

1918

- America wins war with Germany
- Worldwide Influenza epidemic – 20 million die by 1920, 500,000 of them in the U.S.
- German Kaiser Wilhelm II abdicates
- Gould learns to fly at Kelly Airfield in San Antonio, TX
- Flora is 49 and Mary is 36. They are in Tungchou, China teaching at the North China American School.
- Willard, Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen are in Foochow, China.
- Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy are in the U.S.
- Willard is 53, Ellen- 50, Phebe- 23, Gould- 22, Geraldine- 20, Dorothy- 17, Marjorie- 12, Kathleen- 10.

*[This letter, dated **January 5, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years. Mary had a fur coat made and she feels that fur is the best thing to keep the cold out. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli
January 5, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Two letters have come to give us holiday cheer this last week. The Nov 24 reached us by Dec. 28; the Dec. 3 on Jan. 3- so you see they made good time. The Christmas parcel did get here before Christmas but Flora kept it until Christmas morning. Many thanks for the Bible. It seems strange to not have to keep a look out for stray leaves or to hold both covers firmly because of the broken back.

When you write of the shortage of sugar I hardly dare make candy any more. But our native supply is good and as yet plentiful, so I have indulged twice in the luxury of doing so. Last Wednesday two of the Y.W.C.A. girls, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Holmes, walked down via the stone road. They lunched with us and we persuaded them to spend the night. For entertainment we invited in the three young men and made Divinity Fudge. We had a great surplus of milk and the bottles were increasing alarmingly so we had crackers and milk for supper. That is a great luxury here and one seldom indulged in because of the impossibility of obtaining the milk.

I must go back farther for news for Flora said she had not written since school closed. On Christmas day we had one side of the breakfast table covered with parcels and cards. When we were through eating we began and opened them. Flora gave me a lunch dish to match some napkins which she bought for me at Pei Tai Ho last summer. It is a beauty. The Bible was among the parcels too. After breakfast I visited nearly every home in the compound on various errands for our little play or the games of the evening. Incidentally I watched the two littlest babies at their baths, enjoyed a glimpse of the ecstasy of the Love children over their tree, and said a Merry Christmas to Helen Corbett who was in bed with a bad cold.

We three were invited to Mrs. Stelle's for dinner. Mr. Stelle was ill with an infected sore on his arm so was not with us. I played "pillow duck" with the children before dinner and we had an hilarious time.

After dinner we had to leave soon. Miss B and I to help set tables for our compound supper which was to be held in our dining rooms. I worked until 3.45 then came over here to complete final preparations for our play at 5.00 P.M. We made paper chains and stars, put snow on the floor, lit the lights etc. The actors and actresses were ready promptly but we had to wait for our audience. The play lasted only twenty minutes but the children were very dear and sweet. The littlest ones were in high glee in the new kind of game and quite unconscious of any spectators.

We had a short delay before supper, that the small babies might be fed and the older children redressed after the play. The eleven children were together at one table which was decorated with a Santa Claus drawing a sled over the ice (a mirror) surrounded by snow banks. In the sled were sticks of candy tied with red ribbons, one of which extended to each place. Small individual candlesticks with red candles added to the future appearance. There were twenty five of us adults at four different square tables.

After supper we progressed again and went to Mrs. Love's for games. Mrs. Corbett read a Christmas story then we played "Question and Answer", "Stage Coach", and "Virginia Reel." It was only ten when we broke up, after a full but happy day. For "Question and Answer" the party sits in a circle. Each person gives a question to his right hand neighbor and an answer to his left. The question starts, "What would you do if ___" and the answer starts, "I would". When all are ready the leader asks his question of someone in the group. That person gives in reply the answer that has been given him by his neighbor. Then this second person asks his question of someone else. Some very amusing combinations occur sometimes.

Your cold weather came a little earlier than ours and was nearly if not quite as cold. Our coldest was 6 degrees above zero as far as I know. We had three days in succession when it was 10 degrees above at 7.15. It was interesting that every morning the temperature was 2 degrees while we were at breakfast. I laid it to the fact that the sun rose during the time. It is a little warmer now so the thermometer at 8.00 or 8.30 when we go to breakfast is 16 degrees, 18 degrees or 20 degrees above zero. We are having so much wind that it seems even colder than it is. Mr. Porter was counting the windy days and the number in succession was 19 last I knew. We have had wind every day but one since then.

The Friday after Christmas (the 28th) was the day of our Tungchow Old Home celebration. It was a better afternoon, cold (12 degrees) and very windy. Several guest did not come because of the weather. We had a lap supper at Mrs. Stelles- 39 of us. Then we adjoined to one big sitting room for a musical. The program was arranged in three parts. The first and last were musical. The middle one was reminiscences of first days at Tungchow. We began with Dr. Goodrich who arrived 51 years ago-then Mrs. Sheffield, 48 years ago and ended with Mrs. Huggins

who reached China last Fall and comes here to live next Fall. After the program we had a Virginia Reel and ended with a Grand March.

Saturday morning we played Rook part of the morning to entertain the girls. In the afternoon some of the people took a long walk but I was not equal to it. Mrs. Corbett gave a tea so I went there instead, and walked to the station to see the guests off. Dr. Porter arrived that evening to spend Sunday with Flora. I went to church at the Porters. There were ten of us. After dinner we had games and ended with "Letters" so it was late before we departed.

On Monday Dr. Porter, Miss Bostwick, Flora and I all went on a "Bat". We put up sandwiches, after returning from Mrs. Corbett's Sunday night. (We had had supper there). We went outside Chien Men (big front gate) in Peking and poked around in Chinese shops; curio shops, silk shops, brass shops and any kind that took our fancy. For lunch we went to the Bakery where they serve hot drinks and fancy cakes. We had chocolate and cream puffs to supplement our sandwiches.

On New Year's Day Flora and I made the "One Egg Cake" in layers and Mocha filling. This we served with coffee or tea to all adults who were in the compound. We were twenty because there had been a breakdown on the morning train and only Mrs. Love had thought to go to Peking at the late hour of 11.30.

Did I write that I have my fur coat and like it very much. The sleeves were too short but the tailor lengthened them. I have worn it to Peking twice and it is good to be able to keep warm. My blue coat did not keep out the wind in spite of its weight. The Chinese have a saying that neither wadded garments nor woolen ones can keep out the wind, only fur can do it. I believe it now. No woolen garment could be warmer than my blue coat made from one of Ben's blankets, but I have been cold in that many times. We got a black fur for a coat when outside Chien Men last Monday. We got it for Mother's next year's Christmas present and perhaps the next two. Now we are debating how to have it made up. We will have it made with a white covering so that the real covering can be changed. We do that because it is so very expensive to get fur sewed at home and so cheap here. (I gave \$10 to get mine made.) The covering will be more reasonable at home unless you want a silk one. Jean Dudley will take it home for us next June and remail it to you from her home. Flora and I will get a little wear out of it this winter. I wish you had it in hand to protect you against the cold of which Phebe writes.

I did not intend the lace for anything in particular. For Christmas if you decided, or for yourselves or for sale. I bought them because I considered them very pretty and most reasonable and I knew you girls could either use them yourselves or find a user. I have a slip with the insertion and lace to match in the flounce and like it very much. Do you want more? A lace man visits us here at irregular intervals and has very pretty patterns.

We are still watching the mails for news of Susie-John's arrival. I was glad to hear that Myra and Stanley could get up for Thanksgiving and that they returned all safely. It is too bad that Frank has been ill again. We had letters and handkerchiefs from Hattie this week.

How I should love to see Ben's children, Helen's babies and all of you. I call on Carol often for a romp with Jenn and Betty. Betty reminds me of Edith Louise when her age very much. I try to picture Edith as a big girl and wonder if I should know her now.

I am glad you are keeping Ruth's room as she wanted it. I hope Aunt Ella and Uncle Dan still keep well. They must feel that the extra care last winter paid.

I shall write Seaver soon at that lengthy address. Please send me Thorpe Sturgesse's address when you get that, so I can write them a note too. I wonder if Leolyn and Dr. Morgan are East yet. They were expecting to go East I heard since they could not go to Europe as they had planned.

It is 9.00 PM Saturday and the latest I have sat up except when we had company or were out this vacation.

Sunday P.M. This morning was glorious, calm, not very cold and dear. Miss Bostwick and I decided to make the most of the good day and walk to the river. It is about two miles east of us and used to be the head of navigation where all the tribute rice was unloaded for storage or for reshipment to Peking via the canal or stone road. The wind rose and when we reached the river it was blowing a gale. The sand was blowing like a Gobi dust-storm. The river was frozen and the dust so thick we couldn't see even the boats drawn up on the banks until we almost touched them. We came home in the lee of the city wall so got out of most of the wind. The dust was not bad except for the half mile next the river. It is time to dress for lunch. Lots of love and wishes for the new year, that it may be full of joy and blessings for you all. Mary.

*[This letter, dated **January 6, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. Mrs. Frank Buckman came to Foochow and spoke of forgiveness to fellow men. This inspired Willard to ask Mr. Peet for forgiveness over their differences. Mr. Peet had previously been recalled by the Board. Many babies have been born lately to the missionaries in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
Jan 6th 1918

Dear Mother:-

The last mail brought your god letter. Phebe's came also. I'm sending them to the girls. How we should enjoy some of those apples! And how you would enjoy some of our roses that hang in profusion on the bushes, and more yet some of my lettuce and turnips and fresh beets, and in another ten days or two weeks green peas. The weather has been very cold for a month. Each morning in the dining room the thermometer says about 40 degrees. One morning last week Mrs. Kinnear sent up a cake of ice ½ in. thick. That's pretty cold for this place. We are wearing our thickest clothes. But the days are bright and clear and the air dry. This is much better than the damp cold and ten degrees higher.

I have just written the girls that Ellen tells me to spend next Summer with them. She thinks it is too much for her to go and take the girlies so I may be in Pei Tai Ho next Summer.

Ray Gardner wants to get married in the summer and wants me to marry him, but there are plenty of others.

