

1909

- July 1909 Flora Beard leaves China on the S.S. George Washington via the Atlantic Ocean for the U.S. She is 40.
- October 19, 1909 Willard's cousin Frederick Wheeler Beard dies
- Willard is 44 years old, Ellen- 41, Phebe- 14, Gould- 13, Geraldine- 11, Dorothy- 8, Marjorie- 3, and Kathleen turns 1. They are all living in Foochow, China.

[This letter dated Feb. 1, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to her sister, Phebe. She tells about baby Kathleen who would be six months at the time of the letter. She briefly mentions plans of going back to the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 1, 1909.]

Dear Phebe:-

Thank you so much for the little tie. I shall proudly wear it because you made it "all by your lonesome." It is a little beauty and may adorn my travelling suit home.

The Xmas gifts all reached here safely and made each one as happy as he could be- even to baby Kathleen- "Cackaleen" - as Marjorie calls her. She is the happiest little mortal you can imagine. She has so many smiles for people that it keeps her busy the whole time to give them. She has grown so much in the two weeks I have been away that she is fast losing her "wee, tiny baby" look. I miss her more than most any one for she is the one free-to-love person in the house.

The corsets I found here when I returned yesterday. A dozen letters and ever so many packages, just filled my desk top full. I have just written a long letter home which I have asked to have sent on to you- as it takes so long to write the description of my trip over. It also tells you of my latest plans for home coming. I think I shall ask the home people to buy my ticket home from Europe and send it to me for if I take the trip north as I wish my money may come short. However, don't do anything about it until I write.

There is one more request I wish to make of you and this is to get some more gloves for me. I would like two pairs of white silk ones and two pair of light tan silk ones something that will look all right with my dresses- the samples, enclosed. I think that number ought to get me home or at least to where I can get some. The size is No. 7.

Our house is getting alabastined and all the rooms are turned loose into the halls and it looks about the same as a dress wrong side out with the seams not overcast. We ought to look pretty fine to pay for it all. Will is away with Gould at some meetings up the Ing Hok. Phebe and Geraldine are off on a trip, too, so we are a very small family just now. I go this afternoon to spend a few days with Mrs. McLachlin and then I shall be back in school on Feb. 9. I close June 4th and shall leave for home the next week, if possible.

Lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Feb. 1, 1909.

[This partial letter dated Feb. 14, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells of a trip to Ing Hok with 12 year old son, Gould and how Gould became sick on the trip, probably with malaria. He has remained sick after returning home. Willard talks about his pig and the cost of pork. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Feb 14th 1909

Dear Folks at Home:-

I cannot remember that I have written you since Gould and I went to Ing Hok. We started Jan. 27th and reached home again Feb. 4th. Gould was not perfectly well for four days before starting and he has not been out of bed since we reached Ing Hok. The doctors think it is malaria. His fever got as high at 104.6 at Ing Hok once. It has been normal twice since returning. To day it was normal all the morning but rose this afternoon. He is very thin. He says he has no pain and he sleeps well each night with naps in the day time. He has missed two parties and keeps count with precision. Last evening the other children came home from a Valentine party with cakes and pop corn balls. Gould got his mother to put some into a tin hoping to save them till he was well, and he suggested this afternoon that she might paste strips of paper over the cracks to make the boxes air tight. Yesterday morning I arose at 3:30 o'clock and killed and dressed my pig. We were talking about it this afternoon and Gould wanted to know if I had engaged any of it. I asked him what he meant and he said, "Have you promised to give any away?" He said "Oh dear you are having all the good things while I am sick. Can you keep some of the spare ribs till I get well?" I bought the pig Dec. 15th 1908. It weighed 72 lbs alive at 16 cents. I gave my check for \$11.00. I have fed it about \$12.00. The pork after hanging all day weighed 96 lbs. To buy such pork as I shall have if all goes well would cost here at the very least 50 cents per lb. We never buy foreign ham for it retails at 75 cents per lb. Spare rib can't be bought- neither fresh sausage, - that is such as we eat. I have now on the place three rabbits 1 horse 5 hens 1 rooster

and 3 capons (One hen should come off with chickens in a day or two and two dogs. The garden is a daily joy. We have had for two weeks carrots, cauliflower and cabbage, and we have had lettuce for six weeks. Then beets, parsnips, onions, turnips, radishes, tomatoes, and beans are coming on. Our strawberries are just beginning to turn red. We shall be eating them in a month if all goes well.

During the vacation we had some of the alabastine put on the walls. It is difficult to get the Chinese workmen to do good...

[remaining part of this letter is missing]

[This letter dated Feb. 21, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells them her travel plans to return to the U.S. Flora discusses various items she has purchased and how she will ship them back to the U.S. There is concern over nephew, Gould's health. He was treated for malaria but doctors now believe it might be typhoid fever. Baby Kathleen has been a delight. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Feb. 21, 1909.]

Dear folks at home:-

Ruth's letters are here at hand. I have her orders for lace all ready to send but am waiting for one or two from here. The amount of the bill does not matter so long as it is over \$10 silver, so Ruth need not feel that I am put to any inconvenience about it. The only trouble that it may be may occur to you people at home as it may be necessary for me to ask you to send me some money. I will let you know very soon for I expect to complete my travelling plans very soon. Now, it looks as if I should take the water trip, for it is so hard to get travelling companions to go across Siberia. Besides, I prefer the water anyway and people who have taken the trip in July and August say it is no worse then than any other time. This will make a difference of about two weeks in the time of my reaching London. I expect now to take a Japanese steamer at Shanghai, which will land me in London.

About the luncheon set. I think your plan of giving it to Helen for an engagement gift is O.K. If you decide to do that I'd like to join in and let it come from us. It would make each one of us five give about 50 cents gold. Is that too much? If you think it is, plan as you think best and let me know. I have a set nearly down and will send them. The pattern is not like the one I sent mama but I think is prettier. I shall send it in two parcels and there will be one centerpiece, six plate doilies, six finger bowl doilies, and six tumbler doilies.

I have written Helen and was sure I had sent a waist home to her, but am having one embroidered for her now, so she will have it very soon.

Mrs. Newell has your dress, Ruth, and she arrives in New York on the 7th of April on the Princess Irene of the North German Lloyd line. I have given her your address and she will visit you on her way up to Boston. She will write you from New York when she is to come so that you may meet her in time to reach her on the Princess Irene as it lies in quarantine and ask her to write a day or two in advance so you would be sure to get it. She has been a specially good friend of mine out here and her husband is the man the Shelton Cong. Ch. helps to support.

A week later. - I am sending next week to Shanghai, some parcels, to be mailed in the U.S. P.O., one to Helen, one each to Lucy, Elizabeth, and Ruth, and one to Cousin Carrie. All are waists except the ones to Century Farm and that is the luncheon set. The rest of the silk for Lucy's waist I mailed a few weeks ago. It is the one for Nellie with the extra cloth she spoke about.

Sometime during this week I shall book for my trip home. I can go from Shanghai to New York via Suez by the German Line for 44 L. I change at Naples. This will give me a breathing space in a country I have never seen. I leave Shanghai about the middle of July and I reach New York the last week of August.

We are feeling very anxious these days over Gould. Over three weeks ago he had a chill and has had a fever ever since. For nearly three weeks the doctors treated him for malaria but they have nearly decided now, since it has not yielded, that it must be typhoid. It has run now for twenty four days and still keeps the see-saw between 101 degrees and 103 degrees. He has absolutely no pain but is a mere shadow. I have not seen him since Wednesday. I can do no good if I go, and it is better for him to be quiet. He rests very well nights and suffers none in the day time but the fever is so persistent. The rest of us are pretty well. Will is looking very tired with the nursing and worry, for he cares for Gould during the nights. He is not doing much outside work.

School has opened very pleasantly and the new boys have fitted right into their classes so well that I hardly think of them as new. To-morrow is Feb. 22, and if it is clear we are to take a long walk and on the way visit a camphor factory, some glass works, and we shall have tea in a grove about a mile out. If it rains we shall have tea at the house of some of the children.

Kathleen is just as sweet and winsome as ever. She is so busy smiling and cooing that when she does get time to cry it is so short that she just does it up as hard as she can- or in other words- she howls. It is usually because she thinks the horn for her dinner has been prolonged too far.

Ruth, you may tell Mrs. Bissell that I have sent her name to the company who makes the silk and lace. She can get it just as well from them as me and even with the duty (which I would not be able to save on the quantity she would wish she will be pleased with their goods. They are missionaries and will be glad to send to her I think. I could send for some lace if I only knew what she wants but it will be too late to get word back now, as I leave Foochow the week following Jun. 4. I expect to call at Chefoo on my way up to Peking and shall find out then what I can do for the future. I am sending an order for nearly a hundred dollars worth of material from up there.

I am going to ask some of you to send me \$50 sometime before I reach home as getting all these things somewhat cripple my money supply for going home. I am ordering some silk to go to Miss Plain [*or possibly Playne as Willard spelled it in an earlier letter*] and paying her bill for her- as all has to be in advance.

I will write again as soon as I decide about affairs and explain in detail about doings and what I wish of you.

With love to you all-
Flora Beard.

Feb. 21, 1909.

