

# 1925

- Sun Yat Sen dies March 12
- Gould leaves the University of Michigan to work for Ingersoll Rand Company until 1927.
- November 25- Ellen leaves U.S. for China via San Francisco
- Willard and Phebe are in China.
- December 23-Phebe Kinney Beard dies in China. She is 30.
- Marjorie and Kathleen and Ellen are in Oberlin, OH
- Dorothy is probably teaching in Saginaw, Michigan
- Biblical Fundamentalism in US
- Television invented by John Logie Baird
- Hitler publishes Volume 1 of Mein Kampf
- Nome, Alaska suffers from diphtheria and receives serum by delivery of dog sleds thus inspiring today's annual Alaskan dog sled races.
- Willard is 60, Ellen- 57, Phebe- 30, Gould- 29, Geraldine- 27, Dorothy- 24, Marjorie- 19, Kathleen- 17.

[This report, dated **February 1, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Rev. Wm. E. Strong, D.D. It is his report of Foochow College for 1924. Report from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow, China  
February 1, 1925.

Rev. Wm. E. Strong, D.D.  
14 Beacon Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Dr. Strong:

I am sending you the report of Foochow College for 1924. Foochow College was established in the year 1853. One small room then held all the pupils. Seventy-two years have witnessed a steady growth as this report shows. There are several times as many now on the faculty as there were in the student body then.

1. Courses.

Foochow College consists of the High School Course of three years, the Preparatory Course of the Middle School of three years, and the Higher Primary of four years.

2. Faculty.

The faculty of Foochow College consists of 45 members; Middle school 29 Chinese and 5 foreigners; Higher Primary 9 Chinese and 2 foreigners. Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Christian returned to America on furlough in July and Mr. Siek Ding-muo, instructor in English and Education, went to America for higher education this summer. Mr. Ling Heng Eu, instructor in English and Mr. Diu Dai Siok, instructor in Chinese, left us this summer and have been in the employment of other organizations. Newly appointed teachers the second semester are Miss Maizie V. Phillips, graduate of Pennsylvania State University, instructor in English literature; and Mr. Raymond Hightower, B.A. Richmond University, Virginia, instructor in Modern History and English; Mr. Ling Hau Muk, B.A. Fukien Christian University, instructor in English and education; Mr. Guok Hong Gi, instructor in Chinese literature; Mr. Uong Ngia Kong, drawing teacher. Mr. Iong Kai Ting, our graduate of this year, takes charge of the laboratory, and Mr. Uong Siu-duang, our graduate this year, is assistant in Physical Education.

The faculty meet every Monday morning. Each year sees a pleasing growth in the ability of this group to unitedly discuss and transact the business of the institution. The members of the faculty also meet every Monday evening at 4:30 for prayer meeting.

3. Buildings.

There are now in use for college purposes six foreign and two Chinese buildings: (1) The Administration building, containing the President's Office, faculty assembly room, and registrar's office, and two more rooms, one for selling books and one for a waiting room; (2) Cowan Hall, containing the Library, Laboratory, one recitation room on second floor and dormitory on first floor. The Y.M.C.A. business department, and the scouts also have a room each in the building.; (3) Lincoln Hall (dormitory) containing 57 rooms for 168 students. On the first floor there are a large dining hall, a coolies' room, and store room; (4) Smith Hall, containing a Chapel, ten class-rooms, one teachers' room and barber shop. (5) The Higher Primary building has three stories, with the dining hall on the first floor. The topmost story is used for dormitory with 13 rooms for 91 students, and one faculty room. (6) The Y.M.C.A. building, just finished this summer, is adjoining Smith Hall. It contains one large assembly room, four student rooms and two large recitation rooms. The other two Chinese buildings are used, one for the first four classes of the Higher Primary class rooms and dormitory, and one for the class room of the Preparatory students.

4. Library.

The college library is open throughout the term every weekday from 10:30 to 12:00, and from 12:45 to 1:30, and from 3:6 p.m. and again from 7-10 at night. The library is newly furnished with new chairs and tables, is newly painted and white-washed. It contains something above 1000 bound volumes and about 30 different kinds of magazines and newspapers. Besides there are more than 100 pictures and maps. Mr. Lek Hiong Nguk and two assistants are taking charge now. Under the efficient direction of Miss Armstrong, this is increasingly used by the students.

5. Laboratory.

The old laboratory has been torn down. The new one is on the topmost floor of Cowan Hall. It is well lighted and aired. New apparatus, the gift of the Flatbush Church, Brooklyn, has just come from America. Three graduates of Fukien Christian University are in charge of Biology, Chemistry, and Physics, and good work is done in each department.

6. Enrollment and Graduates of this year.

The total enrollment of this year is 620. The students in each department are shown in the following chart:

		Enrollment.	
1924, 1 <sup>st</sup> semester	M.S.	.....	172
“ “	Prep.	.....	145
“ “	H.P.	.....	<u>229</u>
	Total	.....	546
New Students 2 <sup>nd</sup>	M.S.	.....	8
“ “	Prep.	.....	45
“ “	H.P.	.....	19
Old Students rejoined.....			2
Wen Shan.....			<u>65</u>
TOTAL FOR THE YEAR 1924			685

		Graduated.	
Jan. 1924.	M.S.	.....15, joined the University.....	3
“ “	H.P.	.....13, “ “	.....12
June 1924	M.S.	.....17, “ “	.....3
“ “	H.P.	.....4, “ “	.....4

#### 7. Deaths.

Mr. Daing Dung Ciu, the drawing teacher, died in the 1<sup>st</sup> semester. Two of the graduates Mr. Dong. Dai Cung and Mr. Uong Soi Gi, died in this year. Eight students died during the year.

#### 8. Religious Activities.

It has always been the aim of this college to build leaders upon the foundation of Christian Truth. Therefore the religious activities are one of the most important events of this report. (1) The faculty take turns in the daily chapel prayers and in an address on Christianity every Tuesday. Every Friday at chapel the President, himself, gives an address. (2) The attendance of church service, of Sunday School, and of Christian Endeavor is compulsory. (3) There is a Sunday School at 2:00 P.M. every Sunday. Mr. Uong Li-gong and Mr. Ling Iu Bing take charge. Though it is compulsory, yet there students show interesting discussing the great problems of Christianity as related to life. On Sunday evening there are four Christian Endeavor societies. (4) There are 182 Christian students this year. M.S., and the Prep. 120, and the H.P. 62. (5) Every Monday morning from 7:30 to 8:30 about 60 students meet in three classes for Bible study. (6) Student Volunteer Band. This band consists of 23 members and they meet once a week on Sunday night. Every month they plan a meeting of all Christian students.

#### 9. Student Activities.

(1) Fifty-six of our students were running 16 day schools during the summer under the guidance of Mr. Iu Soi Ling and with the help of Mr. Iong Dung Ling. There were 367 boys and 97 girls in these schools. The total contribution toward this Daily Vacation Bible School work from the students of this college was \$80.75. (2) The students of the H.P. are running a Sunday School for the neighborhood children at three p.m. under the guidance of Mr. Uong Do Chuang. About 150 boys and girls are gathered in the Church every Sunday. 25 students were elected to be the students, and the College Sunday School helps financially. (3) The College Y.M.C.A. is maintained by the student body. A meeting is held every Friday night and attendance is voluntary. (4) A free night school for all the coolies and other employees of the college is maintained by the association. It meets four times every week with an average number of 15 in attendance. They study the “Five Hundred Characters” and learn how to use the abacus.

#### 10. Physical Training.

Before breakfast, every morning of the week except Sunday, all the students of the College take morning exercises for 15 minutes. Two teachers give full time to supervising the physical exercise of the students. Every student is required not only to take the setting up drill before breakfast, but he must also take some part in supervised games during the day. There are 7 playgrounds in use now. The largest one is capable of seating four or five thousands. Two of them are just added this year, one for volley and one for basketball.

An historical play was put on by the students one evening during the fall term, which five thousand people - - relatives and friends of the students – attended.

#### 11. Gifts.

The college wants to acknowledge the gift of \$500. for the Congregational Church of Flatbush, Brooklyn, for the Science Laboratory. Much new apparatus has been bought from America and is now in use.

One of the graduates who does not want his name know sent us \$6. for prizes for a contest in English Composition and in Modern Chinese. The contest was held during the fall term.

Mr. Lau Cu Huang, a graduate of 1910, presented to the library, three charts of the Nestorian tablet and they now decorate the library.

12. Wenshan Higher Primary.

At the beginning of the year the Financial Board of the Congregational Church in Foochow could not finance the Higher Primary at Wen Shan. The faculty and board of managers of Foochow College voted to take this primary under its care. There have been 65 students there. In Jan. 1925, the first class graduated. There were seven graduates.

Respectfully submitted.

Willard L. Beard

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*[This letter, dated Feb. 8, 1925, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. His grades are good but he will not be able to graduate until September. He tells Ellen that he has asked Vivienne Ross of Hiram, Ohio to marry him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

508 Hill St.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Feb. 8, 1925.

Dear Mother:-

Everything is ready to begin the new semester. I got the marks I went after- 2As- 2Bs and 2 Cs. I am rather tickled, because I had to work so hard for the As and Bs.

My classification is not satisfactory. I cannot graduate in June. I have one course which I must take in summer school. It conflicted every way I tried to schedule it. I will get out in September.

Last week end I went up to see Dot. We had a lot of fun together. I went up to Chesaning to watch one of her girls teams play and we went skating and we had a little bridge party. It made a dandy break in the tenseness of exams.

I have taken a dishwashing job temporarily. My schedule will not allow me to work afternoons since every afternoon is filled up. I may keep it if the chap who asked me to take it dos'nt want it back.

Now Mother dear- I want to tell you that I love Vivienne Ross. She is the sweetest, dearest girl I have ever met. She is beautiful and pure throughout and Mother I love her as I never dreamed I could love any girl. She loves me as I love her. Vivienne is a girl I am proud to bring to you and father and all the sisters. She will do honor to the family name, we are all so careful of.

I have asked her to take my hand for life and she has accepted and with gladness. Mother Ross has not yet announced the engagement and I don't know when she intends to, but she has written me that she is very happy to have me as her son. I'm sure it would make Vivienne very happy if you would write her. Her address is just Hiram, Ohio. Box 334.

Mother I never was so happy in all my life as I am now. It gives me a great incentive to do more and better work that I may be more worthy of and give the girl of my choise the best in life I possibly can.

I have written Father and Phebe and told both all about it. I know you are all glad and happy with me.

Lovingly your son,

Gould.



This is probably Vivienne with Gould about 1925.  
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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[This letter, dated **February 18, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Willard writes to congratulate his father on his 83<sup>rd</sup> birthday. He tells about the sudden death of Mrs. George Hubbard. Willard writes that life as a President of Foochow College in China is not easy these days. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China  
February 18<sup>th</sup> 1925

Dear Father:-

This is a congratulatory letter written on your eighty third birthday. In the last letter from Mary or Phebe which came two days ago were photos of you that look as if you were at least ten years younger. You look better than when I last saw you in 1921. As I am writing at 9:30 p.m. you are beginning the day. I hope it will be to you a happy one,- as happy as was my sixtieth two weeks ago tomorrow.

The last letters told of the going home of Aunt Ella and of May Beard. I was glad to see that Stephen and Johnson were improving. I hope they are both well by this time. [Ella Hawley Nichols died January 1925 at the age of 73 years according to the Bridgeport Telegram, January 10, 1925.] [May Beard, wife of Willard's cousin, Zina Chatfield Beard, died January 13, 1925.]

Last Monday= day before yesterday we laid away Mrs. George H. Hubbard. On Saturday morning Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> she with Mr. Hubbard and Miss Hartwell started for Sharp Peak where the Christians were planning a farewell service for Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard who were to leave China for good on Mar. 5. Before they reached their boat Mrs. Hubbard began to feel unwell. She had felt so before and she and Mr. Hubbard did not think much about it. She said she would go back home and rest a bit- he would go on to the farewell with Miss Hartwell. She went back to the house and lay down for half an hour. (They started at first at 4:30 a.m. without breakfast). After resting half an hour she called the servant and he helped her upstairs. She lay down on the bed till 6:45. As she did not feel better, and as her breathing was different, she sent for Miss Ward and Miss Nutting, and they called the Doctor. At 9 a.m. she fell asleep. It was a great shock to everyone= it was so sudden. She was in Foochow only three days before and seemed well and happy.

School has opened again with crowds refused entrance because of lack of room I hope we can be careful and wise enough to avoid disaster and keep school thru the term. The life of a President and of a real true student in any school in Foochow and in most parts of China is not lived on a bed of roses these days. Anglo Chinese College is opening with about half its usual number of students. All gates are locked and a special guard is on duty each night to keep the disaffected students from carrying out their threats of killing any boys who dare go back to school there.

Phebe is well and enjoying her work. She is a joy forever to me- I thought of you Jan. 20 on your sixty first wedding anniversary- I also thought of mother on Jan. 30 – the 82<sup>nd</sup> birthday. Tell Flora I shall think of her Feb. 25.

God has been very good to you and yours. Blessings have followed you all the days of your long life. May they continue.

Very lovingly your son  
Will

You should see me in my new spiffy overcoat- remodeled from the Prince Albert you sent. I shall try to get Phebe to snap me in it and send a photo to you. W.

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*[This postcard dated **March 26, 1925** was written from Auburndale, Mass. by Eunice S (Smith) to Marjorie. The photo on the postcard is titled "Kindergarten Children and their friends Foochow" and shows Marjorie and Kathleen on either end of a teeter totter with Chinese children in between. The postcard is addressed to Marjorie Beard in Oberlin, Ohio. Original postcard is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Auburndale, Mass.  
March 26, 1925

Dear Marjorie,

Do you recognize yourself and Kathleen? Daddy gave me this card and I said I must send it to you. I am having a glorious vacation here at the Missionary Home with the family. Helen comes home tomorrow. I go back Monday. Where are you going to be this summer besides Silver Bay. We all want to be sure and see you if you are in Conn. I am crazy to see you and talk! Love Eunice S [Smith]



Kindergarten Children and their friends Foochow.

*[This identical postcard to the one in the archives of Oberlin College is from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. John and Nancy Butte also have a copy in their collection. The photo postcard at Oberlin is torn. Kathleen is at the far left of the see saw and Marjorie is on the other end. The actual picture was probably taken in about 1916.]*

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[This letter, dated **March 30, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He refers to an eclipse seen in Shelton. Willard is suffering from a sore foot. His chickens and garden vegetables are doing well. The student situation in Foochow remains the same. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China  
March 30- 1925

Dear Folks at Century Farm:-

That was a good letter from Mary that the last mail brought and every mail brings the Sentinels. The eclipse must have been perfect at Shelton. All the papers are very interesting on the subject. Next year people will be running to E. Africa and some of the islands to see an eclipse. I am glad that you had a good look and that conditions with you were so perfect. I am glad also that Geraldine could see it. To me it is a very noteworthy and wonderful part that before the eclipse scientists could tell where it could be seen and at what time- even to the second and that their computations were only 4 seconds off.

Yesterday was Ellen's birthday. I celebrated it by staying very quietly at home nursing a sore foot. A week ago last Thursday my right foot was a little sore or lame right on the top half way between the toes and the ankle. I did not think anything of it. Friday it was about the same. I went on with all my work as usual. Sat. it got worse so much so that in the afternoon I saw Doctor Kinnear. Sunday it was much worse- swollen and quite sore. Doctor bound it up with a poultice. I kept quiet. Monday it was better. Tuesday better and Wednesday we thought it was ready for work again. Thursday, I did all my usual work and Friday the same. Sat. it got worse and I held up. Yesterday I kept quiet- cancelled all engagements. It is better this morning. What is the cause no one knows. Doctor says it must be infection or sprain. But I cannot recall any reason. I'll be careful now for a few days and hope to get all right. Mr. Neff has had an infected toe for a month. The doctors do not seem able to conquer it. Dr. Dyer has her left foot paralysed- so she limps. Two others have been under doctor's care for foot ailments- the understanding of missionaries in Foochow just now is faulty.

Last Thursday afternoon and all day Friday we had a Mission Meeting. I was asked to be Mission Treasurer. It seems like a force. But no one else would consider taking it and I consented. It means from June 1 to about Sept. 1- Mrs. Christian is asked to take it when she returns in the fall. Miss Hieb the stenographer will have to do most of the work.

My chickens are doing well thus far. The hens, 11, lay 200 eggs this month. Two hens on 22 eggs brought 18 chickens. These are from pullets hatched from eggs laid by hens that were ½ R.I Red and ½ Wh. Leghorn. (The fruit of the R.I.R. rooster that Mary sent down to me.) These 18 chickens are from the above mentioned pullets and the same Wh. Leghorn Rooster that I used two years ago. He is now 3 years old,- a very fine bird. Every one of the 18 is pure white altho they are nearly ½ R.I. Red.

I am glad to hear that Stephen is getting better. Whooping cough here in the compound is nearly gone- The Donaldson's in Ing Hok now are in the full swing of it. My garden is coming on nicely. Corn and beans are up. I am waiting for a little warmer weather to plant more. We have had two weeks of very cold rainy weather,- not too good for either corn or beans. Thank you for sending the field corn. It will likely come by next week. I should not have asked for it if I had known your condition- the testing out. All my seeds for fall planting are here.

The St. Clairs, Reumanns, Misses Nutting, Waddell are going on furlough in June. Christians and Smiths expected back in the Fall. I was much interested in the Sentinels account of Dr. Coole's address in Derby- Methodist. He is a great Irishman. I have been on the Kuliang Council with him. He is aggressive all right, but on a committee things should go his way. But he is a good fellow- a great money getter. He is now after \$100,000 gold for a hospital in Foochow. We do not yet know whether a union hospital or a Methodist hospital.

The student situation changes little. The latest news is that the new school opened in opposition to the A.C. College put on the list of teachers in its announcement the name of one of our teachers- of Physics. He did not accept. Last week some of the students called on him and intimated that if he did not accept they would beat him. He is staying at home. The spirit of Foochow College is good. The Christian life of the Christian boys very good.

How I miss mother and Elizabeth's letters. I preserve their last letters. Gould is very happy. I am in sympathy with him and wish I could see the "best girl alive".

With Love to all

Will

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[This letter, date **March 31, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Mr. Chen to the editor of a paper. Willard writes a note explaining that Mr. Chen was beaten by some students and this letter is the response by Mr. Chen to them. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

[Note by Willard:]

Mr. Chen was a teacher in Anglo Chinese Coll. He now teaches in Hua Nang= Meth. Woman's Coll.

He is sending 2 sons to A.C. instead of the opposing Coll. The students of the opposing Coll. threatened him then beat him for this crime. His reply was this letter. He sent the letter to the Dean of the opposing Coll. The Dean refused to receive it and returned it in person and urged Mr. Chen to destroy it. Will

These are strenuous days- plenty of happenings,- not much worth reporting,- I do not know what day we may have to close.

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Encl. No. 1 in Despatch No. 221 to Legation, dated Mar. 31, 1925.

Letter of Mr. Ch'en Hsing-ts'un a Teacher, written after the attack made upon him by four students, when returning from Church, March 22<sup>nd</sup>. 1925.

(Published in Kung Tao Pao, March 30, 1925.

(Trans: LPP).

The following letter was written by Mr. Ch'en Hsing-ts'un with the desire of admonishing said students. Having no means of forwarding it to them he sends it to us for publication. (The Editor)

To my formerly dear Students.

Sirs:-

Yesterday four of you stopped and attacked me at the lodge of the Cheng family. As to how I was wounded, there is no need of speaking as the matter is now a by-gone. I am ashamed of myself because my moral excellence has been so weak that I have not been able to imitate the love of my Lord Jesus and so help my fellow men. Having sustained minor injuries, how would I dare for such a small matter to join issue with you. But I estimate that perhaps your idea may not be fully met with just this one attack and so I cannot but unfold my ideas before you with the hopes that I may be fortunate enough to secure a sincere settlement.

During the first moon Kuo Hsuan-lin and others came to my house (Ch'en in the paper of the 31<sup>st</sup> published a correction, to the effect that Kuo did not come to his house but three others did) and I expressed one or two ideas to them in substance that they should not abandon their educational work but certainly should establish a suitable place where they might continue their efforts (to secure an education). Afterwards I heard that the establishment of the Ming Chiang Middle School was an accomplished fact and it seemed that the various problems had been thus solved. You are not satisfied with the Anglo-Chinese College, perhaps because your view do not correspond with those of the teachers and officers or perhaps because some of the methods of teachings are unsuitable. Now as you have severed your connection with these and have promoted your independence and have again obtained a suitable place for continuing your studies, it would seem as if you had already realized your desire.

In regard to the difficulty in the Anglo-Chinese College last winter, I was not present at the meeting when the matter was considered and consequently I do not care to recklessly pass judgment in regard to what transpired at that time, much less would I dare to concern myself with the character of your opposition. Furthermore every man is entitled to freedom of action and what authority have I to interfere in other people's matters.

Now there are two reasons why I sent my two sons to study in the Anglo-Chinese College:

- (1) To educate sons and younger brothers is the responsibility of fathers and brothers and
- (2) Those who are disciples of Christ should send their sons and younger brothers to Christian schools for an education.

If it is contended that this difficulty concerned the whole body of students, the speaking from my own standpoint (I would say) that the act of sacrificing to the martyrs is truly inconsistent with the rites of Christianity and is not as good ( a method) as to have a memorial service in the College itself, as to what was the position taken by the faculty and teachers of the Anglo-Chinese College in regard to this matter, I was not present when the subject was discussed but after they had made known by sending out a notice, I truly was not opposed to their unwillingness to grant permission to the whole body of students to go to the temple to sacrifice. As to your orders, they are like the

edicts of the autocratic Emperor which must be submitted to by every Chinese. If this is true, then you are robbing others of their right to liberty. If I submit to your orders then I am prostrating myself as a suppliant, under a dictatorial force. "Where there is dictatorial force, there is no justice". The flesh of the weak is eaten by the strong." You all are intelligent beings, you consider the humanities of great importance and would uphold the rights of men. Are you willing to have the ugly reputation of engaging in reckless deeds attached to you? Of course I am weak and unable to contend with you but my purpose to maintain the right and uphold right principles is very strong. Three armies may seize the Chief Commander but they cannot take away the purpose of a single man" "It is better to die than to be without liberty." If you wish me to submit, you must cause me to submit (lit. bond me) by the use of reason. You must not coerce me by the use of your pomp. The man who submits under coercion has no standing as a man. If I lose my standing as a man, though I may be alive, I am as one dead, and of what use to you would my submission be? At the present time our country has too many of such men- men who regard life and glory as gain and death and insult as injury and do not regard as important righteousness, temperance and virtue. They live from day to day in an indifferent manner without the least self-determination. Alas! Why do not you, enthusiastic souls, think up some method for making the people of our country all understand righteousness, be governed by righteousness and be willing to die for righteousness. I speak thus, not in reproof of you because yesterday you attacked me, but to cause you to understand me and that you may not again attack. I hold no brief for the faculty and teachers of the Anglo-Chinese college, much less am I seeking by flattery the favor of the foreigners. Jesus is the one I serve and the truth is what I submit to. Where there are right principles, there is life, where there are no right principles, there is death. To take away my right principles, is to rob me of life as well as take away my standing as a man. If I at this time call home my two sons because I would avoid insult and death to my body, my standing as a man would be extinguished and my life from this time would be cut off, and what would you get? Alas! You have wrongly interpreted me as a man. In your treatment of me you have adopted the wrong method. If you wish me to follow (your directions) you must not use compulsion. If you kill me it will only the extinction of one human life and in that way you will not attain the end for which you are striving in regard to me. Anything that should be done, I do not need to wait for you to call me to do. I can do it myself. If not thus, though I may be beaten to death. I at the last will not be willing to do it. You plan to bring death and trouble upon me, but on the contrary there will arouse the spirit of more (to my support) who will look upon your act as wrong.

My formerly beloved students, the death of my body is not worthy of regret. I hope you can be aroused to a sense of your wrong. I am praying to God in your behalf. Much more do I desire to see your face that we may pray together before the benevolent and merciful God.

Written by Ch'en Hsin-Ts'un alias Ch'en Kuan-tou on his pillow, March 23, 1925.

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[This letter, dated **April 5, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Flora. The Students' Union has a reign of terror over those marked by them. The Student Union demanded that Foochow College students provide them with food. Willard stopped this just before rice was ready to be taken to them. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

April 5<sup>th</sup> 1925.

Dear Flora:-

In my mind I class you with the "Dear Folks at Home" and you do not get many all-your-own letter, and likely as not you'll send this letter up to Shelton to be read by the family.

For three months the student situation has per force occupied the foreigner's mind to the extension[?] of all other matters- or rather, compelling all other matters to take secondary place.

You have heard of the situation in A.C. College. Now they have about 150 students-teachers and students live in the college and the gates are kept closed and the place is guarded constantly- night and day. You have also heard that the Student's Union tried to keep Brewster and Co. from selling a \$250,000 shipment of fish from Seattle and that teachers and students and fathers of students of A.C. have been beaten and one of the head Chinese in Brewster and Co. was stabbed nine times. It is really reign of terror for those who are the mark of the Students' Union. The students who compose the Union are from Gov't. schools and from one or two private schools and from two schools made up of students not allowed to return to the mission schools. So you see the sort of young men we have to deal with.