Did I write any thing about the visit of Mrs. Frank Buckman and party to Foochow some three weeks ago? Their message was very simple and given very quietly and informally to small groups of twenty five. Lead Men to Jesus was the message= do personal work. To do this one must get right with his fellow men. To feel hard against another makes any body shrink from speaking personally to others urging them to accept Jesus and be saved. There was some confessing while the party were here- they spent a week in Foochow- but the greatest results with us have come since the party left. In the College there were nine men of the graduating class who had not joined the church. To day I baptized these nine men. From the Higher Primary here twenty one united with the church and there were three from the government Silk School, making in all 33. Many of the boys have made confessions of wrong deeds. In one of Ellen's classes the boys of their own accord confessed that they had agreed to unite and say they were unable to get all the lesson,- a boy who for three years has declared he would never become a Christian, rose the other day and said "I believe in Jesus and I am going to be a Christian."

After thinking the matter over very carefully for several days I went over and had a talk with Mr. Peet. You knew the Board recalled him in 1915. He did not go home. Then the Board got the N. China mission to call him up there to join that mission to be supported by the Board. He refused to go. Then the Board wrote definite instructions to stop his salary Aug. 1st 1917. Since then he has lived in his own rented house and is doing odd jobs as he gets a chance.

I have felt pretty hard against him for several things that he has done that were against me personally and for others against me because I was head of the College. Such thoughts and feelings against any man are not right. A man cannot properly express Jesus to others while he is allowing such thoughts and feelings to find a place in his heart. So I went to Mr. Peet and told him that I had felt hard toward him and that I was going to stop it and that I should treat him as a friend. I have so written the Board, and I have told him that I would remove all objections to his returning to the mission as far as I was concerned, and that if he returned I should work with him in peace. So far he has not in any way acknowledged that he has done any wrong. So I do not know what the result will be.

All the members of the mission are trying to make it possible for him to return. As far as I can see all has been done that can be done until Mr. Peet himself does something.

We look for news that Dr. Shelton has his promised gold piece to Pearl River. Every week brings a new American to Foochow and there are more to follow. Gillettes in Diong Loh a boy. Charles Gorden. Then Elizabeth Waterbury Beach came. Then Pricella Belcher. Then Kathleen Twiley McConnell Y.M.C.A. Storrs, Leger, Kellogg-McClure are to follow. Oh I forget one or two down in Hinghua.

Gould is I suppose somewhere in training for the war. I pray that he may not only resist temptation but that he may while in camp and always be aggressive in helping other boys to resist and keep straight.

May God be with you all. Ruth's spiritual preserves is a great blessing. May God bring peace in His time. Thanks much for pumpkin- and other things came OK-Stanley and Myra gloves. Lots of love Will

*[This letter, dated **January 20, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is glad to hear that Myra and Stanley have a new baby named Nancy Nichols Beard after her grandmother. The school now has two pianos. The plague is bad in Northern China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien
January 20, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Hurrah for Nancy Nichols! Phebe's letter came this week Wednesday. Mrs. Corbett had been enquiring for her so I hastened to announce her arrival. To day is Father and Mother's fifty fourth wedding anniversary. Therein lies another cause for rejoicing. I do hope Father continues to improve after Phebe wrote last. He has my sympathy for I had to be careful of what I ate and not to exercise too robustly for so very long. My wish is that he recover as fully as I have so he can eat what he likes and do the same with impunity.

Is Mother's rheumatism better? I was glad to read that your stoves are all up for the steady heat would be beneficial to Mother. We have a Christmas present for Mother for the next two years which ought to be good for rheumatism. Jean Dudley will bring it in June so you will get it out of season. Even though it seems too heating when it comes, save it till December and try it.

This week our second piano arrived. This is an American one but much cheaper than the one Mrs. Corbett got for us. We were paying \$5 a half hour per year for practice pianos and renting every piano in the compound for as long as the owners would let us. If we charge tho some and have our own piano we will soon pay for it. Then too we can use it all day instead of only at certain times when the owners are away and will not be disturbed. Eight men were supposed to carry it down but they got tired of their job and hired a cart for the last two miles. Their reason was unique. "The road was so rough we could not carry it, so we hired a cart to bring it." Remember, Chinese carts are without springs of any sort.

Flora was in Peking last Monday to read a short paper before the Mother's Club. Yesterday Mrs. Porter gave a tea and invited her to read it for us here. It was on Moral training of children of early school age and I am sure we all enjoyed hearing it.

We had Mrs. Ballon in for lunch on Thursday. Her baby is better and she went to Tientsin on Saturday. Dear little lad, he has had a hard time getting started, but is gaining his five to eight ounces a week regularly now.

Last night we had Miss Margaret Smith and Miss Huggins (Mable) in for supper. They will be here regularly and live in the West end here next year. Miss Smith is here now and lives with Mrs. Love.

The news for the plague district is most unsatisfactory. The three doctors who went up have returned. The authorities worked against them on all points so they felt they were doing no good. There are no trains to the north of Peking except specials to carry mail or officials who are authorized to go into the district. The quarantine in Shansi is as strict as they can make it, but that is not very good. At one place the station master was quite incensed because two troublesome foreigners were interfering with his business of selling tickets. [*The "Report of the Shansi Plague Prevention Bureau 1918" is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Dr. Smith preached for us today and gave a rousing talk. "Wisdom is better than the work of war" and "A little bit of foolishness will spoil the whole" were his themes. He is most graphic and vivid in his pictures. He illustrates well. For instance "One hornet can break up a whole assembly", "one pin carelessly dropped on a loom spoiled 1800 yards of cloth before it was discovered", "One feeble minded ancestor gave a whole line of feeble minded descendents in the Virginia family while the good blood of Jonathon Edwards gave a less multitudinous but more useful one in Massachusetts. He is speaking more slowly these days and, I think, more impressively.

I go to Peking tomorrow on the early train for a final appointment at the dentist. It is my first (the three visits) Dentistry in nearly two years and I had not a great deal of work. I hope this finds you all well once more. Soon we will be hearing that Nancy Nichols is developing. I went in and played dolls with the children tonight just because I was hungry to get hold of Nancy. A doll is a mighty poor substitute, I tell you! I shall give young David Burgess an extra squeeze tomorrow.

With lots of love

Mary L. Beard.

P.S. I enclose a draft of \$25 to be put on my account. Life Insurance policies have been paid and I fear my acct. is low. Written on back on Monday. Lovingly Mary.

[*This letter, dated **January 20, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his parents. Gould is in the aviation corps and Willard is glad he is happy there. Willard writes this letter while waiting for a boat and some natives think he is doing arithmetic. Because of the drought, water is expensive, small pox is worse, business is bad, and the political situation is uncertain. They are using native wheat and sugar because of the war. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Foochow, China.

Jan. 20th 1918.

Dear Parents:-

As I write here by my fireside you are just getting up on this the fifty fourth anniversary of your wedding day. I send my heartiest congratulations and hope there may be many happy returns of the day. I can not realize that within a few years I shall be fifty three years old, and that I have a son in the army. Gould wrote a week ago that he was to take his last examination for the aviation corps the week after he wrote. I could write pages about my feelings but it is needless. I am content and happy if he is where he believes God wants him to be. There must be a tremendous wave to pull young men into the war. I have wandered far in this paragraph from where I began. It only shows that the war is the all absorbing topic and will not [let] down. I must stop now and get to bed. More later.

Feb. 1st

The days between Jan 20 and today have been more than full with examinations, committee meetings, Commencements etc. It is necessary for all the schools to have meetings of their Boards of Management near the end of the year- just before commencement. I find myself now Chairman of three Boards of Management of Union institutions and Treasurer of one, and Chairman of the Board of Management of Foochow Coll. We held the Union Commencement of all our Mission schools in Foochow on Wed. p.m. Jan 30th. The array is somewhat impressive.

Foochow Girl's College	4 graduates
“ College	9 “
“ Girl's College Higher Primary	9 “
Woman's Bible School	4 “
Kindergarten Training School	2 “
Foochow College High School	16 “
“ “ Higher Primary	<u>11</u> “
	55 “

The orator of the day was Miss Lawrence Thurston President of the Girl's Union College of Nanking. All passed off very nicely. The day was perfect. In the evening of the day came the Alumni dinner, with some 130 to sit down. This year it was a coed affair with some 30 alumnae of the Girl's College present. This was a big innovation for us in Foochow, but all seemed to enjoy the innovation. There were present a young man, an alumnus of Foochow College and his fiancé just graduated from the Girl's College. A few years ago these two would not knowingly have attended the same church at the same time- lest they should see each other.

I am writing now at 7:30 a.m. in a boat on the river= waiting. I am on my way to Diong Loh to marry one of the students. The launch was said to be starting at 6 o'clock or a little after. I got here at 6:45 and am told it will start about 9 o'clock. After the momentum reached in the rush of the past month, it is just a bit queer to find myself so surfeited with time.

Letters come from some of you all the time, either by way of Tungchow or direct. The last letter brought the glad news that Nancy Nichols had come, and that she and her mother were both doing well. Just as examinations were closing at the College Mr. Ding Ming Uong sent me a note saying that a son was born to him that a.m. and the next day Mr. Ding Kai Ceng another teacher had a daughter. During the past five weeks our mission has been increased by girls in the Beach, Belcher and Storrs homes and a boy in the Gillette home, with Leger (Feb. 5, a girl Kathleen said “Why papa, you and Margaret Leger are twins). Kellogg and McClure to yet to hear from. - Boats are arriving from the shore with passengers, when we are full- this boat I mean- not us passengers- we will start.

Last Saturday we had, for Foochow a unique treat. A sister of Miss Daisy Brown is here visiting her. This sister graduated from the Oberlin Conservatory of Music last June in Pipe Organ. She gave a Recital last Sat. p.m. to about 80 foreigners and 200 Chinese on the new Pipe Organ. It was a rare treat for it is very rare in Foochow- or even in China that we can get the organ and the artist together. We have two men to pump for all ordinary playing. But for her we had to put on four, and it made them sweat. We also had her to play for Commencement. (The boat is filling with men, women and children- and tobacco smoke.-They say I am doing examples in Arithmetic.)

We plan to go to Ing Tai for a part of the vacation, - starting Feb. 8 and getting back Feb. 20. This will be a long time for me to be away. In April I shall plan to go to Shanghai to attend the Annual Meeting of the Continuation Committee of the 1910 Edinburgh Missionary Conference. And I am seriously contemplating spending the summer with the girls- somewhere.