[This letter dated Feb. 27, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Gould is improving in health and is eating more. He expects to be transferred back to the American Board but does not know when. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Y.M.C.A. Headquarters,
American Fleet,

Foochow, China Feb. 27 1909

My dear Mother:-

Your good letters of Jan. 17th came very promptly and we enjoyed them greatly. Some from Ruth, and Phebe came at the same time. As to the \$300 from Aunt Louise. I should like it put into the Derby Savings Bank.-I have some money there already and I believe you have the book- as possibly it is father who has it. I am not at all particular about what Bank the money is put into, if you people think a Bridgeport or an Ansonia Bank is better I am perfectly satisfied. It may be less trouble for you to just put it into the Derby Bank.

Gould's temperature was normal yesterday at 8 a.m. and 12 a.m. It rose slightly in the evening but is normal this morning. There is still something wrong with his alimentary canal [*digestive system*] and Doctor thinks he has it now so he can check it. His appetite is improving every day and he takes milk, Mellin's food, Oat Groats and Junket milk and asks for more. I feel that he ought to set up soon.

My work this year is likely to be in the City. I shall likely engage 3 coolies and go in each morning and take lunch there and return in the afternoon. When we shall be transferred to the American Board I cannot tell.

I judge Uncle Will is getting quite feeble. [*Oliver Gould Beard's brother, William Thomas Beard, born Dec. 5, 1831, died October 30, 1911.*] It seemed quite the right thing to do to have them go down to Nellies. Helen is happy and she has earned her right and I hope for her many years of happiness.

I am just going over to book Flora for New York. She plans to go by N.D.L. the same line that we went home on.-Sails July 10th from Shanghai on the "York."

March 2nd: Things have so piled up on me this week that I still have this letter. I shall plan to mail it tomorrow. Gould's fever has quite left him and he is eating "slops" as Dr. Rennie calls his liquid foods- for keeps- looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the time when he can take "solid food."

With love to all
Will.

[This letter dated Feb. 28, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She tells more of her travel plans back to the U.S. in July. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Feb. 28, 1909.

Dear folks at home:-

Mama's letters to us all came last week. I had a fat mail- 9 letters- good ones, too, but I am waiting for some more to-morrow.

Well, Gould is really on the mend. His fever ran thirty days and even yesterday did not stay down to normal the whole twenty four hours. He is eating well- of course nothing but liquids, but he takes a bowl full of something every two hours from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. He is but a shadow but at the rate he is going his food ought to give him substance. I am feeling much better about him for I had never known of such a long run of fever before. Dr. Renney said one of his patients kept up such a fever for nearly four months and then got well. This climate- and especially just now during the rainy season- produces such things and it is only one's stored-up vitality that brings one out. The medicines did little if any good with Gould, and finally they stopped giving him any and fed him. Since then the fever has slowly subsided.

Well, since I can get none of you to come to meet me, I have booked myself for home. I have decided to try 2nd class on the North German Lloyd and leave Shanghai on July 10 and reach Naples Aug. 15. I do not yet know my steamer from there but shall take the first one home which ought to land me in New York sometime during the first week of September.

I close school June 4th and get away the following week for Shanghai and Peking by steamer. I am to have a week or ten days in Peking and then go by rail to Hankow, thence by boat to Nanking, where I wish to spend a day or two and then get back to Shanghai by rail ready for the steamer home. It is getting me into New York later than I wished but it is an opportunity that I do not wish to lose, while I am in the East.

Now, as to the money. I wish Mama would keep two hundred and fifty dollars for part of my debt to her and send the other two hundred fifty to me- in this way. Ask papa to send \$250 to Mr. H.P. Andersen, 124 E 28th St., New York City, and ask him to send it by draft on London to Will. The reason for this seeming extravagance is that I wish to send some of the requests home and I am fearful that the moneys could not reach me in time for my use of them, so I am asking my friends to send their checks directly to papa. I will write late a specific list of each sender and the amount he is to receive from each. I am enclosing the addresses in separate card. Please send this as soon as possible. It will hardly get here before I leave if you can send it at once.- I will write you when I find out my other steamer.

I am glad to hear that Ruth is in the library again and hope all things go together for her good. I believe it will be a good thing.

I had a letter from Helen that did me good, and am answering it at once.

Will write again in a few days.

With love to all-

Flora Beard.

Feb. 28, 1909.

*[This letter dated **March 14, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Gould can now sit up in bed. Rainy weather has delayed the finishing of the Foochow City Y.M.C.A. He briefly mentions the death of the Emperor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
March 14th 1909

Dear Folks at Home:-

All has gone nicely here since I last wrote. Gould has continued to mend daily. He is now on good rations and is getting strong fast. He sits up in bed to eat and can get from one bed to another without help. The girls are all growing like weeds.

Flora has been laughing at us for talking about a rainy season,-until this year. Since she began her school Feb. 9th we have had only a few clear days. I am getting almost tired of waiting for the new premises for the Foochow City Y.M.C.A. to get dry so we can open up work. The mason the other day declared he had been over one wall five times and the rain had destroyed his work as many times.

My garden continues to be a great joy only I don't get much of the joy first hand these days for I go into the city six days in the week and take my dinner. But it's a great pleasure to see the things grow. I have picked six strawberries ripe and good to eat. This morning all the family but Gould, Kathleen and I went to church. Kathleen and I fed the pony, the three rabbits, the old hen and her two chickens and then we picked lettuce for dinner.

Kathleen was interested in it all as if she really had knowledge of what was being done. I tried to set a hen on some

eggs which are said to produce hens that never set. But after setting a week she went to sleep not to wake and the eggs were a total loss. The old gatekeeper who cares for the fowls when Phebe does not felt quite cut up over it and today has been home and has returned with four chicks about a month old.

A week ago last night the Y.M.C.A. here held its second annual banquet. The plates were 65 cents each which also included a ticket to the cinematograph show the evening before. 264 plates were set. About 200 ate. The night was very stormy and some were detained.

The foreign Sunday School held a very interesting session this morning when each one gave some part of David Livingstone's life [*Scottish missionary and explorer of Africa (1813-1873). Could this man be the inspiration for Willard's middle name?*]. We now number twenty.

Last evening we had the pleasure of opening a box from Putnam. I do not know that it was intended for a Christmas box but it was just as good. I'll not try to tell all that was in it. Two things interest me greatly- a pail of Father [Myron] Kinney's honey and two ears of sweet corn. I have already ordered from San Francisco some corn but, this is now here and I shall plant it in another week or so.- There was also some pumpkin seed. An enlarged photograph of the Kinney family which I took just before leaving Putnam in 1904 is excellent. If you do not have one you should write for one to match the Beard family picture enlarged from the same camera.

A cable from New York last week announced that they had found a teacher for telegraphy and I cabled for them to send him at once. I have spent about \$75.00 mex and the New York office must have spent nearly \$50.00 gold in cablegrams over these teachers for the Gov't Schools. To show how things move here etc.,- I witnessed the signing of the first contract last week. Henry Lacy arrived the first of last Sept. and we have been all this time getting the contract into shape- there was a contract with me previously so there really was no hurry. The work in Amoy and later the death of the Emperor also delayed the matter.

Four ladies from the Branch of the Interior of the Am. Board are here. Two have gone to Shaowu. The other two are looking at Ing Hok and other places.

Trusting that all are well and sending love for all of us here.

Your Loving Son and Brother

Will.

[This partial letter dated Mar. 22, 1909 was written from Ngu Ka by Willard to his mother. He is on his way back from Hing Hua where he had to take care of some business regarding the future Y.M.C.A. there. He describes the room in which he is staying for the night. He describes the scenes from the farms along his trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Association

Ngu Ka Mar 22 '09

My dear Mother:-

At five o'clock this afternoon I sit in the loft of a chapel under the Church Missionary Society's mission, 25 miles from the city of Hing Hua. I left this last named place at 7:45 this morning, rode a pony for six miles and have walked and rode in a sedan the rest of the way. I have just finished the Life of Charles George Gordon ("Chinese" Gordon). It leaves a sad stamp on my mind. But I have just written in my diary that his deals are mine.- He had no desire for man's praise and no fear of man's ridicule; he was ever looking to help man- and always the weak ones, and to the last he knew no resentment altho few have had more cause for resentment. In the darkest hours he was sure of God's will and loving providence.

What has been my business in Hing Hua? One of the 8 men missionaries there had been trying to rush thru the opening of a City Y.M.C.A. and the others did not like- and rightly. So I have taken 6 days to get these men to agree on policy. The effort has been entirely successful as far as I can see. A Chinese young man from Hing Hua has been in Shanghai for a year and a half studying the Y.M.C.A. work. When he passed thru Foochow in Jan. I had a perfect understanding with him as to his method of work in Hing Hua and this visit has simply put him back on this old track. I wonder if I shall describe my room,-12 windows 16 in. X 30 in. 1 door 2 ft. wide. Every rafter shows and of course all the roof boards. The walls were fairly white when the line was put on- but they are not white now. The floor has been freshly swept, and the dust that was harmlessly reposing there is flying about in the air and settling all about. For supper I shall have a bowl of rice- a boiled egg, bread and butter, jam and some crullers. I shall have the luxury of sleeping alone tonight. When I passed thru here on my way down last Thurs. night I stopped in a Chinese inn and shared a room with my five coolies. The charge was 50 cents for 1 bowl of

rice- worth 1 cents- boiling four eggs at once and boiling a little oatmeal and the use of a bare bed. I prefer to give my money to this Christian preacher.

