, and two in English Grammar. Just now I am playing for the New Year's Day physical Ed. Exhibition dances that our Shanghai trained Chinese teacher is getting up.

One of the big things of the fall was the flag raising at the Consulate which is just being opened since the hose[?] for our old one is up. The ceremonies were very simple but impressive, with the bugle call, the procession

of the flag carried by all the South Side American kiddies, the raising while the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung, and then the address by Mr. Price, the responses by a Japanese for the Consular body and by a Chinese for the Foochow Government the inspection of the buildings and tea. Father missed this because of illness.

Anti-Cob has been energetic, and we are looking forward now to our Christmas meeting. Several papers for our handbook of Fukien have been read, Father's on the History of Fukien being the first. Father is having rather a hard pull getting rested from his illness, but keeps right at work. I find myself growing stronger all the while; tho I can't do anything very taxing nor keep at a thing too long. Dr. Kinnear has examined my eyes and I am soon to have new glasses from which I expect quite a lot of benefit. Long walks on Saturday afternoons and occasional trips with the school are breaks that are pleasant. I surprised myself during Annual Meeting by playing the pipe organ and using the pedals. I would like to study that instrument some time.

I hope you are all well, and that Aunt Phebe will continue to get rested and strong. Father says your Xmas packages have come, but we are keeping them for the day. My Xmas greetings are brought to you by this letter, but that's not all. Much love to you all,

Phebe K.

Did you know Martha's engagement was announced? She had a party some time in Oct. and Cleora sent a gift from her and me.

November 1924
70th Anniversary by Wen Shan Girls School

Written on back of photo: " Scene from Pageant given on 70th Anniversary by Wen Shan girls. 9 Grammar and Lower Primary Depts. Nov. 1924
School girls in old fashioned clothes – early times.
School coolie at right.
Audience in foreground.
Stage set in middle of covered walk just in front of new Grammar School Building."
*[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]*

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[*This letter, dated* ***December 14, 1924****, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He talks about the harvest from his garden. He tells of his plans for Christmas. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard*.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

December 14th 1924

Dear Mary:-

It must be your turn for the letter this week. Altho it seems to me I wrote you shortly ago. The bundle of Sentinels with the Bridgeport paper came yesterday. I opened at once and looked for Nov. 5th to see how Ben came out. He is swell- as I see the ticket in general was elected with a plurality of toward 900. He lost by only 348. I write from memory.

Christmas is approaching very fast. Invitations are already coming in for the various Christmas exercises in the churches. I have decided to go out to Chiong Ha- a church near the mouth of the Ing Tai river. I plan to leave after lunch Saturday and get back Monday morning. After I had decided to do this and had written, an invitation came for Phebe and me to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Skerrett-Rogers and in the afternoon attend with them a play given by the children of the foreign community- Red Riding Hood. We had to decline. I must back off now and get to bed.

Monday Evening:-

I wish I could send over to you some of our superb weather- for three weeks every day bright, sunny, clear, crisp- every evening starlight or moonlight. Two mornings with white frost- the ther. around 50 degrees each morning. I wish you could share our exquisite roses, sweet corn from our own garden lettuce, beets, carrots and turnips.- Sweet peas also= not good to eat tho. O yes and green peas. I planted them about two months ago with my own little hands and picked them with my own hands. To day I planted about a quart of peas and some beet seed. We are now eating the yellow corn that I raised last summer. I planted some that you brought down or I guess you sent that particular corn down by Mr. Goertz. I put it in during April and harvested it in July. It is very nice corn but it disappointed me in the yield of kernels. The cobs are large and the kernels short. If you want something to do sometime I wish you would put up a pound or thereabouts and send me- of fathers good yellow flint corn. Mr. St. Clair plans to go on furlough in June or July. He has been the gardner since I left in 1920 and his knouette[ ?] will fall on me. I hope to have all the yellow corn we shall need for meal and I hope to have green corn to eat from July or June till January. This evening we had delicious evergreen corn for supper. It can be planted all the time from March 20 to Sept. 10th. That planted latest will mature much more slowly. The seed for this I can get from Burpee, but the yellow flint field corn I should like from home for old time associations. [*Added later in pencil*: I have just sent in an order to Burpee of Philadelphia.]