The weather continues cold and dry. Each morning the ther. is at 40 degrees above in the dining room. The days are getting a little longer and the sun warms things up in the middle of the day but at 4 p.m. it begins to get cold. We have had no rain since the first of Nov. Wells are getting dry everywhere and people are paying 10X for ten gallons of water in some places and in other places they are drinking muddy water. Small pox is worse- owing to the drought. Business is very bad. Political conditions are in a state of uncertainty. We do not know just what they are. General Li here keeps himself very close, and his soldiers are in evidence everywhere. I suppose there is

fighting about Swatow. Canton province is against the Peking government and therefore against Canton. There is a report that the President Feng has left the Capitol for parts unknown.

This is the season of birthdays in the Beard family. Mother was 75 if I reckon correctly on Jan 30- the day of my commencement- I will be 53 in four days. Marjorie 12 on Feb. 17. Father 76 on Feb. 18. Stanley 35 Feb. 20. Flora 49 Feb. 25. Dorothy 17 on Feb. 26. -That is all that I think of just now. I wonder how many mistakes I have made.

Do you remember how cousin Charlie Beard of Milford used to tell dates? It seemed as if he could remember the date of birth, marriage etc of all his relatives and neighbors.

Your letters telling about Thanksgiving came not long ago, telling how war conditions changed the dinner. We have made changes in our table fare also- not as compulsory or radical as you have been obliged to do tho. American flour is about 12 cents gold a pound here. I looked up native wheat and an old mill and since Nov. we have used this native wheat ground in our own mill and made into gems.- We have had no raised bread for three months. I did the same for sugar. The granulated was costing us about 12 cents per lb. gold. I buy the native- like coffee sugar at home- a little brownish and soft and damp, for about 8 cents gold. It makes a big difference in the price of living. We are better physically too for eating the coarse flour. It is turning things up side down tho for you to have wheatless days and us to add more wheat to our diet- both for the sake of economy.

We are filling up- at 8:30- still filling up. Why did I not quietly take my rest till day light and get up as usual- instead of rolling out at 5 o'clock and starting before day light? It is warmer. I write without aching fingers.

I'll close now- the longest letter I have written in a long time. We think of you and talk of you often.

Did I thank you for the pumpkin? It came all right and is as good as it is every year. The girlies and Ellen's things came by last mail.

May God bring peace among the creations in His own time and make us all loving.

Lovingly

Will.

Feb. 7- His letter telling us that he was accepted is here and his banner also.



This photo was taken between 1916-1920 when Kathleen and Marjorie were living in China with Willard and Ellen. Willard and Ellen are seated in the middle with Marjorie next to Willard and Kathleen next to Ellen.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter, dated **January 21, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Flora to the folks at home. The Rockefeller Foundation has taken an interest in the school. They are happy about the birth of Nancy Nichols Beard to Myra and Stanley. Will is coming to Pei Tai Ho for the upcoming summer without Ellen, Marjorie, and Kathleen. Pneumonic plague is coming closer to Tungchou. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 21, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

Again it has been a long time between my letters. It seems to take so much time to attend to my school duties and to the looking forward for future expansion. In fact there is hardly a week without some new plan or development. We are well settled for this year but there is absolutely no room for next year's growth, and there are already four children more booked for next year- than the number going to America.

The latest sight on the horizon is the interest that the Rockefeller Foundation has taken in us. Our trustees invited their China Medical Board to come in on the union basis and Mr. Roger Green who is the diplomat directing the Rockefeller affairs out here has written to the American office recommending it so probably there is little doubt but that they will come in. We hope they do- and as generously as their superior pocket book should allow them. Mr. Green is also one of the members of an interesting association of American business men who are trying to help China and America- in several different ways, to be mutually useful to each other. Mr. Green spoke to the association as one of their banquets and said that one of the ways in which they could further their usefulness was to get behind this school and the one in Peking and give them a good backing. So-we are about to be discovered. Three gentlemen are coming to visit us. One, a millionaire bachelor business man, one who represents the "Herald" (New York), and one belonging to some banking corporation. We are going to let all these granders sit at our table and eat

of our school fare. They are to see us with as little of the show side as possible. Mr. Petters of the Union Language School in Peking is to report to the Executive Meeting of the Association next Friday night and then we are expecting our trio of visitors. Mr. Petters is to tell them of our equipment and of our needs, so here's for hoping for results.

School has moved along so pleasantly this year, since we have more teachers- even though we are still short. We are asking that our staff next year may be as many as six all time teachers. I do hope we may really have this number for I would like to have one year of a fairly normal amount of work to do, in order to let the people here realize that I am acquainted with something else than the pots and pans of a school, but I can forego that if there is no opportunities.

The last letter that came from home told of little Nancy Nichols Beard's arrival and Mary and I are clapping our hands for Nancy, both because of her safe arrival and because of her appropriate name. We are hoping for more news.

Will's last letter says that he is really going to spend the summer with us here in the North. We have not had time so far to plan what we shall do, but we want to show him some of the sights and then go to Peitaiho for the rest of the summer. I did hope to escape Peitaiho this summer but it will be worth the while for him to go and we shall enjoy it with his company. Mary likes it tremendously because of the bathing. Will will enjoy that too, besides meeting all the people. Ellen and the girls are not going to come. Ellen thinks it will be better for them not to travel so far in the summer time. Perhaps she is wise, but we are sorry that they are not coming.

Did I tell you that Mary's Bible and my hand mirror came safely? Both are in daily use! We are very happy to have each.

All North China is just now much concerned because of the epidemic of the pneumonic plague. It is slowly inching its way toward these parts, but there are several doctors doing all in their power to stop its spreading. It is more fatal than the bubonic plague, but by quarantine can be stamped out entirely, as it is carried only by man. Several foreigners in Peking have left, but I wonder how much these who have gone to Shanghai are bettered as there is a big epidemic of small-pox on down there.

Hope I shall not let so long a time elapse before I write you again.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard

Tunghsien, Chihli,
Jan. 21, 1918.

*[This small typewritten letter dated **Jan. 24, 1918** was written from Foochow, China by 9 1/2 year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Dot (Dorothy). Letter is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. Included is an envelope about 2" X 4" and is addressed to:*

Miss Dorothy Beard

110 East College St. [Tank Home]

Oberlin

Ohio]

Foochow China

Jan. 24 1918

Dear Dot:

I have not gotten a letter from you for a long time. I am so glad that I have a little cousin*. But I won't see her until she is two year olds will I. I am just aching to see her. Mr. and Mrs. Stors have a little baby too. I expect you will laugh at my writing but it won't stay in. Mrs. Newell has leant us a book to play out of. And there is a fable [awful] pretty piece in it. It is called "THE EVENING STAR" and then another one "THE BLUEBIRD" that is a fable pretty too. Another is "THE RAINY DAY" I am just learning that. I don't spell very good I know. Because there is no one here to tell me how. Ho say Gould I should have written to him well will you take a message to him or let him read this letter. Tell him that we don't care for lady paper dolls just men because we have lots of ladys waiting for their husubund* just about a foot high. Papa lets me tipwrite all I want to. It is lots of fun doing it do you have one to do it with. Miss Lyda Brown is here that lady that Pebe meat at least she said she did. have you seen her? Last night we meat her. We are invited over there for dinner Sunday. This is the writing paper Monnie gave me for a Christmas Presnt. Now I have nothing more to say so I will close now if you don't mind with lots and lots

and lots and lots of love yours lovingly Punk Beard.....

[This letter, dated **January 29, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to Stanley and Myra. She sends her congratulations to Stanley and Myra on the birth of Nancy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Chihli, China
[January 29, 1918]

Dear Stanley and Myra-

We received news of Nancy Nichols just one month from the date of her arrival. Please receive the congratulations of this Aunt and give my best love to the newest niece. Stanley's letter and Myra's note arrived on Sunday. We are glad you like the lunch cloth or tea cloth. It was instead of the cable message that never got off on your wedding day. I tell Flora it will be more practical and lasting than an air message.

We are in the midst of our mid year examinations and I am guarding four industrious students. Today was the heaviest day so several have but little need of hard studying now.

Tonight Flora has gone to the weekly compound supper. The ladies are taking turns entertaining on Prayer Meeting nights. The first was last week. It was my night off so I went. It was a success both as a supper and as a Prayer Meeting. We had some delicious croquets which Myra may like to try. Two cups mashed potatoe, one cup ground peanuts, a little onion mixed and rolled into croquets which were fried in deep fat. We are very sociable with a second weekly gathering – The Journal Club- at which we discuss current events. I have not been free to attend one of those meetings yet. Our teas are becoming more often and men are often admitted within the ?? circle. That was because we discussed that said men wanted to come. Dr. Arthur Smith is a tea devotee.

Here's my best love for Myra, Stanley and your daughter Nancy Nichols. I rejoice in her and in her name too. I hope to hear again soon that all continues to go well with you all.

Lots of love
Mary.

January 29, 1918.

P.S. Your letter was censored. I hope the censor appreciated the import of its contents. Do not you? Mary.

[This letter, dated **February 9, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about a Holyoke luncheon, the Past Time Club meeting and a tea. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1504". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Chihli, China
Feb 9, 1918.

Dear Ones at Home,

The above address is not correct because I am in Peking spending Sunday with Alice Frame. I came up last evening with the children. Tomorrow we are to have a Holyoke luncheon. Caroline Smith is up from Tientsin. Dr. Striker, Mrs. Stiffler and Alice live here and I have come so there will be five. The sixth, Helen Hopkins, was at college one year only and unfortunately is at Tan An[?] for her New Year holiday.

Tomorrow is Chinese New Year and the church this morning was very sparsely filled because the men and women are home getting ready for the festivities. It is a very great day for the Chinese who have not as individuals yet adopted the foreign New Year.

At the Tientsin meeting of our Board Miss Dudley was asked to return for another year and has accepted. We are to have at least one new teacher and two if the Y.M.C.A. Business Man's invitation etc., enter as submitters in the funds. Their entering will bring more funds also more pupils. The American man has promised us the same cottage we had this year for at least another year with the probability of its being made ours permanently. Our last news from Willard is that he will come north to spend the summer with us but that Ellen and the girls will not come. We are home hunting at Peitaiho but have not been able to make settled plans yet.

Last week I fixed our electric bells down at school. All that was needed at the cottage was new batteries but I found a broken wire at the school home. Flora had the promise of a college student to do it but we were weary of waiting.

On Thursday two of the girls and I made a record trip to the malt candy shop. Mrs. Lyons wanted candy to take home with her and we went after it. We walked out in about twenty minutes and generally we take thirty five or forty.