I have not heard from home since I left last Wed. at 9 p.m. so I expect Gould is improving- he ate supper with us that evening for the first time since Jan. 27. He has had a long siege. But I trust he will be all the better for the rest. He seemed during the last week I was at home to be gaining constantly and rapidly.

The farmers are busy all along the way preparing the fields for rice. Some early ones have rice already above ground. The scene before me when I take my eyes from the paper is restful and beautiful. First and nearest the chapel is a newly plowed field- from which the wheat has just been reaped. It is now ready for peas or potatoes. A woman is cleaning up the wheat from a threshing floor- such as Ruth (not Ruth Beard) knew about in the time of Boaz, while her little girl of perhaps 8 summers holds the heifer as she grazes. The heifer has left the scattered spears of grass on the newly reaped bean field, and is taking a good mouthful of wheat from the next field- still unreaped. The little girl is pelting her with lumps of earth. The girl is victorious. Farther off there is an orchard of some fruit trees- then yellow wheat fields- peach orchards in bloom. Then some 2 miles away the mountains begin and their tops touch the low lying clouds- the mountain sides are bare, while the people "grab" them for a little grass or brush with which to boil rice.

I shall walk about 24 miles tomorrow, take a boat about 20 miles and be at home-And yet as the people talk among themselves here I cannot understand one word in ten. But I am on the line of the proposed R.R. between Amoy and Foochow. I'll sign my name after getting home.

[This letter is missing any further pages.]

[This letter dated **April 4, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Oliver, Grace and the Girls. Willard discusses the effect that the death of the Emperor had, and provides a description of his daily work schedule. Original letter is in the archives of Yale Divinity School.]

Foochow, China, April 4th 1909

Dear Oliver, Grace and the Girls:-

Oliver's letter came a little over a week ago. As I may have written before your letters give one a view of conditions at home that I do not get from other sources. I wish you had said more about yourself,- your business- your family. I see you are still in Bridgeport- are you still in the same business there or do you give your whole time to the B.N. Beard Co.?

The Emperor's death effects things thus far about as much as the death of a President at home does,- only differently. Everybody hurried up and got married at once when the death was announced so they could have fire crackers and feasts at the wedding. [Is this done prior to the start of the mourning period?] No one shaved for 100 days. They were a shaggy looking lot for the last ten months. Politically things go on much as they do in a change of administrations at home- only with less changes. Yuan Shi Kai was probably put on the shelf from the personal spite of the Prince Regent, Chen Pi (Commissioner of Post and Communications) was cashiered [dismissed from service] for graft and squeezing. He is a Foochow man, has come down to Shanghai and probably is ashamed to come home at once- may get back in the fall. These are the two big changes in Peking. Chen Bo Ting a big man here with whom I have had more or less to do in different matters will start soon for Peking to help teach Hsuan-Ting his a,b,c's and possible act as Literary Chancellor for the Empire. He gave me \$50 for the Y.M.C.A. the other day. It ought to have been \$200 and I am lying low to get a chance to see him again before he gets off for Peking. China is doing nobly in the line of education. This does not mean that her system is perfect, but when one recalls that ten years ago there seemed to be no thought of modern education and then sees fine brick buildings rising in different parts of the capitols of the provinces all over China, with teachers- English, French, German, Japanese and not least American, beside Chinese educated abroad, the progress made is marvelous. In the normal school here there are some 900 students- in other colleges 200 and 800 and 400. China has also done marvelously in decreasing the growth and consumption of opium. I doubt if better work has ever been done in the line of temperance in a space of three years.

Your sizing up of the industrial situation at home has not come out in the papers. It is hard work to translate the exact truth from the papers. But if there is no surplus stock on hand to glut the market, better times should dawn in the near future.

When am I coming home again? etc. It's hard to tell. My term is up Feb. 17th 1911. I may have to stay here and in this work until then. My mind is fixed that it will be no longer- The Am. Board is pulling hard both at home in Boston and here in the mission for us to come back to the mission at once. This would please me, but the

Y.M.C.A. is not as yet willing to consent and I cannot now honorably resign. I have told Brockman that he must get another man here in the fall. If they will not release me as soon as he comes, they must get him here so I can sever my connection at the very latest at the end of a six years term, Feb 1911. The work grows less and less attractive to me,- not that there is not enough to do or that it is not work that ought to be done. But I feel that others- new and younger men can do it better on the one hand and then the Foochow mission of the Am. Board is now in dire need of men and I can help them. The mission work is fundamental [not all of the letter fit the page when copied] ... wanted. But just now I wish the Association would loosen its hold a little.

My daily routine is about as follows. After breakfast at 7:30, work at my desk until 9:45, get with my chair and ride into the city- an hour, talk briefly with Ming Uong about plans and business,- teach English for 1 hr. 15 min., eat my lunch- give directions until 1:40, walk 15 min. to the Am. Board Theol. School teach "Hebrews" in Chinese 1 hr., go back to Y.M.C.A. teach Eng. 4-6- ride home 1 hr.- supper- in the evening write my lecture for next day on Hebrews. I have just received from Mott who is chairman of commission on "Carrying the Gospel to all the World" a list of questions that ought to take a good solid two days to write- to be finished in April. These things are coming to a fellow all the time. I have three such tasks- two of which must be gotten off this week- (Mott's questionnaire is for The World Missionary Conference- Edinburgh June 1910.) Then I must make on an average about two addresses a week beside getting in committee meetings- Well this is enough- I don't often indulge in this sort of writing and I'll stop it now.

Gould had typhoid and malaria that pulled him down well. But he is all right again and will be in school next week. All the rest are well,- except colds. We have been very free from colds all winter till a week ago. These are now getting better. Flora starts from Shanghai July 12 lands in N.Y. Sept. 1. She feels I think that she has had a valuable experience. Financially she has not done badly. She will not bring home any money but she had done a lot of travelling and has spent a lot in curios etc. The Foochow people hate to see her go. She has rendered a service to our children that will last as long as eternity.

Give my love to all

Will

[This letter dated April 18, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He thanks his father for some food that he sent and talks about gardening now and when he was young. He expresses how he would love to just be able to work back on the home farm carefree, but be able to go back to a job. Flora will be headed back to the U.S. from England on the George Washington. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

April 18th 1909

My dear Father:-

Your letter containing Zina's bill came in the last mail. Thank you very much for the present. As most of the goods are eatables, they will be all the sweeter when we think where they came. Your picture of the home and the farm was a vivid and interesting one. I am not sure but the older children will always associate Jennie and the stags with the farm. I expect they would enjoy raising calves for a time. One of the regrettable factors in our life here is that there is nothing for the children to do regularly- that they must do. On the mountain Gould had to take the whole care of his horse or the horse was not cared for. He did very well. But in Foochow there are servants whom he can get to do it and we have one old man who wants to do it and Gould is not averse to letting him. We have corn, beans, cabbages, lettuce, carrots, tomatoes, beets, parsnips, squash spinach, turnips either ready to pick or on the way. O yes and strawberries. Do you remember when I was about 13 years old you left me to plant the S.W. corner of the S.E. meadow next the spring lot, with corn, and that I did the job in an incredibly short time? The corner never came up. I did not put earth enough on it. The other day I left Gould to plant some beans with the gardener's help. Two days ago I was looking at the garden and trying to find the beans. There they were in plain sight. A good rain had washed the little earth off of them

How I should enjoy it on the farm for the next month. I get so tired here at times that I would give a good deal for a month of open work on the farm. I think often what a relief it would be during the next furlough to not be under the Y.M.C.A. or the Board, just be free- But this would not be best I suppose, as society and business is constituted one can scarcely expect to go to the other side of the world and find a job suited to his ability and for a year and a half earn a living for a family like ours, and then step right back in the traces again and go on without

losing anything. I shall likely be under the Board during my furlough, and they never ask a returned missionary to work if he even hints that he is too tired.

Warm weather is feeling of us. Last Wed. was very hot and today has been pretty warm. The spring is late. Grass is only starting and the trees that shed their leaves are not full of foliage yet.

Gould is looking very well indeed and is as strong as ever. Kathleen is trying to cut her first teeth, is struggling with a cold, is trying to get used to the change from the mother to Mellin's food all at once. She thinks it pretty tough, but she is standing it well. The others are quite well. Flora got tired yesterday and took a little cold and has a tooth ache. She has definitely decided to go from South Hampton to New York on the "George Washington" North German Lloyd, starting Aug. 22nd fr. S. Hampton. Three of the Foochow Meth. ladies plan to go with her. I am glad of this for her return journey will be so much pleasanter.

I wonder how mother's chickens are coming on. I have 5 a month old.- set another hen last night. Tell Elizabeth that I'd go in for chicken raising if I were she. I'd nurse the hens up and bribe them to lay when eggs were 60 cents a doz.- This is easily written- isn't it? Trusting the Heavenly Father to care for us all

With much love to all

Will.