Yesterday morning I was aroused by the ringing of the college bell at 4:00 o'clock. I hustled into a few clothes fearing a fire. But I found instead 20 buckets of soft boiled rice in the kitchen which the boys had ordered prepared for 200 or 300 of the students from the schools controlled by the Union. The cause was this. On Tuesday evening two students had been arrested for complicity in an affair in the fish market in which several fish sellers had

been stabbed by the students. The Students Union had ordered all students to assemble at the police headquarters and demand the release of these two men. They went from all but mission schools, and stayed all day, - all Thursday night and Friday night and got hungry and told our boys they must feed them. Fortunately I was down in time to stop the rice from going out. I had to watch it until 6:30. The boys ate it themselves all day yesterday. Yesterday afternoon 4 members of the Union called on Mr. Cio Lik Daik, President of the Y.M.C.A. School and demanded that he let his students go to the police with the others. He refused. They threatened him (you know he was stabbed in the back a year ago last fall). He told them they must leave the building. As they started a plain clothes man who had been watching the affair drew a pistol and disclosed his officers badge and arrested them. They were put with the other two.

At dark last night the students- boys and girls- 200 girls and they say 700 or 800 boys were still in the Police head quarters- pretty sick of their job- hungry and miserable. The police promised them to release one of the men as a compromise- if the students would disperse. They left on the strength of this promise. But this p.m. none of the six had been released.

After I had seen how near our boys had come to implicating me in our attempt to help the students who were trying to thwart the police in their attempt to administer justice, and what a power the Student Union had over the students here I told them that they must break all connection with the Union. I do not know what effect this will have. It may mean that we shall have to close. Last Monday in a meeting of the Union, four motions were passed. 1. The officials must remove the seat from the house they had used as their headquarters. This house the police had closed and sealed some weeks ago. 2. The police must give them permission to do just what they pleased in Foochow. Threaten, beat, stab, kill. 3. They would close A.C. Coll. 4. Close all mission schools. - Some program I should say.

But there are still some men in Foochow who are not bowing to them. Cio Lik Daik is firm in his stand not to give in to them. A teacher in the Meth. Woman's College Ding Guang Deu, has two boys in A.C. A new College has been organized of boys expelled from A.C. last summer and one or two disaffiliated teachers. Students from this school under the Student's Union told Mr. Ding that he must take his two boys out of A.C. and send them to the new school. He did not do it. One night he was caught and beaten. We wrote a letter to the Union which was published printed in the daily papers. The substance was that he was free to send his boys where he pleased. He was a Christian and was trying to live on principle as Jesus lived on principle. It took Jesus to his death and it might take him to his death. But that would be much better than to become afraid of such men as those of the Student's Union and obey them from fear. He would not be worthy to be called a man if he should thus sell out to them. They were the enemies of their country and were doing their best to destroy patriotism. I hope I can get a translation of this and send it home. It is one of the best documents I have seen in a long time in any language.

Well this all up to date. Perhaps you will share it with the others of the family.

I judge your work is going well and that you are happy in it. I cannot make out just how far you are from Geraldine. I judge the distance would be written in terms of the time it takes to go rather than in miles.

Letters from home say that father keeps young and well. I miss letters from Mother and Elizabeth, and I have not forgotten the good letters Ruth used to write. I cannot visualize the changes that I shall face the next time I go home.

The very last mail brought from Mary some Century Farm field corn.

With love to you and all

Will

Remember me to Mr. Foster.

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*[This letter, dated May 3, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and all the peoples. He has been very busy for 3 weeks with late night business and social occasions. Miss Eunice Thomas was injured along with 20 or so others when the roof suddenly caved in during a service at the Sang Bo Church. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China  
May 3- 1925

Dear Mary and all the Peoples-

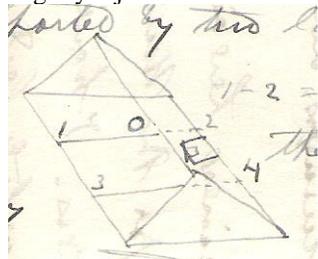
Before other items I must get the business of this letter off my mind. Will you please send checks to the children for the interest due each on that note or mortgage. I cannot reckon the full amounts for I do not know just when it began. But for each six months since interest began each child= Phebe K., Dorothy, Marjorie, Kathleen

should have \$7.95. This is the interest on \$265 for six months at 6% per annum. I have an idea that each child should have about  $3 \times \$7.95 = \$23.85$ . But I will do no more figuring. Will you adjust it and after this divide the interest to each child. You know Marjorie's and Kathleen's address= 197 W. Lorain St. Oberlin, Ohio. Dorothy's is 1826 N. Michigan Ave., Saginaw, Mich. I will see that you know what to do with Phebe's.

The last three weeks have been very hectic with me. What will you say to my being up on six different nights till nearly 1 a.m. the next morning,- sometimes it was business- sometimes social occasions. Mr. Brand asked his friends to see movies on the Netherlands. They were given way over South Side and began at 9:30 p.m.!! But it was the best movie that I ever saw. Why are there not more? Is it because people do not want that kind? When the film was finished we had a very good idea of the country, its dependencies, its geography, its people in their occupations, their play- their education etc- Bicycling, and skating are everywhere. The products of the country and the manufacturing were shown the Queen and the peasant. The tourists were supposed to be taken from one place to another on a train. As we went from one city to another the map was shown with the name of the new city coming out one letter at a time and then the train started. It went by jerks- like a centipede and did not always follow the track and at times fell off the track but always righted itself and arrived at its destination right side up. This was the funny part of the movie. I reached home just before 10 a.m. the next day. It was well worth the effort.

Two weeks ago Admiral Washington of our China American fleet came into Pagoda. He is an old friend of Admiral Washington and his captains and Lieutenants and Doctors to a dinner at his Yamen and I was included- this was a late affair. I have been down to the University twice or three times on business and to preach and this is a late job. But this last week I have been making up by taking a long after dinner nap.

A week ago today while Miss Eunice Thomas was at our Sang Bo Church the roof fell in and broke her right arm and cut her head so 19 stitches had to be taken. Two boys had legs broken and some twenty others were slightly injured The roof was supported by two large beams running the whole length of the church like this.



Handwritten notes: *supported by two beams*  
*1-2 = one beam, 3-4 = another beam. All the ends were decayed where they were in the wall. Beam 1-2 fell first. Point "1" gone way entirely. Miss Thomas was sitting at the organ = 0. All others were standing singing. She was injured worse than anyone else. They had to dig her out of the debris. Word was sent at once to Miss Perkins at Geu Cio Dong= the church nearest Ponasang Girls School. She got word to Dr. Dyer who was playing the pipe organ in the city church. Mr. Leger and Mr. Reumann were in churches in the suburbs not far from Sang Bo and were on the scene soon after the accident and helped get her on a cot bed used as a stretcher and went with her direct to the new woman's hospital here in the city- Dr. Kinnear set the arm and stretched her head. Yesterday half the stiches were removed and the splints taken off the arm for the first time. She is doing very well.*

Two boys had legs broken and about twenty others were slightly injured,- more seriously. It is marvelous that no one was worse injured.

Last Tuesday evening while I was at the University Mr. Scott received a letter from Dr. Gowdy. Mr. Kellogg was allowed to see him for the first time since he was taken ill. I wrote that one leg had been amputated. Gowdy remained with him only 5 minutes. He raised a glass of water to his lips for the first time. He is still running a temperature.

Another late night was a week ago yesterday the University Glee Club held their first Concert at Hua Nang= Meth ?? College Chapel. It was a grand success. Just as the audience had assembled before the singing began a very fierce thunder storm burst and it burst suddenly. The south windows were open and the wind blew the rain clear across the room and it struck me as I sat against the opposite wall. The young men sang just as college boys would sing at home. There were 16 in the Glee Club- all Chinese. Three of them were Foochow College boys. Last Thursday the Glee Club with the Volley Ball team left for Amoy- to sing and play in and near Amoy. Mr. and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Beach and Mr. Farley went with them. At the concert Mrs. Scott stood behind a screen draped with vines so she could hardly be seen. It was very effective.

The Anti-Cob continues to listen to a chapter on its Hand Book of Fukien. Last Fri. Consul Price read a paper on transportation. The papers are generally good and interest is sustained.

This summer a Mr. and Mrs. Tappan= you remember them as fellow passengers on our way out in 1921= are to be with us on Kuliang and Miss Hieb our stenographer. We will be a guest household. The Tappans' have two

children. The new club house is up above the windows on the front. The weather has been impossible. I never saw so much rainy weather in the spring.

You may remember Mr. Nga Geng Guong, Dean of Foochow College. His father died yesterday- he was 76. He has been a staunch Buddhist or Confucianist or Taoist. He forbode Geng Guong to unite with the church. Told him he could be a Christian but on no account could he be baptized. Geng Guong has said that as long as his father lived he could not be baptized. People are asking already what he will now do,- (the sun has shone all day. It is now thundering and lightening and raining hard.)

The St. Clairs, Reumann's, Bedients, Blakeney's, and Miss Nutting and Miss Waddell are getting off for the U.S. in June.

The Sentinels come with every mail. The first page is one of the best places to read world news. What is the matter between Mr. Wilhelm and the church? His resignation as the Sentinel gives it gives slight clue as to the trouble. I was a bit surprised for I had thought he was doing good work. I wish I could have heard Mary at the Lenten Foreign Missionary Meeting.

The spring work is begun. You are preparing the ground for corn. Oats are up and potatoes are in. The young stock want to get out and taste the young grass. I suppose you have only two horses now- how many cows?- My chicks are all here- 18 growing nicely. I have planted sweet corn twice and am ready to plant again. The corn you sent came all right. The cool weather has made cabbage, turnips, beets, swiss chard and even lettuce continues good.

Last week Sunday I preached in Chinese here in the city in the morning- lunched with Phebe and took the 2:30 p.m. launch for the University to preach and admit three of the students to the church, and baptize two others. I have spoken before the University students three times recently. I must hold up for a while lest they tire of me. How is Stephen? The last news was good news so we will hope he is all right,- and the same for Johnson ??.

With love to father Phebe and yourself and all the rest.

Will.

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*[This letter, dated May 17, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe M. He checked on the construction of the Club House on Kuliang. Foochow College decided to continue to participate in the annual parade on China's Day of Humiliation even though there have been Student Union problems recently. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.

May 17<sup>th</sup>. 1925.

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

Your good letter came the 12<sup>th</sup>. Phebe and I enjoy all the letters from home as much as your letters say that you enjoy ours. The typewriter has not been working well for several months and a few weeks ago it stuck. I think the only trouble was that I had not properly cleaned it. So I sent it over to the cleaner's and it is a pleasure now to work it. Mary's letter was in with yours. Together they throw light on several points that were hazy from the accounts one gets in the papers. I suppose it is well and altogether for the best that the papers do not and cannot print all the inside working so such episodes as the muss with the Shelton pastor. But its enlightening all the same to get from your letters some of the reasons for actions that the papers give us. Now for general observation. I wonder at the long suffering of congregations often. The actions of some ministers are almost beyond belief. I am at times ashamed to be on the list. But then I remember that Jesus selected one of his disciples who was not a man to represent him and ever since the ministry has had some such men in it and it has had to share with all other professions the stigma of some of its unwise and some of its unworthy members. We get such on the mission field at times and such efforts as the best Board Secretaries, with all their experience, can and do put forth do not sift them all out. I suppose this helps keep the ministry humble and sympathetic with the other professions.

The most unusual spring that we have had continues to be unusual. We have had only one hot day this spring. That was last Thursday. I chose that day to go to Kuliang. I taught two classes and started at 10:30. I got to the mountain foot at noon. The sun was shining his hottest. I had a lunch at the foot before starting the climb, but by the time I reached the summit I was all in. The contractor who is building the Club got a bowl of very good rice and four fresh boiled eggs and some nice fish. It was good and I did it all justice. Then I looked at my house, then at Mr. Leger's on the top of our hill, then I went over to the Amoy house, over the other side of the big rocks, and then back to the Club and looked it over rather carefully, then the man who is watching Mr. McClure's house (the house way down in the valley.) I think you were with me two years ago when they asked us to dinner with the Cannons. Those steps never looked so long and so steep. But I made them and then was off for home with a chair as far as to the first village this side of the foot of the mountain. I reached home at 6:30. Kuliang was as beautiful as ever. This

summer our house-hold is to be Mr. and Mrs. Tappan and two children from Hainan, HongKong, Miss Hieb (our stenographer) and us two. Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair are going home in June. I have engaged their servants and shall keep house in this house till Ellen comes. I hope she will be here this fall. The last letter from Geraldine said she had decided to go to Oberlin for further study in the fall. She would live with Kathleen. This would release Ellen. So I have high hopes that I shall not have to keep house for myself in the fall.

A week ago yesterday I went to Diong Loh. Phebe went down the day before. Miss Armstrong and Miss Phillips went down with me. Dr. and Mrs. Gillette were there in their private launch. The occasion was to say good bye to Miss Nutting who is leaving on furlough. Mr. Neff and Mr. Thelin are in that station now. They and with Miss Ward made up the dinner party. We had a right good time. Phebe and I were coming home the next morning. The launch was advertised to start at 10:30. We were at the starting place at 9:30 and the old tub was about twenty rods away steaming for Foochow. We went back and took a good rest all day free from all kinds of care. I purposely went to church late so as not to be asked to speak, - shirker. But when the pastor had finished and had gotten the people to singing, he came ways down the aisle to the last seat and asked me to "say a few words". I did.

Foochow College is still going. The heads of mission schools had two long meetings week before last over the action that we ought to take regarding the students of our schools joining the parade on China's Day of Humiliation, May 9<sup>th</sup>. We have always thought it right for our students to go on this parade and they have gone every year since it began. Every other school voted not to allow its students to go. We had two long faculty meetings over the matter and decided unanimously that we could not unite with the other mission schools in this decision. Our boys went as usual. I do not perceive that any harm has come to us in any way. We all felt that if we joined the other schools and tried to keep the boys home it would mean the busting up of the school. One other school has had to close because of the attempt to stop the boys from parading that day. Thus far this term there has been very good harmony between faculty and students here and between the students themselves. We have student government. A regularly organized student Republic. It has functioned and done good work this term.

I am rejoiced to hear the good news about Stephen, to think of staying at grandfather's six weeks. One week was the most I ever could stay at grandfather's. I can take some comfort that Theodore and Harold took the pains to bring my letter to them down for you to see. It must have had some value or they would not have taken that trouble.

I wish I could get home for a fortnight to help put in the corn. I am planting every inch of ground I can find here with sweet corn or with field corn. Yesterday I bought a bag of phosphate of ammonia for fertilizer here-- even night soil. And it costs heavily. I gave \$15.30 for 200 pounds. I expect to use it for two years.

Chickens are doing very well. 18 are still growing, getting too crowded in their wire cage. I am beginning to think of not taking them to the mountain this summer. Last summer I left half of them down here and they did better than those I took to the mountain. I shall not have the care of them at the mountain if I leave them down here with the gardner.

Phebe had better pick up and come out with Ellen in the fall for a vacation of a few months, and to see China. She may be able to go home in an air flivver next winter. And you can likely "pick her up" or "tune in" if you get stuck on how to make a special kind of cake or how to start the auto.

Thank you again for the Sentinels. I was much interested in the account of the 28<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Ben and Abbie's wedding. It was sad that father could not get there. Last night I ate a feast to the 80<sup>th</sup> birthday of a man` and his wife- both 80 years within a month of each other. Tell Oliver to remember me to Jim Drew.

Love to all

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **June 10, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father and all the folks. During an uproar about a workman being killed in a Shanghai Japanese Cotton mill, 4 students were killed by police. This has caused much trouble by the Student Union in Foochow and the mission schools all decided to close early. Willard's chickens are doing well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China

June 10<sup>th</sup> 1925

Dear Father and all the folks:-

To day I am a prisoner at Ponasang. You have read in the papers of the trouble in Shanghai. A workman in Shanghai in a Japanese cotton mill was killed. The students of Shanghai made demonstrations at the funeral- distributed hand bills and made speeches. The Shanghai police= controlled by foreigners arrested some students and locked them up. The students gathered and with the people some 2000 demanded the release of those shut up. There

was a struggle between students and police for 2 or 3 hours. The Chief of Police and one other officer- both foreigners- were backed down but rescued. The police were pushed inside the jail yard. They then succeeded in pushing the students back and down the street for a block or so. The students then took a stand and pushed the police again to the jail gates. The Chief of Police thought it necessary at this stage to give the order to his police to fire into the mob. Four students were killed and six wounded. Three of them died soon after they reached the hospital. The mob dispersed. The Shanghai volunteers= foreign men- business men and missionaries who offer their services in times of danger were called out. This was May 30. The students got arms and another battle took place a day or two afterward. The last reports received here said that in all 14 had been killed, - not all students. Marines from the American, British, Japanese, Italian and French ships have been landed. Representatives of seven nations met last Saturday and asked two representatives of the Student's Union to meet with them to consider a settlement. As to the right and wrong of the case, I must not speak now. There are two statements however which I think may be made. 1<sup>st</sup> This affair is unifying China and it has touched all the principal nations of the world. The British are the center of attack by the Chinese. 2<sup>nd</sup> Bolshevism is playing a very important part in the proceedings. There has been a Bolshevik College in Shanghai for sometime with Chinese Students in attendance. The tactics used thus far by the students are in line with Bolshevism. Many ask where the money comes from to finance the propaganda that is going on. It seems evident that Russian Bolshevism could tell.

Now for Foochow news. Tuesday June 2<sup>nd</sup>. Telegrams from Shanghai has caused the Foochow Students Union to declare a strike for all Foochow students. No mission school obeyed. In the government schools the students control. These students at once demanded that examinations be held immediately. These were completed Saturday June 6<sup>th</sup>. A parade, in sympathy with the Shanghai students who had been killed and imprisoned, was staged for Sunday June 7<sup>th</sup> with threats for any students who refused to parade. Foochow College is right near the home of the Student's Union. Until Saturday morning both our students and the faculty thought we could complete the term by holiday examinations this week. But on Saturday morning all but one teacher- a young man- were convinced that there would be grave danger if we were in session on Sunday. At noon Saturday we decided to close immediately. Most of the other mission schools closed before midnight Saturday. The parade took place Sunday morning- 13 groups- less than 200 in all, not a large parade. The streets were placarded with posters calling on the people to rise and destroy imperialism. Monday and yesterday fresh posters with pictures of police shooting students and various other cartoons and language of a highly inflammable character continued to be posted. On Monday a monster parade was ordered for today Wed. All shops were ordered closed tight all day. No work of any kind was to be allowed. Most of the mission girls schools closed yesterday. Wenshan noted to disband at 10:30 a.m. There were 15 girls here from Diong Loh= 15 miles down the river. The Chinese teachers said some foreigner must go home with them. The Diong Loh launch left at 1:00 p.m. Phebe was asked to go with them. By dark some 175 girls had left- each under the care of some one from her home or from the school. I had planned to go out for supper with Phebe and had sent word. About 4:30 p.m. I heard she had gone to Diong Loh and also heard that Miss Perkins and Miss Holton were alone at Ponasang and that they, especially Miss Holton, would feel better if a man were in the compound, so instead of coming out to take supper with Phebe, I came out to take supper and spend the night and today and probably tonight here at Wenshan where I am writing this. We practically agreed that it would not be necessary on anyone, with a big parade on, with posters calling on the populace to use guns, bombs or anything to kill imperialism (Imperialism is the word used for the authority which opposed the students in Shanghai). We thought it wise to keep quiet to day, so I am here- just to be a man's presence here.

I had rather not give opinions or make remarks or tell what I think of the future. Some must breathe deeply and keep calm and think coolly and straight, when most men are hot headed. There are a lot of Chinese who are doing this now. Another general remark may be made- gathered not from the present affair from my observations of the past four or five years. The method of dealing with China which the powerful nations use- has greatly changed from what it was ten years and longer ago. Britain and America think long and carefully now before they make a demand or do anything drastic. A few rifle shots in Shanghai resulting in the killing of 7 young men- all on the order of one man has set the biggest nation on earth on fire and involved 7/8 of the world.

The weather this year has been surprisingly cool. We have had a single unendurable day and I have had a blanket over me every night thus far. To come out here last evening [I] put on a woolen coat and am wearing it today. There has been an unusual amount of rain but no flood. I picked four ears of sweet corn and brought them out with me. We had them for dinner last night. They will be larger and better next week but it was corn. Chickens are still doing well. I have 1 fine Wh. Leghorn rooster 3 yrs. old, one not very good R. Island Red rooster 1 yr. old, 2 R.I.R. hens 7 7/8 R.I.R. 1/8 Wh. Leghorn hens and two native hens that I have used for hatching and the 18 chickens. I must reduce the number. I plan to take the old fowls to the mountain and leave the young ones in Foochow with the gardner. I can eat or sell the old ones- as I want to on the mountain and it is very nice to have fresh eggs- as Mary may perhaps bear witness. I have already planted corn four times. The corn you sent has come

up all right. I have planted all the ground I could find here and given seed to Chinese to plant for two weeks we have all had all the string beans we could eat every day. Beets have been delicious.

Day before yesterday June 8<sup>th</sup> I went to Kuliang,- took a ricksha half way across the plain and walked the rest of the way. The new club house had most of the roof boards on and some of the tiles- all on by this time. I went specially to see Ned Smiths house which must have the roof changed. The day was not hot and I took just three hours from my city house to the Kuliang club. The village that we pass thru in going from the club to the tennis courts has been practically rebuilt. The houses are two story and five large ones- stores, with nice counters covered with galvanized sheet iron, and with good glass doors. We need a cable or cog rail road up the mountain, a telephone and electric lights,- all of which we are discussing. I suppose you have had electricity so long that you cannot remember how it seemed to be without it. Do you use it for power or for cooking or heating at all? The last letter told us that Daniel was already on the job- good for him. The last mail brought two large bundles of Sentinels. I have read only two of them- the last week has been too hectic to do much reading. The last mail also brought the appointment for me as Mission Treasurer until Mrs. Christian's return in September. Miss Thomas is getting better as fast as possible. She sits up and dangles her feet off the bed. Her back is very sore- some of the ribs must have been cracked and the broken arm does not straighten, but I understand this is always the hardest part of getting a broken arm back to normal. I have not yet heard what the girls are doing this summer- some of them planned to help Myra. I hope you will see Vivienne before the summer is over. I know how it will please Gould to bring her.

I see in writing about things here I write with Mary in mind- almost unconsciously for she has been here and knows.- God is still our loving, caring Father and does all things well. With love to all Will

Let others see this please.

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*[This letter, dated June 11, 1925, was written from Hiram, Ohio by Gould to his mother. He tells of his confidence in his fiancé and their future. A shower is being held for Vivienne that evening. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hiram, Ohio.  
June 11, 1925.

Dear Mother:-

Your last letter was a fine one. I realize fully all that you said. It was a good coobuation[?] of what I have observed while travelling up and down thru the world. I have not had the experience yet, but the many families I have been acquainted with have each given me something as to knowledge about married life, its joys and sorrows, and I am not entering into this wedlock expecting a feathery path to glide on all the time.

I do, however have the faith in Vivienne and in myself to believe that we are determined enough to make this act the best of our lives and to make it a happy one for each other "till death do us part". I have thought much about how to avoid all the little misunderstandings that creep in to undermine the foundation of love that begins every couples break up. I am beginning by having nothing to be taken for granted, to keep no secrets- I have nothing in my life to hide and she has nothing in hers either.

Are Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma to be there after the 15<sup>th</sup>. If they are we (Mrs. Ross, Viv. and I) would like them to drive you all up for a visit. Mrs. Ross says there would be plenty of room to keep you over night after the 15<sup>th</sup> and they want to see all of you very much. I was rather planning on bringing Vivienne down to Oberlin on my way thru to A. That will be the 19<sup>th</sup> thru 20<sup>th</sup>. Of course this is if it is convenient for you.

I finished what work I had laid out to do in Ann Arbor Monday night; caught the 8 o'clock car to Detroit; got the 11.30 boat for Cleveland and caught the 7:00 a.m. buss for Hiram; and at 9:30 a.m. I had my own dear sweetheart clasped to my heart.

This morning I am taking a couple of hours off while Vivienne does something for herself. I am staying at a Karl ??'s who is engaged to Vivienne's chum. This little college is merely a hotbed for engagements. Two were announced last night. They are giving Vivienne a shower tonight and I am to keep her occupied away from home till they get ready. It is rather funny to walk about here and know that everyone (girls especially) are peeking around the trees and whispering about Vivienne's beau. That's what I get for taking the [page torn] girl in the college and a small college too. They all have me spotted already.

I will write particulars about visits when you tell me how it will be most convenient for you.

Love to all,  
Your only son,  
Gould.

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[This letter, dated **June 14, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Stanley and his family. Whooping cough has made its way through the children of the compound. He talks about the Shanghai situation and the students. He is staying at the Wen Shan School to protect the female teachers. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard, family of Willard F. Beard.]