Last week Monday we had our second Past Time Club meeting of the year and initiated four new members. Of course it was a good time and a gay one, but time to Tungchow customs not a late one. I had supper with Mrs. Wickes last Sunday evening and went over early to watch Alice be put to bed. Alice is a darling and coos and laughs for the sheer joy of living. Again on Tuesday I was there to the Compound supper and Prayer Meeting. Alice was crying lustily at first but I did not see her. Mr. Porter was to lead but it was nearly eight o'clock before he arrived. Dr. Smith started the meeting and wondered why some of us were embraced with laughter. The words of his first ?? were "Though he seems to linger long, He never comes to late."

Thurs. P.M. We had a Holyoke luncheon of four on Monday and a fine time. I returned that night. On Tuesday nothing particular happened. Yesterday I took a walk with Mrs. Love and had tea with her afterward. Today she gave a tea for a guest. We were a large company with seven guests here. I enclose an order for some new corsets. I fear you can not get exactly what I want for Ruth wrote the last were a chance since the make was old style. Please get the nearest.

Lovingly Mary.

[This partial letter, dated about February 1918, was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Gould to Marjorie most likely. Gould talks about seeing relatives at church and gave others a ride home. He has heard that Willard is going to spend next summer with Flora and Mary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, daughter of Willard F. Beard.]

[About February 1918]

...have to go to school until July to broke[?] it up.

I went to church today and saw Wells, Daniel and Edith. Also one of the "Twin Spaces" as Edith calls them. They are holding service in the Sunday School room because of fuel conservation. After church I took Cousin May[or Mary?], Howard's mother, and aunt Abbie home in the Maxwell then returned for Aunt Phebe and grandma.

I suppose you are having lots of fun out there. Can you play tennis yet? Aunts Mary and Flora write that Pappa is to spend next Summer with them.

I suppose I will be on the farm until about the first of or the middle of March when I will be called to Conf. Give my love to Father, Mother and Punk,

Your brother Gould

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1918 was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to his daughter Geraldine. The original letter is held in the archives of Yale Divinity School. Willard talks about the combined commencement exercises of the American Board Schools in Foochow, his surprise birthday party and the latest births on the compound.]

Ing Tai, Foochow China
Feb. 11th 1918

Dear Geraldine:-

I have just written Gould and am putting it into your letter to forward to him. We suppose he is by this time in some aviation camp, and you will doubtless know where to send this letter. We have not had a letter from any of you girls for a long time and my letters have not been as regular as I want them to be, for the past two months.

Our commencement took place Jan 30th at 2 p.m. I do not have a program to send from here so will have to send it in the next letter. We had a union commencement of all the American Board Schools in Foochow.

Foochow Girls College	came	first with	4 graduates.
" College	"	2 nd "	9 "
" " Middle School	"	"	16 "
" Girl's College Higher Primary	"	"	9 "
" Bible Wanan's Training School	"	"	4 "
" College Higher Primary	"	"	11 "
" Kindergarten Training School	"	"	<u>2</u> "

We had a good audience that remained till the benediction was pronounced and the band began to play. Mrs. Lawrence Thurston President of the Union Girls College at Nanking gave the address. There were no orations by the graduates. The girls schools had one representative to reply to the “Words of the President” and the distribution of diplomas, and each of the boys schools had one representative to reply. The 55 graduates sat in the body of the church in the front seats and came up one by one, passed across the stage and received their diplomas, down the other side of the platform, around to the front door of the church and back to their seats. This was as interesting to the audience as to the Oberlin audience on these occasions. There is so much political disturbance in China and General Li is in the civil war, with his soldiers fighting Cantonese soldiers near Swatow that none of the officials attended. General Li and one other sent representatives. General Li’s representative was a man who had spent seven years in England and spoke English well. It was interesting after the exercises- the foreigners and these two representatives were invited to our house for tea. I sat to talk with these two with one of our teachers- Mr. Nga as interpreter. These two spoke mandarin only as I thought after we had conversed thus thru an interpreter for half an hour or so I chanced to learn that this men had understood all the English I had been using before Mr. Nga had put it into mandarin.

We had the pain this year of refusing graduation to two boys from the Middle School course and of holding back diplomas from several others- some because they had to make up one or two subjects and some because they had borrowed money and must refund it to get their diploma.

Mama gave me a surprise on my birthday – or tried to. In the afternoon I was at a Committee meeting and Mr. Eyestone said to me that he was sorry he and Mrs. Eyestone could not come to dinner that evening in response to Mrs. Beard’s invitation. I saw it at once- that Mama was getting up a party. It turned out that only those in the compound could come. Word about an hour before dinner Mr. Leger came up to say that he was afraid that he and Mrs. Leger and Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear could not come. So we had us four. Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Just as we were thru dinner Mr. Leger wrote up that Margaret Elizabeth Leger arrived at 7:40 o’clock- weight not yet ascertained. Kathleen at once said, “Why Papa, you and she are twins aren’t you?” This makes six babies in our mission within about 5 weeks.

On the last Sat. of the term Mr. Ding Ming Uong had a son born and the next day Mr. Ding Kai Ceng, another teacher had a daughter born on commencement day his eldest boy graduates.

I am not writing in this anything about Gould’s success in getting into the aviation corps. You will read his letter and know our pride in his achievement. You will be much to him- you and Phebe and Dorothy.

Ing Tai is full of guests this vacation. We four- Mrs. Newell and Dwight and Marion Jean and Misses Steinbeck and Steel Brook.

May God keep us all in His love

Very lovingly your father Willard L Beard

*[This letter, dated **February 23, 1918**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had a school Valentine party with Kupie decorations. They saw many intricate lanterns at the Chinese Feast of Lantern Festival. The board of trustees voted to continue the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Feb. 23, 1918]

Dear Ones at Home-

The Valentine party was a thing of the future when I last wrote. We teachers worked hard to make it pretty and lots of fun. I enclose the menu and place cards which tell their own tales. The Kupie will stand it you give her a push. Kupies two feet high with huge red crepe sashes wee most effective in the sitting room. Several games demanded hearts so we used the strings of hearts as part of the decoration. Red strips of crepe paper twisted was fastened from the center to the corners and centers of the sides. In the dining room we attempted no decorations except on the tables. The menus, place cards, ?? strips of paper with hearts at the corners and a flowered center piece on which stood a large Kupie with a red ribbon bow bigger then ?? made the room very festive. We had only candle light, from three lanterns hung and shaded candles on the tables.

On February 8th I attended a luncheon of the College of Man of Peking at the Hotel de Peking. We voted to start an American College Woman’s Club and talked of aims[?] and membership and needs etc. The next Saturday was a business meeting at which the constitution was adopted. We have the H.C.A. basis of membership- only graduates of accredited colleges for active members but associate members may be anyone who had taken any college work. We wanted it broader but the Friday Club felt that would be encroaching on their premises so we

became exclusive. The luncheon was a most enjoyable affair. We had no morning train then we had to take the noon one and be late. Moreover we had to leave early to get the afternoon one back. I sat near five neighbors- Mrs. Danton of Tsing Hua College, Mrs. Dotson who sings so well, Mrs. Arnold wife of the Advisor to the government, and Mrs. Reinsch, wife of the Minister. As we returned we met Mr. and Mrs. Reed just leaving for Peking. Mrs. Reed was Holyoke 1917 and a teacher of Lyman Martin last year in American. We had tea at Mrs. Martin's and a birthday party for Shattons third birthday.

On February 12th I took back the Student's League which I had handed over to Miss Bostwick last fall. She could not manage the children and the League was getting to be a mob meeting for entering complaints of all sorts and making forth motions about affairs that are none of the children's business. Mrs. B. said she always felt she had no right to interfere or speak out for it was the children's league. I fear I am not so afflicted with fear.

Saturday February 15 was the Chinese feast of lanterns festival. Dr. Fenn was down to speak for us the next day. A party of 16 of us including six adults and all the high school children. We walked into the city that evening. We found the silk shop beautifully illuminated. The fronts were solid thin silk lanterns made flat and painted with figures. Dr. Fenn said the paintings were historical but he could not interpret them. Inside was a splendid array of fancy lanterns all lit and graphophones grinding out the loudest music obtainable. Several lanterns had inner figures that revolved with the heat of the candles. The crowd was so great we made an individual line and passed in and out too rapidly to get details. Our boy went as guide or we never would have found these except by the crowds. The first we saw were two fishes hanging outside a store. They were about two feet long and had huge black eyes and pink scales. We decided they were ice when we saw a spectator put out his hand to catch the drops of water the candles ?? were causing. Inside was a figure of a woman standing on her hands on the back of a horse at full gallop and several other human ice figures. In the silk stores we passed we could see rows and rows of lanterns and on the fronts were the flat lanterns similar to those on the one we entered. A second store had the ice lanterns and much more elaborate ones. One was a tombstone in a circular summer home effect. The stone and pillars were of ice so were the lanterns some three feet high and the lion such as is used to guard all palace entrances. Opposite this was a pagoda about 5 feet high, two huge jardinières 2 X 1 ½ ft, a clock with a face 1 foot in diameter a tall pedestal with a small vase on it and an ice mountain side. On the mountain side stood a tiny pagoda, a bridge, miniature figures, idols etc. All were hollow except the mountain. That was illuminated by candles standing on it. The hollow figures are made on models made of grass. Parts of water are poured over them until the ice is thick enough to be strong. Then the grass is pulled out. All month long the store keeper occasionally pours water over the figurines. They are displayed for three nights- the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February.

Last Tuesday we had compound supper at Dr. and Mrs. Smiths. We teachers take regular turns now. Flora was busy on her report for Trustee Meeting so took my turn at home to get extra time to write. Dr. Smith lead and had special prayers for each and every phase of the work, our school included.

The Trustee Meeting was one of deep interest. We are delighted that they voted to continue the school as though nothing had happened also to give us a new teacher next year if possible. We think the ABCFM and Presby. Boards will give more largely rather than have the project fail.

Our book "No 13 Washington Street" arrived last week and we are at work dramatizing it. I have completed two scenes; Delnoce one and Katherine is working on another. We have to give it the second week in May so must hurry.

Yesterday was a holiday for us. All the Tientsin children and Tsing Hua ones went home. Two others went visiting so we have only seven girls left. They gave a play yesterday afternoon then we served tea for all- young and old- over here. We had a right good time.

Last evening I took supper at Mrs. Smiths and Mrs. Huggins home. They had expected guests who failed to appear so Grace and I went and ate a most delectable meal.