The receipt for insurance came all right. Thank you. W.

*[This letter dated **May 16, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Will to his mother and the others at Century Farm. He talks about his trip to Iong Kau for a conference and the dangers of river travel. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
May 16th 1909.

My dear Mother and the others at Century Farm:-

Last night about 10:30 a big mail arrived, and in it was your letter to Flora and also one from Helen and one from Leolyn. Phebe also had one from Great Aunt Emma of Putnam. So we felt quite up to date regarding our knowledge of home affairs.

In the last mail I sent a letter in Ruth's name- the letter I wrote while away from home,- or some of them. As soon as I got away Marjorie and Kathleen began to "act up." Marjorie tried to have croup and Kathleen took a heavy cold and got two teeth and had to be weaned. All together Ellen had a pretty tough time. But as has nearly always occurred, they were all right by the time I got home. Kathleen shows her hard usage a little and Ellen is very tired. Gould is as fat as he has ever been. I do not think he has ever looked better. Today he has been into the city with me to attend the Y.M.C.A. meeting. We hold it on Sunday afternoon and try to make it a "Pleasant Sunday afternoon. Over 100 were in attendance this afternoon.

The trip to Iong Kau was full of interest all the way. The water in the river was so high when I started that no boat would take me the first five miles where the launch started so I walked up. I staid over night in a Chinese inn. A short distance from the starting place a small rapid is formed by the falling into the river of an old stone bridge. The launch got up this rapid on the fifth trial- it took an hour. About 30 miles up a man fell overboard and was drowned before our eyes. My boat was waiting at the port of the rapids when the launch arrived and we made Iong Bing at 2 p.m. Monday= 200 li or 70 miles up rapids- time Frid. 5 p.m.-7:15 p.m. Sat 5:45 a.m.-7:15 p.m.(The men ate 5 times that day.) Sun 3 miles- (a Sabbath day's journey) Mon. 5:15 a.m.- 2p.m. This is counted very rapid going. I was half a day ahead of time, and stopped to play the rest of the day. Iong Kau is 120 li above Iong Bing. The rapids are steeper and it took Tues. and Wed. to make the 120 li or 40 miles.

We had an eminently successful Conference. 16 pastors and preachers from the Am. Board and as many from the Meth- 32 in all and 10 laymen. They demanded another Conference next year. We met for 4 days. They asked for at least 8 days next year. While there rain fell heavily and the river rose nearly ten feet. On Sat. a boat got untied and turned over and was completely lost with two little girls. That boat was the only home of the family. A contribution was taken up at once among the shop keepers and over \$20 raised for the sufferers. On Monday morning I wanted to start for home. The river was so high no boat dared go. We waited till 1:30 p.m. and went 15 mi. down in 2 hours. Just below this was a very dangerous rapid and the water was too high to go over it. When the water is too high the waves are so big that they swamp the boats. And the whirlpools are so violent that they dash the boats on the rocks in spite of all the men can do. The water fell 2 ft. Mon. night and we went down Tues. all night, reaching level water at 6 p.m. At 2:30 Wed. a.m. we were again off. At 9 a.m. the wind blew hard up stream

and I hailed the down launch and reached home at 2 p.m. My boat got in the next a.m. about 10. I was gone 13 days- nine days of travel for four days of work.

The garden is still a joy. Yesterday we had a boiled dinner. Corned beef and potatoes we brought from our garden. We had beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips and lettuce, and salt pork from our awar barrel (stone jar). Three rabbits are getting ready for the pot and 15 little chickens are growing fast.

The draft that father sent for Flora came last night \$250.

The three boarding children are all down at Mrs. Hubbards over Sunday- It is a great relief. When school is closed and Flora goes we shall feel lonely – although there are eight of us in the family.

While I was up river another man for the government school arrived. This one brought his wife and baby. It proved all right tho for the other two men had to themselves. The whole of the house which we built the year before we left for furlough. The school has rented it for the year of the mission and Miss Wallace is acting as housekeeper.

The family are all in bed and I ought to be so good night- with love and a prayer for the Father's blessing.
Will.



Willard at the left seated on the ground and Ellen, seated in a chair to the far left and unidentified others. Mr. McLachlin may be the man standing at the far left. About 1909.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter date **about June 1909** was written from Shanghai, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora has started her trip back to the U.S. and tells a little about some of the other passengers on board. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Abt June, 1909]

Dear folks at home [Willard's family in Foochow]:-

I am here safe and sound at Mrs. Lacy's. Our steamer got in this A.M. about 5:30. Mrs. Lacy was there to meet me, so we just left my things all on the steamer and her boy is now after them. It was rainy all the way up but the sea was quite calm. I spent one day enjoying(?) a case of "mal de mer", but Capt. Richards assured me that my voyage would do me more good. He was very jolly and I had a good time. I had the cigarette people as my fellow passengers, but got some fun out of them. The American tried to pump me on the missionary side of the question but he did not get much for his trouble. The Chinaman seemed to me to have a big case of swelled head. He had sunk several thousand dollars in that old steamer hulk lying at the arsenal there in Foochow. Some company has bought it for a line between Shanghai and Ningpo. The American got to talking about justice to foreigners in Japan and as an instance of their injustice he told of a case quite similar to what happened in Foochow. I drew my own conclusions.

I am going out to do my shopping very soon and expect to get my ticket for Tientsin on a boat leaving here at daylight Tuesday. This gives me leisure for getting all my shopping and calling done. Mrs. Gammon and her family are now on their way to America so I shall not see them. I am going to call on Mrs. Segerdals and I shall find out some things from her to help me I am sure.

I find that I am short two of my white skirts- one long one (tucked) and a short one that the washman did not iron that last day. There may be two of the short ones, for I cannot remember packing the other like it. I am off without any short one and it is actually cool here. Will you please give the skirts to Dr. Betow?

The German Mail leaves this P.M. for Foochow so you ought to get this by Monday.

I hope Will is keeping better. I want to hear just how he is. Don't forget to tell me. Direct your letter to Peking care of American Board, and I think I'll get it.

Dr. Lacy's fever is not all gone yet, but runs very low. They say he is getting along as well as he can.

With love to all and a special hug and kiss for Kathleen, which Marjorie may give her for me, I am,

Lovingly yours-

Flora Beard.

Sat. A.M.
Shanghai

[This letter dated July 21, 1909 was written between Hong Kong and Singapore by Flora to the folks at home. She talks about her visit to Hong Kong, the weather and some of the people on her ship. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[July 21, 1909]

Dear folks at home:-

We are half way between Hong Kong and Singapore. The sea is as calm as the air is balmy. We are sitting on the very top deck at the very rise of the vessel with only an awning over us. The screw is the only jar to the occasion, and it may make my writing look very unreal at times.

Last Monday, I spent in Foochow with Will. He came down from the mountain to meet me. It was a perfect day and I was up before 5 A.M. to watch the scenery as we went up the river. There were frequent showers which made the most beautiful rainbows that I have seen and would leave the mountains beautifully clear and green. It was not extremely hot up in [the] city and our veranda was most comfortable cool. Will and Henry Lacy came back to the boat and had dinner with me for our steamer would not go out of the river until tide and daylight came.

We reached Hong Kong Wednesday afternoon. There were heavy mists hanging over the hills and mountain tops so that we lost much of the beauty of the entrance to the harbor, but there was enough to be seen to make one imagine its real beauty. We were met by a pilot when we were almost in the harbor, who simply took us to a safe place to anchor as a typhoon was due in a few hours, and it was unsafe to go to the wharf. All the craft were out near us waiting for the same reason. We had the threatening gusts of wind and occasional showers of rain, but between times we had beautiful glimpses of the city with its lights clear to the tops of the peak. It was most wonderful after night has fallen so dark that we could not distinguish the outline of the hills. Then it looked like a galaxy of stars on the horizon. The next morning we awoke just as the steamer was getting under headway for the dock. It was somewhat rainy so that we put off going ashore until after tiffin (or lunch so I must remember to day now that I am headed toward western civilization). Then Miss Corner (one of the members of our party) and I went out to find the ferry for Hong Kong. (The steamer lands at Kowloon just across from the island of Hong Kong.) It was raining a little but the jinrickshas there cover one up so completely that we did not suffer. By the time we were ready to take the ferry back the rain was driving in gusts and the water looked anything but inviting to cross. We

got on to the other side and waited for the pour to let up. The longer we waited the harder the rain came and the more fiercely the wind drove it, so we called rickshaws- although our boat was not as far away as our house at home is from the road. We got separated and were landed at different places but I was under cover. I found a Chinese who could speak English and he pointed the way to my steamer. There was nothing to do but to go out into the storm and walk the length of the pier dodging rails, ropes, and trucks- meanwhile getting drenched to the skin. When I got on to the boat it was to find out that the sailing of the boat had been put off till morning. This gave us another fine view of Hong Kong, for by evening the rain was over and we could see the surrounding hills beautifully.

The next morning dawned bright and clear and showed up the surrounding islands well, but as we got out into the sea we met huge waves which put us flat in our chairs for the rest of the day. By Saturday morning the sea was calm and every one feeling fine again. The weather is mild and we have a good breeze. I am dressed in my thinnest clothes and do not need a wrap, even in the wind.