Phebe holds her own doing full work and putting in some extra for concerts. She is helping in a concert for next Sat. evening and is having a concert of her own for her music pupils about Jan. 10.

If you send this to Stanley he may remember that a few years ago a man named Frank Eckerson of Amoy, China called one day at his Laboratory in Pearl River. He had sores in his mouth. They bothered him much and Stanley gave him medicine or injected some and he left and was troubled no more. Eckerson was up from Amoy to attend our Annual Meeting in Nov. and could not find words to adequately express his appreciation of what Stanley did for him. He has just sent me 18 fine Amoy pumeloes. I bought 546 pumeloes in Oct. and have 100 still on hand. But I look forward to the Amoy fruit for it is usually better than any of the Foochow fruit.

Too large boxes are waiting in my room for Christmas to come so Phebe and I can open. They are from you, and the last mail brought a package from Pearl River.

We as a mission are to have our Christmas at the Union Kindergarten. I am to be Santa. The unmarried people (I among them) have clubbed together and bought red cloth for Santa's coat and trousers and hood. A few weeks ago we drew, each of us, two names- one of an adult and one of a child, and so each will receive a Christmas gift and each will give a gift. The children are practicing Christmas songs and so are the grown ups. Miss Thomas came back with a set of colored slides of many famous old paintings and a book of songs- Christmas melodies of several nations. These we all are to see and sing Christmas eve.

I am still wearing one of those four-in-hand ties that Elizabeth worked little flowers on and sent out to me. It is a gray silk- One side is worn thru but the other side is all right.

Day after tomorrow= Sat. p.m. I plan to go to Chiong Ha for Xmas Sunday. The next three weeks will be very full with Christmas, New Years and exams and Commencement. Mr. Christian has been here to take half the entertaining of the faculty and the graduates. But with him at home, the whole thing falls on me this year. About 55 on the faculty to feed at an evening dinner- foreign style, and 40 graduates to whom to give a Chinese feast. This is in addition to the graduation feast to faculty and graduates.

I have written this with the pen that you ordered from Mt. Ward and Co. I do not forget that I owe you about $1.00 for it. My good friend in Kansas City who sends me greenbacks has not been very flush recently and he has not sent many during the past months.

In a few days your letters telling about Thanksgiving will be coming. Have I written of Miss Grace Funk's engagements to a Mr. Andrews of Chefoo?- a widower with five children. He, his former wife and Miss Funk were classmates in Chicago and they have kept up correspondence. His wife when she knew she could not live asked her husband to marry Miss Funk. They are to be married at Ponasang. The ladies there are giving the wedding.

This carries lots of love to each of you. Tell father it raises me in the esteem of the Chinese as I tell them my father is still in business at the age of 83. For here we add a year to the age we give to ourselves in U.S.A. I have been 60 all the year. Will

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From Fukien, A Study of a Province in China by Phebe K. Beard 1925
[*Book in the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson*.]

## Umbrellas

An industry which has in the last few years become very important to the export trade of the province is that of making paper umbrellas. Because its growing popularity there have been added many new and attractive designs. The sober grandfather umbrella has been here for many years, very often large enough to shelter the whole family, and durable enough, it is claimed by some Chinese, to serve for three generations. In ancient times, it is told, the umbrella was derived from the ancient farmer's still ancient rainhat; of bamboo but the delicately tinted, beflowered umbrellas of to-day lift their heads high above such plebian progenitors.

There are between two and three hundred shops which have a part in this industry. Some make only handles, of bamboo, or lacquered wood, or bone, while others make the frames, and still others decorate and export them. The making of the frame is briefly this: The ribs are made of carefully cut flat strips of bamboo, tied to the supporting ribs with strong twine, and all fastened tightly to the handle. When the ribs are spread out they are covered with three pasted layers of narrow strips of paper and these first are allowed to dry with persimmon oil and once more allowed to dry. The umbrella is ready to be decorated with colored bands, flowers, scenes, or quaint figures. One of the largest decorating and exporting firms is that of Ma Guong Kee. This shop keeps ten decorators busy and exports many hundreds of cases annually to other ports in China, to England, America and Australia.