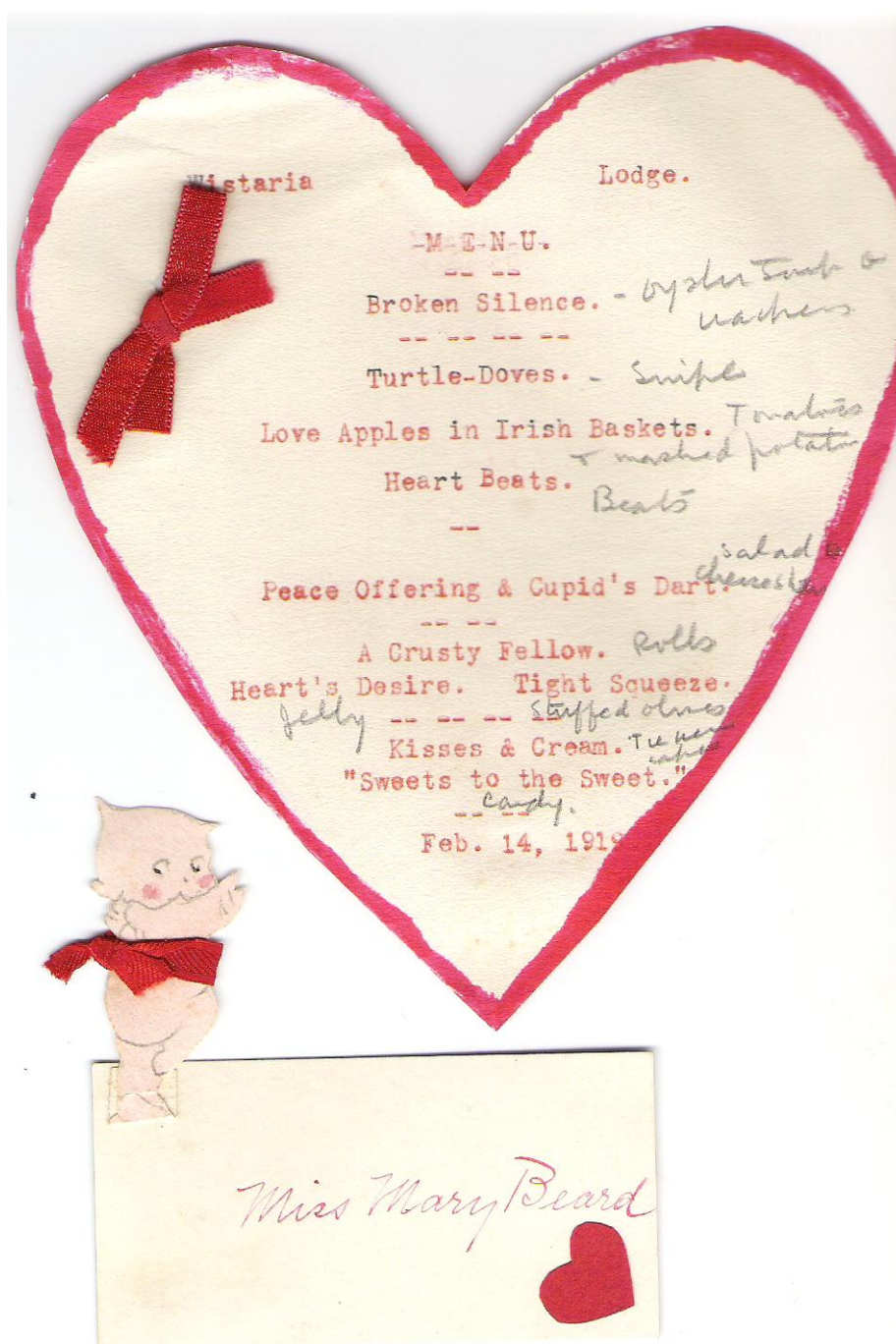
We are still knitting. I think I am almost through and some one appears with a skein or so more of yarn. I am tired of it and loosing my own enthusiasm so it is not easy to get the children to help.

I hope you are all keeping well. I do not know if Flora has written recently. If not this is the first letter in three weeks. We are busy and happy you see.

Lots of love

Mary.

February 23.



[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He mentions Gould being in the aviation corps and the pressure that young men must feel to go to war. College opened up with the usual number of students. The Red Cross and War Relief are in need of money. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1417". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
March 3- 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

This is the old name I used to address you by when I wrote from Oberlin and Hartford over a quarter of a Century ago. It gets harder for me to answer all letters, with each year. I say to myself that it is because of increased responsibilities and I can make out a pretty good case. When I was in Oberlin I had the one home letter to write each week. In Hartford I had the same until the last year when my sweetheart was added. And in China until I came out alone in 1912 I had only the home letter to my own people. But in 1912 I had two homes to write to and now I have the same and there are other friends that are pretty insistent and then I feel it a duty to write to- like Mrs. Bean and Raymond and Mollie Jewett of Mt. Vernon. Then on this side the globe, much of Mr. Hodous's work has fallen on me and it all helps to fill up the chink of time I used to take to write letters in.

The last mail that came yesterday morning brought good letters from all our dear ones in the U.S. , Elizabeth, Emma, Phebe, Geraldine, Dorothy and Mrs. Bean, Dwight Goddard, Will Garland and others. The mail before this one brought one from Oliver and one from Gould that told us of his success in getting into the aviation corps. He enclosed the service flag and I suppose he is now in a training camp from all I hear and read it must be very uncomfortable at home for a young man, if he does not join the forces going to war.

The letters are all full of high prices, coal shortage, scarcity of some food products. We are feeling it to some extent but not as you do. We have had the coldest winter since I have been in China, but it has been dry and clear and I have enjoyed it- so has Ellen and so have the girlies. We have all taken a cold bath each morning and have been quite well. We eat more wheat for economy and can get sugar and meat as usual. My garden is furnishing all the vegetables we want- cauliflower, cabbage- Chinese cabbage the seeds for which I am going to try to send you in time for planting in the Spring- lettuce, beets, turnips, carrots, celery and we have had peas twice. My early peas were injured by the heavy frosts just as they were in bloom. The later peas are as fine as I ever saw and will be good in a week or two. I wish father could have my gardener for his farm. He is strong and faithful. Seven hens laid three eggs to day.

Feb. 8th We all started for Ing Hok and got back home Feb. 20. We had a delightful trip and I got a lot of reports and letters written and had six days with no prosecuted[?] work to do. Then the rest of the days we were there I had Bible Readings and addressed at the Conference they were holding. The girlies had a fine time with Eunice and Margaret Smith. On the Wednesday we were there we went into the country about five miles to a feast. While at dinner there was as severe an earthquake as I ever experienced. It did no damage near here= except to topple over some old walls that were ready to fall. But in Swatau some thousands of people were killed by falling walls and the buildings of the Presbyterian mission were made uninhabitable.

College opened last Thursday with about the usual number of students. The most gratifying factor is the number of old students that return. They are practically all back. There is a very evident increase in the thirst for an education among the young of both sexes in Foochow. This is one of the most hopeful signs for the Chinese nation.

Red Cross and War Relief are after us from all sides for money and there has been a greater urge on the part of needy students for help than formerly. One boy has depended on a relative who is on a Chinese gun boat for help at the beginning of each term. He does not know where this relative is now and I have advanced him \$10. Three or four others could not return without aid and I have given it, as it takes only \$5 or \$10 to make it possible with what he can get for him to continue his work. Now I must get to work and write letters to see if I can find the money.

I wrote you of the visit of Mr. Buchner and party last December. He is coming again the 15th of this month. Sherwood Eddy is also coming then for special meetings with men who have been prepared to hear him.

I wonder how Father will get along on the farm this year- can he find College boys who will put in his crops? I wish I could come home and do it.

You are wondering how I could write all this and not mention Miss Nancy Nichols,- I have thought of her much and after. What a lot of sunshine she will bring to the home. Does Stanley know how to hold her. He never had the experience in baby tending that the rest of us had. He only furnished in himself the baby for us to practice on. Did I write you that on the evening of my birthday as Ellen was surprising me with a little dinner party, Margaret Elizabeth Leger arrived at 7:40 p.m. and Kathleen said at once, "Why Papa you and she are twins."

Thank you Elizabeth for the Bank receipt for \$30.00- interest on the \$1000 note. As to the \$100 from Ruth. Will you put it into the Derby Savings Bank for me. [Added later- If Liberty Bonds will be better buy \$100 worth for me.] Exchange is so bad here that I will wait a while at least if that is all right. Do you want a receipt? In what form? How sweet the memory of Ruth is. Dr. Philips wrote recently and spoke very nicely of her as does every one.

Huntington will greatly miss Mrs. Hawley.

With love to all

Will

*[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Stanley, Myra and Nancy Nichols. He talks about Gould and the war. The drought is serious and some schools are delaying their opening. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
March 3rd 1918

Dear Stanley, Myra and Nancy Nichols:-

I congratulate you all in the happy arrival of Nancy. How I should have enjoyed seeing Papa try to hold her the first time. You see I had a lot of practice before my own babies got here- and the new papa furnished no small part of it. But Stanley had no one to practice on. Now you are a family of three and the third member is the center of the home and of the universe. Let it be so and enjoy it. God wants is to. What shall we do when Kathleen is no longer our baby with us. I cannot begin to express the joy I have taken in having the girlyies with us the past year and a half. We look forward to two years more of it and then in 1920 we plan to take them home and come back without them.

Gould is one happy boy- if he is as happy now as when he wrote on the evening of the day he passed his tests for the aviation corps. I have never known of his being so exultant over any thing. He is where he wants to be and where he believes God wants him to be and both Ellen and I are glad with him. The war is bringing the world together and by its demands is making every inhabitant think seriously. It does not yet greatly affect us. We buy almost nothing that comes from the U.S. and we eat almost entirely things that we can get here. Prices are higher but not seriously. A few things we cannot get- black darning cotton for instance. My garden is now in the prime and is giving us all the vegetables we can use. I have a lot of seeds just arrived from Burpee's- corn, beans etc that I shall plant as soon as it rains. The drought is getting very serious. Wells are dry and people are getting sick from using bad water. Our wells are as yet all right- some schools in Foochow City have been obliged to postpone opening for want of water.

The North and South are still fighting- over power-Foochow is full of soldiers. They say the South will take it in a few weeks. In the mean time we go on with all our work as usual.