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

June 14- 1925

Dear Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth:-

Nearly every mail during recent months has brought news about you or letters from you to the folks that have been inclosed. Phebe and I are very glad that Stephen has made such a good recovery from the whooping cough. Just as we heard of your having it all the children in this compound except two very young babies were "whooping her up" in great shape. All have recovered. There have been eight= 3 Reumanns, 3 Legers and two St. Clairs who are able to run and get into all manner of mischief- fighting with Chinese paper umbrellas as weapons, poking my chickens with sticks thru the wire cage, or coop, throwing stones at a large water jar, made of clay and baked, in which I kept water for the garden, etc., etc. - Beside these there were Francis St. Clair and Ruth Leger born in February. The St. Clairs left yesterday afternoon for furlough and the Reumanns leave in a few days. But the Goertz's will come in from Gek Siong Sang= near Wenshan where Phebe is, in Sept. They have two small children.

It seems very quiet here today. The last few days have been pretty lively with packing etc. and then St. Clair was Mission Treas. and that job falls to me. I have told the mission that I will try to sell Boston drafts and write checks for them so they can get along until Sept. Mrs. Christian comes then to take the Treasurer ship. But I will not do much at posting and keeping the books. It is going to be an everlasting or rather constant nuisance to me. To morrow I had promised to go down to the University to see about the purchase of some land that we need for one of the buildings. To days mail brought two letters- one for a hurry up deposit to be made from selling gold drafts for the Shaowu mission- one for a check to go to Pagoda tomorrow. I should leave here about 7 a.m.

Whatever one may be doing or writing or saying, in the back of his mind these days is the student situation. The Chinese students have certainly put China on the map. I shall be interested in seeing what the home papers print. It is impossible for us here in Foochow to get facts enough to make up our minds about the affair in Shanghai May 30<sup>th</sup>. It seems pretty clear that the students challenged the authority of the Shanghai Municipal Police- the students wished to parade, to make street speeches to crowds and to distribute handbills which had anti foreign sentiments in them. These were all against the regulations. There was a conflict after some students had been arrested and put in jail; - the mob of 1 or 2 thousand demanded the release of the imprisoned students. The Police fired into the mob and killed four and wounded six - three of whom died shortly. This was the beginning. In Shanghai some 14 have been killed in the various conflicts and a few days ago more were killed in Hankow. A telegram received at 9 this morning says that all those imprisoned in Shanghai have been released.

The reaction in Foochow has resulted in all schools closing about two or three weeks earlier than they had planned. A week ago today there was a parade in protest of the shooting and imprisoning of students in Shanghai- not a large number- less than 200. But on Wednesday last a monster parade took place. 190+ different units 10000+- students- merchants- workmen- Chamber of Commerce- Education Board- guilds -etc., etc. They said it took two hours for the parade to pass a given point. Phebe's school decided to disband at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday. 15 of the girls came from Diong Loh= 15 miles down the river. She went down with them. Miss Perkins and Miss Holton were at Wenshan alone. The rumors were rather disquieting for a girl who had been here only a short time and Priscilla Holton wanted a man around. I am a detached male, so I went out Tuesday evening and staid with them till Thursday morning. I told the foreigners and we all agreed that it would be wise to curb our curiosity on Wednesday and forego the pleasure of seeing the parade. Some foreigners did go on the streets and one- a peculiar Australian rod a bicycle and passed most of the parade in the city here and he held a preaching service in front of one of the churches in the afternoon. The students came in and drove the audience out once or twice but they all returned and nothing happened. Foochow College disbanded a week ago yesterday. The Student Union entered our church near Wenshan and berated the people for attending church when they should have been parading. Fortunately only 16 Wenshan girls were present. Delegates from the Union came to see if Foochow College was really closed. If they had found 500 boys at church I should not like to be responsible for what might have occurred.

Tuesday June 16-

To day we hear thru a telegram that students in Kiu Kiang = up the Yangtse above Nanking= burned the Japanese Tai Won Bank, then wrecked the British Consulate and attacked the British Consul. I will not write of

Hankow. You have read of it. East and West are meeting all right- but with all the force on one side. We see more clearly than ever the difference in attitude regarding obedience,- respect for authority. There is very little in China. The student class specially has always held- and the other classes have backed them up- they were privileged to do about as they pleased. We wonder at what we call their stupidity in gathering in mobs and facing men who are armed with rifles that are ready to mow them down. But their own people and their own official allow them [to] go about the streets of any city and take any goods out of any store, claim they are Japanese, and pile them up in the street and burn them. These same students can beat up any peaceable citizen or stab with knives any peaceable citizen as they please and no one even remonstrates.- Now put this attitude of mind against the attitude of mind of the westerner, who has been from earliest childhood and for generations taught to respect law and to desire order- and there must be a clash.

Last Saturday there was a meeting of some 150 Christians in Foochow to discuss the situation in Shanghai. They agreed on the following as fact in the Shanghai affair. 1. A defenseless body of students doing nothing to injure anyone was fired into by a strongly armed police force. 2. Only 10 seconds elapsed between the telling the students they would be fired on and the actual firing. 3. Forty shots were fired into the crowd. 4. All the students were shot in the back.- Well our servants were to be told today that they must strike. Last Friday the three or four stores that sell most of what the foreigners eat were guarded by students and no provisions were allowed to be delivered. (Each of these assertions is of course quite a stronger to the truth.) This is enough to let you see a little of our life here. It will be good for Christianity for the students are dragging in their anti foreign and anti Christian propaganda, and the Christians are realizing as never before that they must be able to tell what and why they believe. I never saw anything that pulled the Christians together as this crisis has. The one word on all lips is Bieu Se= express. The Gospel grows at such times.

I wish you [could] come drop in and dine with Hightower and me. We are "Batching" it. This evening we had sweet corn, string beans and strawberries from our own garden and omelet from our own hen fruit. We have carrots and cabbage and beets and swiss chard. My 18 chickens are doing finely. I have a prime Wh. Leghorn rooster 3 yrs. old= the father of the chickens and a full blooded Rh. Island Red rooster and three hens. I have in all 9 blooded hens. In March they laid 204 eggs. Phebe has does a heavy terms work and has grown strong all the time. She is glad of a rest now tho. The Shaowu people are not coming to Foochow this year.

I am enclosing a photo of a man clad in an overcoat made of a Prince Albert coat that came as a Christmas present last December. His gloves are a Christmas present also. It = the coat came in just the right time for he had no light overcoat.

How long will it be before we will be talking with each other? Does Ruth pick up Chicago [by radio]- and Sousa's Band and does she listen to the world[?] dashing at Golden Gate? How very small the world is! All are now neighbors. I wish they could realize it and learn to be neighborly. God has prepared so many nice things for us and He has showed us how to use so many nice things- the air- electricity- mines- water- and lots of things. And He has trained our minds to think thoughts that have been in His mind,- thoughts of love and mercy and patience and helpfulness and so many of us keep our minds down in the poison of selfishness and envy and hatred. But if the present seems to portend an ill future, we must remember that the darkest time of the night is just before the sun peeps over the horizon with her first morning rays. God has been very good to all of us. I hope He'll send Ellen out in the fall.

With lots of love to all Will.

Can you let the others of the family see this.

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*[Undated typewritten letter, but between 1923 and 1925. This letter was found in Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook.]*

A Letter from Peking Government University  
The Anti-Religion Union.

We have taken an oath to root out the poison and the harms of religion for the sake of mankind and society. We intensely hate and are deeply grieved by the poison religion is disseminating among mankind which tends to bring society to a million fold worse than the worst anarchy of ancient times. If you have religion you can't have mankind; if you have mankind you should have no religion; the two can't exist together. Mankind is by nature evolutionary, religion falsely says man and all things were made and placed on the earth by Heave (God); men are free and equal, but religion would fetter thinking and deform individuality by worship of idols; mankind is by nature

fond of peace, is good and fond of righteousness, but religion entices by means of promises of heaven and frightens by talking about hell. Religion naturally lacks the authority of awe-inspiring virtue, so they must produce man-made superstitions. Religion being naturally hypothetical they dress up the false so that it will seem to be true and harm men the more. In short since god himself is not the product of physical and chemical forces, then what sort of thing is he? If the life of a saviour is nothing our consciousness can imagine, then what is it? If there is Creator why didn't he make electric lights and aeroplanes in the first place? If he has power to reward and punish why doesn't he make all people be good? The absurdities of religion are utterly incompatible with the truth of science; despicable religion is absolutely contrary to humanitarianism.

China as compare with other countries is fairly clean in that it has no government religion, but in recent decades Christianity has been day by day inoculating and infecting the country, and within recent months there is talk of some sort of Christian students federation planning to come to Peking and hold meetings in the national capital in broad day light. On consideration mankind has received more poison and harm from Christianity than all other religions because their methods of propagation are more subtle than that of others. Their hateful poison is used with all their power to tempt young students. The students are naturally pure and clean but easily tempted, so they use money secured in questionable ways to build large showy buildings which they call Christian associations. They tell the young students that they do not need to believe Christianity to become members, but once enter and you are led step by step into Christianity. The Y.M.C.A. is the preparatory school of Christianity- the place where Christians are made. Billiards [*Billiards?*], alas! Athletic meets alas! Moving pictures alas! Famous lectures, alas! Scholarship aid alas! Ushering, alas! Social meetings, alas! Captains of membership teams, alas! These are the chloroform, the hypnotism, which they use to distribute poison, alas! The pity of the terrible harm done to youth of unlimited possibilities, alas! The detestible Christians bring the personalities of our young students to what a state! Words fail to tell the crimes of religion! Ordinarily most people either pay no attention or do not understand the poison, but when you once carefully consider the matter and how sad the situation is, flesh and blood can stand no more but at once springs up to oppose religion and protect the truth.

We have formed the great Anti-Religion Union, and our one object is to oppose religion, without regard to party and absolutely no other aim. There are no restrictions of race, nationality, sex or age. There is no middle ground between believing a religion and opposing it. All who are not superstitious, and all who want to do away with the poison of religion are at one with us. This is the proclamation of the Anti-Religion Union.

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*[This letter, dated June 21, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Phebe M. She talks about the Shanghai trouble and the student's reaction. She tells about a play given by the students to raise money for the earthquake in Yunnan. The Y.W.C.A. is closing in Foochow. Miss Thomas is recuperating from her injuries sustained in the church roof collapse. Phebe moves up to Kuliang and finds it quiet at their house. Her furlough has been approved for the next year and she is looking forward to it. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

Wen Shan Girl's School

Foochow, Fukien  
June 21, 1925.

Dear Aunt Phebe,

The last few weeks, as well as being very busy, have been full of excitement. We being a girls' school hear of it only thru the heads of boys schools or in other ways by hearsay, but more recently we have been taken into the councils that talk over conditions and try to help decide a general policy of action for the body of mission schools of Foochow City.

One of the finest things that has happened for some time is the organization of a Christian Middle School Teachers' Association in Foochow. There have been three meetings so far and the one held on June 6 was attended by nearly all the teachers, men and women, of nearly all the Christian schools in Foochow. It took them from a bit after three till about six to elect their officers, and I enjoyed watching the development of the "group mind". Do you ever hear of that in America? The president of the Association is the head Chinese secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and Principal of the Y.M.C.A. school. The women were taken in as cordially and normally as if it had always been done in China, and while the nominating committee was out at work, each one present introduced himself or herself and told from what school he came. I hope that there may grow out of this association a new idea of what teachers and their work may be, and an enlargement of the teachers' view of educational problems. There are some very fine and outstanding people in the group as well as some interesting examples of the first step away from the old-style

Chinese “teacher”. As I sat watching the Chinese do their own talking and organizing yesterday afternoon, I felt very modern in realizing that this war like many organizations of the same sort of the U.S.A. We really aren’t far behind, and in some things we are ahead of you!

A few weeks ago one of the finest graduates of Foochow College, the A.B.C.F.M. boys’ school in the walled city, who is teaching in a Chinese school in Amoy, brought twenty or more of his boys, High School Seniors, up to the Provincial Capital to see the sights and visit the Parliament and the prisons. We felt honored that the only girls’ school he included in his list of places to visit was ours, and the morning on which they came to chapel was a pleasure alike to teachers and students. The boys conducted themselves most admirably, and like most Amoy people, looked bright. After Mr. Go their guide had told our girls about the school he was representing we asked the boys to sing. Mr. Go is quite a musician, and he accompanied them in singing their school song. Then our girls sang their school song in return.

Last week a similar group of Amoy boys was here from another school, a government school (for the other was one run and endowed by a private citizen.) They were being entertained at the government Normal School in the City. One night the wall of an adjoining lot fell and as some of the boys were sleeping in the courtyard just under it to keep cool, it killed seven or eight of them. One of them was the brother of a girl in the Methodist Girls’ College and it was a sad day for her when she had to go and identify the body of the only son in her family and both of them away from home. For to die away from home is a real disaster in China.

By this time you have all heard of the Yunnan earthquake and of the need of that section. Is it lack of power to advertise on the part of the Chinese, or the fact that the affected area is sparsely settled, or that it is far away from the rest of the world, or is it just lack of communication which made the news so long in reaching us, as compared to the news of the Yokahama disaster two years ago. They say that this one is second only to that in its severity.

When the University students hear of it they came to Foochow from the University site half way down the river and printed tickets for a relief entertainment they planned to give. Then they walled a meeting of the representatives of all the schools of Foochow and told of their plan asking each school to take tickets and pledge themselves either to see or stand back of all they took so that the fund would not lose by failure to sell tickets. The place was to be the Y.M.C.A. building. Our representative was a rather level-headed senior. Knowing that girls in a boarding school have little freedom for going on the streets, she refused to take as many tickets as the University boys tried to make her take, and on the way home while her coolie-chaperone was changing money at the money exchange, she sold six tickets to some of the shop keepers nearby.

Just before the play was to take place we heard suddenly that because of the trouble with students in Shanghai, they thot the Y.M.C.A. unsafe for the relief function, so asked if they could have it here. We were glad to have them, and the boys came and made their own arrangements, hiring a stage from a local theater company, and scenery, and borrowing costumes of our teachers etc. Seats were brought from the church across the way, and our grounds were brightly lighted by ascetaine lights hung in trees and before the stage. We had a large audience that was quiet and the most responsive of any audience I have seen in China.

You may be interested in a resume of the plot of the play they gave. It was taken from a magazine story, Chinese of course, and quite modern. Incidentally we were pleased with it as a wholesome and rather apropos influence at this time.

The daughter and only child of a Chinese couple who are well-off and careful of Chinese etiquette, typical modern parents, are sending their daughter to a mission school where she is imbibing in Western knowledge and a disconcerting amount of Western ideas about the freedom of the younger generation and of women in particular. The opening scene shows her very ill, and after a most realistic and amusing scene where two Chinese doctors try to prescribe for her by reading their prescriptions from a newspaper, and then urging the father to buy 7 lbs. of dried fruit, 2 of squirrel fur and other things equally absurd, expensive and ineffective, and after the father drives them both out in distrust and anger, he sent for a young Chinese who has studied Western medicine abroad. He comes quietly in, takes her temperature and leaves a bottle of medicine to be taken a dose every hour and promises to return to see her later. He also prescribes exercise- tennis and walking. She quickly recovers and then develops quite a friendship between them. The parents are a bit uncomfortable about the ways the lady takes things into her own hands in her relations with the young doctor, tho they like him. They scold her for being forward and she takes the opportunity to air her newly gained ideas of freedom in marriage choice. After two or three calls where the two of them try to talk to the subject of love and marriage, he comes straight to the point and asks her if she could love him. She dismissed him abruptly giving no satisfactory reason and leaving him as much devoted to her as ever. She then takes up with a very attractive young man of whom she knows nothing, and very much against her father’s wishes becomes engaged to him. The doctor comes to warn her that he is a most useless sireable character, but she remains stubborn. A furious and finely acted scene then takes place where the father goes into a real Chinese fury in

his efforts to scold his daughter out of her foolishness. Another scene shows the agony of the love-lorn doctor very realistic when one considers that all this idea is practically new to them as yet. The wedding day comes, the gaily decked bride enters with the usual Western ceremonies, and they are just to be pronounced man and wife when in rushes an untidy wench who seizes the groom and drags him to the door asking who told him he might do that. Didn't he remember marrying her only two years ago? Well, he was coming right home with me! And home he went, meek as a lamb. The poor bride suffers an agony of remorse and sorrow, to find that all she has refused to believe is true and the maid takes her to her room only to return in a few minutes to tell her ???that she went to get the girl some tea and returned to find her stretched at full length on the floor. The young doctor is sent for and as he enters a letter is thrust into his hand. After he reads it he promptly faints and the curtain falls on the last of the play. The lady's 1<sup>st</sup> ???then hung outside the curtain written on a scroll and confessed her wrongs in trying to marry the bad man, and stating that she finds ?? really in love with the doctor all along. But she has lost too much face to live so has killed herself. (I thot the poison worked rather quickly or it might have been a hanging.)

The acting was very spirited and even from our point of view I thot it a good interpretation. The Father of the girl and the young doctor were very fine, the lover throwing himself into his part so realistically that I should think he would have been a rag by the end. The many fine things said about the young people's having a voice in their own marriage arrangements and the fine sentiments expressed by the agonized doctor when he dementedly determined to kill the rival because he had no right to deceive an innocent young girl were loudly clapped by the audience which followed very quietly and eagerly. Most plays in China are unintelligible as far as hearing goes, and this new privilege of having the action explained by words kept the listeners so quiet that we didn't notice their presence except when they applauded. Such is young China in three or four aspects.

About June second, we heard that because of some unpleasantness at the customs in Shanghai the students had made a demonstration. Also because of the accidental death of a worker (Chinese) in a Japanese factory the students had simply smashed up the interior of that factory completely. When the volunteer foreign police of Shanghai came to settle things the students had not be amenable to reason and after a long struggle with them, the police fired, killing six we heard. In another battle a few days later, eight more were killed and the Shanghai students telegraphed to Foochow that all business and schools must close. For several days everything was closed in Shanghai, but is is practically all right now, except for the stevedores on the water front. There was a parade on June seventh when several students rushed in to the church across the way where our girls go, and made a rather frightening commotion. They said they had told people not to have services till the trouble was fixed up. The people rushed to the front of the church away from the doors but as soon as the students went, they resigned their seats and the service was finished. No other church so far as we have hear had any trouble and we think this one was entered only because it was on the direct route of march and they saw a service going on as they passed which acted as a red rag to a bull. I heard that the officials were not pleased with the idea of a demonstration, but as Government now had little to say as to what people shall or shall not do, the parade took place just the same.

From June 7 to 14, much happened. On Monday night the 8<sup>th</sup>, Miss Perkins and Miss Ding our head Chinese teacher, made the rounds of the South Side schools to see what they were planning to do. All were going to keep till their schedules finished, except the M.E. Girls' College, Hwa Nan, which was closing Tuesday because the University had closed. When our girls heard that, tho before they wished to keep till the 24<sup>th</sup>, they sent us a petition saying 1) they did not want to be the first school to close, nor the last to close; 2) that since Hwa Nan was closed, they did not wish to wait for the Anglican Middle School, (a tactful hint that they wished to close immediately) and 3) that they asked us, the faculty, to let their term daily average stand as the term mark, and the fourth month exam as the final exam. On Tuesday morning our University graduate science teacher came in very early, saying that he had received a letter telling him, if he was to continue coming to school he had best go at a different time than usual - - - which he took to be a threat against his safety to say the least. As a fact this is hardly a treat at all, in this day of pirates' knives, crossbones, guns, red spots etc., on letters that say you will be killed if you do such and such things. But the Chinese are very open to suggestion.

After a brief chapel service that morning, the faculty met for an hour and a half trying to come to gether on some agreement that would allow patriotism for both sides. We finally had to vote to close. Vacations of one or two days to sympathize with the students in mourning for the death of those killed in Shanghai was forbidden as unpatriotic by our consul, and the teachers as well as the girls feared an attack and violence on Wednesday when there was to be a parade past our gates, if we did not close. That would make our girls strike they feared when they felt the mob spirit of the parade so we felt that closing was the wisest way. The girls were very long faced when they heard it, but their spirit had been quiet, thotful, and friendly all along. It was really a question of international relations, and it was the only course. Things like that somehow take on significance and grow in importance in the light of later developments. The faculty finally voted that in the interest of education exams would have to be taken in the fall.

We have fifteen Dionghloh girls here in school and as there was a launch at 1 P.M. that day they had to rush to get packed and ready to take it, as we hoped to get as many girls out of school before Wednesday as possible. Letters were sent to the parents to come that afternoon and get their girls as the Chinese teachers feared to go on the launch, I escorted the girls down. It was a lovely day and we had a pleasant ride. One girl tried to go home with the sister of the boy to who she is engaged, but luckily, I didn't allow it, for the betrothed ones might have met --- which in China would have been most unseemly!!!! When I got back on Thursday I found that there was practically no excitement on Wednesday. The students paraded, and the foreigners all stayed at home. All schools that had not closed before did so perforce of circumstances on those two days, so now every one is having a few weeks of unexpected rest and time to get ready for Kuliang easily. The University boys have been in a days conference with the Student Union discussing their position toward Christianity. The University boys contend that since China is pledged to the principle of religious freedom and toleration, they cannot single out Christianity to oppose more than any other religion. It is unfortunate that the Anti-Christian Movement of the last two years should come to a head at this time when it gets mixed with the Anti-foreign Movement and feeling engendered by this particular event.

The Chinese Christians had a mass meeting at the Y.M.C.A. last week to discuss their position on the situation. After hearing both sides, and getting as much information as possible, they voted to send telegrams to Peking and Shanghai asking for justice, regardless of nationality, and for as speedy and peaceful a settlement as possible. They also wrote a letter to the members of the three missions working here asking them for an expression of their feeling. In accordance with this request, there was a very full and representative gathering of missionaries last Wednesday night when several outlines were read and the general feeling of the group was taken. A committee was then appointed to draft the letter to this Chinese group and I think it is now sent. It is interesting to see how conservative the British are in admitting that their policy of foreign relations has not been entirely conducive to a complete and friendly understanding and faith in them on the part of the Chinese. But we got together on the main points that we regretted the occurrence in Shanghai and wished for a speedy, thorough and impartial settlement based on Christian principles. This will reassure our Chinese friends as to our feeling on the matter.

The servants on South Side had a meeting to see what they would do. They declared a strike to begin last Wednesday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, but it has not come off and probably will not now. Things here are very much the same as usual and people are going to the mountain fast. We are able now to get food from the foreign shops if we send by a Chinese messenger for it, as we were unable to do a few days ago. Meat is still hard to get because the butchers are killing only one or two animals a day and the cuts are very soon sold. That condition will probably soon pass. At no time during the disturbance have I felt any anxiety for the foreigners, for the Chinese are good talkers but well controlled. The feeling against Japan and England is still quite strong due I imagine mostly to past history. It is interesting to ride on the launches or hear the people talking on the streets, the illiterate common people and hear their version of the situation. They confide themselves mostly to facts tho they often throw in remarks and comments that show the direction of their thots on the subject. I was asked yesterday if I were a Japanese!! I can't imagine why my being able to speak the language was any reason to make the old gentleman think I was a Japanese, for I was wearing a hat, and I am not yet tanned for the summer!!!!

The Y.W.C.A. in Foochow is closing up for good so as to release its very charming and able secretaries for more responsive places. The Foochow women have never taken hold of the organization as they should, and other places are so needy for workers that our fine ladies are being transferred to those places, much to our sorrow. Last week their Association and house furniture was on sale and at the end of this month they go.

On June 4<sup>th</sup> the ladies at the Union Kindergarten Training School gave a farewell party for all those leaving on furlough this June. From the Methodist and A.B.C.F.M. missions there were twelve or more leaving and as the Y.W.C.A. is closing there were also some Chinese workers. We first provided some necessary articles for the departing ones by tearing them out of paper. They were judged by two men, and they chose a prophylactic tooth brush, an umbrella, a child's dress and a steamer and a suitcase, as being most appropriate and the best executed. Then we wrote telegrams to them using the words Good Wishes as an acrostic, and they wrote telegrams to us using the words Fine Voyage. The telegrams were rare. As a last bit of fun the furlough people all fished for gifts from the highest point in the lovely rockery they have at the Kindergarten while people below hooked the "fish" on their hooks.

For eight weeks now Miss Thomas who was hurt very seriously by the falling of the church roof on her while playing the organ for morning service, has been gaining slowly. We were not able to see her for two or three days, then only her family here at Wen Shan, but now she has as many callers find time to drop in. Some of the friends in Foochow have done such sweet things as to send a new variety of rose with a verse or letter to introduce it every day. These hot days are very trying as she still lies almost all the time on her back, sitting up now for two weeks only half an hour twice a day. She is not able to raise herself and to walk alone for some distance, does

crossword puzzles, and reads a great deal. An electric fan has helped a deal to make the heat endurable. Fortunately at the time of the accident only two others were badly hurt that we heard of, two children whose legs were broken. They are both recovering nicely, one in the same hospital with Miss Thomas, one at home under a Chinese doctor's care.