## Woven-Paper Scrolls

Yung Chun ought also to be mentioned for another distinctive industry- the woven-paper scrolls. These were first made more than two hundred years ago by the Dang clan which kept the secret for many years, but later allowed others to learn. The weaving is done on a table over another picture with fine strips of paper not more than an eighth of an inch in width. The horizontal strips are white, but their vertical strips carry the color and produce the picture. The threads of paper are carried in a fine bamboo needle. They make the old, well-loved picture of mountains, woods, and winding streams, pictures of the four seasons, and character scrolls for different occasions. The demand for these scrolls seems to be mostly from officials who send them away to their friends. But these quaintly conceived and delicately wrought pictures deserve a far-wider fame than they seem to have.

## Incense

Though there are but few shops making incense, they do a thriving business, for hundreds of dollars; worth must be burned in Foochow alone every week, in temples, and in superstitious rites in the homes. Among the many different styles carried there is variety enough to match every taste. There are the cheaper sorts, made of red or black incense or black flecked with bits of gold leaf; the more expensive kinds, made in solid lengths of incense, red, black, light brown; the same made in tak, or pagoda circles, and in different sizes of the long styles. There are different scents, gong-nang-hiong, must, aloes, sandalwood, fine cassia, and Barros camphor. These are mixed with wood dust finer than sawdust, and for the "thread incense", that made without sticks, the paste is forced through holes of the desired size made in a board, dried, cut into proper lengths, and wrapped very attractively, often boxed, for sale.

The Foochow incense is said to surpass that of other places in quality. All the shops visited export quantities to other parts of China, Korea, and even to Japan. Japan buys mostly the cheap stick variety and a better blackthread kind, scented with aloes and called Haik-ting. For the Fifth Month Festival, small favors are made of a fine wood-dust paste scented with pure musk and are pressed into wooden moulds in the shape of ancient symbols, fruits, mythological characters, shells and so on. These are given to friends.

## Lacquer Making

This has a romantic story. Lacquer articles were made as early as 1387 in North China. The process must have been a long one, for the lacquer was very thick, made with many coats. The process was handed down till five centuries ago one of the many families who knew the secret invented or discovered an improved formula. From that time until now the Sing family of Foochow claims to be the only one that knows how to make the best grade of gold lacquer.

The raw lac, a thick brown fluid obtained from the lac tree in North China, comes in large tubs like the butter tubs of America, covered with paper. Before using, the fluid must be strained two or three times through cotton and cloth. The lacquer finish is then made by secret receipts [*recipes*?] , colored, and the gold is then added in that branch of the trade.

The wooden shapes to be lacquered are always made of nang-muk, a fine grained soft wood, and then a foundation of green putty-like mixture is applied, after the complete drying of which the lacquer mixture is put on with a brush, one coat at a time. The articles are dried thoroughly in a dark, damp room after which the next coat is given. It is the drying which takes the time in making lacquer ware, but it prevents cracking, streaking, or ruffling up into ridges. The decorations are put on by a hired artist who works free-hand. The gold, or "number one" lacquer" and "silk lacquer" are often mistakenly used as synonyms. The figures for the latter are first made of clay, this being wrapped in strong silk which is then given several coats of lacquer and dried well. They clay is washed out with water and the lacquering finished on the silk alone.

In spite of the increasing foreign demand for small things in gold lacquer, the important trade is that of officials and rich Chinese who buy quantities to give to their friends on important occasions. They are used to decorate the owners; houses at festive times and are put away between whiles in the padded boxes in which they come. Until very recently there has been no effort to seek outport trade, lacquer is the prize beauty product of Foochow. It is unique, though strangers to it do not at once appreciate its value since it is often confused, by them, with the cheaper and better-known Japanese lacquer.

*Beard, Phebe K., and The Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China* *Fukien, A Study of a Province in China*. *Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.*

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Phebe Kinney Beard probably after 1920
[*Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte*.]