I have bought a very pretty folding steamer chair made of bamboo and twisted seagrass, which I am hoping will last through my travels for the dining-room porch at home. It is very well made and has brass ends to each of its numerous legs so it ought to last. I gave only \$3 silver for it, so if it fails me it has cost less than the lining of a steamer chair to England.

There is a possibility that I may not reach Southampton in time for the George Washington. If I do not I will cable you on my arrival in England as soon as I find out what steamer I can get. If you hear nothing from me I shall be on the Geo. Washington in New York on Aug. 29th. We are two days late now, but the officers all say we shall make up the time- which I sincerely hope they may.

There are very few people on board- even in the first class. Our passenger list keeps changing but there are about a dozen of us through passengers. One old army surgeon, three teachers from Manilla, a very blase New York youth in search of health(?) among cigarettes, beer schooners, curio venders, etc., a good looking Austrian youth, a wicked looking rosy cheeked French woman, a wall-eyed German, an English missionary, his wife, and two incorrigible children, Miss Cormer, (a teacher from Shanghai), Dr. Betow, and myself make up the best of the lot. The rest are two Russian prostitutes and nearly a dozen Chinese. The latter I imagine will leave us at Singapore as that is a great rendezvous for Chinese.

July 21st, 5 A.M.- We are at Singapore and have gotten up this early to take a drive before the sun gets too hot. A friend of Miss Cormer's here is to be our guide. We had an invitation to take tiffin on shore but as our boat leaves at noon we cannot have that pleasure.

As it is time for our early breakfast and we are to start for our drive at 5:30 I will tell you in my next about the day.

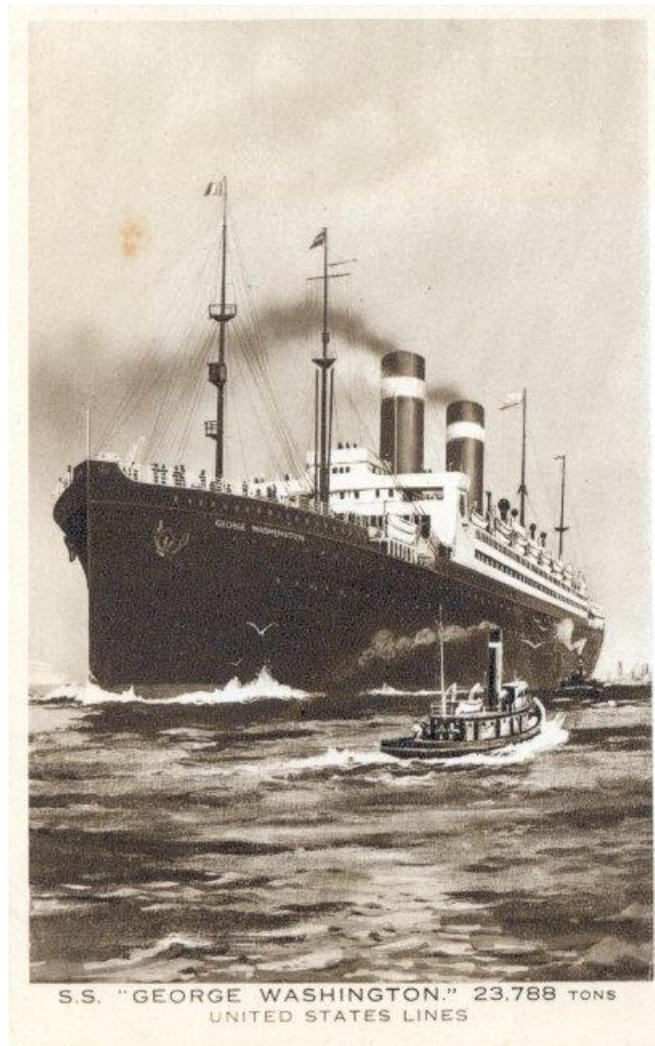
With love to all my readers, I am-

Yours sincerely-

Flora Beard.

Singapore.

[The ship's list for the S.S. George Washington shows Flora leaving Southampton, England on August 22, 1909.]



Goldman, Gary. "Great Ships". June 22, 2007 <www.greatships.net>.

[This letter dated **Aug. 7, 1909** was written from Swatow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He has gone there for the Student's Summer Conference and has spoken there numerous times. The children are growing and Kathleen is learning to walk. Dr. Barton of the A.B.C.F.M. wrote to the Y.M.C.A. saying he would not press the matter of Willard returning to the A.B.C.F.M. until his term is over with the Y.M.C.A. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Swatau [or Swatow], China
Aug. 7th 1909.

Dear Folks at Home:-

A week ago this morning at 5:30 I left Kuliang- kissed the children while they were still asleep and started for Swatau. The steamer dropped anchor here Tues. a.m. at 6 o'clock. The Student's Summer conference had been in session already half an hour. It closed last evening. I came planning to speak twice. I have spoken at least ten times. We have had a good conference and organized on permanent lines, with a committee appointed to arrange for next year. I plan to take a steamer for Foochow this afternoon- stopping at Amoy tomorrow at daylight- preaching there in English tomorrow evening- leaving Monday noon and getting to Foochow Tues. a.m. and to Kuliang that evening. All were quite well when I left and we were enjoying our boarders the Wallaces. Kuliang is

very full and it is likely that some cottages will house one family in July and another in August. No rain fell during July so rice fields and potatoes were suffering badly. But thus far we have had no typhoon. Yesterday was the anniversary of the big 1899 typhoon and Ellen has always invited the refugees to meet at our cottage in memory of the event. Before I have always been there.

Kathleen is a year old next Tues. and I hope to see her before she goes to sleep for the night. She has the fourth tooth and is fast learning to walk. We think she will skip the creeping stage. The Kuliang veranda has palings like a picket fence around it and she was walking by these when I left. Sarah Wallace 18 months is just 4 oz. lighter than Kathleen and walking everywhere. Kathleen watches her as if she were thinking- "If you can walk I can." It seems as if the children had all taken a growing start in July. Geraldine got up from the measles nicely. The rest are running up so fast Ellen can hardly keep their knees covered. She is trying to lengthen Phebe's dresses, but she grows so fast the dresses stay at about the same mark. Marjorie enjoys "swimming" in the tank as much as any of the children. She came home the other day and said "I swam just like this", and she made her hands fly thru the air.

Phebe said she got under water but was not in the least afraid. There are now 30 shareholders of the Bathing Club and 18 young women holding Annual tickets for bathing. Your eldest son has the honor of being President of the Club. The English write it thus W.L. Beard Hon. President. The Hon. stands for honorary- not honorable as I used to think.

I wonder if you have seen any of the Foochow friends this summer- the Smith's-Hodous's -Mrs. Newell- the Smiths and Mrs. Newell will be coming back soon. The last mail from Boston bro't a letter from Dr. Barton of the A.B.C.F.M. saying that he had written the Y.M.C.A. in New York that he would not press the matter of our return to the Board until this term of work was finished. This will be in Feb. 1911.

I think of Phebe, Elizabeth, Ruth and Mary as at home unless Elizabeth is in the mountains. Where will Mary be next year? Wells is most big enough to help Grandpa get his hay.

I must close now to get off for home. I find that a steady pull of 4 days makes one tired and the thought of home is sweet.

Lovingly
Will.



Willard at far left with Chinese men who may be students. About 1909.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Aug. 16, 1909 was written from Kuliang by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her Aunt Ruth. She tells her about some of their activities on the mountain. Her father, Willard went to Swatow and she wishes he could stay home more. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang, Aug. 16, [1909]

Dear Aunt Ruth:-

I guess I have been owing you a letter for a good long time.

Dorothy and I, at, least, I don't remember whether Geraldine and Gould received any, or not, received the postals you sent and thought them pretty. We all have got Post Card Albums and are all trying to fill them so we are all glad for every post card that we get.

Today it is raining about half an hour ago. Dorothy, Gould, and Marjorie have put on their bathing suits and gone out into the rain. Lately we and the whole mountain have been short of water. The rice fields, too, are quite dry and cracked. This shower we hope will fill up the wells so we will have enough water. We put buckets, bath tubs, washtubs and pitchers out into the rain so that we have caught quite a lot of water.

Papa, Mama, Mrs. Wallace, and I, are going to sing in the Sacred Song Chorus. I suppose that some one has told you that we have one up here in the church every summer! We are going to sing in the Cantata of Ruth. This is the first summer that I have gone into such grown up things as this!

I have just finished a tennis tournament. It was played the American way. I and my partner got 51 games. Aunt Flora said that you used to have a tennis court on your place so you must know how to play tennis. Nearly every body out here knows how.

Kathleen was a year old on the tenth of Aug. She is eating back of me at a table now. Her amma or nurse is feeding her. She can nearly walk and has four teeth and jabbers a great deal of baby-talk.

We are going to have an Exhibition this year at last. I am braiding a raffia belt for it. Is that the way to spell that stuff? I braided one in school last spring.

Papa has been back only a little while from Swatau. He seems to have such a lot of "going" to do. We wish he could stay at home more. I guess he won't have to go away again this Summer. At least, I hope not.