The flowers in the house have been my care since Miss Thomas' absence, and it has been a pleasure. Gladiolas are beautiful now and huge and plentiful. Snap-dragons have been in for a long time, Easter lilies, dahlias and very fragrant white native flower are what we now have. Our own nasturtiums are doing pretty well tho they are now past their prime, and the dainty pink fairy lily reminds me of Wordsworth's "Daffodils" every time I see their bright little patch on the lawn.

And now in less than three weeks we shall be gone to Kuliang, with summer ahead of us. I hope your summer will be restful and happy.

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

This is the 9<sup>th</sup> of July, and such a rainy day we didn't have during the whole summer Aunt Mary was here. A little typhoon has been raging for three days and so we may have nine this summer. By the Chinese proverb if we have a typhoon in the seventh month it will have nine children; an eighth month typhoon has no children.

The package that brought your gift of cloth for a dress was such a happy surprise; and the material is lovely! Everyone else is quite jealous; which of course, womanlike ?? my appreciation of it, or more properly, my joy in it. I have it here and am going to have it made up by the same tailor that made Aunt Mary's dresses here.

Kuliang is almost strange after one summer away. The hills and sunsets are the same, and as I came up that first bright day and saw them, they gave me a sense of rest and satisfaction just to be here. But at least half the people are strange and I need as much introducing almost as our secretary-stenographer, Helen Hieb, whom I am hostess-ing. Our other people, the Tappans with their two children haven't come yet, and may not, as Hongkong is closed up and we have heard nothing from them. I miss the children, but it is restful to be quiet. People are leaving us pretty much alone, and I am beginning to fear it is intentional, so I can rest- for Susan Armstrong never fails to tell me she hopes the Tappans won't come, when she sees me. I am resting grandly. Cook, washerman, house boy, amah- these are the servants for four people. Mr. Thelin boards here but only 3 live here. I didn't go to mission meeting today as the wind is too hard to walk against.

The new Club House is very attractive and nearly done now. Our Fourth of July entertainment was held there, and the new chairs and the big room of stone are fine. The entertainment consisted of nine tableaux illustrating the life of the Pilgrims and they were very pretty and very well done. It seemed so good to see big High School children once more, for in Foochow we see almost none.

Today my furlough was voted for next year at this time; so it will not now be long before I come home. It does sound good and I am beginning to look forward to it. I am planning soon to send Aunt Mary a much belated package soon with bamboo paper knives, jade pendants and some little cards in it. Other things will come soon. The other morning I bought over \$10 worth of embroideries, choice old ones, like those we used to get years ago, and almost never see now. The pedlars have begun to take the up-river districts for these things now.

You will be having a birthday yourself before I can get this to you. I hope it may be very happy, and that it may "lead on" many others after it, as we used to translate in Latin, just as happy.

My warm love and good wishes for a happy summer to all at Century Farm, and a special lot for you on your birthday from

Phebe K.

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*[This letter, dated **June 28, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He tries to keep calm and level headed while much unrest and instability is about in China. He is standing in as the mission treasurer. He includes a letter written to the Chinese Christian Association by a committee he is on regarding the Shanghai situation. His corn is growing well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow China  
June 28, 1925

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

It looks from my correspondence register as if it might be your turn for a letter. A good one from you came last evening at 10 o'clock.- The one written at Lake Mohawk House [*probably Lake Mohawk in N.J.*]. I'm glad you

had such a pleasant quiet place for a rest. How would it seem to get into such a place for a few days? For nearly three years now we have been living in such unrest and uncertainty here that one nearly forgets what quiet and peace and certainty are. Life has been full of interest- too full at times. Thus far my policy has been to keep as calm and level headed as possible and keep on the even tenor of my way until it seems wise to others as well as myself to change,- an instance is in keeping on with school until June 6<sup>th</sup>, when Faculty and students were a unit in voting to close. Before midnight of that day nearly every mission school was closed. Since that day you have read- I do know what in the papers. Chinese and foreigners have special printers, ink by the keg on paper and spent much money in postage to tell others what they ought to do about it. Last evenings mail brought pronouncements from Canton and from Peking and from several points between- some covering pages, some brief- all having rather pronounced views and opinions about the "Shanghai matter of May 30<sup>th</sup>". I am not going to write my ideas- except to say that it was a clash between the East and West in the matter of their attitude toward authority, law, order and justice. The printed leaves nearly all call for "justice"- but "justice" is defined differently by the East and the West. Some missionaries have fallen over backwards and bumped their heads in trying to meet the demands of the Chinese for sympathy and justice in the Shanghai affair,- others have gone just as far the other way. Ten days ago I was one of a committee of eight to draft a letter to the Chinese Evangelistic Association of Foochow, expressing our sympathy etc.- You may be sure that eight people from 28 years to 60 years old, men and women, Episcopalian, Methodist, Congregationalist engaged in educational evangelistic and Y.M.C.A. work- a Meth. Bishop- having lived and worked in China from five to thirty years- (The Bishop only ten months) would be fairly conservative in drawing up such a letter. One of the C.M.S. missionaries thought we were far to sympathetic and of his own accord sent them his private letter which called them down, took them to task for meeting without the missionaries being present- and virtually told them that they did not know their business. So I am trying to keep a level head and get a bit of rest.

While resting I have been trying to catch on to the work of Mission treasurer. Mr. St. Clair left two weeks ago yesterday. He closed the books June 8 and balanced them and left June 13. I will try to sell gold bills and keep the people in money. I'll not guarantee to keep the Journal and Leger posted to date and everything in shape to show an inspector any time he may happen around. I have [*been*] working at auditing every minute I could find during the past week. This is helping me to understand the keeping of the books.

June 13<sup>th</sup> Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and three children left Foochow and went to Pagoda, spent the night with Dr. and Mrs. Gillette and took steamer for Hong Kong Sunday. They were afraid that conditions in Shanghai would make it very inconvenient- if not dangerous to try to change ships in Shanghai. As it turned out Shanghai was quiet at the time. The next day= Sunday, I rose at 4:15 a.m. and escorted his trunks over to the launch at Jardines and sent his coolie down with them, and got back for breakfast. On Thursday morning Phebe, Misses Armstrong, Hieb, Holton, Mr. Hightower, and four Chinese teachers of the College and myself took a motor boat to see Miss Margie V. Phillips off on the Hong Kong Steamer. She has been teaching here during the year, and goes back to Manilla for teaching. Last Wednesday the Reumann family left. They too a North German Lloyd S.S. via India and Suez. Fortunately the ship stopped here so they need not change at Hong Kong. This makes all leaving for furlough. Miss Thomas is not making the recovery the doctors want her to and she's to go to America. I have asked for sailing for her Aug. 10, on Empress of Australia.

To day is rather warm 92 degrees +. Many people are on Kuliang. Phebe plans to go Wednesday. I will get off Thursday or Friday.- Preach there next Sunday and come down to Foochow the next Tuesday for a meeting. Hightower and I are now keeping bachelor hall. He plans to stay here during the summer. How the hatred of man against his brother must grieve the heart of the Father.

Very lovingly Will.

My garden has supplied all the Am. B'd. missionaries still in Foochow with all the delicious sweet corn they could eat for three weeks now. The second planting is getting rather ripe to be real good. I am now picking the greenest ears. The third planting will be ready to eat in another week. The fourth planting is nearly two feet high. The last planting about 4 in. The first planting of field corn looks fine- hip high. I could not get all the ground ready at once. The second planting I put the Amonia Sulphate directly under the corn and let the gardner cover the sulphate. He did not put enough earth over it and it burned the corn, so this planting is late.

I am still eating Swiss chard, carrots, string beans and beets and cabbage.

How I should enjoy being the boy on the farm for the next month- riding the mowing machines and rake and doing a little of all kinds of work.

I sincerely hope some of the girls will help Myra out this summer. It's fine that Daniel is to be with you.

Will

[Following is the letter written by the committee Willard refers to in the above letter:]

June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1925.

To The Chinese Christian Association,  
Foochow, Fukien.

Dear Fellow-Christians:

We, elected to express the views of a largely attended meeting of American and British missionaries held on Wednesday evening, June 17<sup>th</sup>, to consider the situation arising from the regrettable events in Shanghai on May 30<sup>th</sup>, wish to place ourselves on record as follows:

1. We confess with shame that the policies and actions of our respective governments, and the attitude of ourselves and our fellow-countrymen, toward China and her people have been, and are, too often out of harmony with the principles. Of Christ.
2. We recognize our duty, as opportunity arises, to do what we can toward removing the injustices which mar the relations of China with other countries, and are always ready to cooperate with you in creating the spiritual atmosphere in which peace and good will among all the children of our One Father will prevail.
3. At the present moment telegrams and newspaper reports of the events in Shanghai are so much at variance that we see almost no possibility of forming here any clear conviction as to the rights and wrongs of the case, therefore we urge all parties to refrain from judging until the facts are established.
4. We, with you, earnestly desire that the authorities in Shanghai, the Diplomatic Corp in Peking, and the Chinese Government, working in true cooperation, will immediately establish an impartial tribunal to investigate not only the Shanghai situation, but also the causes leading up to that outbreak. It is assumed that upon this body there will be both Chinese and foreign representatives of unimpeachable integrity. When they shall have heard all of the evidence we trust (1) that they will give the widest possible publicity to the facts as established to dispel rumors and remove misunderstandings, and (2) that justice will be impartially administered.
5. We profoundly regret the unhappy events of the past few weeks and our deepest sympathy goes out to all to whom sorrow has come as the result of this tragedy.
6. We recall the counsels of China's Sage along the lines of moderation and gentleness. We remember the example and commands of Jesus Christ to serve and to love. Therefore we pledge ourselves anew to lives of moderation, gentleness, service, and love, and we pray that all Christians in China may become "living epistles of Christ" in these difficult days. Further it is our prayer that the sorrows and troubles through which we are passing may lead to a closer fellowship with God, and with one another.

Your Fellow-workers in Christ,  
W.P.W. Williams Chairman

The Committee: W.L. Beard  
W. E. Brown  
P.S. Goertz

E.P. Hayes  
T.C. McConnell  
Elizabeth Perkins

Lydia A. Trimble  
Dorothy Stubbs  
W.P.W. Williams

Note: Copies of this letter are being sent to the North Fukien Christian Consul, and the American Consul, for their information.

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*[This letter, dated before **July 6, 1925**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He has had the grip (grippe or flu) and now has a lot of work to make up in school. He has heard that his grandfather is in the hospital having a growth removed from his leg. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Before July 6, 1925]

Dear Mother:

The razor strap came O.K. Thanks very much for it. I thought probably I left it in Oberlin.

Things have not gone at all as I had planned them. I caught the grip soon after getting here and Friday I was on my back in bed. I felt pretty well Monday and went to class and did a lot of things and went to bed in a hurry about 4:00 in the afternoon with pains in my back and legs. Could'nt locate any spot in particular that they came from and no place was sore.

I had the doctor called and he has made four visits. Today I am up for the first time since Monday and not doing anything but sitting on the porch getting strong. I am weaker than I was after two weeks in the hospital last

summer. The Dr. calls the pains a purely nervous reaction. Guess I will have to go alone for a couple of weeks. I have a pile of wash waiting to be done and will have to make up work in six classes and two lab. periods.

A letter from Aunt Phebe says grandfather is in New Haven hospital having a growth cut out of his leg. He is getting on nicely.

Today I mailed orders to the Derby, Putnam and Bridgeport Banks drawing out all the money in each.

Do you think the Chinese situation will have any bearing on your going to China next fall? How are you getting along with your packing?

With love to my own Mother,  
Your loving son,  
Gould.

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*[This letter, dated July 6, 1925, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. Ellen added onto the letter prior to forwarding it on to Kathleen. Gould thanks Ellen for some money. He would like his engagement to be only a year rather than two years. Ellen adds a note asking Kathleen which house she would prefer them to rent for the summer in Oberlin. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Monday- July 6, 1925

Dear Mother:

Your letter with check came today. I am very grateful for the money, but I surely cannot pay it back this year.

I was rather surprised to hear that Uncle Elbert came back to help buy the Hewe's[?] house. That is a big step in that familie's life. I believe they did the right thing in buying. It is cheaper in the end than paying out rent and the property always has value.

I am afraid I cannot afford to live strictly to your diet. It offers nothing to sustain strength on and I am under necessity of doing a man's work. I am living very simply though. Shredded wheat and bran in the morning- a round dinner of eggs and vegetables at noon- and salad and fruit cocktail in the evening. I got up Saturday for the first time in the week. I am much weaker than I was after two weeks in bed last summer after the operation. I am trying to get plenty of sleep.

I saw Lloyd Benveson this afternoon and he took me around in his Dodge coupe while I did a few errands.

Vivienne writes that her hope chest is full and she needs another to pack the things into which are still coming. I wish I knew how to make our engagement only a year long rather than two. Now that I actually have her I can hardly wait two years to have her completely. But I must wait till my salary is such that I can give her a good home and I would like to have \$1000 ahead.

Don't look for any further trouble from this source for I am O.K. and will be from now on.

Hoping you will get your packing done easily,

Your loving son,  
Gould.

*[The following is written by Ellen:]*

Thursday July 9.

Dear Kathleen,

I am sending on Gould's letters as he may not get a chance to write to us all while he is making up what he has lost during his illness.

We are having plenty of thunder showers today and rain enough to please the farmers, I guess. This afternoon about 4:30 a shower came up and prevented my going to look at a house across the street from Aunt Etta's. I thot it had cleared and went to prayer meeting at 7 without an umbrella. I was sauntering home as slowly as I could for I had not been out all day when as I was by the men's bldg. down came the rain again out of the most innocent looking clouds, right on my spick and span pongee which I had washed and ironed today. After raining gently a few minutes, a real thunder shower started to come up in the west. It rained hard and thundered long and sharply as it rolled over us till it gradually softened down with increased distance off in the east. Suddenly I realized the (carried to G's other letter) thunder was beginning to grow louder again. Could it be that same old shower coming back again? No, it was a brand new one brewing off in the south-west and promising to be lively,-which it was,- worse than the last or the first one today and I have been sitting with my feet in a chair writing this while the flash and roar and downpour continued for nearly a half hour. It has been a hot day, - a hot week here.

Ask Marjorie how she would like to live in the apartment where Miss Washburn lived last year on N. Prof. St. I went to see it a few days ago. How would you like to live in the house with the Drake girl who is in your (?) class in H.S.? Her mother and father and sister and herself are the people of whom we would rent. Or would you rather have a ground floor apartment on the south side of the house below the gas station on S. Pleasant corner, Miss Rowley's house, where I looked at an upper north apartment 2 yrs. ago. It is rather nice there in many respects, good attic to store trunks in and dry clothes in, in winter, good cellar to wash in and good heat; is south exposure; could get our piano in; is near to everything, and reasonable rent. But it is a ground floor; second floors are lighter and airier. Send this on to Geraldine for her opinion. And all of you write your sentiments. The Drake apartment is way up on N. Prof. Not many houses beyond, rather meagerly furnished, all cots, for which we must furnish bedding, which is a big problem for winter. A double bed would take 1/8 less, and make less washing. This house has good cellar to wash but no set tubs. Attic for storage I think is upstairs. Southern exposure. Rather old house. Think could get piano in.

3<sup>rd</sup> House proposition. On W. College St. in 1<sup>st</sup> block west of S. Prof. St. on N. side, faces south, can have E. or W. suite; east one faces V. Porters house. Ought to be able to get piano in if owner is willing. Either suite with small kitchenette \$30. gas and elect. included also heat and water. With large kitchenette \$35. Best financial proposition of the 3, I think. But, Mrs. Andrews owns it and she is sister to Theodore Wood. Isn't he a college student in Mary's class? If he is to be there as he is now, you couldn't be there according to college rule- no college boys and college girls in same house. Moreover one has to go thru his room to go to the store-room. A double bed here I think.

Write me, each of you which proposition you like best.

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*[This letter, dated August 16, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He likes the photos and stories about Gould's fiancé, Vivienne. He talks about a romance on Kuliang between his stenographer and a business man. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China  
August 16, 1925.

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

Last Thursday I received Vivienne's photo, and the same mail brought a letter from Ellen saying that she was planning to come to Foochow in the Fall- Oct. or Nov. I have written our "new" daughter and sent the letter in your care. It is a conundrum every year for us to know how to address letters to our own family. They do not get their summer plans made till the last of June. When they write, the letters reach us after August 1<sup>st</sup> with full directions as to how to address letters etc. But if we follow the directions the letters have a hard time in finding the folks, at last in their old places some time in Sept. So I am not trying to write any one in the summer camps. I'm sending to you or to Putnam.

I hope Ellen and Dorothy are East this summer. Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen we know are. I hope also that Gould and Vivienne get East, altho I do not see exactly how they can. I suppose he must be about getting his diploma now, and his mind will be on finding a job.

Phebe and I are both in love with Vivienne,- from her pictures- both snap shots, Gould has sent us, and the photo, but especially from the excellent and full description Ellen sent in her last letter.

Mary will help you realize our "interesting" experience of this summer in our one roomer- She will remember Miss Preston and Mr. (?) in 1915. This summer our Mission Stenographer Miss Hieb is with us. Mr. and Mrs. Tappan (Mary will remember them) could not come. In charge of Brummer, Mund and Co. Foochow is a young man. George Ratcliffe- His father (deceased ) was a Britisher, his mother a Chinese. He is boarding with Mr. T.M. Wilkinson= Wilkinson and Co. He has been up from Foochow and spent three or four days of every week on Kuliang. He has been here morning, afternoon and evening. I think he was here for one lunch last week when I was in Foochow. He and Miss Hieb have spent part of the time on our veranda but most of it off on the hills. They have shunned society. He is not accepted in the community within Foochow. He has been in Foochow only three or four years,- is 22 and seems to be a success in business. She has been the aggressive one as was the case in our 1915 flirtations. Last Monday a.m. she went to Foochow with him, ostensibly to meet her brother Stephen Hieb who is on his way to Ceylon as an Am. Board Missionary. You will find his photo in the July or Aug. Miss'y Herald. He has not yet arrived- unless he has come to day. Last Wed. a party was held at Mrs. Wilkinsons in Foochow at which the announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Hieb and Mr. Ratcliffe.

The report is that Vernon Peet is after her- that he is coming from Shanghai on the same steamer with Stephen Hieb, to see her,- well that is about all the story to date. It is hard to believe that she would really marry

Ratcliffe. He is not fitted to make her happy- uneducated and knows little of refined society. We hope much from her brother when he comes.

I have addressed the Kuliang Register each week to Mary thinking her address was sure and asking her to sent it to Ellen.

Aug 18-

The mails yesterday and day before brought the latest news of father- all good news, and with the best of hopes for its continuance. How fortunate that some- and so many of his own folks can see him every day. When the air service gets a little more dependable I'll run in to chat with him some day!!! By the time this reaches you he will be home.

My but you folks were fortunate in that auto accident. It nearly took away my breath as I read it. It shows that a careless driver is a menace, and danger lies in the path of the most careful. You will give more details in your next and tell us how the things ended- you and Mary are very good to write so frequently about father.

On Ben's birthday I wrote him a letter and hoped to get one off to you on your birthday but there were too many things "to do". Some time possibly we shall cease to be so cluttered up with doing things and have time to really be somebody.

From the last letters, I judge all the family are in the East- except Gould. Good letters come from Kathleen and Marjorie from Eaglesmere.

Our summer is going much as others have gone- more quiet perhaps. We have been to Ox Head Fort for supper once and for breakfast once and up on the rocks for supper once,- to Moon Temple and to Kushan Monastery. I want to go to the Monastery again next week if possible. I have been down five times since coming up July 3 and have walked except the last two times.

The next to the last time I had sent down a letter with 3 crossed checks to be deposited in the Bank and another for \$10, uncrossed to be used in buying some groceries. The reply came back at night that the three crossed checks were not to be found in the letter. This was Fri. night so I was off Sat. a.m. to find those checks or to notify the Banks. Of course I let every one about the house and office know of my loss. I did not worry for the checks were crossed and I could intercept them at the Banks anyway. I went up stairs to change my clothes and in coming down was delayed a few minutes by a caller. As I went into my study for the brief case you gave me in 1921, there the three checks lay on my desk in front of the case. I simply told people that I had found them. When I was down again the next Thurs.= last Thurs. I was talking with one of the Foochow College teachers, and my gardner came in. The teacher said to him, "You are telling around that I opened that letter the other day. You know it was open when you brought it to me." The gardner simply replied, "It was most fortunate that the checks were found. It would have been too bad if they had been lost."

Have I written that on August 1<sup>st</sup> all the old students had to register and pay rent for the term if they wanted to get in. 15 more than we have room for are registered. Foochow is normal- except that the British owned steamers find it hard to run or rather to more cargo.

God is always good- He has been very good to us all. The news that Ellen plans to come in the fall is very good. May His blessings continue because we use them unselfishly.

Very Lovingly

Will.

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*[This letter, dated **September 7, 1925**, was written from Phillipsburg, NJ by Gould to Phebe K. He has left Ann Arbor at the close of summer school without graduating. He visited with Vivienne and her family before heading on to NJ where he will be working for Ingersoll-Rand. He has heard that Ellen will be leaving for China before Dec. 1 and Geraldine, Kathleen and Monnie will live together in an apartment in Oberlin. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Phillipsburg, N.J.  
[September 7, 1925]

Dear Phebe:

Now I am East again and probably will be for a year or more. Many things have happened since I wrote Father last. I can't remember just what I was doing at the date of the last letter, but I think it was at the close of Summer School.

For two weeks I painted house for Dad Rosey. I gave the whole house two coats of paint. It looks very nice and white now, but I am afraid one winter of soft coal will make it all dusky again. However the protection will all be there for about five years.

On the 25<sup>th</sup> of Aug. Vivienne, her sister Voda and Mother Ross went up to Union Lake near Pontiac to visit Mrs. Whiteman. Mrs. W. invited them up especially for Viv and my benefit. She and Mr. W. are surely wonderful people. The kind the country needs more of.

On the evening of the 27<sup>th</sup> the painting was finished at 8:00 p.m. I took a quick bath and packed my grip and went down to Bud Heidt's flivver [*slang for car*] which he had left and which I was to use while in Ann Arbor. I found a flat tire. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rosey tried to discourage my going so late, but Vivienne was in Pontiac at the lake and nothing could keep me. I got a spare tube out and had the tire fixed in 15 min. I got to Union Lake at 10:30. Vivienne had been expecting me for four hours and didn't know what to think of it.

Well I stayed at the Lake for four days till Monday. The evenings were perfect. Moonlight on the water with a glossy surface and no mosquitos, what more could a pair ask for? The swimming was fine all the time. I rose at 6:00 each morning and had my swim along since the girls thought it would be too cold. John Kelker, Voda's fiancé came up Sunday and Monday morning the whole bunch came out for the early swim with me, and then how they hopped on me for not getting them out before.

Mrs. Ross went in to Detroit Monday morning with Mr. Whiteman and Dorothy W. In the afternoon Madeline W. Voda, Vivienne, John and I drove in Bud's fliv. To the Whitemans house in Detroit. I took supper with them there at 10:00 started for Ann Arbor arriving at 12:00 p.m.

The next morning the Rosses and John Kelker went to Cleveland on the 10:30 boat. I had my hands full to pack everything, but I got it done and at 9:00 p.m. I was all packed up. My junk filled the large steamer trunk, my army locker, the small army case, a lock box, a small box about the size of the large cracker boxes we used to get graham crackers in, my Wear Ever Salerman[?] kit, a small hand bag, and five parcels to ship via parcels post. I took all but the four large pieces with me. Those will go by freight when I get settled.

Wed. morning I pulled out of Ann Arbor for the last time at 10:30. Mrs. Rosey had all she could do to contain herself. Four years almost makes me a member of the family in any place. I drove hard to get to Hiram before supper. I told Vivienne not to expect me before 8:00 and not to be surprised if I didn't arrive till 11:00 or 12:00. Just outside of Freemont, O. a cop stopped me and all but pinched me for driving a car I didn't own. If I hadn't have had Bud's letter asking me to drive it East for him I would have been in the jug for a day till I could have gotten telegraphic confirmation from him. At Norwalk I stopped for gas and oil then pushed thru Oberlin, Wellington, Akron, Ravenna and Hiram. It seemed queer to go straight thru Oberlin with no place to stop at there. Mother is in Cleveland. I got to Hiram at 6:30 just in time for supper with them and surprised them all.

After supper we played 500 till 10:30 then Vivienne and I took our last little walk till the next time I can get west- probably Xmas time. It will be long to wait.

Thursday morning I got off late. Just didn't have any inspiration to start. I had plenty of engine trouble Thursday. Just little odds and ends that needed tightening and adjusting. I cut off the Buffalo, Albany route at Westfield. I have been that route four times now and decided to find another prettier one. My course went down Chautaugua Lake to Jamestown. There I spent the night. Friday I went thru Salamanca, Olean, Wellsville, Hornell, Watkins (where the famous Watkins Glen is), Ithica, Cortland, Cazenovia and Utica. The road was excellent all the way. It was new concrete most of the way. It would in among high hills, over and along high ridges, up steep sides, and down steep slopes. I am sorry I hav'nt taken that route before. It is a little longer due to the winding of the road and the hills and some people might think it harder driving, but not here.