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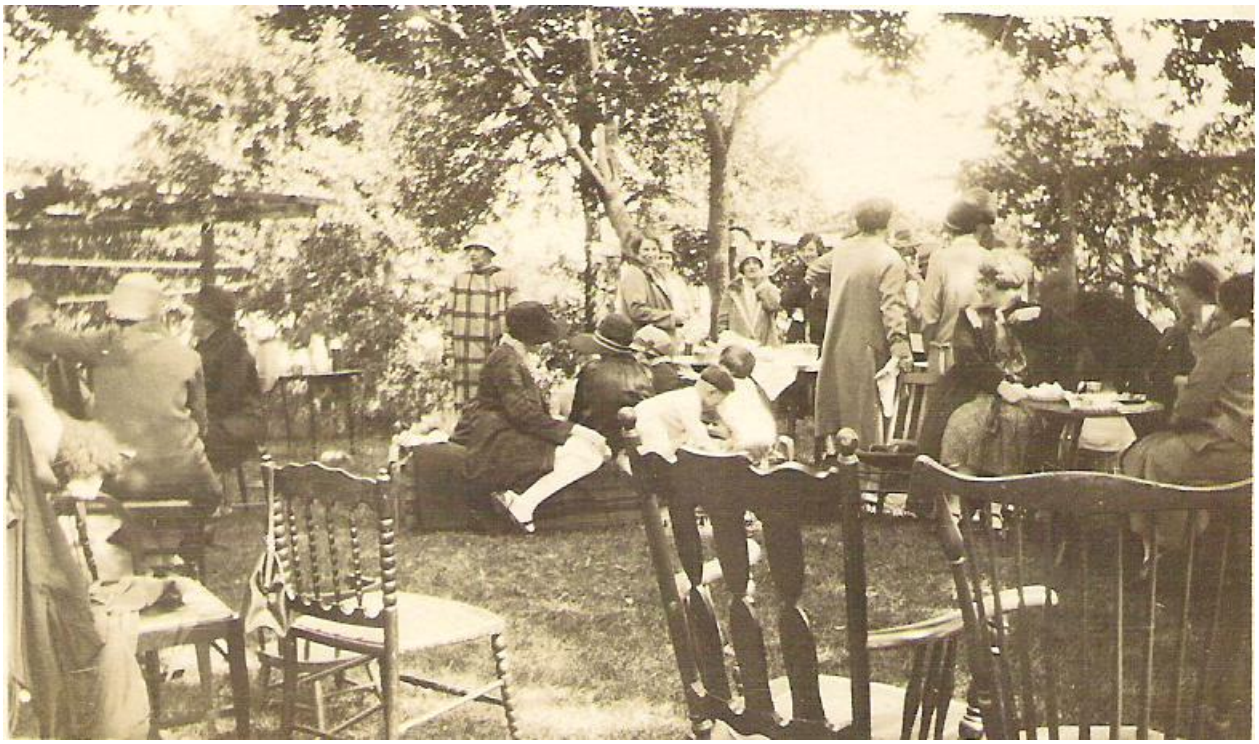