The bell has rung for the students to go to bed so I will say good night and add a word sometime tomorrow.
March 5th

College is again in full swing or trying to get there. We are changing from 30 min. classes to 45 min. classes and teachers and students are a little at sea to know just what to do. But thus far there is a good spirit. About the usual number are here. We thought we could spread out a little and not be so crowded but the boys came and we are crowding them in.

The one secure feeling that I have now with the nations of the world at war and China, Russia and Mexico in the throes of internal war, is that God is on His throne and waiting till men get rid of these wicked minds to pour out blessings on them. May He bring peace in His own time.

With all love and praying the Father to give you the best things
Will.

*[This letter, dated **March 3, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by 9 ½ year old Kathleen to her Aunt Phebe. She talks about the drought, sugar famines and all the babies born recently. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
March 3 1918

Dear Aunt Phebe

Thankyou very much for the letter you sent me, and for sending Edith's too. Friday Mama Marjorie and I went over South side to a friend of our's. There is a school over there and we went to their exercises. Then we stayed over night and went home the next day.

I expect there are lots of signs of the war in America, but out here everything is natural.

I have heard of sugar famines do you have one? We don't we have as much sugar as any thing.

There have been a good many baby's this winter. There was Pricilla Belcher, Margert Elizabeth Leger, Margert Shippen Stors, and Kathleen Findley McConneaol. Three other babies are Charles Jorden Gillitte, Elizabeth Waterberry Beach, and Edwin Francis Jones.

Marjorie and I are the oldest children in the compound.

March 10 We are having rain today, This is the first rainy day that we have had for seven months. It is just pouring today. The Chinese were so in need of rain that they sold water in the City at three cents two buckets. Then they took an idol and paraded around the streets and took it in to the river and showed it how shallow the water was. I will tell you my height and weight. I am four feet four ½ in. height and 73 pounds. Could you please tell Edith that I thank her very much for her letter.

With lots of love to all the farm

I am Kathleen C. Beard

*[This letter, dated **March 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. A potential plague case near where she and others traveled has put them in quarantine for about a week. She sings in a double quartet. Mary hears of shortages back in the U.S. and feels like they are living in luxury in comparison living in China. Willard will be spending summer in Pei Tai Ho with them but will leave Ellen and the girls in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sunday P.M.

[March 1918]

Dear Ones at Home,

We can not complain of nothing interesting doing about us these days. Last week Monday six of us walked to Peking and had a most delicious Chinese feast at a native restaurant. We were ravenous but the food was plentiful and extra good.

Dr. Love was of the party and when we reached the Old Stone Bridge (some 2000 years old) he suggested cutting across by the dirt roads instead of following the stone road. We were ready for any suggestions and had all followed the stone road on previous trips so took the suggestion. Near the end of the walk it came out that there had been a suspicious death in a camp we thus avoided. We returned that evening by train and it was well we did, for we have been in quarantine until this morning when a regular passenger train visited us once more. We have had a special every day to bring mail, freight and depredations to investigate but we have not been travelling.

Whether the case was plague or no is uncertain as no others took the trouble and the few who did have some slight ailments or symptoms all recovered. No Case of plague has ever been known to recover. Dr. Love and Mr. Gordon have been on the road all the time watching the suspected camp, Doctor having been home once for half an hour in the week. There are other cases of these and one death in a camp two miles farther away but we are not quarantined as that takes the trouble some six or seven miles from us. Of course, this has kept us in quandry as to whether we could have any spring vacation. How things look hopeful and we will have it unless Dr. Love disappears.

On the 13th we started in practicing for a double quartet. Mrs. Porter and Jean are sopranos, Mrs. Corbett and I altos, Mr. Porter and Mr. Woodall, tenors, Mr. Beers and Mr. Wickes basses. We have great fun at rehearsals and to day made our first public appearance at church. Our hour of practice is 9.00 P.M. on Wednesday as it is the only time we are all five together. Miss Bostwick has been ill with a bad cold all week but is some better. She goes with the children on Thursday to TeChow to stay for the full ten days. I hope she gets rested for she is too worn out to do effective work and she will not go to bed and give herself a chance to recuperate. Perhaps a household with a doctor father and a doctor mother will make her do so.

Mr. Woodall who was leaving on a commission to escort coolies to France has of course lost that commission since no more coolies are being sent. He does return to America in June and will enlist. Mr. Beers has agreed to stay one more year. He is here, knows the work, has enough of the language to help and is doing good work apparently. Mr. Jordan is doing only relief work and has charge of the men on the stone road. Mr. Stelle returns this week from a months stay in the flooded district. Everywhere work is short two or more workers who are off for flood relief or plague work. Doctors are a scarce quantity with eight in Shansi and one at frequent intervals all along lines where there is, or was, or may be trouble.

Phebe's letter of Feb. 3 came this week and I stopped in the middle of school to read it for evidently we have lost one on the way and this was the first since a letter dated Dec. 23 sent by Willard and one Dec. 16 direct. The severe cold and the coal shortage must have made the winter hard. Sometimes I feel two luxurious here. Sugar is plentiful, wheat flour as cheap or cheaper than any other, coal in abundance and meat a plenty. So the meatless, heatless, sweetless, and wheatless days or meals are mere words to us. There was a clever poem on the subject in the Digest recently. Did you see it?

I hope that Father continues better and that the rest of you are well. May's illness, I was sorry to hear of. Please convey my love. Also please take a share to Uncle Dan and Aunt Ella and tell them I am glad to hear such good reports.

Mrs. Hawley will surely be missed in Huntington. She was rightly named "A good citizen."

Mr. Corbett gave Flora a pretty compliment. When she was in Shanghai he asked how things were going. Everything was apparently gliding smoothly and I stated as much. He replied, "It is a good manager who can leave his work and have it go on just the same in her absence."

I gave Phebe's message of love to Mrs. Corbett and she wanted me to send hers to you all. She is a dear lady.

Mon. Mar 25,-

It is almost Stanley's birthday and now for a few months he and I have only one year difference as we give our ages in years.

It began to rain Saturday evening and kept it up all day yesterday. When the rain ceased, the wind rose and has blown a gale all night and so far this morning. On the fourth floor we get the full benefit. It reminds me of "Rock-a-bye-Baby, In the tree top."

We do not need the rain this spring because so much water got frozen into the ground that it is very wet as it thaws out.

How I should love to see Nancy Nichols! The compound baby is getting old enough to be afraid of strangers and I do not see her often enough to cease to be a stranger.

We are looking for Willard to come up this summer but he has not yet set any date for us to expect him. I do wish Ellen and the girls were coming too.

A year from now we will be excited over the prospect of home in June. I hope we will not have the prospect of having our boat taken off for war usage that those booked on the Canadian lines have this year.

I must close this ramble with lots of love to you all. Flora's union suits came this week also 5 pair of stockings. The bills inside and out were different so we do not know whether a pair was taken for toll en route or left out. Phebe wrote to expect 4 pair so since there are 5 I suspect the later. As my stockings are holding out thus far, and Flora's are not, she is taking the stockings; so please change the charge at your end.

Lots of love to you all

Mary

*[This letter, dated **March 1918**, was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to the folks at home. She discusses the pneumonic plague and its seriousness. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[March 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

At last we have received a letter from you. It is the first since the one telling of little Nancy's arrival. I am sure we have missed one or two. Also my union suits came this week and I am glad to have them so that I shall not have to keep the other old ones over the summer. We have had a very kind winter with not more than one or two zero mornings. I have had to put my underwear on with unusual precaution for it has been so tender that my fingers went through like paper but the weather has been so comfortable that now for two weeks I have been wearing my summer underwear.

To-day we are have [*having*] a bit of quite unusual weather. At home it would be called a northeaster but it is now clearing off and it may end up in a Gobi dust storm. It has rained quite steadily for twenty-four hours and all nature has expanded its thanks. The grass is green and we shall have some blossoms in a day or two on our flowering almonds. The children have been bringing violets in for two weeks.

This is our week for vacation to begin and we are still on the anxious seat about the pneumonic plague. You doubtless have had rumors of it in your papers home- up in Shansi and near the Great Wall. All the Peking doctors have been out fighting it. There is no cure, so they have just established quarantine whenever there was a case- sometimes sealing up a whole village and leaving a guard of soldiers to guard the gates, which meant that the people had to be left to die by themselves. This may seem terrible but the disease is so contagious that it seems to be the only way to stamp it out.

Two weeks ago when I came back from Shanghai, I saw a huge square of Chinese all squatting on the ground at Pukow (across the river from Nanking). When I asked the coolie carrying my suitcase why they were there under guard, he answered that they were sick. The Chinese word for sick and soldier are so nearly the same that I did not think much about it, but upon reaching Peking, I found that a Shansi official has come down into Shantung and died. His wife had traveled with him, had taken the disease and still traveled on at every place she stopped she left trouble and now rumor has it that there were twenty-four deaths in Nanking last week.

We have been having our own private scare- about four miles from here. One of the men working on the stone road between here and Peking died very suddenly on his way in to the hospital. It looked very suspicious although there is not conclusive proof that it was more than pneumonia. However the whole camp of eighty men was put into strict quarantine and Dr. Love has been in charge now for five days. To-day he was letting all but a few men out. One man should have died yesterday, but instead he is getting well! The test is very much the same as with the eating of toad-stools. For five days we had no trains from Peking and our mail had to come down by donkey. The trains started again to-day so we hope our experience is over. The children could not get home to Peking yesterday so they went to-day, wearing masks over nose and mouth. There was probably no need of it, but perhaps it was wise.

With all these happenings we cannot tell whether we will be able to go home. Travelling is such a dangerous thing just now. Here in Tungchow we are safer than anywhere else, in our big open compound away by itself. We are all hoping for warm weather soon for that is death to the plague germ. Between the plague, floods, and politics, poor China is indeed hard pressed. Out of it is coming some good for the people in the submerged districts are so eager for the Gospel that all the educational institutions are sending many of their teachers (foreigners) and many of the Chinese instructors down to help out. Now there is a request for the whole Theological student body to go. It is certainly a wonderful opportunity. Several women (foreigners) are out itinerating- in boats, for some places, where there were villages, are now fifteen feet under the water, and the poor villagers are huddled in spots near by.