While entering Utica the happy thought struck me to inquire for the street I wanted before going into town. It was just two blocks away. That afternoon (Saturday- for I stopped over night in Cazenovia) Bud and I mailed all the packages I had brought and repositioned the trunk. For supper Buds Uncle, Aunt and Cousin drove us out in their big Pea[?] to a country b?? where we had a camp supper and sat and talked about the fire till about 10:00.

Sunday the uncle- an osteopath- got up with us and cooked us some delicious pancakes. Bud took me down to catch a 10:45 train. I changed at Binghamton and Stroudsburgh. At 7: a.m. I arrived, took a room in a hotel where I am still and will be till I get settled.

Today being Labor Day I couldn't do any business with the Ingersoll-Rand Co. Tomorrow I will be on hand at 7:00 a.m. in washing clothes to do whatever work they have for me to do. I don't know what is expected of me other than to learn all that I can about every part of machinery they make, how they make it and make enough of it to pay for my salary. I will be more intelligent about it in my next letter.

This morning I walked out to the plant. It is way out in the woods- not woods but open fields. I wont be able to get a room within ½ mile of there anyway.

In Father's last letter he wants to know more of the family. That I don't know much about just now. One thing I do know, Mother will be starting for China before Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>. She wrote me deffinately she would. Geraldine, Kathleen, and Monny are to have an apartment by themselves. Monny and Kathleen are still at Eaglesmere, Pa. Geraldine's feet are hopping wildly about in Conn. and N.Y. enjoying themselves. Mother would'nt go East but is

staying somewhere in Cleveland I think at the Y.W.C.A. but have not made connections with her yet by letter. All in all the family is loosing it's coherency. Dot and I will be the outlying prodicals [*prodigals?*] next winter. With you, Father and Mother in Foochow, and Punk, Monny, and Gerry in Oberlin there will be two groups that could be called headquarters.

Now this has been a long letter. Perhaps there are a few odds and ends I hav'nt touched on. One is that I have not yet gotten my diploma. I have still a design to hand in. I dropped the course and took an incomplete in it to take up the State work. I have not had time yet to finish it. I will do so evenings here. It will take me about three months. I could'nt stand it to stick around another semester. In my summer school work I stood record in both classes and got straight A's, that while washing 12 hrs. a day for the State.

Mrs. Ross has not said anything more about the linen drawn work. I want a good signet ring for Vivienne. I will send the cash for it as soon as I can spare it. I want the Beard character on it. Size 7 1/2 . I also want some dope[?] on the rice China. Do they have cups and saucers in it and do they have plates or only bowls?

My love to you and Father and Vivienne sends hers each time too. Have you written to her yet?

Your loving brother-  
Gould.

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[*This letter, dated September 20, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Phebe. He is glad that Mary is back in the U.S. and able to help with the family at Century Farm. Many students have enrolled in the mission schools, but the Student Union has been threatening, trying to keep students out of the mission and Christian schools. Someone even poured kerosene in the school water well. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China  
Sept. 20- 1925

Dear Phebe [*Phebe M.*]:-

It is a beautiful, calm, clear, fairly cool Sabbath morning. Chickens have been fed, countenance scraped- breakfast eaten- a little conference had with the Father and now for a Sunday chat with dear ones far away as to miles of space but very near in reality.

Your letters and Mary's letters have come in every mail. I thank you for them. It is marvelous how well Father has come up from his operations. Almost by the time I learned of the first one he was home. The letter yesterday written Aug. 17 said you thought of bringing him home in a few days. Give him my congratulations, and best wishes for years of happy usefulness. How glad I am that Mary went home when she did. It has been a great service she has given during the past year. I think sometimes some of us get cloudy minds about "service"- we talk of missionary work as if it was in a class by itself and no other work was to be compared with it. I have always held that to care for those God has given us was our first duty. Nothing else would have reconciled me to the long separations of our family. But I judge Ellen can quite well be spared now and I am very happy that Ellen is coming out. She has been home so long that it will be harder for her to come out now than it was the first time. And there is nothing romantic to help this time and for the first time she must make all her own arrangements.

I hope you have succeeded in persuading the taxi owner to do what he ought to do without going to law. Of course I do not have all the data here. But I judge he was 100% in the wrong. I judge also that you were very fortunate in having reputable eyewitnesses to the accident. I almost shiver every time I read of the miraculous escape of you all.

The Sentinels come with every mail and I read every one. I find the first page a very interesting one. The editors have a good sense of the relative importance of world doings. Of course the next in importance is the "City of Shelton."

The last mail brought a good letter from Stanley. I hope he and Myra are out of the woods and that they will be free from children's illnesses and from their own too. Nearly every family seems to have to go thru one such siege. It came with the measles in our Century Farm family. I came down first and every member of the family - Father and Mother and all had them. Grandma Beard was there to help. You were very sick. In my own family it was whooping cough and you folks at home- Mother, Elizabeth and Ruth had the brunt. Ellen and I- especially- were not in it much,- altho Ellen had the nursing job,- I mean we were not sick.

In my bed room are three pictures that I take a lot of pleasure in looking at Stanley's trio with their mother and daddy. Fred and Helen's [?] pair and the two Jewett children. They are near the same age and all bright, pretty, sweet children. I have one also of Nancy and Stephen, both laughing that fits with the other two- making three pairs.

I am greatly interested and pleased to read of Daniel's interest and success on the farm work this summer and in hearing of his visits to Father to talk over the work. I can realize how much pleasure it gave Father to have him come in and do this. Sometime tell me to whom you are selling the milk now and how much you get for it, - how much you are producing- Is Prince- or was it Duke- the lively white horse still on the job? You wrote that you had traded off the other one.

Marjorie and Kathleen seem to have had very pleasant summer at Eaglesmere and I judge Dorothy and Geraldine had enjoyed the rather fun life they have had this summer. Geraldine surely enjoyed her stay at the farm. It was enough to split me to read Dorothy's proud statement that she had milked two and a half cows (2 ½) – How long have you been dealing in half cows – which half?

The biggest problem of all I have left till last- What of the schools? Aug. 1 285 boys paid room rent and registered.- This was 20 more than we wanted, and did not include 220 for the Higher Primary. On Sept. 7, 215 of the 285 came to review and take exams. On Tues. Sept. 8 all was going quietly, altho the outside students were writing letters, putting up posters and threatening by word all students and teachers of mission schools. I was pretty tired and asked to go to Kuliang and come down Friday a.m. 1. I went up Tues. p.m.- On Wed. p.m. just as I was in a good nap a messenger arrived with a letter from Foochow saying that some one had poured kerosene into the College well. I must come down at once so I left at once. The next morning the faculty decided to allow the boys to go home if they wanted to, or to remain in the school. Instead of reviewing and taking examinations we would give them an average for the terms work= last term from daily marks and monthly tests- and open school for the Fall on Sept. 29. Then we held a faculty meeting to consider ! Voluntary Church attendance 2. optional or elective Bible study 3. Registrations with the Chinese Government. These three changes were approved by the faculty. The Board of Managers must now consider them and the mission may want to discuss them. I look to see some of the older and some of the conservative members of the mission oppose specially, making Bible study optional. I approve of the three propositions. Christianity has become too formal here specially about our boys schools. The boys unite with the church not because they really believe- but for various reasons. A teacher teaches Bible not because he loves it but because he gets so much a month. We have one teacher tho who is all right- except that he does not know anything about teaching!!! However the boys say of him, "He does not know how to teach but he is a real Christian and his life testifies so truly to the Bible teaching that we can find no fault with him."

The situation is now that the outside students are placarding the streets telling all students not to attend mission schools and calling on all teachers to leave Christian schools. Half the mission schools are open with a few less students than usual. The situation has brought together the teachers of the mission schools into a close compact. At the almost compulsion of this body I spent the day yesterday interviewing the officials. The students of mission schools are meeting tomorrow. I look for all schools to open.

Please let other see this. God is good and we must try to be good.

Very lovingly Will.

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*[This letter, date **October 5, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary. Her girls school has opened without trouble from outside students, but the boys school has had some disruption. She had a restful time on Kuliang and looks forward to next year when she goes to the U.S. on furlough and she will be able to see some doctors who may help her with her condition. She and Willard look forward to Ellen's arrival in Foochow. This may be the last letter written by Phebe that we have. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.

October 5, 1925.

Dear Aunt Mary,

This is a quiet Sunday afternoon, the third Sunday of our new term. The girls all went to their respective churches for the service this day as usual and we have heard no word of trouble or of unpleasant occurrences. You see when school opened this fall there was a sort of pall of apprehension over us because of the way that school closed last spring, and we did fear a bit that the Student Union would make it hard for us to open this fall. But apparently their efforts were all reserved for the boys' schools as we have gone on entirely unnoticed by them except for a letter on the first day suggesting to them, the girls that they not attend the classes taught by foreign teachers. Our numbers are about normal for the second term and the spirit of the girls justifies us in feeling that they really want to come here rather than any where else.

Time flies very fast. Today is the 6<sup>th</sup>, and we have had a long faculty meeting on the pro's and con's of allowing a girl who has failed her algebra for a term or two to have a tutor and make the work up. She happens to be a very bright girl and could do the work if she would try. The faculty was kind and allowed her to have the chance.

During the last week the girls' and boys' schools of the other two missions have been opening and we have heard that they all have somewhere in the neighborhood of 200 or more students. As this is their first time opening this fall we feel very much encouraged that no trouble from student union or from discontent in their own student body is preventing. As a background for this statement let me tell you the history of our A.B.C.F.M. boys' school for the last month.

Father came to Kuliang to bring me down just after the school opened last September. On the afternoon after he came a letter called him down in a hurry as the student union boys were threatening the school and causing the boys to go home after treating all the wells with oil. No violence but inconvenience. The faculty then voted for no evident reason to close till the 26<sup>th</sup> of Sept. and all that time they had faculty meetings and meetings of the heads of schools every day so they all worked just as hard as if they had had school. On the day that school was to open, no boys gave in their money, but were about the grounds. The faculty then presented to the Bd. of Managers a revised schedule, making nearly all religious education and service elective. It was not passed. The treasury was empty as that school is nearly supported by the Chinese, and the faculty tried it again. This time the station talked on it, and the two foreign members on the Bd. of Managers voted against and the Chinese all for, so the measure was carried. Late the Mission ratified their action by accepting it as an emergency measure.

The boys' schools have been talking about this plan for the last two years so it did not come as a real surprise, and all the other denominations in Foochow are making very much the same change working together with our school. We are only sorry that the change from "compulsory religious education" to "elective" had to come at a time when the boys were actively asking, almost striking for it. The school of the British Anglican Mission has been afraid that it could not open at all because of the feeling against the British, but it too is having about as many as our school. We are all mutually thankful and anxious. The British girls' school has by their latest report 227, for which we are very glad. Isn't it wonderful how we all stand together when there is anything impending? There is a wonderful feeling of comradeship among all nationalities and mission groups here this fall.

The last two weeks have been for our school and household very momentous and happy for three new teachers have come to help us. Miss Elizabeth Cushman is to study the language which she has already begun and made good headway in. Her sister, Mary is a tutor for three years, and is also studying and doing well in the language too. They are a great addition and joy to us as well as the girls. They are so enthusiastic and fine. Miss Maud Hutson is a graduate of the Chefoo China Inland School and has lived all her life in China. She has come for a year to help with tutoring and drill work before she goes home to England for regular normal training. It is something new to have an international family here tho Miss Armstrong of our mission had such a family for her summer this last season. We are enjoying the broadening and entertainment of having a Britisher with us. We all are benefited thereby, and doubtless also the girls. Last night after giving the newcomers a week for settling and another of study and work to get acclimated in, we had a big tea to welcome them and introduce them to our friends. A great shower came just at the time appointed and we did not have the "big" crowd that we expected, but we enjoyed the friends that did come.

In a few weeks there will be two doctors and their wives arrive with Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Ingtai, for Shaowu and Foochow; the doctors I mean. Then some more joyful greetings!

My summer was very restful and happy. We took a few trips, and enjoyed a few of our friends for small parties. Our household was just Father and Miss Hieb our stenographer and me, with Mr. Thelin coming in for meals. Later in the season Miss Hieb's brother came to visit her on the way to India or Ceylon to teach in a mission college. We had a spare room for the first time since I have been there as family from Hongkong did not come, so we had some week-end guests. As part of the yearly excitement, we had two engagements announced, one Miss Hieb's to an English Business man in port, one that of two of the finest British young people in the port. Everyone was so happy about it and even now we are still thrilled to pieces when we see them together. I do enjoy the British people very much here. We have a large number of fine Irish from near Dublin, the finely educated one and their wit surely is rare. There are also some Scots near Amoy who are interestingly impulsive.

Mother is planning to come out this fall in time for Christmas we hope and perhaps for Thanksgiving. After this very wearing and trying fall, it will be a blessing and a joy to Father to have her here to take care of him. Now he is valiantly keeping house for himself, with Mr. Hightower who is tutor in Father's school and is almost a son to him. It is great fun and very amusing to go in and take a meal with them. It is real Baching it. But they have a good cook and have enough good things to eat, so I don't worry.

This letter has been waiting for three days, and there is some news in it that you know already. Your last letter came to Father on the last mail before the one yesterday and we were glad to hear that Nancy seemed not to have any evident trouble. Uncle Stanley has had his share of trouble this year! And this summer has brought you at the Farm quite a bit too. It is good to hear of your having a car again, and I hope by the time another letter comes you will have brought Grandpa out from the hospital. It is wonderful how he has come thru this illness.

We haven't had for a long time so many people writing to the Farm as this summer with the girls there and all. It has been good to hear. Your letter written in May and only now being answered sounded so good, telling of canning and cleaning etc. What a coincidence that you should have met Helen Carter Brinsmaid! What did you think of her? I rather liked her, but always had the feeling of never getting really into her consciousness. She is evidently a brilliant girl and has married as brilliantly. I do hope she is happy and well. Did Cleora tell you that she gave Martha Fenn a Lacquer vase for a shower gift and included my name as part giver? Wasn't that nice? She has been not very well all summer and was with the Newells in at Shansi to go round by Europe with me if her mother can come East to Michigan - - - EAST to Michigan!! - - - to meet her. I do so hope she can do so for we could have such a good time. Second class French line they say is very comfortable and cheap, and the Christians did the trip rather fully and comfortably on about 8 hundred dollars more than the Board gives for travelling home anyway. We'll have to see tho. Mrs. Christian is now our Mission Treasurer. They are both looking very well and are in as good spirits as ever.

We, Father and I did so much reminiscing about that summer when you were with us that I fear it was burdensome to the people who were with us. But our family was sort of funny and disjointed this summer. We always seem to be able to get the ends of the community, and this year we had our stenographer who is a Y.M.C.A. sec'y's daughter from Ceylon, but you'd never know it. She said many times before we went to Kuliang that she just couldn't talk to Mr. Thelin who was a boarder with us, and she did treat him rather rudely at times. She seemed afraid of Father for some reason as she was treasurer in the part of posting the books, and screamed everything she had to say to any of us all the time. Then she was getting engaged to this Eurasian man of the community set which went against all the feelings of the mission and we were all upset feeling our responsibility for her yet having no power or influence to help her change things. At last her brother came on his way to Ceylon and she announced her betrothal. He seemed to feel there was no benefit in hindering matters, so it is going to completion in November. People are so interesting and so funny!!!

This fall I came down a day before I planned to as Elizabeth was coming back from the North so late she couldn't get the school and the house fixed before the 17. So I had the fun and satisfaction of doing that which has always been done by Eunice Thomas or Miss Perkins before. It was rather arduous work but so pleasant to feel that I could be useful about the house. I have kept that part of the work and arrange the flowers too so am having a very satisfying year with domestic duties too. Our Pawtucket contingent is very charming, musical, enthusiastic and willing. I fear it is a bit hard on Elizabeth because the rest of us are younger and she feels it more than most people would. My strength left me completely during the second week down from the hill, the week that school was opening and that the girls came from Shanghai. But by careful resting and early retiring I am now back to where I can do normal work and still keep going. I shall be so glad to get to America where I can see some doctors and find out what I can do to set me right.

I have sent you the things you asked for some time ago. I am sorry they were so late, but I could not get the man who sells bamboo knives tho I sent many times for him. If he does not happen to be in town it is impossible to get him as he lives out on the plain. Here is a list of the things and prices:

April, 1925

Rec'd on draft \$9.24 Mex.

Bought - - -

12 Christmas cards	\$1.00
25 bamboo knives	1.00
5 jade pendants and cords	2.00
1 character chain and cords	1.80
2 short pendants and chains	3.00 (@ 1.50 ea.)
Postage and packing	.45
Commission @ 5%	<u>.45</u>
	\$9.71

Balance debit

\$.47

I am sorry there was so much bad planning that I could not bring it out as neatly as you did my bill for the beads!!!. Don't mind this. Can I bring anything home for you? I am having lots of sport getting parasols and sending them to Eunice Smith this year four dozen of them before XMAS.

Eunice Thomas is having treatments for her paralyzed arm by an osteopath, supplemented by soaking in very hot water for long periods and then baking in the sun. Her back had two vertebrae crushed so she is having a brace made by a German doctor which she will have to wear for several months before she can come back tho she

wants to come by next February. We shall have to wait and see. She has been very cheerful and brave but the long time is rather discouraging to look forward to.

I am reading *Two Years Before the Mast* now and am enjoying it hugely. They style is a bit even and soothing as compare to the prancing jerky novels of the present, but it is good reading and so interesting to see what the coast looked like so many years ago. This summer I enjoyed Miss Follette's *The New State* the first part. Mr. Beach had to have it for the University this fall and I could not finish it so that pleasure waits me. I like her idea but I think it is far in the future for actual working out even on the mission field to say nothing of putting it into practice among all the citizens of any other country.

We are eagerly looking for Mother for the girls seem now to feel well protected with Jerry and Aunt Etta there.

Bath time and bed time so good night. Best wishes for a good year and better health to all of you. Tell Aunt Phebe my dress is a stunner, and I have a hat to go with it that the tailor made and one lady has copied it already. I am swollen [*the rest of the letter is handwritten*] with pride. People seemed to like my clothes this summer so well they remarked about them and nearly all were old, at least I'd had the goods for years. Very much love to all,

Phebe K.

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[*This letter, dated Oct. 18, 1925, was possibly written from Easton, Pennsylvania by Gould to his mother. He thanks Ellen for being so loving when she met Vivienne. He has ordered Vivienne's ring. He wishes Ellen a smooth ride to China on a large boat. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Sunday Oct. 18, 1925

Dear Mother Mine:

Your new sweet daughter to be has just made you a visit and Geraldine has told me that you were all very happily taken to her. Vivienne wrote me a long letter telling just how glad she was to be the sister of so many dear sisters and the daughter of such a loving Mother. I wish I could have been there to enjoy the gathering also.

Mr. MacCormack has sent me a sample of just the ring that Vivienne wants, the setting and the design are as near what she has pointed out to me as I could hope to find. The best thing about it is that it is all first quality from the metal to the diamond and emeralds. She wanted her birthstone incorporated also.

To date I have been trying to get together sufficient clothes and get my old ones repaired to a wearable state so that I hav'nt saved much money. I have just changed boarding houses at a saving of \$2 a week and more food and if anything better food. The only difference is that there are paper napkins instead of linen napkins and we each do not have our assigned seats.

I am packing a box to send to China for Father's and Phebe's Xmas presents. What would you suggest that Father might need? I have thought of several things, but had an idea that you might think of more.

You will plan to spend one night at least with me won't you? Come any time for I can arraigne to take time off without any inconvenience whatever.

Is the vessel you are going on a large one? I hope it is so that you won't have a rough voyage. Really there isn't much excuse in getting seasick and worn out on the little tubs nowadays when the larger ships are so much steadier.

My love to you Mother and a heartfelt hug and kiss for taking my Sweetheart into your heart so warmly,  
Your loving son,

Gould.

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[*This letter, dated October 13, 1925, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. Kerosene was again poured into the boy's school water well and six outside students pushed their way into the school and toppled furniture and beat the gateman. It is optional for the boys to go to Sunday School or Bible study. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

Oct. 13, 1925.

Dear Father:-

This is only a brief letter. The main business in it is to ask some of you to phone Fred Peck so he may send a pair of glasses to Ellen or to some place for her so she can bring them to me. I do not know where she may be

when this gets there so I have written Fred that you would let him know. It may be you will just tell him to send them to you and you will get them to her,- any way so long as she gets them.

It is most too good to be true- as some people used to say- that Ellen is really planning, and enthusiastically, to come out this fall. Her last letter assured me she would get my vest pocket diary here in time to use Jan. 1, 1926.

School has opened and for six days has been running quietly. Last week Tuesday night kerosene was again poured into the well. Thursday morning just before the boys had finished breakfast six outside boys came to the door. Two stood in the door while four pushed by the gateman, kicking him and breaking the skin on his back, went into the dining room pushed over three tables, breaking the dishes and turning the food on the floor. Then they made their escape.

I'm getting disgusted with both teachers and students of the mission schools. When these boys came in every body runs to hide as young partridges when a hawk is sighted. I told some of the teachers that if 6 boys rough housed like that in America the 100+ boys inside would have pounded them till every square inch on their bodies was black and blue. To make it more disgusting, no one wants to find out who they are, lest the police arrest them.

This has been a unique evening to me. Mr. Hightower was out for supper, so I was alone, and I have been alone all the evening- except for the postman. I would not have it so always tho. It is best to feel that people want you- that they want to see you and want your help. The past month has been a little too stiff tho for me. There have been several committee meetings and meetings of Board's of Managers and some of them have been long. I did not get home till after midnight and most of them were in Chinese and I was chairman of most of them. This made it doubly hard work. But school has been running now for a week. We have 325 boys,- more than any other school, and the spirit is good as far as I can see. We have added a course in ethics to parallel the course in Bible, and we have a lecture Sunday morning at the same time as church service. The boys may go to either as they prefer. Sunday school and C.E. are optional. We have changed the program for daily chapel. In my opinion the effect of the changes will bring better results for the Kingdom than the old method of everything compulsory. Yet four or five of the members of the mission feel very badly. The expression they use is, "These poor heathen boys are not to have an opportunity to hear the Gospel or to study the Bible." I have not looked into all the classes. But the seniors have largely elected Bible- the same course as I have been giving for 6 or 7 years. The parallel course is given by Mr. Leger in "The Philosophy of Life"- One is as much Christian as the other. A very sad occurrence is that Mr. and Mrs. Christian are just back from furlough. He has been in charge of the Higher Primary= the first four years of Foochow College. I fully expected him to take his former position, and so told the Deans. But when they made up the schedule his name was not among the teachers. I spoke of the omission and they simply said, "No." They have not yet told me why. Both Mr. and Mrs. Christian are very conservative in theology and very autocratic in administration. If Mr. Christian had been on the teaching staff and the elective Bible Study and S.S. and Y.P.S.E. had been adopted just the same he would have resigned. The whole thing is sad. All the mission except the Christians, Kinnears and Miss Worley and Hartwell are bound to have the new plan. I have had to stand against its adoption for a long time. I heartily approve of it now.

A new pair of fine suspenders and 12 new semi-stiff collars arrived today from Gould. I know he is in Phillipsburg, Pa. in some manufacturing plant.

I want to send most hearty congratulations to you on the success of your operation. The Chinese listen with open eyes when I tell them of it and then tell them your age.

With lots of love to all

Will

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*[This partial letter dated about **Late Oct., 1925** was probably written from Putnam, CT by Ellen to her daughter Marjorie. Ellen tells about a trip she took with her brother Elbert to see relatives and a terminally ill friend in the hospital. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[to Marjorie]

[Late Oct., 1925]

...down with incessant screeching and jumping and gesticulating as some girls do whom I have seen. An occasional enthusiastic cheer or shout, well-timed and well-placed means so much more, and recommends the performer as possessing so much more common sense and poise than does that continuous, idiotic, uncontrolled squealing! Be very careful in crossing those traffic congested streets, watch out; and take time to go safely. Watch the signals and obey them, and always. Don't every take any risk; especially watch for coming vehicles when passing in front of or

behind a trolley or auto which hides your view of what's coming. A very happy day to you! Is Kathleen going too? If so share this with her, please. But I never need to tell my generous Marjorie to do that! I hope you'll have a good clear day too. What fine warm days we are having now!

Yesterday we all went to Monson to see Cousins Bertha Corbin Webster [*Ellen's first cousin*] and her husband Robert and adopted daughter Marguerite. Starting at 8:45, we made a call on an old couple we used to know in Union; they used to sit right in front of us at church from my earliest remembrance of attending church and their children were in our S.S. Class, but went to another school in the town so we did not meet them often during the week. They had six children, 4 girls and 2 boys, and all are gone, years ago, none of them having ever married. Mrs. Booth said they passed their 59<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary last Friday Oct. 21<sup>st</sup>; she is 80 and her husband is 82 yrs old. They are very vigorous and well preserved and live alone and take care of themselves. Mr. Booth has a malignant growth on his nose and is a little deaf but otherwise they do not look over 70. We arrived at Bertha's at about eleven o'clock and found her entertaining a friend whom Emma and I have heard spoken of ever since we could remember but had never met and whose old home we rode by only last week on one of our drives thru Union. Wednesday was Marguerite's afternoon off so we had the pleasure of seeing her. She is a dentist's assistant. Bertha said that they were sorry not to attend the wedding but it seemed a long journey. On our way home we called on Elizabeth Barnes but did not see her husband or daughter as both were out for the evening, the former to select men's meeting of which he is chairman, and the latter to play cards with a group of friends.- The drive thru the country was beautiful altho the foliage is a little past its prime and was not so fine this year, at its best, as it is sometimes.