Written on back of photo: "King's Daughter's Picnic  Century Farm"  [*Undated, but probably in the 1920s*]
[*Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel*.]
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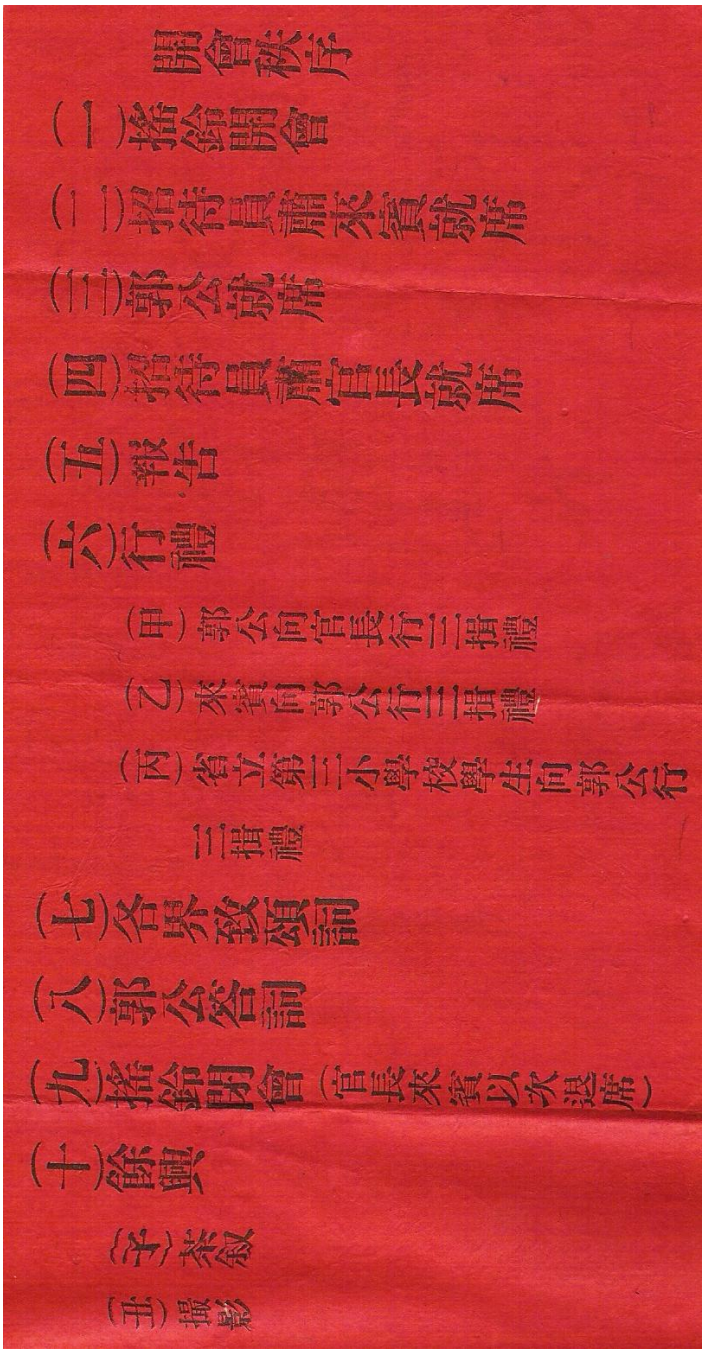
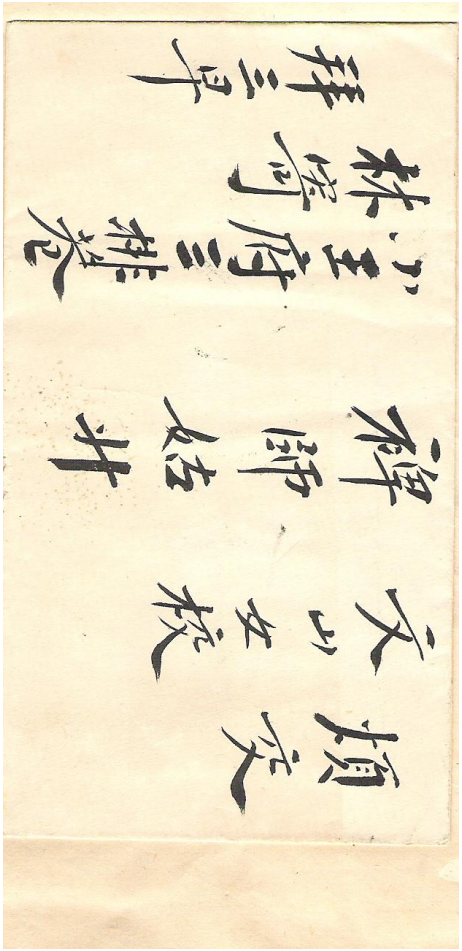

開會秩序
(一)搖鈴開會
(二)招待員請來賓就席
(三)郭公就席
(四)招待員請官長就席
(五)報告
(六)行禮
(甲)郭公向官長行三揖禮
(乙)來賓向郭公行三揖禮
(丙)省立第三小學校學生向郭公行三揖禮
(七)各界致頌詞
(八)郭公答詞
(九)搖鈴閉會(官長來賓以次退席)
(十)餘興
(子)茶叙
(丑)攝影


林主席府三揖
敬啓
文山女校
謹呈
井

Invitation or program of some sort. Envelope which held the left item.

[*From Phebe's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Written on back:

I. Program of Proceedings
   Ringing the bell for opening program.
II. Seating of guests
III. The Honorable Mr. Guok takes his seat.
IV. Seating of visiting officials.
V. Address of welcome by Pres. of Confucian Society.
VI. Ceremonial Bows- Greetings.
   1. The Venerable Guok greets the officials with three bows.

2. The guests greet the Venerable Guok with three bows.
3. Students of the Government Primary School No. III honor the Venerable Guok with three bows.

VII. Other nations representatives pay their respects.

VIII. The Venerable Guok responds.

IX. Ringing the bell for close of ceremonies. (Guests please will not make haste to depart.)

X. Individuals may proffer congratulations.

1. Tea.
2. Photograph.