We are all well and having a good time. How are the people at Shelton? I hope they are enjoying the Summer as much as we are. Marjorie is such a big girl! She is going to church and Sunday School.

We older children have plenty of children's religious meetings to go to supplies by English S.M.S. Ladies. Sending love to all from all

Phebe K. Beard.

[This letter dated Aug. 22, 1909 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Rain is lacking and there is concern on the mountain of the wells drying up. A Mr. and Mrs. Wallace are boarders with them this summer. He tells about his visit to Swatow and Amoy for the Student Summer Conference and how nice it was to visit with his friends there. They had a Cantata while on the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kuliang Foochow
Aug 22nd 1909.

Dear Folks at Home:-

I do not like to think back to when I wrote last. There is however one consolation for you because I have thought of you very frequently for the past weeks, - the frequency has been increased by the fact that I was all the time looking for a few moments in which to write to you.

Flora wrote from Singapore and sent the letter to us to be forwarded to you. This letter I enclose and also a receipt from Chefoo for some silk that Flora evidently purchased in Shong's or from Shanghai.

The summer is most gone. We have had a very dry one this year and consequently a pleasant one for us foreigners on the mountain. But the rice fields and potatoe fields have been seriously injured by the drought. Since the 20th of June we have had no rainy day. Since July 1st until Aug. 5th no rain of any kind, and since that time only showers of short duration. Most people on the mountain have been on the anxious seat over dry wells. Our cottage is so high up that we get all the breezes going and this summer the wind has been so strong that the mosquitoes actually could not thrive here and we have seen very few.

We enjoy Mr. and Mrs. Wallace who are with us as much as ever. When Ellen and I went to Geneseo, Grimmell and Des Moines in 1904 we passed over the Mich. Central from Buffalo to Detroit and went within about 5 miles of Mr. Wallace's home in Simcoe, near Toronto.

July 31st I started for Swatau to attend the Student Conference held there, and got back to Foochow and up to Kuliang Aug. 10th. Steamers were most accommodating. I landed 30 min. after the Conf. began = 6 a.m. Aug. 3rd and took the steamer Aug. 7- the day after the Conf closed. I was detained Sunday in Amoy and preached in Eng. there Sunday evening. These trips are hard work but when I give them up as I shall when we go back to the Am. Board, I shall miss seeing a host of friends in and about Amoy and Swatau. It was very pleasant when the steamer stopped in Amoy harbor at 6 a.m. and while I was still in bed to hear an Amoy friend ask the captain if Beard was on board. He took us off to breakfast and to lunch. Then in Swatau the same thing was repeated. And on the return trip I was on shore 24 hours while the steamer was in port.

This a.m. I have preached in Chinese to a church fitted with Chinese servants, teachers and students. Every available room is full this season. Some are leaving already. Tennis, Public Bath- club house, etc. and absence of typhoons for several years together with an increase in the foreign population of South China are making this a popular resort.

Friday evening a chorus of over 30 voices among whom were Ellen, Phebe and your eldest son sang the Cantata "Ruth" by A.R. Gaul. We are fortunate in having several missionaries from different parts here who are musical. For the instrumental parts Mr. Walsh played the Chello, Miss Bennett the violin, Henry Lacy and Mr. Eyestone the cornets. Miss Ward and Mrs. Nightengale of Sieng In presided at the organ. Mr. Newell led the chorus, Mr. Jones was Boaz, Miss Baker, Ruth. Miss Ross of Amoy, Naomi, and Mrs. Wight of Swatau, Orpah. The whole affair was a grand success. The concert is a yearly occurrence- only in previous years we have had a concert of separate pieces. I think nearly all feel that this years attempt is the best yet. Phebe and Gould are both in the "big folks" tennis tournament. Gould wanted to sing in the Cantata but we thought best to wait till next year. He is specializing on tennis and swimming this year and learning a little responsibility in taking care of his pony. Up here he is compelled to do the whole thing- water, clean put him up a night and tether him out in the morning or the pony is neglected. All the children except Kathleen attended the Cantata- Marjorie had a long nap in the p.m. and sat like a lady thru it all. Kathleen is fast learning to walk. She gets along very well if someone will take hold on one hand, or she walks by chairs or by the walls or the palings on the edge of the veranda. All the children have been well since Geraldine got over the measles. Flora must be on her way across the Atlantic by this time. How you will be glad to meet her!! And how I shall miss the letters you used to write her. There will be only us to write to now and the letters I know must be fewer.

Last night a new little boy to Mr. and Mrs. Main. Last Fri. a new little boy came to Dr. and Mrs. Paton- (Amoy) who are also on the mountain here. I have written names for Flora will know them and enjoy reading them. Tell her that many people speak of her and inquire after her.

All send love to all

Will.



Marjorie (Monnie) and Kathleen Beard in China
August or September of 1909 [*Or a little earlier. Compare Kathleen's hair in this photo to the following photos.*
Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Above: Kathleen (L) and Marjorie (R holding a doll) Beard, China, 1909

[Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson, and a copy of the above photo from John and Nancy Butte.]





L to R: Geraldine, Dorothy, Phebe holding Kathleen, Marjorie, Gould
About 1909 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

[This letter dated **Sept. 12, 1909** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He has heard that Flora is in the Mediterranean so far on her way back to the U.S. The Students Summer Conference in Foochow has started and is going well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Sept. 12th 1909.

Dear Folks at the Century Farm, and all who have gone therefrom:-

That is a long head line isn't it? Since I have been in Foochow (from Sept 2nd) three letters have come from Flora. It has been good to hear from her. The first was written and mailed in the Mediterranean somewhere and came via Siberia, and reached us before the one mailed nearly ten days before coming back via Suez. I am sorry her trip was so unsatisfactory from a sightseeing point of view. As I think of our trip we were in Port in the day time in every place except Cherbourg, and we did not know when we stopped there. I hope to hear soon that Flora has reached home in safety. When I think over the past three years and all that Flora has done and the travel she has accomplished and recall that she has escaped illness and accident and has withal circumnavigated the globe practically alone, it seems a wonder feat and a cause for Thanking God. She keeps a host of friends in Foochow who inquire after her frequently. Miss Collier who takes her place arrived just before I came from Kuliang. She is with her sister Mrs. Ford on the mountain until school opens about Oct. 1st.

The Students Summer Conference here opened Sat. Sept. 4th. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney are in our house again keeping house for those of us who are working in the Conference. This work of Mrs. Whitneys is a great lift. This year we have more foreigners than usual to give addresses. Some days there have been seven in the house. They go and come. All I need to do is to say that Mr. Oldham or Mr. Paton will be here tonight and he finds a place at the table and a bed all ready for him.

The Conference has gone especially well this year. Instead of having Bible Classes taught by a missionary or a Chinese teacher or pastor we have decided the students into six groups of from 8 to 12 in a group and asked a student to act as leader, the students at first demurred but the plan has been successful beyond our highest hopes. The addresses have been of a high order. Without exception every man who has been asked to take any part has seemed to esteem it a privilege and an honor. Only circumstances beyond his control have caused any one to decline. The Bishop of the Church Missionary Society gladly addresses the Conference and then came over yesterday afternoon especially to have his picture taken with the Conference.

Mon. a.m. Sept. 13-

The Conference closed last evening. It seems to be generally conceded that this is the best Conference yet. The attendance was the largest. Delegates 49, Leaders 16, Visitors 42 total 107. Every thing passed off nicely, and the men are going away happy and with determined minds about the Morning Watch Bible Study Groups and Personal Work.

It's a bit lonely here this morning and will be more so this afternoon, for the last of the house party = Dr. and Mrs. Whitney leave this afternoon- then I shall be alone in the house.

The family on Kuliang are well. Last week Geraldine had tonsillitis and a fever with it, but is better, and Kathleen had trouble with her bowels and her stomach but she is better. The last letter announced that she had two new teeth on her upper jaw. These account for the indisposition.

So Phebe is to be on the farm this year, and Elizabeth up in New York State. - I do not yet hear of plans for Ruth and Mary.

Lovingly yours

Will.

[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1909 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her Aunt Ann. She tells about a typhoon that hit them and the damage the houses on Kuliang sustained including their own. Letter in the collection of Cynthia Amend.]

Kuliang,
Sept. 16, 1909.

My dear Aunt Ann:-

We have had a typhoon! I have been wishing for one for quite a long time, and now we've had one! Almost all the Chinese say it was harder than the one in 1899.