You will be surprised to hear that Ella Corbin Arnold [*Ellen's first cousin*] whom you and Kathleen visited at Providence on your visit her last summer, is very near close of her life here. She has an internal cancer for which she has been treating for about a year. About a month ago she went to the hospital to have the abdomen opened and the radiation "seeds" put directly into the growth, a treatment we understand, which has never before been tried on a human being but has been tried on animals. They were left in the growth and the abdomen left open from Friday to Monday, then they were removed and the abdomen sewed up. A few days after that when we were on our way home from the Brocton (Mass.) Fair, we stopped at the hospital at about 9 o'clock in the evening to see her. We had made an appointment with Howard and Martha on our way thru Providence that morning at 7 o'clock, to call on our way back at about 8 o'clock. But we were a little later than we expected and altho it still lacked 7 minutes of nine the nurse in charge did not want to admit us. We came up the walk with two ladies who told us we could go in if our friend was on the danger list; they were going to see the baby of one of the two who was on the danger list. So they told us to walk right in with them and ask at the desk where our friend was then take the elevator to that floor and walk right in. This procedure all went smoothly till we reached the fifth floor and were looking for the room when her nurse met us in the hall and on being told of our errand, said it was too late,- they did not admit visitors after 9 o'clock. Elbert said "But we have driven 30 miles to see her and she is on the danger list." The nurse then consulted with another nurse and they decided to let us in if we would not stay but a few minutes. She went ahead of us and turned on the light. Ella was awake and was glad to see us. We had been talking with her about two minutes when the nurse came in and said "I shall have to turn off this light for the superintendent (lady nurse) is on this floor and if she sees this light on she may find you're in here and that will be bad for me for letting you in. And please, don't talk loudly. "I'll come for you when she's gone." So she turned the light out and went out and shut the door leaving us all in darkness and quiet. It was a strange and sneaky situation which I did not like and sincerely hoped would come out all right for us as well as Ella and the nurse. But we visited in whispers about 8 or 9 minutes, then the nurse came in and turned on the light and said the superintendent had gone and we could go out which we did at once, thankfully, having been inside just 12 minutes.

Ella tho't she was improving then, but four or five days ago we heard she was not as well, the nausea had returned, could not retain food, one kidney had ceased functioning resulting in urinic poisoning. She had come home from the hospital at one hour's notice (to Howard and Martha) at her own request; yesterday we received a letter from Martha saying they have a trained nurse caring for her (her cousin, one of Hattie Hatche's daughters) is failing rapidly, seems only partly conscious at times, suffers almost no pain, is very weak; the Dr. says she will hold out only a month at most and may slip away at any time. Little Mary, her grand daughter was 2 years old yesterday. Please let Etta read this part of the letter as she'll be interested.

Very, very much love to both you and Kathleen with whom you'll share this letter. Mother remembers you prayerfully many times a day altho she writes none too often. Another soon. Affectionately, Mother.

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*[This letter, dated **October 25, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Mary. Willard's father has had some operations and Willard is grateful for the letters he has written while recuperating. Willard acknowledges his father's thoughts that people may donate less money to China because of the student unrest. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China  
Oct. 25- 1925

Dear Mary:-

It was very nice to get Father's good, long, newsy, optimistic letter Oct. 17. Perhaps I should thank his operations for the letter, for if he had been about his usual tasks he surely would not have had time to write. The photos were most interesting- that came- of Dan and Dorothy. Dot does not grow thin and Dan is a regular husky. Those muscles stand out in fine style. The new car is spiffy.

We are enjoying very fine weather- cool- very cool mornings and evenings- but warm in the middle of the day. This morning ther. at 60 degrees. It is not good for gardens tho. The sun every day bakes the ground too hard for the young plants. My brag this year is on my poultry. I raised 18 chickens from 22 eggs- 18 hatched and all grew up. I have said since July. One Rhode Island Red rooster \$3.00 three young roosters \$4.50- three that the dogs killed \$3.00 three old hens \$6.00. 1 hen \$1.00. I have promised 2 more old hens and 2 pullets \$8.00 and 1 young rooster \$1.50. That makes \$27- enough to feed them for a long time. I shall then have left 1 fine 4 year old Wh. Leghorn rooster, 4 old hens and eight pullets. The pullets have just begun to lay. I cannot get a rooster for that Tungcho man. I am seriously considering asking Ellen to bring out a setting of Rh. I. Red eggs. It's bed time so good night.

Monday morning:

I am enclosing two orders on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00 each. I think I must have at least \$50.00 there. If so please send or give Ellen the money. She may need it. I should have done this before. It may be too late- if so please tear up the orders. I send two \$52.00. If there is not \$100, just get \$50.00.

Just after I wrote the above a letter came from Dr. Strong of Boston in which he says Ellen has written asking for a sailing about Nov. 15. If she starts then you will surely tear up the orders- I hope you do.

Is it the \$10,000.00 for the Huntington parsonage fire. I do not know who Mr. Russ is but he must have some good in him. The National Council of Congregational Churches in Washington closes tomorrow. I hope the Congregationalists had their hopes for the meeting fulfilled. Tell Father I think his comments of the probability of less receipts for missions in foreign lands are well taken. I have been looking for this. The attitude of Chinese students will certainly lead many to turn their gifts elsewhere. But the fact remains that China never needed the right kind of missionaries as much as she needs them today- the kind that live Christian lives in which they express Jesus as they live. And again the Chinese Christians are able to take care of their own work and they will do it as soon as the missionaries will allow them to take the responsibility for the work.

I must not write more- I'll get to bed. Again I want to thank you and Phebe M. for writing in every mail while Father was in the hospital.

Very Lovingly  
Will

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*[This letter, dated **Nov. 9, 1925**, was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to his mother, Ellen. He has had a visit with Ellen and had a good talk with her. Vivienne's ring is ready. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

109 N. 3<sup>rd</sup> St.  
Easton, Pa.  
Nov. 9, 1925.

Dearest Mother:

The time has gone so rapidly and I have been so busy these past weeks that I hardly realize this it is so near your sailing date.

The visit you made me was just as I would have wanted it. We had the privacy and the time to talk over the things close to our hearts. You will be able to give Father and Phebe first hand information of Vivienne and me.

Mother, although I hate to have you so far away, I am glad you are going, for if Father wants you close to him as I want Vivienne close to me, then it will make him supremely happy. I am glad it will be as an Xmas present to him.

Mr. McCormack has written me that Vivienne's ring is ready. He evidently has put much personal effort into it to make it a good one. He had it made special and has put the very best diamond procurable in it for the price. He says it is a very pretty ring with the six emeralds in it.

You must have had a very pleasant trip up thru Conn. to see all the people once more. I hope you will find time either on the steamer or before to tell me all about it. I bought Father's Xmas present yesterday. I got him a wool ???, two pr. socks and a necktie like that I wore when you were here but of a different pattern. Vivienne also wanted to give toward it so that is why it is so big. She is also going in with me on all of the presents for the family. We thought it better to go in together and get something good than to get two small things no so serviceable.

Hoping that Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> will not bring you any but the best of weather to start off on –

Your only son sends you all his love- Gould

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*[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1925 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He updates them of the condition of their sister, Phebe, who is hospitalized in Foochow with kidney problems. He and Phebe are both looking forward to Ellen's arrival from the U.S. Ellen has no idea that Phebe is seriously ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow Nov. 12, 1925

Dear Children:-

This is Thursday evening, 9 o'clock. Phebe has had another good day. I have spent a good bit of time with her- an hour this afternoon at one stretch. I was just over to see her to kiss her good night. The nurse said she was asleep. So I stood there and was just turning to go she turned partly over and I went up and kissed her and she was not fast asleep. She talked all right today. She asked me this morning how long she has been here in the hospital and how she came to be here, and how she did = what happened to her. You see it's all a blank to her from the time she went into the first convulsion till she found herself in bed in the hospital. She finds it hard to keep track of the days.

You will let Aunt Etta and her family know all about Phebe. I will write Shelton and Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert tomorrow if possible. The last three days have been very full for me and I have not been up to par myself physically so I have only written you children thus far and I cannot write dear Mama. I am glad she will not know it till she reaches Shanghai for it would be a burden for her to carry all across the ocean. Good night with love- Father

Saturday a.m. Nov. 14 9 O'clock

I did not write yesterday. Phebe showed no change. I got a chance to sit a whole hour with her and read to her. In the evening I saw her twice and just before going to bed I asked her to choose a Bible passage she would like me to read. She said that she had recently liked to 84<sup>th</sup> Psalm. It chanced that I had just finished committing that Ps. So after this we had a prayer and said good night. I have been down twice this a.m. At 6:30 she was asleep but I found her awake at 8:00 about the same.

9:45 p.m. Phebe is about as she has been for three days. She says her vision is a little improved. I had a wedding this afternoon that I had promised nearly two weeks ago to officiate at. It was at 5 p.m. on the invitation. The Am. Consul and his wife were there and Mr. and Mrs. Munson of the Y.W.C.A. and a lot of big business men. The bridegroom is one of the leading men in the Electric Light Co. and American returned student. But it was 4:30 before they were ready for the wedding. I simply had to wait altho I felt it was almost stealing my time from Phebe. I had only a few minutes with her before supper-just as I came away I met Mr. Hightower and Dr. Neil Lewis coming in from their hike to the flower village with their hands full of chrysanthemums and marigolds. How delighted Phebe was!!

Last Tuesday night we all feared she would not last the night thru. The doctor told me today there was very little doubt that she would live to see Mama and probably live a few years but would not be able to do any more work. I am almost scared to write such words. But I know how I want to hear all the truth when any of my own are ill at home. This evening I have spent with her and I read to her a long time. It is touching to see how everyone- Chinese and foreigners are solicitous for her welfare- The clock has struck ten so I must say good night. I had another good prayer with Phebe after the 19<sup>th</sup> Ps. And then I gave her a good rubbing- neck, arms, back and breast and kissed her good night.- God will do all things well.

Lovingly Father

Sunday 8 p.m. I have spent much time with Phebe today- reading and talking and rubbing her. She gets very tired lying in bed and it eases her much to be rubbed. How thankful I am that I am here with her. I'll pause and say good night to her now. 9 p.m. I have just been over and given Phebe a rub, had a prayer with her and heard her say,-

“My head is much clearer tonight.” She has not slept well the last two nights- slept too much in the day perhaps. I hope she will rest better tonight.

I have written Shelton and Putnam and am depending on you to keep Aunt Etta informed. Once or twice today Phebe has remarked, “How nice it will be to have Mama here.” We suppose she left San Francisco yesterday Nov. 14 on the President Taft. Good night- with love, Father.

Monday Nov. 16-

2 p.m. Phebe did not rest well last night but other things are more encouraging. She is sleeping nicely now- I will mail this and begin another diary.

Very lovingly Father

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*[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1925 was written just out of Toledo, Ohio by Ellen to her dearest Girlies (Marjorie and Kathleen). She talks about her trip so far and gives Marjorie and Kathleen a list of tasks that need to be taken care of. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2:20 A.M.

Just out of Toledo

[Nov 14, 1925]

My dearest Girlies,

Always shall I carry in mind the three faces that looked up at me from the station platform (and especially my “baby’s” and the voice that I heard over the phone that I could not embrace, or kiss, or see.

So tense was I from the physical and mental strain of the day and from the restraint due to the outsiders in our family group that the tears that were aching to come, couldn’t get out. When I was relaxed, and let down a bit, they “let down” too. I’ve had my tears all by myself in several installments. The real sensing of the separation is coming with the leisure to think about it. As Marjorie expressed it in other words and from her own viewpoint, my children will never need me again, as children. The great break which most girls make gradually, M. and K. have now made suddenly as the older children did nine years ago. I shall have to think of all my children now as independent man and women, and that I have no child dependent on me with a child’s dependence. That is some change for a mother, and it doesn’t make me any happier. But in that state of affairs, Papa and I will have to reverse the course of age and set ourselves to growing younger by devoting ourselves to each other and practicing honey moon days again, not to become “old fools”, but young people. There are some things that I want you to do and write me about at once, numbering your answers by my notation.

1<sup>st</sup> Pay Hope, Severy and Sage

2<sup>nd</sup> Did Geraldine pay for the pears?

3. Pay my taxi and trunk bill. (It should not be over \$1.50)

4. Pay the express on trunk to Putnam.

5. Pay the freight on boxes to Boston.

6. Pay the church pledge, Marjorie. Did you lose that \$5.00 bill?

7. Pay next months rent. Did you?

8. Return keys to Miss Little as soon as you can get those things in place.

9. Careful don’t fall on those stairs and don’t drop keys behind stairs. Always take time to be careful in that barn.

10. I think there are two pkgs. of cans of fruit (small) in the large box under Kathleen’s trunk. These, and the cans up stairs should be moved over to your cellar before freezing weather or they will spoil. Get Myron to help you lift the trunk around and Stewart to draw them home on his cart. Take the cans out one by one up stairs and pass them down to some one. One up stairs, one down by side of stairs on floor- one on the stairs will make the passing chain that will work safer than one or two people trying to do it on those stairs. Do, do be careful on those stairs. Don’t ever try to carry heavy things down those stairs. Don’t try to get that heavy box of jars down bodily. It sits on the floor with my things up stairs. Eat the fruit all up this year. For breakfasts when you take nothing but fruit or for supper with cake only or a simple soup with it; but keep combinations straight. By the way, when Gould and Vivienne are up for Christmas ask them if they will not take Gould’s service flag that Putnam church gave us down to Vivienne’s to keep for him till they are married. It is rolled up in newspaper upstairs in the barn. Should have clean paper on if they take it.

11. There should be some mothballs put in the trunk in which Geraldine's nice brown suit coat is and newspapers spread on top before the cover is shut down. The fur coat is in that trunk.
12. I left a few things in the bottom of the cupboard in the cellar of Miss Wright's house as I had no basket to take them in. All the things on the second and third shelves from the bottom are mine. None of the stuff above is mine. The can of maple syrup is yours.
13. Marjorie won't you take a market basket and go over after them as soon as you get this. The enameled saucer belongs at 263 Elm St. up stairs. I left my galvanized iron mop pail there when I left, and intended to take the saucer back when I went for the pail. Can you go to the back door there and ask Mrs. DeGraff if you may go up stairs and look for a pail your mother left there and incidentally you can return the saucer. Tell her first who you are and that you used to live there. Put the saucer on the kitchen dish shelves. Wash it first.

The square maple syrup can on the shelves of the cupboard in Miss Wright's cellar you can put on top of the barrel of old cans under our formerly cellar stairs if you don't want it.

Now I want to tell you about the radio. I did not take that to barn as I thought it best not to move it twice. In picking up the things in Miss Wright's attic I placed the radio on the floor, just to the left as you go up the stairs about 5 ft. away from the head of the stairs. Most of it is in the tall slender carton; the wire is in the flat round parcel and the rest of it is in that small square box in Tank barn up stairs, that I told Marjorie about. If you decide to put up the radio have it done right away so as to get all the use of it you can. The work will cost \$3.00 if Mr. Perryman on So. Cedar St. does the work. You may have to buy new batteries which cost 60 cents each and it needs four. But let Mr. Perryman test them (old ones) out before you buy new ones. The square box (small) of it contains the bulbs must be handled carefully. It must not be dropped. I put two corrugated pasteboard boxes together with the radio which I thought might prove useful in sending things by mail. Also there were 4 or five others which I threw out in the center of the attic about 4 or 5 feet away from the radio. If you want them saved for possible use, ask Miss Wright if you may stack them up in a corner of her attic. Put papers under and over them as they will get awfully dusty. And when you take them out, don't get them against your coats unless you wipe them carefully as they will be somewhat dusty. Anything you do not use of the boxes burn up in (our side) Miss Wright's furnace. Her side (furnace) is too full to open easily. Please just look thru the pile of newspapers that is farthest to the north and see if there is anything in it that we want to save. I did not have time to look them over but looked over all the rest of the papers in the attic and told Miss Wright that she might have her boy take them down stairs for her on the next collection day.= 1<sup>st</sup> Tuesday in Dec. but in the North pile I did not know but there might be some thing in it that we would want to save. Alas to have to throw away all those good things in the Ladies Home Journal and the Christian Herald! Marjorie, do you remember that piece in the Ladies Home Jour. some months ago about "Has the Holy Grail really been found?" If you come across that number of the L.H.J. while you are up in Miss Wright's attic, will you save it? That will be of lasting interest.

Now before I close, I must tell you a little of my travels thus far. Nothing particular happened on the journey from Oberlin to Chicago. I changed at Toledo and got a Chicago train.

I slept some and had plenty of room. When I reached Chicago, I went out to breakfast then to the Board rooms and saw Mr. English our Board secretary; and then to Montgomery Ward's but found nothing I wanted; and O, how it rained, all day! I put my rubbers in my trunk by mistake instead of my suitcase so I bought another pair. It took so long to get around in the rain on the cars to find places that I accomplished almost nothing of what I had planned in Chicago. So I went back to the station, bought my ticket for Geneseo, rechecked my baggage, took up my bag from parcel room and made my train. It was a bit crowded in the day coach but I slept from sheer wearing (during my ride) and loss of sleep the night before. Reaching Geneseo at 8 P.M. I called up Addie. Carl answered and I told him I would come up in a taxi at 50 cents to which he consented. So I found them well and glad to see me about 20 minutes later.

I will write you again after I leave Addie's. I have to take the whole morning service in the Presbyterian church tomorrow morning and the evening service in Mr. Brewer's church. Some day for me! Will write you about it.

Muchest love,  
Ellen.

[According to the Oberlin archives the provenance of their Beard holdings is as such:

*“The papers of Willard Livingstone Beard were discovered in Tank Hall by the matron, Mrs. Packard, who gave them to Mrs. Katrine M. Baxley, the matron of Keep Cottage. Mrs. Baxley donated the papers to the College Archives on June 22, 1973.” These papers are described as follows: “The Willard Livingstone Beard Papers consists primarily of letters (1910-1925) between the Willard and Ellen Beard and their children. Of special interest are the twenty letters written by Willard L. Beard and his daughter, Phebe, from Foochow, China (1921-23), some of which tell of the struggle between factions of the Chinese to gain control of the area. A letter from Myron Gould Beard to “Dearest Sister Dot” (Dorothy), dated June 29, 1920, is an account of his visit to Bahia Blanca, Argentina while on board the ship Mt. Baker. In addition to correspondence, there are photographs of the family, Japan and China, as well as some printed and homemade materials regarding the Beard children's high school days and church activities in Oberlin.”*

*In the above letter dated November 14, 1925 written by Ellen, she refers to taking items to “Tank barn”. I believe the papers of Willard Livingstone Beard were some of those items and that is how Oberlin came into possession of them.]*

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[*This letter, dated **November 14, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in Shelton and Putnam. Phebe has had Nephritis for about a year and has recently fallen ill, had convulsions and is in the hospital. The doctors feel that she will get well enough to leave the hospital, but will have to stop her work and live with Willard and Ellen as an invalid. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.*]

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China  
November, 14<sup>th</sup>. 1925.

Dear Folks in Shelton and in Putnam,-

You will I know forgive me for writing you in this way. I can do it and get a letter direct to you both.

I might not be able to get two letters written in time for the mail.

For nearly a year now we have known that Phebe had Nephritis. The doctor said that she might go on with her work for many years, if she was careful. She understood and has been very careful in diet and in not getting wet and (not as careful in not overdoing). She has seemed to have an exaggerated sense of responsibility for making up that six months that she lost a year ago last summer when she had to give up for a term. I think she has carried more work than she ought to have done. Three weeks ago she began to puff up about the face and feet. Then her eyes were affected and she was unable to see to do her work. But she was determined to keep at it and some of her teaching she did not have to depend entirely on her eyes. Last Tuesday she did not get up in the morning, and about nine o'clock she sent word that she could not take her classes. After lunch Miss Holton went in and sat on the bed and chatted with her for a time and Phebe said she did not feel very well. Shortly after Miss Holton left, Phebe called and Miss Perkins went in just in time to see her go into a convulsion. They at once sent for Dr. Dyer. She was there in less than 45 min. Phebe had another convulsion while Dr. Dyer was there. Dr. Dyer at once said take her to the Woman's Hospital in the city, right next to our compound here. I heard of it in time to meet them about one third of the way in. Phebe recognized me as I came beside the cot on which she was being borne by four men.. I knew she recognized me by the sweet smile she gave me. I held her hand all the way in. Very fortunately she had no convulsion on the way. Dr. Dyer walked by her also fearing another, but after we had her in bed, she had three before 9 p.m. She has had no more.

I am spending all the time I am not definitely on some work, with Phebe. The next day, Wednesday she recognized me and spoke to me, while I was talking with Miss Atwood the nurse, way the other side of the room, we thought she was asleep. She is of course very sore from the strain of the convulsions. She is very tired also. She talks rationally but not normally for she cannot remember what came before she was taken so suddenly. She enjoys having me read to her. I expect to improve my ability to read aloud. This morning I have just read her the picture of Washington D.C. that was written for the Congregationalist for the National Council Number. She enjoyed it much.

What of the future? The doctors say that her active missionary work is over. She will likely rally from this attack and may live as an invalid for some years. I am so glad that Ellen is on her way out. It may be that we will live together here enjoying her while God lends her to us.

How thankful I am that I am here to be with her. We have been such a great help to each other these four years. She does not know anything about the convulsions and does not know why she is so lame. She is comfortable and not in pain - - only weak and tired. She sleeps much. She has three girls that were her pupils in Wenshan as

nurses. One is with her all the time. She enjoys them and they are proud to be trusted with her. Sunday Nov. 9 p.m. I have been with Phebe nearly all day – read the last Congregationalist all thru to her = The Nat'l Council Number Oct. 8. She is brighter to night and gaps as if she would sleep well. God will do all things well- Lovingly Will.

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*[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1925 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen. He updates them on their sister, Phebe's condition. She is improving slowly. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China.  
Nov. 21, 1925

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen,

It has been some four or five days since I have written. But there has been no mail out. It is a very great pleasure to write that Phebe has improved steadily, howbeit slowly since I wrote last. To her diet of 5 glasses of milk she has ordered 2 glasses of grape juice a day, which makes her very proud. At 7:55 p.m. she is just taking her supper of a full glass of milk. She takes it thru a glass tube. Last night she had her best nights rest yet, - from 11 p.m. to 8:30 a.m. Her sight is improving some, yesterday afternoon I was over South Side and bo't a new felt hat. I wore it up stairs and into Phebe's room and standing at the foot of her bed she told me I had a new hat. She also read the mark on her pillow case MOHAWK letters about that size day before yesterday. The albumin in her urine is very much decreased and her blood pressure is down- all these are good symptoms and make the doctor and myself feel very good- not to mention Phebe herself.

Phebe's room is a bower of flowers- chrysanthemums predominate- some dahlias- (Phebe had to tell me how to spell it)- marigolds, roses and poinsettias.- I am writing this in her room. She has just finished dictating a letter to mama which she lay on, some days ago. I find it possible to get up to see her four times a day- and she saw Miss Perkins for 10 minutes- the first visitor since she has been here.

It is too soon to say much of the future, but Phebe has just asked me for the 11<sup>th</sup> time and I have told her that we hope she will be able to be moved over to our home when mama arrives and live with us there. We will not plan further now.

Life is a little strenuous now with Annual Meeting on- trying to meet my classes- attend extra comm. meetings and see Phebe 4 times a day. This evening is the C.E. meeting. I am skipping it to be with Phebe.

We have had a very nice sky but copious rain for four days. It has been good for gardens and the wheat.

I am sending this in duplicate to Dorothy and Gould in Putnam and Shelton.

You will forgive me for not writing more. The great big good news of Phebe's improvement is the important thing.

The letter from Mama sent fr. Washington via Air Service simply said she hoped to start yesterday Nov 21 on the Pres. Van Buren- so you see we cannot send a letter to meet her yet.

Very lovingly  
Father

Phebe having finished her supper, sat up alone and is brushing her teeth alone.