While I was in Shanghai, I met a man who had just returned from New York and he said United States was a very different place from what it had been, especially the East. He said the people there were seriously in earnest, but he spoke of the West as showing little change as yet- as though they had not yet felt the situation. I am sure you have suffered far more than we here. It has seemed almost luxurious to me to be living so comfortably as we have this winter, while so many others have been sacrificing so much. We have had all the wheat, sugar, meat, and everything else that we have usually to eat, in an abundance. It did not seem a wise move to have the children go without any of these for I am sure in this country and climate children's food should be plentiful and as pure as it can be gotten.

On another paper I have written one or two needs. I am sorry to trouble you, for I know you are busier than me, and I shall not need many more things with just the one more year to plan for.

Two weeks later:- I thought this letter had been mailed and I wonder what you did get in my last letter- probably one of Will's last letters to us.

Since I wrote the first three sheets we have gotten off all the children who were going home for vacation. It has been proven by the plague experts that we never had any cases of plague near us nor in Peking. The cases were plain pneumonia. Because of this Mary has taken six girls out for a week's camping at the Western Hills, and Mr. Beers has gone with six boys about six miles from Mary's place where they are camping in an old temple. Word from Mary yesterday was enthusiastic with its good time. They will all return to-morrow. The weather has been ideal- not too sunny- for tramping.

I have been here alone with the exception of little Clarkson Stelle, whose father and mother are attending the annual mission meeting in Tientsin. I see little of him except at meal times for he is out playing with his two small chums- Dudley Porter and Hunter Corbett.

I have been getting a lot of work done such as having ink wells put into 36 desks, getting our front porch screened for the summer, setting out over a hundred roses, and over fifty spireas, making the walks around the school building, setting out three trees, cleaning our two buildings, and a few smaller kinds of work in the line of spring cleaning. I am not going to get all done that I wanted but some things can wait until June, and some will wait for another spring. I am very anxious to leave the school established so that our successors can put on the fine touches. I have been acquiring properties all this year- paid for from gifts mostly. A letter from Dr. Bain (whose daughter I chaperoned to Shanghai) tells us that he is sending us a check of \$50 to be spent for the children and teachers. We shall probably invest it in school ground apparatus and maps.

With love to you all-

Flora Beard.

P.S. Phebe's letter to me for my birthday is here and thank you for it. I shall feel relieved to hear the last of your cold winter. It must have been a fatal one to many who were not strong. William Fenn (one of last year's boys) wrote from Mt. Herman school that there had been so much snow that they had not been able to do anything for fun out-of-doors. F.B.



Western Hills trip 1918
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **March 12, 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. The school is getting some backing from the Rockefeller Center, the YMCA and possibly from the American Business Association. North China is dealing with floods, pneumonic plague and unstable government. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1414". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[March 12, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

The calendar with the picture of Ben's garage came yesterday. Mary and I have been having quite a visit with Ben, Wells, and Daniel in it, but we can't quite place the house. I think the barn is Ben's but Mary thinks otherwise.

To-day the Sentinels came- one telling of the death of Mrs. Edward Hawley. I wonder what her husband will do for a home now?

Three weeks later (at least) - nearing Tientsin for Shanghai. - The paper and the calendar are the last news that we have had from home, so we do not know how you spent Christmas. I hope Mary will have some good newsy letters from you when I get back to Tungchou. I am returning from taking one of our girls to Shanghai to meet her parents who are coming up from Singapore. Her father has been called to Washington D.C. - I imagine to help Mr. Hoover, for he was one of the Belgian Relief Corps.

School has been proceeding on very pleasant lines as usual this year. We are adding to ourselves pupils, materials, and more missions in the union standing back of the school. The Rockefeller Foundation, the Y.M.C.A., and possibly the American Business Association are to be added to the three already- Methodist, Presbyterian, and American Board. This means added money for supporting the school. We have been getting a fine lot of advertising free and it is just the kind that we want- lately- and our number of pupils for next year will probably reach to fifty. We like this but just how we are to house them all is the problem before us. We are assured of our fifth teacher next year and we may have the sixth. We want to have large enough faculty to do all of our own teaching without having to call on the people in the compound.

Will is coming up to spend the summer with us and we are looking forward to a good visit with him. We hope to get in some trips on our way to Pei Tai Ho and also to do some entertaining while there. We have been very fortunate in renting a brand new cottage for 100 taels (about \$140 silver) so our rent will be no more than Mary and I have had to pay for one room per season. Miss Dudley wishes to spend August with us and that will help. If we

should ask to have any parcels sent to Pei Tai Ho, will you please assure the home postmasters that it is an office to which parcels and any other kind of mail can be sent during the summer months. There are over 2000 people there in July and August and we have all the usual concessions to a summer resort.

North China has had its troubles this year – first, the floods which are not yet gone, and now the fatal pneumonic plague which has spread over such a wide territory. The hot weather will kill the germ so it can't rage much longer as the sun is getting farther north every day. Now Peking is entering on her yearly revolution- a little earlier than usual. Pres. Feng wants to resign but he is at a loss to find the official to receive his resignation, since there is no Parliament and no Vice President. Some of the wealthy Chinese are leaving bag and baggage to get away from feared looting. I do not know what is to happen but I hope it may be as peaceful as the others have been. Certainly our Central Government has not been of such character as to command our respect and confidence, and if a change could put a little backbone into the affairs of state every one would welcome the change.

Please excuse the extra quirks in this letter. The lurching of the train have been to blame for them. Do you realize that a year from now Mary and I will be booked for returning home?

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Mar. 12, 1918.

Report of the Shansi Plague Prevention Bureau 1918

Charles W. Young, M.D.

Peking, June 5, 1918

Excerpt from Page 4

“Bubonic plague is transmitted to man from the infected rodent by the flea, with which this animal is infested. The flea leaves the body of the rat dead of plague and attacks man in quest of food – that is, blood. The only method of clearing a region of bubonic plague is to stamp out the infection among the rodents, which practically means eliminating the rodent from that area. This is an extremely difficult problem.”

“Experience shows that in India about 3% of those suffering from bubonic plague develop a secondary pneumonia. It should be noted, however, that except those who have pneumonia, bubonic plague patients do not infect others. There have been several small epidemics of pneumonia. Most of these have occurred in warm countries and the victims were usually the doctors or attendants in the hospital where the patient was being treated.”

Experience in the Manchurian epidemic showed that in pneumonic plague, infection is from man to man through the fine droplets of saliva or sputum coughed out by the patient, and our experience in the present epidemic would seem to confirm the opinion that this is the only method of infection. The difference in the ease of spread of pneumonic plague in India and in Manchuria is due, according to Teague, to the more rapid dissipation of the droplets coughed out by the patient in the warmer climate. He has estimated that evaporation is thirty times more rapid in the hot Indian climate than it is at the mid-winter temperature in Manchuria.”

“As we may safely assume that infection is only through the breath of the patient, the rational method of prevention of the disease is the isolation of the sick, the quarantine of infected communities – that is, the prevention of travel and trade between such communities and the uninfected country beyond. The methods of dealing with an epidemic of pneumonic plague are, therefore, very much simpler than those necessary for stamping out bubonic plague.”

[Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **April 18, 1918**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to Flora and Mary. A committee has been formed to unite the Presbyterian Board, the L.M.S. and the American Board. He traveled to Shanghai on a steamer with a circus that had recently performed in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Missionary Home

Shanghai

April 18, 1918.

Dear Flora and Mary;-

Why could not Flora and I have so timed out visits to Shanghai that we could have met here? I came up, - starting a week ago today- April 11- arriving Sunday April 14th. I went to Nanking on the night train to attend a

meeting of representatives from the Presby., L.M.S. and Am. Bd. Bodies in China to consider a union of these three bodies. We were all pleased with the steps taken on the unanimous vote of those present to ask the three bodies to appoint a comm. to draw up a basis of union to be submitted to the three bodies. - All the machinery is now in motion for the organic union of these three churches and as many others as will join.

I had a rich experience on the way up from Foochow. We have had a Circus in Foochow- a good one, with trained elephants, tigers, lion, bears, monkeys, zebra, Shetland ponies and horses. All these animals and the whole troupe- some 17 Europeans and a whole raft of Indians were on the ship. I came Chinese- the whole thing- could not get even a Chinese room- so I slept with all clothes and shoes on in the center of the Chinese quarters, and ate Chinese food,- got on all right too- "not a qualm" as Flora said on her return from Europe.

Tuesday evening- after the conference on Union in Nanking Dr. F.K. Sanders and I took dinner with Mrs. Thurston at Ginling College and from dinner went straight to the train for Shanghai.

Wed. I was all day in the Advisory Council of the China Christian Educational Association. To day I have shopped- looked over the Commercial Press and given two interviews.

To morrow the China Continuation Comm. convenes and holds until April 24th. Dr. Smith and Miss Miner are here.

Sunday I called on Mrs. Marin. Your visit with her did her a lot of good. She spoke of it several times with great interest and pleasure.

Gould was in Shelton according to the last letters- waiting for his call to go to the training camp.

All were well in Foochow when I left. Mr. Hodous has asked to stay at home 5 years. Ray Gardner and his fiancé Miss Thompson are appointed missionaries of the Board in Foochow. Miss Wiley has resigned from the mission to stay with her mother. A telegram came to Shanghai yesterday a.m. telling us that Mr. Graham C.M.S. Foochow funing[?] had been shot by pirates.

College closes July 3rd. I shall take the first boat after that for Shanghai. I have not yet decided about route from Shanghai to Peking 2nd class on the train from here to Nanking is all right for a lone man and is half the price of 1st class- I want very much to go one way by train- and do not greatly hanker after the steamer.

In these uncertain times- with the whole world at the most savage war ever known and with China in civil war it is good to know God and to know that He is at the head of things and will straighten out the world as soon as men will allow.