It the typhoon, began about eight o'clock day before yesterday evening. At about 12:30 I woke up, and found Mamma trying to keep Kathleen quiet. I took her while Mamma closed and fastened the blinds. Mamma and Gould had already tied up the curtains. It began to blow harder at about 3:00 o'clock. From that time to about 7:30 was the hardest. Marjorie and Dorothy were both awake and Geraldine, Gould and I were helping Mama. Kathleen went to sleep about six o'clock. We were just getting ready to dress when Kathleen woke up. I was rocking her

while Mama and Gould were doing different things, Gould was at the bedroom window when we heard a noise like a table being lifted and Gould said "The veranda's gone!" Mama then hustled us all into the sitting room. Dorothy and Marjorie were about to cry then but were very good all the rest of the time. We grabbed as many clothes as we had time to (for we feared the roof would fall in) and then we all got under the doors and in windows. Finally we all got into the dining room. There we sat all huddled up eating bread. Finally we got a lamp and warmed up some food we had mixed up with cold water for baby. Then we got dressed (we had been going around in our nightgowns) and had a little fruit. Mama's room leaked badly tho all the rooms leaked some. Papa was away so we all wrote to him. Then we went into Aunt Flora's room where Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have been staying and the two skylights were both broken and our paper dolls were all wet. We had put our paper dolls in there to play and they were all scattered around on the windowsills, shelves, and the floor. We picked them up and brought them in and dried them. Then we went out on to the veranda to see the ruins. We had been eating out there so the dining table was all dirty. Tiles, beams, posts, railings and everything was lying all over the veranda mixed up with mud. It was foggy so we could not see what our neighbors houses were like. Mr. Trimble and Mr. Caldwell both had come to see how we were and told us about some of the people. Mr. Trimble's family and boarders were moving out of their house, it was so bad. Mr. Ford's family was moving out because of a hole in the roof of the living room. Our veranda roof was partly gone. Miss Todd's house had most the tiles off and a door sucked out by the wind and a window both blinds and glass windows broken all to pieces so people could walk right in. Mr. Shaw's house had a big hole in the roof. Dr. Bliss's house had a hole in the roof. Miss Lambert's house had a hole in the roof. The Olives and lots of other houses are rather badly blown to pieces. Papa says that in Foochow the junks and sampans were blown against the bridge and broken to pieces. He says that quite a few lives were lost.

It rained quite hard for a while then it cleared in the afternoon yesterday, and we went around seeing houses. But this morning it is blowing and raining again. It rather looks like another typhoon.

The typhoon stopped a lot of people from going down. Today lots of people are going down, both those who planned to go yesterday and those who decided to go just because it will be so rainy.

Down at Foochow several houses have lost their roofs. Mr. McLachlin's house both here and down there have lost their roofs and they are in our house at Foochow.

I guess I have told you about all about the typhoon so I will begin about the family.

Kathleen has six teeth now. Her hair is curly, rather. She is wearing stockings and shoes. She has been a little ill but is over it except that she looks a little pale.

Marjorie is jolly as ever. She likes to swing (so does Kathleen) and sing and etc. She plays paper dolls and dolls (the other kind) and does every thing that we do nearly, to playing tennis to going swimming.

The rest of us are all well and having a rather exsiting [*exciting*] times. Aunt Flora should have staid one year longer then she would have gotten typhoon enough to suit her. Miss Collier our new school teacher says she has got enough. She was here during the typhoon and unless she has gone she's here yet. There will be a big flood from the rain of the typhoon.

Yours with lots of love. Phebe K.

[This letter dated Sept. 22, 1909 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Ellen to husband, Willard. She gives details of the family's experience through the typhoon that hit. Willard adds on to the letter to send on to the family back in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Sept. 22, 1909]

All safe and sound!

My dearest, dearest Will!

The children say there is something to write about now! Some of them sent rather meager letters the last time for want of something to write about.

Well this almost beats the 1899 typhoon I think.

The wind had been blowing ever since about 3 o'cl. a little, altho it was nearly calm when we took dinner on the veranda at noon. It increased steadily through the p.m. but I did not think of such a thing as a typhoon till about 8 o'cl in the evening when the blowing had become gusty and noisy. We took supper inside thinking it too cool for outdoor feasting. But I did not dream of its severity when I retired so did nothing to the curtains and took no particular pains about locking and bolting windows. Altho I woke at 12 with the children I went back to bed without doing any of the necessary things for a typhoon little suspecting future happenings. But I did not sleep and

gradually as it increased I began to realize the situation and at 12:30 got up and bolted and tied and locked up everything indoors that could be made more secure, pulled in the pole from the bathroom window gathered in the clothes and waited developments. And it blew!! At 2:30 I got Gould up to help me tie up the curtains which he did the best he could with the wind enough to blow him off with me holding him on. At about 5 o'clock the first curtain (south one) went and I feared damage to the one who tried to save it so let it go. At 5:30 the second went. Then I determined to save the last one and in a lull of the wind Gould and I went out and he with his knife cut down the third and sawed that. I had dressed and was urging the children to do the same as I tho't it best to be ready for action. Phebe was half dressed and all were up but Dorothy (who was asleep) when a terrible, prolonged crash came and I stood still and looked to see if any roof was to be left over our heads. But fortunately it was only the veranda roof,- one stretch, over exactly the spot Gould and I had stood only ½ hour before, - because boards tiles, everything is down and it broke that stretch of veranda railing down in its fall. Immediately I put lights out and hustled the children into the sitting room and dining room and placed them all on windowsills or in doorways fearing the roof would all fall in. The storm was still increasing but was about its worst at 7:00 or 7:30 when that fell. A half hour previous the ridge in our room went off and it leaked increasingly. Tiles blew off like leaves and far away. We can see the sky through the roof. It is the worst room in the house with puddles of water on the floor and almost streams falling from the roof. Just a place large enough for the two beds is dry. I have covered the wardrobes with oiled paper. The dining room is almost perfectly dry and sitting room leaks only a little; the girl's room leaks some but the beds are in a dry place. Mrs. Wallace's room has lost both its roof lights and therefore leaks. The servants quarters leak badly, Mrs. W's amah's room is bare of tiles and they cannot build a fire in their kitchen- are cooking in ours. Well there we all sat in the doorways and window sills in nightgowns and blankets and prayed, momentarily expecting the roof to fall with the next gust. Dorothy being wakened suddenly out of sound sleep was much alarmed when the veranda roof fell and cried some but aside from that the children all showed remarkable courage and composure. Baby cried for her breakfast but I dared not leave the windowsill to prepare it so Gould ran to the bread-box and got a loaf and a dull knife and I cut(?) bread and distributed to the children while we sat there, baby being appeased with soft crumbs put in her mouth. The back door of sitting room pulled out its eye and went swinging to the wind but Gould and I left our hiding place and tied it with much string replaced the eye in another place hooked that, then went outside and drove in 2 nails to secure it. While in our retreats Mr. Trimble came on to the veranda and asked if we needed help. We went down the hill from here and about 9:30 he and Mr. Wallace moved his wife and lady down to his aunt's then took Mrs. and Miss Pitcher down through our yard. Mr. Ford's people moved down either last night or early this morning and now we are left above on the hill. About 8 o'cl. Mr. Caldwell and a coolie called to see if we needed help, said their house hadn't stirred a tile and we could come down if we needed to and bring all the food we had in the house for as they had planned to go down this morning they had nothing to eat. And I guess they are furnishing refuge for a number of people. He said the Smyth house was badly injured and we can see Miss Lambert's from here, - the middle room roof and part of veranda has all fallen in leaving a big hole. Mr. Boyd's house seems to stand but we can't tell- Main Deng has just been here and says everything in the village has fallen in but just how much that means I cannot tell. He says it is much worse than the one 10 years ago. I guess much more damage has been done to the foreign houses than formerly. About 8:10 o'clock it began to abate and we came out of hiding and finished dressing and ate more breakfast of fruit only and I went to see how the servants got on. The Amah's room leaked only a little.

Geraldine got her pen as soon as she was thro b-fast and began to write it up.

I have not heard of anyone who was injured either Chinese or foreign.

Now I wonder how you have fared? I feared you did not sleep much for thinking of us. Has the house there been injured at all? tiles blown off or any leaks? The rain has fallen in torrents since 2:30 a.m. here. I fancy you will have to come to the foot of the mountain in a boat when you come. The longed-for rain has come at last but so furiously as to do more harm than good. All the rice is flat and torrents pour down thru the rice fields. I hope it will not be a six days rain this time as it was before. We are very comfortable now and will get along nicely if a prolonged rain does not increase our leaks.

I felt as tho we ought to offer the shelter of our house to the Chinese in our landlord's village; but it involves so much that I did not know as I ought; then too you can never tell by a Chinese report of a disaster just how bad things are. We could move the amahs into the dining-room and the men into Mrs. Wallace's room and give up their two rooms to the Chinese in the village if they could get up here,- the aged, or sick or mothers with young children. What would you do? Perhaps they would rather stay where they are than to come out in the wind and rain. It is so difficult to know what one ought to do in such a case, especially when one cannot go personally to investigate their needs.

I am getting a man from the coolie stand to take this to you as I know you will be anxious to hear of our welfare and we are equally anxious to hear of yours.

Where were the fires last night and the night before respectively. They could not have been far from you. We are well supplied with goods as we always seem to be when these emergencies come. And we have all the milk left that baby can eat before it will spoil.

I am eager to get out on a tour of investigation among the cottages. So I hope the rain will stop soon.

I feared you would attempt to come up to us if you realized (from a telegram or from a barometer) a typhoon was coming and feared you would have a very difficult and dangerous journey. I prayed constantly that you might be led to wait for safer conditions altho we should have been so glad to have you here. But I did not doubt our safety in the house till the roof fell and somewhat shook my confidence; so we were not long in a perturbed state of mind only about 2 ½ hours, and I do not think any of the children realized the danger. They thought it an exciting experience of which they should be glad as soon as the strain was over. But we are all very thankful to our merciful Heavenly Father for protecting us and keeping us safely thro the storm even tho our loss in property will be considerable.