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*[This partial letter dated Nov. 24, 1925 was written from S.S. President Van Buren steamship in the Pacific Ocean by Ellen to Marjorie and Kathleen. Ellen reprimands them for sleeping in and failing to attend church since she left. She tells them what to do with the canned fruit in the barn. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Pacific Ocean, S.S. President Van Buren]  
[Nov 24, 1925]

*[Probably written to Marjorie and Kathleen]*

.....with some new ones every day. There are at least two other missionaries on board besides myself. I have written of the Episcopal nurse. The other is at the head of day school work in India, a Methodist Lady. Look at the marks all over these two pages where I have fallen asleep while writing. Think I'll go to bed as it is 9:30. We have to set our watches back from 17 to 24 min. a day according to distance run till we reach the 180 degree meridian when we drop a day.- There is also a Minister Rev. Hutton and wife and little girl on board, missionaries to India. There may be others but I have not found them yet. - We have radio report bulletins for our morning newspaper every day and read all about the burial of Queen Mother Alexandra yesterday and the fall of the French cabinet with Painleve's resignation today. Even get that disgraceful Rhinelander trial in brief; and the Mitchel trial today. We had no service

on Sunday as the Capt. had so much business incident to the initial moves of the voyage he did not have time to plan for it. Some of us are going to try to plan for a Thanksgiving service for Thursday. I hope you go to the one in Oberlin, even tho I am not there to urge you to go. That sort of thing will be one test of whether you are ready to get along without me. I think you rather failed that test once or twice already according to your letters when you slept till 10 min. of 9 and did not try to get to that very important service of very great privilege, at all, and then missed seeing a hundreds + people join the church among whom were your own relatives, in order to make up for what you had missed by your inertia. I know you were tired but you could have taken naps after dinner to make up lost sleep and pulled yourselves out by will power in the morning. If you are going to miss out, on these most important things of life now, when you have only yourself to look out for how much easier it will be to drop your church school attendance, church attendance, and attendance on worthwhile lectures, institutes and conventions when you get a husband, a home and a family to care for. Please, girlies dear, keep that end of life up; don't let it sag. It is hard enough even with our best efforts to do even moderately well at it; while it is our bounden duty to ourselves, to the church, to society and to God to do our level best at it. If you let it go with only the fagged ends of your attention and effort now encumbered, it will be entirely lost in the maze and whirl of multifarious demands of maturer responsible years. You ought to set your alarm clock every Saturday night for 8:15 so that you can get all the rest possible with out the danger or anxiety of oversleeping and being late for S.S. I left the clock for you for that very purpose. And you ought to always set it for 7 o'cl every morning that you do not need to get up earlier to study; so that you will never oversleep.

Please write me every Sunday, at least one of you, and as many more of you as will (or Papa or to Phebe) telling me all the things I want to know; whether Kathleen has come again; whether Marjorie has come again yet; how Geraldine is as to her head, and how she is getting along with her French her reading and her thesis; how does the house-keeping go; don't let that canned fruit freeze in the barn; it is in one box up stairs, -take it out one by one to hand it down stairs, don't try to take the box down bodily; and the other is in the big box down stairs under Kathleen's trunk unless you have moved either it or the trunk. Eat the large cans of fruit first as I may plan to send for some of the smallest ½ pt. cans yet I think not but will let you know before Mar. 1<sup>st</sup> so you can eat it before the spring fruit comes in. Always two go to the barn together and always take time to be careful on those stairs and in shutting down the door. How long after I went did you return the keys? Did you lose them? Did Marjorie lose that \$5 bill I gave her to pay Mrs. Hart my pledge to the church for the rest of the year? Is it paid? How much was it?

Send all my letters except these last two pages of personal talk to Dorothy and Dorothy to Gould promptly as you can, jotting down in a note book anything you want to answer.

...and it is a mistake. I infer some one tried to send me a pair of binoculars or something and the addresses got mixed up. To page 10.

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*[This letter dated Nov. 25, 1925 was written en route from San Francisco to Honolulu by Ellen to her sister, Etta. She tells about her trip in San Francisco and on the ship. She visited her Cousin Addie and Carl in Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dollar Steamship Line  
S.S. President Van Buren

En Route  
San Francisco to  
Honolulu,  
Nov. 25<sup>th</sup>, '25.

Dear Etta,

Your good letter was awaiting me as I came aboard the steamer an hour before sailing.

The auto you saw us entering was Mr. Lobingier's who very kindly offered to take us to the station in his car. Mrs. Harding was also at the station to see us off.

That was a very difficult parting and one that I would fair have deferred indefinitely. It meant to us all far more than it is possible to express in language. Our feature, in the way of compensation, connected with this home-leaving was that it was also a home-going. This is seldom an attendant circumstance of breaking the immediate family outside missionary circles and not very frequent in them.

I found a very rainy day in which to transact business in Chicago and after visiting our Board offices and a few stores. I gave up the unpleasant task and took the train for Geneseo arriving about 8 P.M. A taxi brought me to

Addie's in a few minutes over a good state road which they have been enjoying for about three years. Evidently, they do greatly appreciate it especially since they got their car; for both Addie and Carl spoke of it several times. It used to be so muddy in spring and so rough in wet, frozen condition. Addie is even more fearful of auto riding than I and seldom goes out in the car except on the most urgent business that requires her attention in person. One thing she does enjoy whole-heartedly is her radio. She has a Freshman set and it certainly does keep them in touch with the world and its progress and keeps them up-to-date in some things if not in those lines where personal contact with the world is necessary for results. Carl enjoys both the radio and the auto as well as the Victrola and uses them all much. He can go out in cold and damp weather, if necessary, as he could not if it were required to harness a horse and ride in an open carriage. He is not able to do any work except the chores and so has much time on his hands to use indoors especially in fall and winter. They have three cows, three heifers and three small calves; two horses and 20 hens. Addie is stouter than she used to be, has lost all her teeth and has plates, and is getting a bit deaf. She does very little cooking buying all her bread, cake, pies, doughnuts etc. and eating prepared cereals. Vegetables, meats and stewed fruits comprises her cooking. Washing and ironing is put out and she hired a woman to help her all the time I was there. She does not know what she is going to do when Carl goes if that is before she herself goes and I don't know what Carl would do if Addie were taken first. He is often in need of her ministrations for he still has asthma, sometimes so badly as to need a Dr. to administer a hypodermic. But he is in better flesh this fall than he has been since he came from Dr. Tilden's, and he told me he has been better and had asthma the least during the 2 ½ weeks before I arrived and while I was there than he had in a long time before.

From Geneseo I took a tourist sleeper to San Francisco, thereby saving the Board eleven dollars over what it would have been for Pullman fare. The cost of ticket is the same; the difference is in the sleeper fare. It took only 3 ½ days from Geneseo to San F. and that gave me 3 ½ hours in Los Angeles where I changed trains to get an express to S.F. I met an interesting man on the train from El Paso to Los A. He had lived in Mexico much of the time since boyhood and knows its history and people well, past and present. The son of a Quaker missionary to Mexico, he was born there and returned there after college, fought in Mexico's revolution and is pretty close to the gov't. He has a sister in China under the Christian Alliance mission. He told me he agreed with his wife before they married that he was to have the privilege of fighting and discussing all he chose,- not exactly a Quaker spirit! But he certainly was a walking encyclopedia on Mexico.

In San F. I visited James Beard's widow's [*Leolyn*] present home and saw her four youngest children; the father, mother, and James' daughter being in Paris this year studying. Dr. Morgan's sister and brother are caring for his home and children.

Such beautiful homes as they have in Berkeley and Oakland! Many of them small, one story, bungalow style, some larger and two story, many of stucco in various shades which I have not seen used here(!) or in Eastern America rather, and S.F., Berkeley and Oakland are all such hilly cities with streets running right straight up at almost 45 degrees. It is very pretty when you get up there but rather difficult to climb. I also took lunch with Mrs. Hinman and sister, Mr. H. being away in Cal. on a tour of the churches in that state. Mr. and Mrs. H. were once missionaries in Shaowu, up in the country from Foochow. I got my passport vised by both Japanese and Chinese consuls and went to Hotel Larnie to stay. Then the rest of my time was spent in the shops.

Saturday P.M. at four o'clock the steamer sailed and the friends I had visited, from both houses came across the bay from Berkeley to see me off. They called at my hotel and when I was ready I took them all in my taxi to the pier; the custom seems to be here to pay 75 cents for your taxi and fill it up to capacity with your friends. Five of us ladies occupied the rear part of the 7-seater while my luggage and the chauffer occupied the front part. Both Mrs. Hinman and Mrs. Davis brought baskets of fruit to me, and as we stood looking over the rail, numerous boxes of flowers and baskets of fruit came on for passengers. Shortly after 8:30 the "all-off" gong was sounded along the decks and then the social hall, smoking-room and cabin passage-way and the friends who were not sailing began to pass off once the gang-plank to the pier. Then the steward bearing the big tray of coils of paper streamers passed along the decks and passengers filled their hands and pockets with them. Going to the rail they began throwing them down to their friends who stood on the pier far below, holding one end securely in their hands as they threw them. The friends below caught them and held the other ends and in a few minutes the passengers on the deck were connected with their friends on the pier by hundreds of vari-colored slender strands quivering in the breeze. The deep, low-toned whistle blew a long blast, the anchor was drawn up, the gang-plank was lifted and almost imperceptibly the huge boat began to move out of her berth. One by one as we moved slowly out the strands broke and hung in swaying curls from the steamer's rail, and lay in tangled variegated masses on the pier and on the swirling water. Still they continued to be thrown and caught, the holders below walking along as the ship moved till the end of the pier was reached when the last strands separated; and so were severed the last material bonds that bound us to our friends and the shores of our native land. A pretty custom, and one that camouflages with cheerfulness the crucial moment which pulls hardest at the heartstrings of those outward bound and those that

remain. And yet there is a deeper significance whose pathos is rather accentuated than concealed by this feature of gaiety, in the afterthought of both groups. Slowly out there the Golden Gate, not very Golden either today, and yet not sunless and gray, alternately looking out forward and watching the retreating shores with nightfall finds us on the open Pacific fairly calm but with the long, low swell, just enough to remind you that your abiding place rests on a yielding medium. [*The construction of the Golden Gate Bridge did not begin until 1931.*]

Having purposely missed my lunch at noon, I did not go out to dinner that first night believing that fasting before and during the initial stages of the voyage will prevent any gastronomic inconvenience usually incident to the change from land to sea traveling. I wished to prove it; and my experiment was a success. Since then, every time the beautifully harmonic gong has rung the summons to a bountifully laden board I have cheerfully responded to the call. At first the cosine [*cuisine*] did not impress me as being even mediocre but after a few trials I have learned what to avoid and am able to make a happy selection of really good, well-cooked food.

Our passenger list is small, including only eighty people many of whom have expressed their disappointment that the boat itself is so small. It certainly is smaller than I thought and I feared it would not ride so steadily, on that account; but it has not felt the motion of the waves as much as I feared. For about thirty-six hours we have been riding thru a storm with very strong wind, most of the time a head wind but some of the time on our starboard side. Last night at eleven o'clock it rose to an eighty mile gale and the sea was very rough; but I have seen it worse. Our portholes have to be closed as we are on the starboard side from which direction the storm comes. The decks are narrow only about 8 ft. wide, and very much slanted for a floor, in order to shed water, and are hard to walk on for exercise, especially when rough seas make the ship unsteady. On the upper deck we have a large portion of it on both sides and the forward end closed in by large compared with portholes plate glass windows, about 1 ½ X 2 ft. in size. Here the children play on one side and shuffle board is played on the other side.

Fri. Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>. Everybody is writing desperately this morning to get their letters ready to go on the U.S. transport which sails from Honolulu tomorrow morning. No other opportunity to start letters eastward comes with three days later when the regular mail goes.

The weather has not warmed up on this trip as soon after leaving S.F. as it usually does on this course, on account of our storm which came from the north-west and kept it very cool. But this morning, one day from Honolulu, white wool and linen trousers are appearing, and thin silk and white wool dresses, altho it is not at all hot.

Last evening we had our Thanksgiving dinner of roast turkey, cranberry sauce (1 tiny teaspoonful) English plum pudding, strawberry shortcake, Neapolitan ice cream and a good many other things not strictly thanksgiving in association; but no onions, sweet potatoes, squash, pumpkin pie or dressing and thickened gravy. The dining saloon was elaborately decorated in honor of the occasion but as I told a friend this morning, judging from the decorations (put up by the Chinese stewards) one would not have been able to determine whether the occasion celebrated was Thanksgiving, Armistice Day, Decoration Day, Christmas or the Fourth of July; for there were the regulations symbolic paraphernalia of all those days, including U.S. flags, red, white and blue streamers, flags of all nations, Japanese lanterns, Christmas bells, chrysanthemums and greenery. However, it was festive and imagination supplied the rest. In the morning we had a make shift of a Thanksgiving service which I think all who attended appreciated as being the best we could do under the circumstances, and it was much better than to let the day pass unobserved religiously, altho it might have been a great deal more of an inspirational service than it was. The only minister that we know on board was ill, and has been most of the time. A lady missionary from India was asked to take it and would have done much better I am sure but she felt a man should do it and asked a Dr. from So. Manchester, Conn. to take it and he did the best he could. Three hymns appropriately chosen were sung, "Blest be the tie", Hymn for those in peril on the sea and America. Four prayers also appropriately chosen were read from the English or American Episcopal Prayer book. A collection of \$5.82 was taken for the "Seaman's Friend Society" and a very few closing remarks but no attempt at an address. I think the lady missionary chose the hymns and prayers too. Only about 25 attended.

I thought of you all assembled for the Thanksgiving dinner and was glad the girls had some family connections to meet with on this family feast day especially as it came so soon after my departure from the home. It was very good of you all to take them in and make it so pleasant for them. On account of our remote westward position and the difference of time thus involved, it was between 9 and 10 o'clock in the morning when I tho't of you all as seated at the festive board at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in Oberlin.

We have a bride-to-be on board, going out to Manila to marry a dentist, and she is the pet of everybody, especially the officers and young men on board. They say she is in the care of the stewardess but she doesn't seem to get much motherly care. I should not want a daughter of mine to travel alone like that if she were of the same temperament, training and ideals this young girl seems to be. She looks about 18 but some say she is 24 or 5.

I have seen only three real young children on board altho there are two or three girls that are just on the border between childhood and young womanhood. A majority of the passengers are middle-aged or elderly- one man is 78 and he said he laid out Manila harbor. He goes by the name of General Utter.

Last evening we had a lecture on the American Indian by a scientist on the passenger-list, from Washington, D.C. The subject was chosen as appropriate to Thanksgiving Day since the Indians furnished to the colonies their first Thanksgiving dinner.

Everyday at lunch and dinner we have music by an orchestra of four young men, playing piano, flute, guitar, saxophone but they are not very good musicians; we infer that they are boys who wanted a trip and are playing their way around the world. Many adverse comments are made by the passengers regarding the poor music. They also play from nine to eleven in the deck tea-room for dancing.

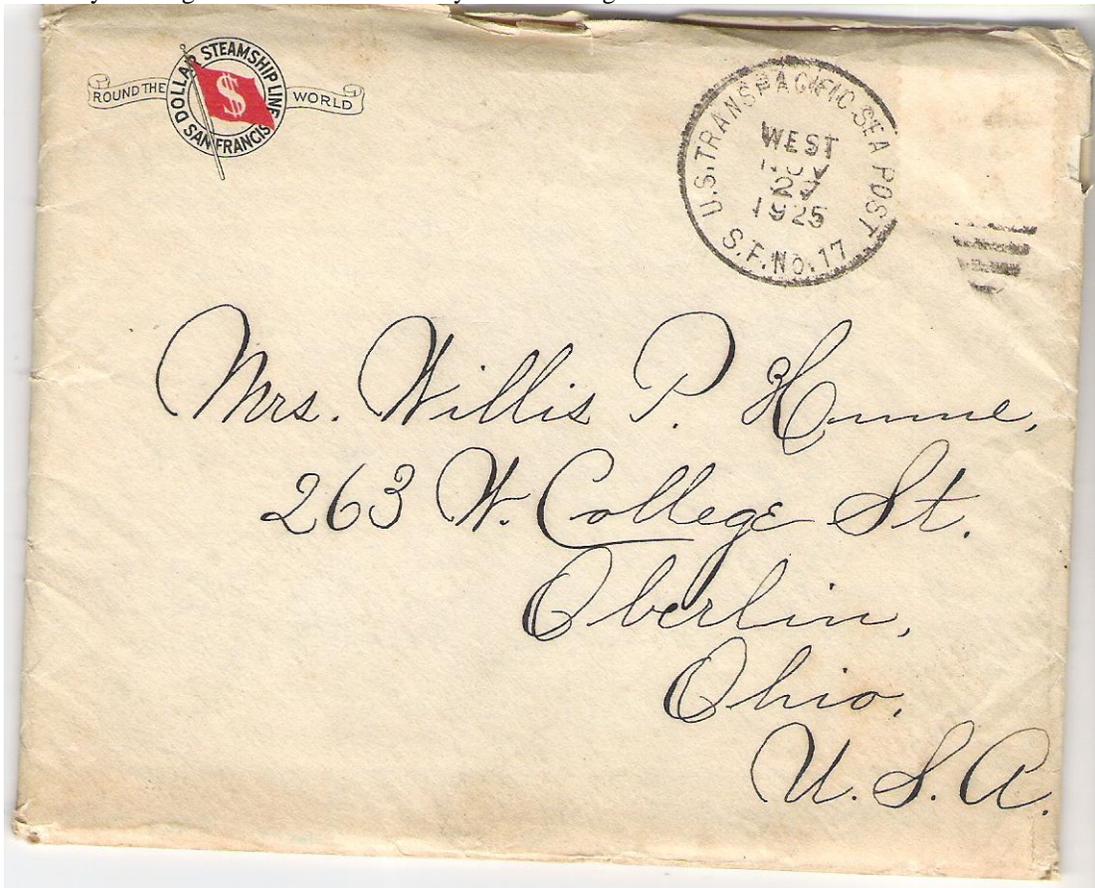
We have just met the Pres. Lincoln of this line bound for San F. She probably left Honolulu about 9 o'clock last night. It is now 12 M. with us. Our radio operator is probably talking with theirs and we may get some news. For some reason our radio bulletin failed to operate this morning.

Everyone is planning what trip they will take ashore tomorrow. I understand they cost from \$5. to \$7. each for a party of five and the party must number five or they will not go. So I see where I spend the time visiting the ship.

Well, four sheets is the limit so I must draw to a conclusion.

It is a real comfort and satisfaction to know you are so near the girls if they need any council, advice or care that they cannot themselves supply and it was pleasant to think of them with you on Thanksgiving Day. Donald wrote me a post card to meet me on the steamer and I received yours at the same time. I shall write him later. With love to all the family, Affectionately yours, Ellen

Will you kindly let the girls read this as there may be something in this which I have not written them. Thank you.



DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE  
ON BOARD  
S. S. PRESIDENT VAN BUREN



DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

S. S. PRESIDENT VAN BUREN

On Route  
San Francisco to  
Honolulu,  
Nov. 25, '25.

Dear Etta,

Your good letter was waiting for me as I came aboard the steamer an hour before sailing.

The auto you saw us entering was Mr. Lobingier's who very kindly offered to take us to the station in his car. Mrs. Garding was also at the station to see us off.

That was a very difficult parting and one that I would fair have deferred indefinitely. It meant to us all far more than it is possible to express in language. Our feature, in the way of compensation, connected with this house

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[This postcard, dated **November 27, 1925**, was written near Honolulu by Ellen to Mr. O.G. Beard. She is nearing Honolulu after coming through a strong storm at sea. Postcard in the collection of Mona Beard.]

[Postcard of the Y.M.C.A Building El Paso, Texas and postmarked from Honolulu]

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup>, 25

We are now almost to Honolulu and will spend the day ashore there tomorrow. Had a real storm, - 80 mile gale, - on Wednesday night, - a rare occurrence of such intensity in this part of the Pacific. Have 80 passengers on board, 5 of whom are missionaries; 3 for India, 1 Manilla, 1 China. A number of passengers leave us at Honolulu and some new ones come on. I have had a 3 Berth cabin all to myself thus far. - Had a pleasant visit at Leolyn's home. All well. Kobe next stop. Will send more lengthy message from there. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. - Ellen.

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[This typewritten letter dated **Nov. 29, 1925** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie, Kathleen, the Folks in Shelton and Putnam. Willard updates them on Phebe's condition. He had Thanksgiving dinner with the other missionaries. He and Phebe hope that Ellen made it onto the steamship Van Buren. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China,  
November, 29<sup>th</sup>. 1925

Dear Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie, Kathleen, Folks in Shelton and in Putnam:-

While in Phebe's room I wrote a letter by hand to Dorothy and am now making carbon copies for you all.

I am writing in Phebe's room in the hospital with one end of the paper resting on her bed and the other on my knee. She sat up this noon and ate her dinner, - soft boiled rice. She fed herself and got tired enough so she lay down at once and took a nap. The past three nights in succession she has slept and rested well and has greeted me as I came into her room in the morning with a bright, "Good morning Father." I can see her get strong a little every day. She is trying to get strong enough to be moved over to our home when Mama comes. We do very much hope she started a week ago yesterday on the President VanBuren. That should get her here for Christmas.

Thanksgiving was a beautiful day here. We met as mission in our old home, - where Mama, Monnie, Kathleen and I lived 1916-1920. There were 60 of us at six tables. The Wenshan folks and Mr. Hightower and I supplied one table. The viands were prepared in our kitchen. I'll try to give the menu altho detailed menu and description of a bride's dress are not courses in which I majored in college.

Roasted goose—candied sweet potatoes—boiled celery, China pickles—peanuts—rolls and butter—sang cha jelly—pumpkin pie—coffee. The dinner was enlivened by songs gotten up by different persons at the time and supposed to fit the occasion. Mr. Keplar from Shanghai was with us, for the Chinese Annual Meeting. One song was "A fine man from Shanghai has just come to town. \*Keplar". tune The Blind man of Borneo Has Just Come To Town. After the dinner we all went into the yard and had our picture taken. Then back into the house to see an Am. Indian enter with blanket, paint and feathers and talk to the children. Then Elizabeth Cushman read the Courtship of Miles Standish. Dr. Campbell as Miles Standish and Mr. Hightower as John Alden and Pricilla Holton as Pricilla did the acting- all in pantomime. It was very effective. Then came the Kitchen Orchestra, - indescribably with Mr. Newell as director.

Of course my thoughts were scattered, -many of them were with Phebe who could not be there, others with Mama whom I wanted to think of as at Honolulu, - and still others with you and in Oberlin, Easton, with Vivienne and in Putnam and in Shelton.

Phebe had a great day. During the morning many flowers with notes came to her and her room was a complete bower. Two big American turkeys, almost life size strutted on her walls. A visitor, Maude Hutson from her family in the morning, and Mrs. Newell in the afternoon. In the morning Miss Chittenden was brought in with a fever, a sore throat and a cough. She is in a room just like Phebe's with a bath room between. Then in the afternoon late I brought in some of the songs and other written expressions of love and regard from the diners and read them to her. I was a little anxious lest she had had too much but she slept and rested well that night and has since.

Phebe says, - "I had some orange juice this afternoon at 3 p.m. It tasted awfully good. The oranges were a gift from Mrs. Ling secretary of Wenshan School". The nurse has just come in and stuck a thermometer into her mouth and she stopped dictating. "Vernon Parker, Y.M.C.A. secretary (Oberlin 1916) came in yesterday and Dr. Lewis took out his tonsils". He is doing very well. I saw him this morning. "I am enjoying my alcohol rubs, one of

which I am having just now,- something I've never had before. Dr. Dyer and Dr. Lewis say it is possible to build up my resistance so I shall not have to eat rice all the time."

At this point it got too dark to write more so I stopped and left Phebe till after Y.P.S.C.E. meeting. Then I went over as usual and we had some of God's promise and a prayer together and I said good night. I read all of the above to her. I cannot yet tell what the future has for her. In the mission meeting yesterday Dr. Dyer told the mission that she could not do any more work before next summer. She hopes Phebe may be able to live with us in our home and be comfortable.

The last two weeks have been very full with the Annual meeting with the Congregational churches and the Mission meeting tucked in as it was possible and various committee meetings. I have given Phebe all of my moments except in some meeting where duty called. We are getting to be quite cronies. It seems to do her a lot of good to be rubbed,- specially near sleepy time.

It is very touching to see the regard in which she is held by every body and how solicitous they all are for her. Letters come from the country from people of other missions.

It is after ten p.m. and I must close and get to bed. God is a very loving Father and He will do all things well. I ask Him to show me all of us what He means by it all. And I want Him to make me patient and better able to express Jesus to any one who comes in my path. May He come to each of you with sustaining grace as you hear the news and follow the letters about Phebe.

Very lovingly and tenderly,  
Father.

Tell Flora that I found some of those daily proverbs or quotations from various writers that she prepared and sent out many years ago and I have been reading them to Phebe. She greatly enjoys them.

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*[This letter dated **December 6, 1925** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He reports that Phebe is improving a little each day and he and Phebe are guessing where Ellen might be on her trip to China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006 and a copy of the letter is in the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Foochow, China.  
December, 6<sup>th</sup>. 1925.

Dear Folks at Home Everywhere:-

Today I have not written to anyone so this is not a copy. But I am still sending a copy to each center.

Phebe has gradually pulled up a little each day. She has for three days eaten a little solid food. But today she had to stop it. Her stomach could not take care of it quite so fast. She rests well each night. Yesterday she sat up to eat her breakfast and once or twice after that. Nearly every time I go to see her she speaks of Mama's coming and talks about how many days she has been on the way. If she started Nov. 21, she is on the last half of the journey. I have written the letter to send to her at Shanghai, but have not mailed it.