Yours with very tender love

Ellen.

I wonder where Dr. and Mrs. Worley's daughter and husband are, - on the sea?

[*The following was added by Willard.*]

Kuliang Sept 22 '09

Dear Mother:-

This account of Ellen's experience I thought would be interesting to you at Shelton and then to the people at Putnam- I was in Foochow at the time of the typhoon- got a b-fast that a.m. myself went to Mr. McLachlins – found their roof all off and ceilings falling- helped Mrs. Mac and baby into our house then started for Kuliang to see how the storm had used the dear ones up there- waded in water knee deep 2 miles- walked all the way.

There is great loss of life among the Chinese on land and water and great destruction of property all about here. Our Kuliang cottage is still keeping us dry in the heaviest rain fall I ever saw. I am getting a great rest here. Phebe's good letter to Phebe K. came yesterday.

With love to all

Will.

[*This letter dated Oct. 9, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father and mother. He has been offered a new opportunity with the A.B.C.F.M. that he was not expecting. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

Foochow, China, Oct. 9th 1909

My dear Father and Mother:-

I received today a letter from Sec'y Patton of the A.B.C.F.M. a copy of which I at once forward to you. I have not yet cabled my reply. It seems superfluous to write that nothing in my life has taken me so completely by storm. I definitely decided last spring to return to the Foochow mission here and never make another change- because this seemed to me the most needy work. But just as my mind is at ease on this subject and as I have begun to rather enjoy the thought of getting back into the old work again, this letter comes to upset it all. I shrink from the task. It is infinitely more difficult than any that could confront me in Foochow, and this is the element in the call that won't let me say "no." I wish Hodous or Ned Smith were here so I could talk the matter over with them. But for human advice I have only Ellen and those whom this letter represents. How I wish this could get to you so that your prayers might influence me as I cable day after tomorrow-

With love to all

Will.

This letter from Sec'y Patton I am sending to Brockman, Shanghai with the request that he at once forward to you W-

[This letter dated Oct. 29, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by 14 year old Phebe Kinney Beard to her father, Willard Beard. She tells him various updates on her brother and sisters. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oct. 29, [1909]

Dear Papa:-

Night before last, last night and Sat. night we have had thieves. Last night or rather at 5 o'clock this morning we had a thief-scare. I don't think there really was a thief.

Kathleen has seven teeth. Her hair is so long that we have to tie it up on one side with a ribbon.

Yesterday Gould did not get 100 in spelling. Geraldine missed for the first time I think, this term, day before yesterday.

Latin and Algebra are not so easy now as at first.

Yesterday was a very rainy cold damp day.

Marjorie has to read, and do her arithmetic and practice on the piano, and do everything that we do.

Vaseline makes a fine blacking for my shoes. It lasts for about four days then I have to Vaseline them again.

Johnny Carpenter came to Sunday School last Sunday. Mama took your class. Johnny goes with me and if we have time Geraldine and Dorothy stop in for him too, to take him to school. He is a pretty good boy and knows a good deal about reading. Next Sunday I think Mr. Olinger will take your class. I'm not sure, but we asked him for last Sunday but he was going to preach and so wanted the whole morning. It was the first time he was to preach after he got back to Foochow. I am going to ask him to take our class next Sunday.

I got his text too, last Sunday. It was the 13 chapter of II Corinthians and Jesus crucified. I knew it was the 13 chap. of II Corinth. because he said it was the most important chapter in the world. I did a good deal of gesticulating that made Miss Wells smile.

It's getting to be about school time so I'll have to close. Just think of getting up at six o'clock and not getting to breakfast till quarter to 8!

Your loving daughter

Phebe K. Beard.

[This letter dated Nov. 11, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He is planning on travelling back to the U.S. in January 1910 to work for the A.B.C.F.M. He confides that he would prefer to stay in Foochow and that his new job will be difficult. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow Young Men's Christian Associations

Foochow, China, Nov. 11th 1909.

Dear Father:-

The last time I wrote was just after the call from the Am. Board to come home immediately. I hope the letter from Dr. Patton has reached you. I have been away from home nearly all the time since I wrote so arrangements for starting go slowly. There is a steamer from Shanghai Jan. 11th 1910, but that means starting from here about the 5th and it will be much easier to start a week later. We plan to sell all the furniture we do not take with us at auction, and board somewhere during the last week. We shall come direct home by the Pacific to San Francisco and across- if our present plans carry. For a few weeks we would like to get into Putnam until we can make arrangements to live in the vicinity of New York. It would be my mind to look up a house on the R.R. toward Conn. in a pleasant town, where the school was good and where there was room and good air, and I could commute.

I received Flora's letter written from S. Orange, by the last mail [see note following letter]. I am glad her freight boxes came so quickly, and I trust the things went safely. We have just unpacked a box of dishes from Putnam. They were some that we ordered to match a set that we bought while at home. Out of \$12.00 worth about \$3.00 were broken. I hope Flora came out better. I cannot make out what Mary is doing. One letter from Phebe read as if she were in Brattleboro Vt. teaching. But unless another letter mentions it we will have to wait till we get home to find out. Any letters that you write us after receiving this one address care of Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Baker Block, Berkeley, Cal.

My work at home will be very difficult for me. It would be much easier and more to my personal liking to stay in Foochow. But if it is God's call He will give the strength.

With Love to all Will.

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

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

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by 8 1/2 year old Dorothy Beard to her Grandpa Beard. Her brother, Gould, had a birthday and Kathleen can walk. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sunday.
Nov. 14, 1909.

Dear Grandpa Beard:-

It is a very nice day today. Saturday was Gould's birthday. He had a nice party. He had four presents. Kathleen can walk the length of our hall. Her hair in front is so long that we have to tie it up with a ribbon. Our pony is getting to be a fat pony.

Monday

I do not think I can write a very long letter because I can not think of much to say. Marjorie is all the time wanting to have me read a story. We are not going to have any school this afternoon. I think I must close now.

Yours truly

Dorothy Beard.

[This letter dated Nov. 29, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He tells her of his plans to leave Shanghai on January 17, 1910 to head back to the U.S. The Chinese have already given them a farewell reception. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Nov. 29th 1909

Dear Mother:-

There are 5 minutes before I must leave for Foochow City, so I will write just a line or two to say that all are well. The last letters spoke of Fred's death and of your reception of the news that we were planning to come home, soon. I have engaged passage on the "Asia" from Shanghai Jan. 17,- thru tickets to Boston planning to go to Worcester and down to Putnam.

Consul Gracey asked all Americans to take dinner with him at the Consulate Thanksgiving evening- 94 in all. I had the honor to be asked to make the address.

We have had our farewell feast and reception by the Chinese already last Saturday.

I plan to take one more country trip to Kucheng starting day after tomorrow in the evening to be gone just a week or 6 days then I shall give myself to packing.

Lovingly
Will.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all

W.

[This letter dated Dec. 22, 1909 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sister, Mary. He has been trying to quickly pack to go back to the U.S. Mary will not be teaching in California again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China Dec. 22nd 1909.

Dear Sister [Mary]:-

I find an envelope stamped and addressed to you. This I must have done with good intentions last spring and it is a sure proof that you were in my thoughts then. In fact you were much of the time for I feared from the scarcity of your letters that you were not perfectly content in Santa Barbara. And from all that I can learn you did not wish to go back. The letters from home seem to indicate that you are not teaching this year. The old home must be full of girls again.

We are tearing things up and getting them into boxes as fast as possible, with all the work there is to do- for I have not yet laid down any of the Y.M.C.A. work that I have been carrying on. And then it is now Christmas time and invitations are too thick to accept all from the churches, etc. three evenings this week are promised and all day Christmas day. So packing goes slowly. All our furniture we shall sell at auction so this will be one big job off our hands. I have three boxes of books packed and our pictures are nearly ready to nail up. The last two weeks here we shall board.

The weather has been superb for two months. The babies are now fat and rosy. We hope they will keep so. As I pack I keep wondering how Flora found her things when she came to open up the boxes- for this matter of packing is always an experiment. Even the exporting houses have to allow a chance for breakage.

I am afraid very few more letters will reach us here from home if any- for you will be thinking we are not here and will not write. Can't some of you send a letter to meet us in San Francisco? Address care Rev. H. Melville Tenney, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal. and we will get it. I think I have written that we are booked to sail on the "Asia" from Shanghai Jan 17th and plan to go to Worcester straight and then down to Putnam. We stopped at Shelton first before and we will stop at Putnam first this time.

With Love to all
Will.



This may be the class Flora taught until she left for the U.S. in July 1909. This may be late 1909. Gould is seated on the ground at the far left. Dorothy is the only girl seated on the ground, 3rd from left. Geraldine is in the middle row far right and Phebe is right next to her.

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



Marjorie and Kathleen on the veranda of their house.

The following was written (probably by Marjorie) on the back of a similar photo: "My father planned the house and supervised its building while he was with the Y.M.C.A. He taught the Chinese to make the pie-shaped bricks which formed the round pillars."

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



Marjorie on steps about 1909.