Phebe is eating oranges and farina and postum and grape juice and milk. I believe that is all she has had as yet. Doctor said she might have some pumelo and she said she might have some apple. Phebe has kept at me nearly every day to be sure that I asked Mama to bring down a box of apples from Shanghai with her.

No mail has come since I wrote last week so we do not know any more about mama's sailing than we did a week ago. We are however counting on her having taken the Pres. Van Buren Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>. I hope the beautiful weather that we have had for two months keeps up till Mama gets here. We have not had frost but one morning and only a little,- not to hurt even tomatoes. My hens gave me six eggs today. This is the second time that I have had six in [one] day. There are eleven hens to do it, with one moulting, and eight are pullets. How I wish Phebe could eat eggs.

We have not yet had papers from Washington telling about the Meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches. The steamers must have run just wrong to bring the papers. Two problems are in the mind of missionaries in China, perhaps to the exclusion of most other problems just now. One is Tariff Autonomy for China and the giving up of Territoriality (the word -Extra should have been written before that long word) and the giving up of anything in the treaties that gives missionaries special privileges. Many of us have sent to our Consul and to the Board our desire to give Extraterritoriality and all special privileges and as our government to revise all unfair treaties. Personally I wish all concessions would be given up.

The other question is about the registration of mission schools with the Chinese government. This involves many questions about which there is a diversity of opinion,- voluntary Bible study, and attendance on religious service etc. The anti-Christian movement comes for a good bit of discussion but it does not effect the work of the church much. In fact it seems as if the church in some ways was forging ahead more than usual.

I think of you as in winter clothes and sitting by fires. Mr. Hightower and I have not yet had a fire. I put on my winter clothes a few days ago. I see some one in the compound had just bought half a ton of coal. When mama gets here we will have a fire to eat by and to sit by in the evening.

I must close now and go to bed. Phebe asks me to read from 1 John every night. We read the 4<sup>th</sup>, chap. Tonight.

Will.

I have asked a Mrs. Barker of Brooklyn to send Mary \$16.80 for some tea I sent her. Please let me know if it comes O.K. Put it in the Bank- Derby Savings. Will.

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*[This letter, dated **December 13, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to all the peoples. Willard updates the families in the U.S. on Phebe's condition. Ellen is on her way to China on the President Van Buren. The price of rubber is very high these days. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

[December 13, 1925]

Dear "All the peoples" -

This is Dorothy's name for all the Folks when she was a little chick and we were at home on our first furlough.

I am writing Sunday afternoon at 4:30 in Phebe's room and will copy it for the five centers as I have done since Phebe was brought to the hospital. During the week Phebe has been about the same- except that she is taking more food. Yesterday she announced with much enthusiasm that she had just eaten a baked potatoe and it tasted good and it had digested all right. Today she repeated the feat with good results. This afternoon the nurse brought in a soda biscuit and a dish of syrup. Phebe ate about half of it and said it tasted good. She is better than she was a week ago and she says she is stronger. She sleeps well at night and much during the day.

Two days ago another mail came from home and in it a letter from Ellen which said she was taking the Pres. Van Buren fr. San F. Nov. 21. That ship is scheduled to reach Shanghai day after tomorrow- that sounds earlier than to say Dec. 15. It makes our, i.e. Phebe's and mine- breath come shorter and our hearts beat quicker to think of it. I wrote her to reach her at Shanghai a week ago. We pray every night that God will speed the good ship along safely as fast as possible, and I have already arranged in my mind to take a private motor down to meet her. It is hard for all three of us that Phebe will not be on the launch to meet her.

The weather has been superb,- the ther. hangs about 60. I sit in the open door in Phebe's room and look out at the outline of the mountains ten miles away- thru the haze. Nearer are a few tallow trees red like brick in foliage and banyans everywhere in deep green.

Yesterday I saw the cross-country run between some ten schools in Foochow. This year it was for the first time managed entirely by the Chinese. Then I attended a meeting of the North Fukien Christian Council to say good bye to Mr. Cio Lik Daik our chairman, who goes to Singapore for a month to collect money for the Y.M.C.A. for China. I cannot help a wee, tiny, bit of good feeling over this for it is a responsible job they have given to him, and he is the man I found and started in the U.M. work here twenty years ago. He has stuck to it right here ever since. He is going to Singapore and the Straights Settlements with hopes of raising money. The price of rubber a year ago down there was about \$10.00 a picul (130 lbs.) Now it is over \$200.00, twenty times as much. A rubber king from Amoy bought up a lot of it at \$10 and the report is that he has already cleared some \$6,000.00. He is the man who has built the Amoy University. The North F. Christian Council also welcomed two Secretaries of the National Council. Miss Haas an American and Mr. Meng a Chinese. They are Industrial Secretaries.

The big annual concert of the University took place at the same hour but I felt it my duty to attend the Council meeting. You see there were three big Union events yesterday afternoon,- track meet, council meeting and University Concert and social.

Yesterday morning the Salt Commissioner for Fukien province spoke at our chapel. I wrote last week about attending a dinner at his home and before that about his attending the dedication of the church. It was good to the eyes to see this man, nearly six feet tall- and large in proportion come to speak to a body of students at a time when there is so much in the air against Christianity, with a large leather bound Bible in his hand and tell them that that book is one he is reading and that they must study it, and to hear him tell them Confucius and Mencius spoke reverently of God and that he prays to God. He went from us down to the University to spend the rest of the day. He had previously asked me to accompany him in his private launch. But as I have written above I thought duty lay for me in attending the Council meeting.

The last mail brought Mary's good letter telling off father's slow but sure recovery. Just before I began this Miss Holton from Wen Shan came in to bring your Christmas package sent to Phebe - - from Shelton. We opened the box but not the packages in it, - will leave them for Christmas.

Phebe and I had planned presents for you all but her illness has delayed the getting of them off. The presents for the feminine portions of the families are all ready and those for the men nearly so. They will be late. We both wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very lovingly,  
Will

[The following was hand written:]

Mary your method of deciding the interest on the house is right. I want each of the children to have his share. I was negligent not to ask you to divide at first.

Love  
Will.

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Oliver G. Beard of Long Hill avenue received a telephone call today from relatives in New York saying that a dispatch was received that his son, Dr. Willard Beard, connected with the college of Fu-Chow, Fu-Chow, China, narrowly escaped death when the college was bombarded. It is also reported that Dr. Beard's daughter, Miss Phoebe Beard, is seriously ill at Fu-Chow with nephritis.

From the Bridgeport Telegram, December 23, 1925  
[Ancestry.com]

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[This letter, dated **December 22, 1925**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the ones in the home land. Phebe's condition has worsened and Willard expects she will die within several weeks. Ellen was not able to get the first steamer from Shanghai to Foochow and she was not aware of Phebe's illness. He finishes the letter on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December. Ellen arrived and Phebe died within the day. He tells about the funeral. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

Foochow China,  
December 22<sup>nd</sup>. 1925.

Dear Ones in the Home Land;-

It is 4:30 p.m. I am waiting for Mama. The launch went down after her this morning about 9:00. She must be here in another hour or so. I may have to stop this to greet her. Sunday morning I wrote another letter in Phebe's room to be copied but I have not been able to do any copying until now. Below is the letter.

Again on Sunday morning I am in Phebe's room writing you all. The sun shines brightly outside. Inside a bright wood fire crackles in the fire place. Phebe has not improved during the week. She has not been able to take nourishment enough to feed her body and this of course makes her grown thin. There has been a perceptible change in the last three days, - not for the better. My letters have from the first told you everything I knew, and I am convinced that the doctors have told me everything they knew. They did not look for the sudden collapse six weeks ago, and they were all hopeful after Phebe had rallied that she might pull up and live for several years. That now seems impossible. Ellen is in Shanghai. One steamer came from Shanghai- arrived yesterday. It was full of missionaries children coming home for Christmas. Ellen sent a letter by it saying she would take the next one three days later. For some reason she had not received my letter telling her of Phebe's condition. It is dissapointing. Phebe keeps asking when mama will come. Everything possible will be done to keep her till Ellen arrives. We do not look

for anything so sudden, but it [is] very serious, and you will be ready for any news. It may be several weeks before she leaves us.

God has been very gracious to let me have these six weeks of blessed companionship with her. He has given her to all of us and to a host of friends in America and in China for thirty years. Her life has been one continuous outgoing of cheer and faithfulness and an example of a very high conscientiousness in every detail of duty. This morning I have read to her letters from Kensington, Conn., Chicago, Ill., Peking, Changsha and Funing, Fukien. This in one mail, it has been a source of very deep joy to learn of the host of girl friends she has made in four short years in China, and of the high esteem they all hold her. Her life has been a constant source of joy to us all.

This last week one of the classes in school tried to combine to force the whole class to leave school. It was a failure and we got rid of some undesirables. Day before yesterday the officials arrested three teachers and fifteen students of a private school started last fall. Seven of the younger students were released on bail this morning. Two of the teachers arrested were graduates of Foochow, who had taught in one of our mission schools until they were found to be untrue. One was [a] graduate of Trinity College, of the British mission here and of the Fukien Christian University. He was register [registrar?] of the University until he was found to be untrue.

The students union were planning to have a parade and demonstration for three days at Christmas. Some of the pastors were apprehensive lest meetings would be disturbed, but this arrest will have a quieting effect.

My hens are doing well, for five days they have laid six eggs a day. They laid seven yesterday and six again today. Dr. Dyer has just told me the doctors today (Kinnear, Matthews and herself) had decided to give Phebe two eggs a day now. I am glad I have some fresh ones for her.

The last five weeks I am afraid my letters have been all about things here. I have not written much about my interest in things in the U.S. I mean things at home. But your letters are full of interest. I shall find it hard not to think of the land across the road from Father's as part of the farm. Dan's letter said he wanted to make the present farm keep their two cows. I suppose it could be done all right. Is Uncle Dan still selling milk? Tell him I think of him every day. Huntington has electricity, White Hills also. Does uncle Dan have it? The papers you send speak well of Mr. A.E. Look. I like the way they speak of him and the way your letters speak of him. I judge Mr. Wilhelm may be better fitted for a lecturer than for a pastor.

I was much interested in the obituary of C.E. Nettleton. We used to call him Gas Nettleton. Did you know that the day after my graduation from the Derby High School he called me into his office to offer me a position? I listened to his offer and told him I had decided to go to College and to become a minister. He said: - "Go ahead." I have often wondered what I now would be doing and where I would be if I had accepted his offer. I am satisfied with the choice I then made- and I have always honored him for the help he gave me in holding to my decision to study.

This is all the letter I wrote on Sunday. I am typing this on Wednesday Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup>. O, my dear Children and folks, what long days these have been. Monday Phebe talked with me some but she was not clear. She thought we should be starting for Pagoda to meet mama. She thought she must go out to Ponasang. Tuesday at 9 a.m. a telegram came saying that mama was on the Japanese steamer getting in that day, yesterday. Mr. Christian and Mr. Thelin and Miss Perkins went down to meet mama. The day seemed never to end. With the fastest motor boat and auto, mama arrived at six in the evening. Phebe was still here and when mama spoke to her she tried to answer but the words would not come distinctly. That night we staid in the hospital to be near the dear child. We were not called. It was an awful shock to mama and it seemed that she could not realize it. There was no way to let her know. Mr. Christian and Mr. Thelin and Miss Perkins were down to meet her but they could not tell her how serious it was. And Mama dare not ask. Everything was being done that was possible to get her to her dear one. This morning Phebe was perceptible nearer the end. We waiting all day till 5:10 when the breathing stopped and we knew she [was] home. Mama was there. I reached her about five minutes later. I can never cease to thank God that mama reached her in time. How I wish she could have been here two days earlier to see Phebe in her own natural mind and talk with her.

Christmas morning: - We shall never forget this Christmas. We have given back to Our Heavenly Father the precious gift He gave to us thirty years ago. He has given us to each other in a new and deeper sense than ever before. We have a new avenue to Heaven. Another precious loved one is there and Heaven is so much nearer.

Yesterday, the day before Christmas we said "Goodbye" to all we could see of our dear first born. It was a beautiful day, bright, warm, calm. There were three services. One at 1:30 p.m. here in our home. Mr. Leger lead it. It was in English, except one prayer in Chinese by the Monitor of Foochow College. The house was filled with Chinese and foreigners. This service was for the people who lived in the city and wished to attend. We had photos taken of the casket and of the people. The one of the people was taken just as we had gone out of the gate of our city compound. We were ready to start for Wenshan, Phebe's home and the place of her work, at 3:15 we were in the

Wenshan chapel. It was packed. Here we had asked that the service be in Chinese and in charge of the Chinese entirely. It was the most impressive service I ever attended. The preacher of the church she had attended this year and which she attended the Sunday before she was taken ill, was in charge. He began the service with a prayer of thanksgiving. If you could have heard him you would have known what he was talking about, - not the words he was uttering- but the content and the spiritual meaning from the beautiful modulated, sympathetic voice he used. The address was by a pastor who had had much to do with the school and who has served with Phebe on committees. The girls sang two songs in Chinese and one in English. One girl student and one girl teacher spoke briefly. I shall try to get these talks for I never heard such testimony. There was no sentimental talk about "beautiful Christian Character" and "Wonderful faith in God". That was all taken for granted and was the background of all that was said. But they spoke of her helpfulness in many lines. It was evident that Phebe got very near to the Chinese. She had not confined her work to the class room, on a walk with some of the girls had pointed out the beauties of nature as God's work, she was interested in their language so much so that she mastered it so as to be able to write the questions for their examinations on the blackboard with her own hands instead of asking a Chinese to do it, she used the classical language, at times so much in her talk that even they found it difficult to follow her, thus adding dignity to their language, she talked with them as one of them. Pastor Ling said that her going at this time was not a mistake of God, it was like a well trained gardner going into his garden to pick flowers. He never picked a flower until it was just right for the use to which he wished to put it.

A photo was taken of the casket and the flowers about it, and another as we came out of the chapel, with the girls lines up on each side of the walk. This shows only a few of the girls, the rest are around the corner, extending for 200 feet or more. We reached the cemetery at 4:45 p.m. Here Mr. Goertz read the service and prayers were offered by Rev. Long Iu Cu and Bishop Hind of the English mission. There was [a] very large crowd and a large quantity of flowers. I had asked Mr. Christian to take general charge of all arrangements and he did it perfectly. It seemed to me almost like Phebe's triumphal entry into her new work.



Phebe's grave with flowers and cross.  
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The streets were guarded with armed soldiers and armed police to keep the students of the union from forming processions and molesting Christian services in schools and chapels. Here was a big procession of 200 or more. Chauffers took off their hats as they met us, men in rickshas did the same. There was no hitch in the whole afternoon. The atmosphere was charged with sympathy and love. Mama and I together dropped a wreath of red roses and white cysanthumums on the casket as it lay in the grave and friends led us away, while they remained to see the mound covered with a mass of most beautiful flowers. Mama and I went over to see it the next day.

I must not write more. May God give to each of you His own sustaining presence and may you realize that Heaven is very near.

[The following was hand written:]

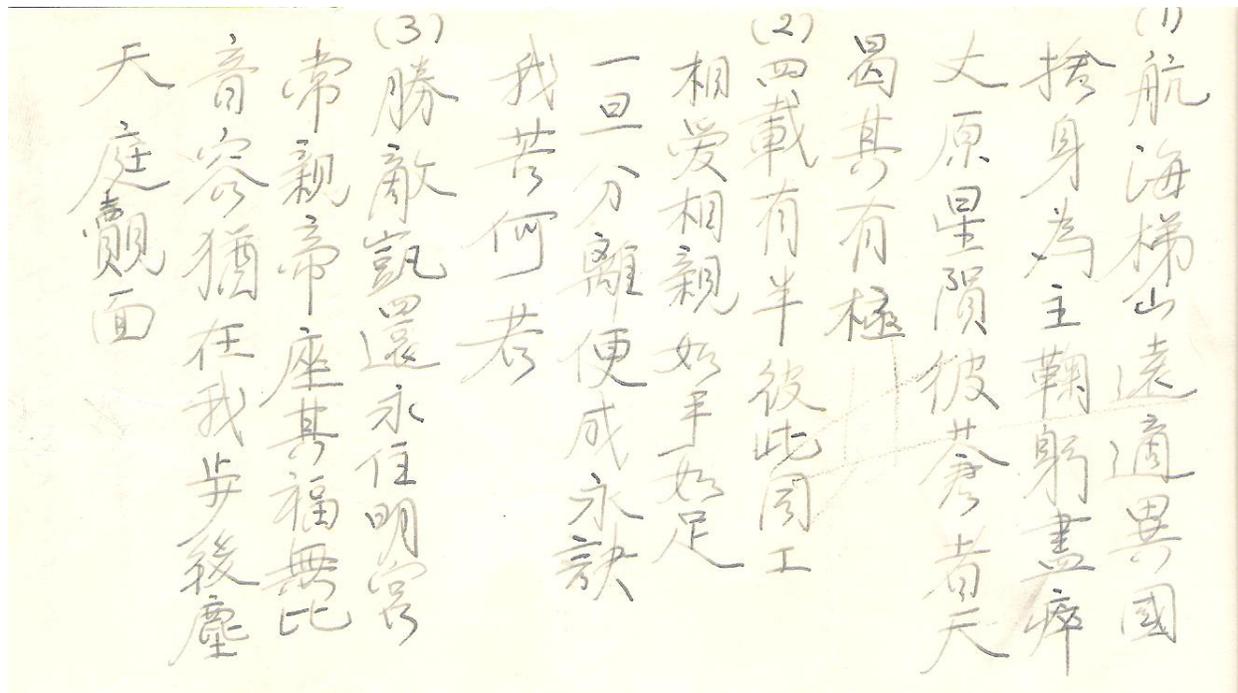
Dear Father and Brothers and Sister:-

This experience is full of sadness, but it is tempered with so much of loving ?? [*perfectly?*] expressed in spoken and written words that all the awfulness is taken away. Phebe's hold on the ?? of a great host was just what you would have had it. She is now with Mother and the uncles and aunts and cousins.

Very tender and lovingly Will

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The original hymn written by Mr. Liu Ting Kuo and sung by the young women teachers at Phebe's funeral. Dec. 24, 1926. [*funeral was actually Dec. 24, 1925.*]



Forwarded by E.S.P. [*Elizabeth S. Perkins*]

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Phebe Kinney Beard 1895-1925  
This was her Senior photo from Oberlin College.  
*[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*



Phebe's grave with headstone in China

*[Photos from the collections of Virginia Van Andel and John and Nancy Butte.]*

John C. Caldwell describes the cemetery in his book, *China Coast Family* as follows:

“High on an island hill in the Min River facing Foochow, China, there is a cemetery. Sheltered under two groves of ancient olive trees, here is the resting place of scores of white men and women who have lived and died on the China coast far from their native land. The history of the collision between East and West is written on the tombstones. The earliest grave, dated May 25, 1848, holds the remains of Mrs. Moses White, native of up-state New York, wife of the first Methodist Missionary in all Asia. Not only Americans lie here, but English as well; not only

missionaries, but seamen, adventurers, traders. A red Italian marble shaft stands at the burial place of pioneer Methodist Bishop Isaac Wiley, M.D., his wife and child; nearby is an imposing white marble angel, its wings spread above a cluster of simple stone markers, commemorating the Hwa-sang [*or Hwa Shan*] Massacres of British men, women and children in 1895.”

*Caldwell, John C.. China Coast Family. Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1953.*



Phebe Kinney Beard

Born Sharp Peak June 18, 1895    Died Foochow City December 23, 1925

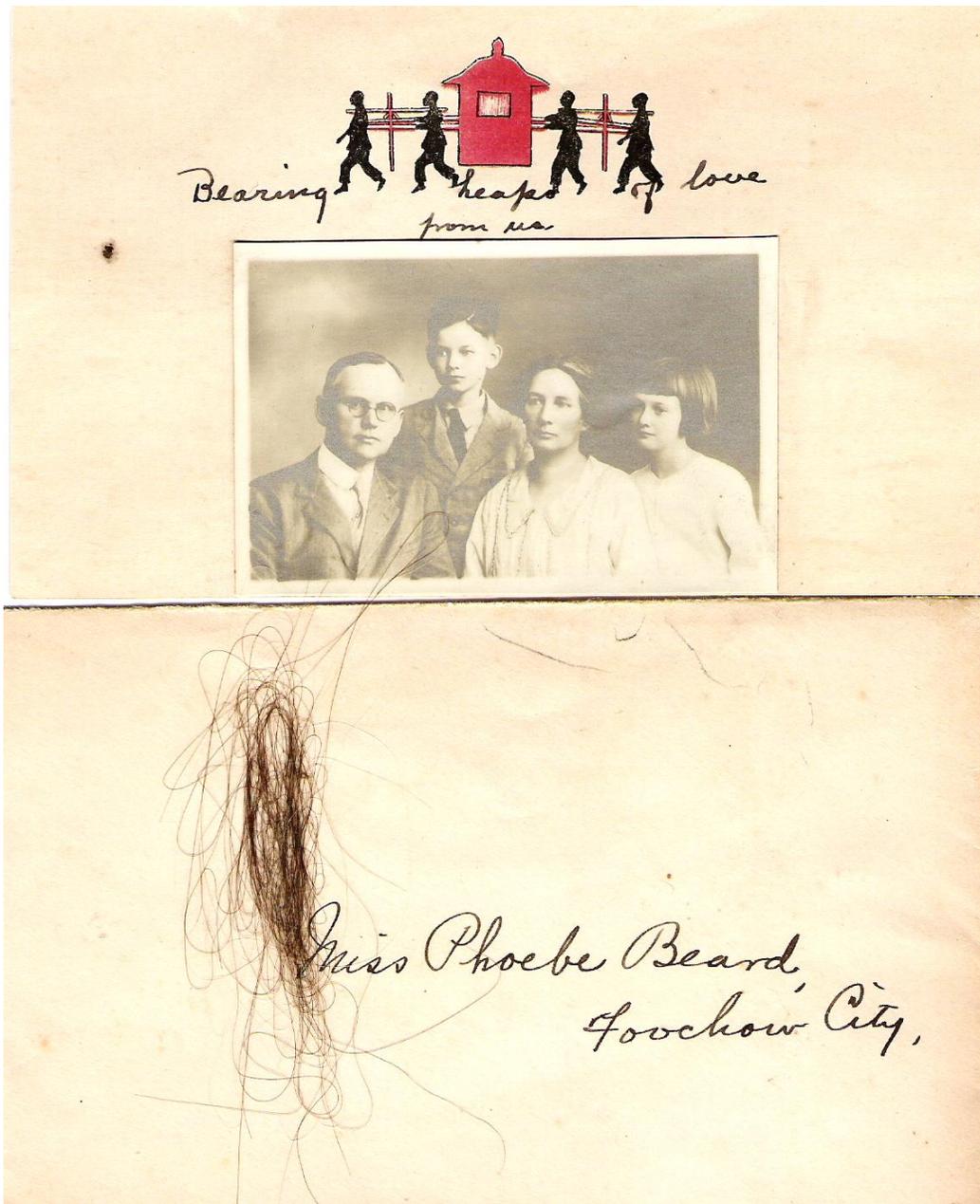


Using computer magnification, I was able to see that two stones to the left of Phebe's is buried an "Alice Hall". According to the *Missionary Herald*, Miss Alice U. Hall died October 18, 1909. This may be the Miss Hall who Flora traveled with in 1908.

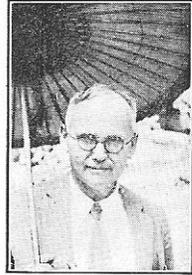
*[Photos donated to Yale by family in 2006. Copies are in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Sadly, this is probably all we will see of Phebe Kinney Beard's grave. According to the book, *No Foreign Bones in China* by Peter Stursberg, foreign graves were destroyed in the 1950's. *Stursberg, Peter. No Foreign Bones in China. Edmonton, Alberta, Canada: The University of Alberta Press, 2002.*

Nancy Butte, wife of Monnie's son John, traveled to Foochow, in 1988 with Monnie and Kathy. When asked if they visited Phebe's grave while there, Nancy said that they did not and did not even mention it. I suspect Monnie and Kathleen may have been aware of the desecrations that took place in the past.



"Bearing heaps of love from us" to Miss Phoebe [*Phebe*] Beard, Foochow City  
[I believe this photo card is of and from the Newell family. It may have been sent to Phebe while she was in the hospital. A locket of hair was found with the envelope of the note. From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]



*George M. Newell*

MR. Newell is the exception that proves the rule that all saints are emaciated ascetics. He has made Union High School a veritable "singing" school.



*Mrs. G. M. Newell*

IF you want to know real rural conditions just accompany Mrs. Newell in her visits where she comes into contacts with old superstitions and fears which yield slowly to her faith and winsome friendliness.

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Above: Photos of Mr. and Mrs. Newell in later years.

Mr. George Newell, born Sept. 18, 1875  
Mrs. Mary R. Newell, born Aug. 1, 1877  
Dwight Douglass Newell, born March 3, 1913  
Marion Jean Newell, born Nov. 26, 1915