Lovingly Will

[This letter, dated April 21, 1918, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about her trip to the Western Hills with a group of girls. The school has been busy knitting items for the Red Cross. She is proud of Gould for volunteering for the war. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2009." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

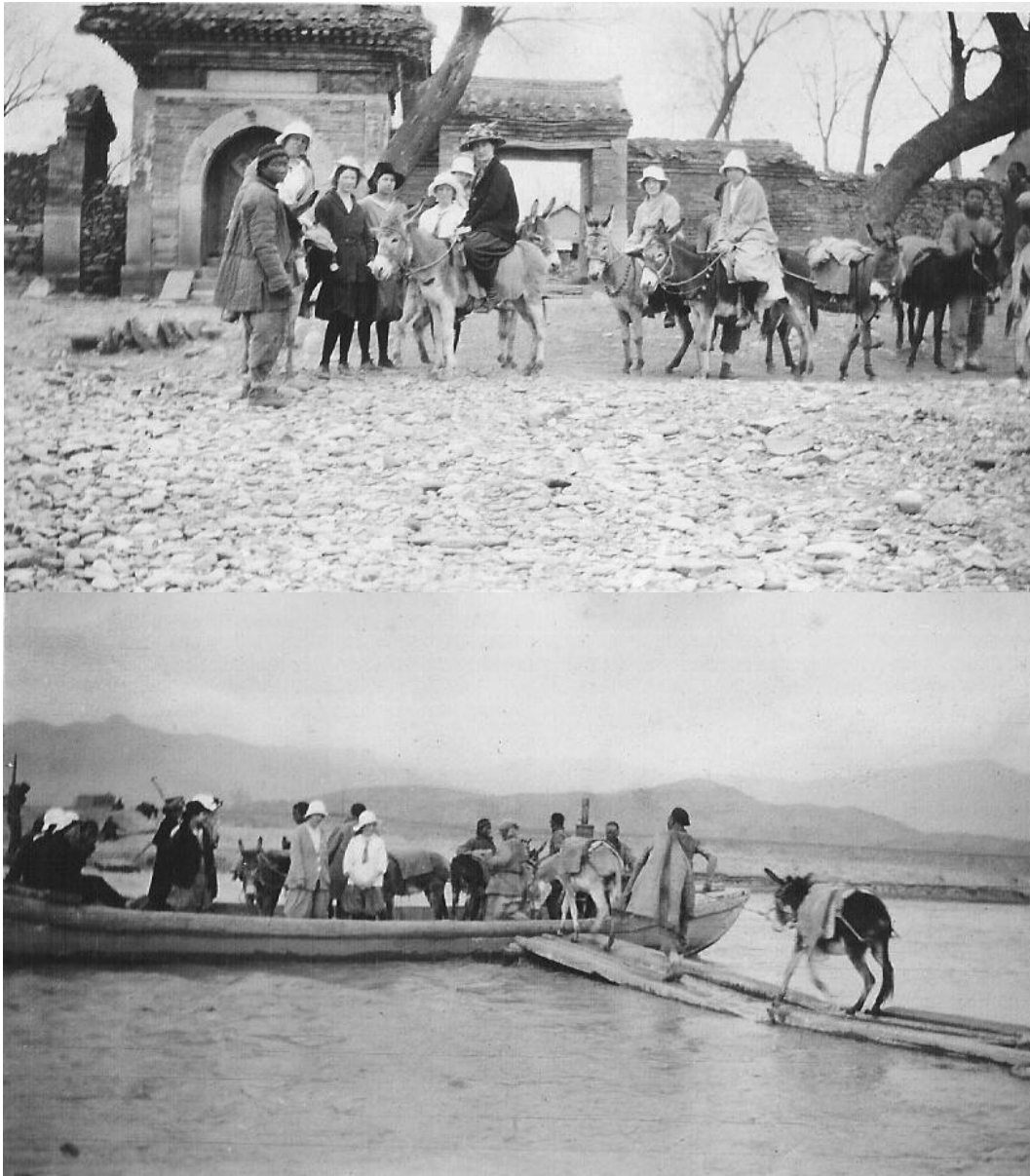
[April 21, 1918]

Dear Ones at Home-

Last week was my week to write but I let the time slip by and like the farmer's son, "the whole week is gone and nothing done." To go back to vacation, Flora wrote of her days here. I took a party of girls to the Western Hills. We had one servant and used the caretaker for cooks. The donkey or donkey boy carried lunch for all day picnics.

We got out there Wednesday noon and spent the rest of the day making beds, settling, exploring our hilltop etc and trying to get a fire for a hot dinner. The next day (Thursday) we went off to the west and followed the river valley for miles up to some limestone quarries and a most interesting cave. In the cave were stalactites and stalagmites beautifully formed. We entered near the top of a mountain and went down about 200 or 300 feet into its heart. Just below the entrance was a small temple kept by two priestesses. No priest was in evidence but four small boys acted as guide to see us about. One old woman beat a drum "to call up the spirits of the cave to see us safely down and back." She beat and called for several minutes before we were permitted to go through. On Friday we went off across the river, and over the plains to the south to a temple called Chieh Tai Ssu (Je Tie ssl) at the temple is a wonderful huge white barked pine. The temple was built in the 8th century and was used as a resort by Chien Tung. There we went into a second cave. This one was larger and had many passages, low and narrow leading off from the big hollow. We followed them until the smoke of the torches nearly suffocated us. We crossed the river on ferries and they are most unique. The current is very strong in the middle of the stream. The natives have only man power to propel the boat. So they have a cable stretched across the river. This presses against a rotating, upright

wooden cylinder and the men pull on the cable to get us across. We all got on, girls, donkeys and donkey boys. Our fare (or rather what we paid) was 20 cents for the party of 19 counting two legged and four legged passengers too.



Written in album: "Trip to Cheih Tai Ssu – Ferryboat, Donkeys ride with us"
[Both photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On Saturday we went in the morning over the hills to a big cave where we gathered some fine clear white crystals and loafed around to gaze at the views. We were home for lunch and about 4.00 started down the hill to visit a very old temple on a hill just across the railroad. Near the base of the hill are several door spaces built into the hill side. They were built by a eunuch many years ago. He had connived the idea of drowning out Peking to get out the reigning Emperor and putting himself in power. Two more girls joined us that night so we returned in time to wait on the embankment for the evening train. On Sunday we walked over to Wo Fo Ssu, or the Temple of the Sleeping Buddha. En route we stopped in the old Hunting Park which was demolished by the French and English in 1868, as a part of the punishment for mistreating English subjects. The grounds are still beautiful with the lovely old trees, winding paths, brooks and ruins. We next went to Bi Yun Ssu where there is a room containing statues of the 508 followers of Buddha who followed him from Tibet. One was a cripple and a friend carried him all the way. Some brought pet animals, cats, dogs, birds, etc. The three leaders hold positions of honor in the center of the room.

It is a regular maze to wander about the corridors. There we drank from a natural sulphur spring. We climbed to the top of the fine towered pagoda and had a fine view of the country. There were 104 steps. Wo Fo Ssu is rented for 99 years by the Y.M.C.A. so quite modernized and well repaired. It is quite a popular place for week ends or for a summer resort. We came in on Monday and had Tuesday to get cleaned up and tidied up for school.

Our double quartet still thrives. Last night we gave the Bridal Chorus for "The Rose Maiden" at a college stunt night and sang a round and popular sing for a second number. We appear in church again soon in a selection from Elijah.

Our Red Cross work grows apace. I have returned 8 sweaters, 6 scarfs and 1 pair of socks. We have 9 sweaters, 14 scarfs and 6 pair of socks largely done. This week we commence making pillows for convalescents by filling them with bits snipped from the left overs of the garments. Also those not already at work start on the colored squares for afghans for convalescents. I am nearly to the neck of my own third sweater. I have it at hand every where except in school, church and dining room. How Ruth would enjoy knitting and how well she could do it.

We have had a nice letter from Elizabeth lately. The Sentinels come occasionally and are most welcome.

Tomorrow we are up early to be off for a day of sight seeing- The British Legation with the story of the siege by Mrs. Stelle, Coal Hill and the Winter Palace. It is a full day but the places are near together.

How awful the war news has been. We pray that the lines may not break and that the end may be near. The paper that said we had had only the "honey moon" and the real fighting was to come, proved a true prophet. What do you hear from Gould. I hate to think of his getting into it, but love him the better for volunteering.

I do hope you are keeping well and that some help for the farm appears. The papers even mention importing help and I wonder if they will do it.

The people here are much upset in plans because the express boats are all commandeered. Now our only connection is by Japanese lines and small boats, 8000 tons or so. Dr. and Mrs. Love are forced to wait until July so are others we know. When will it end!

I must get into bed for my 6.00 A.M. rising. Already I am in my night robe as it will be a short process.

Lots of love

Mary.

April 21, 1918.

[This letter, dated April 22, 1918, was written from Princeton, N.J. by Gould to Dot. He is having a military uniform made for \$55 and includes photos taken of him and his fellow soldiers in military training. He is paid only \$33 a month. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

U.S. Army
School of Military Aeronautics
Princeton, N.J.

April 22, 1918.

Dear Dot:-

I am again in "E" week. Things have been happening lately and work is piling up. Our school held a review last Saturday to which all the Parents, relatives, and sweethearts were invited. I would have invited Annie and some one of the Aunts but I have no dress uniform as yet and I didn't want to take anyone around here on such a day as that in these old togs.

I am getting a uniform made. It will cost me \$55 for suit alone but will have to have it sometime anyway. I am sending a few pictures that a photographer took of us; the writing on the back of each explains it fully. I am also sending you a letter I just received from Mamma. Tell Phebe that I quite agree with Marjorie. You will see the point after you have read Mamma's letter.

I had hoped to be able to send you girls some money, but now with \$33 per month I will hardly have enough for my own expenses.

Maude sent me a fine box of fudge the other day, I ate the last piece today.

I didn't study any yesterday, I was so tired that I slept all except at mess. My roommate was away on pass and there was no one here to bother me.

This week our squadron is five more smaller than last week. We had an hour exam in Military Law and a 2 hour exam in Motors besides the regular wireless exam. I got the motors pretty good but I rather think I just skinned by the Mil. Law. I knew the stuff allright but I just pulled a bone on two questions.

As my roommate says, this isn't studying, so good night.

Your loving brother, Cadet M. Gould Beard

[The following photos are from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back of photo: "My squadron "C" week, Class June 15. I am in the 5th row covered up by the man ahead of me."



Written on back of photo: "Class June 15th. "C" week. I am the 14th man from the right in the front row."



Written on back of photo: "Squadron "C" class June 15th. Going over the top I am the man at the right on top helping a man up. My roommate is at the lower left hand corners of the box with his hand up to a mans foot."



Written on back of the photo: "Squadron "C" class June 15th. Boxing. The ink arrow [left arrow below men] points to my roommate and the pencil arrow to me" [arrow above men in middle of photo].

*[This letter dated **April 30, 1918** was written from a Missionary Home in or near Shanghai, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. A circus had been in Foochow and Willard had to get on the same steamer going to Shanghai as the circus and all of the animals associated with it. He had no room so had to sleep in the middle of it all. He attended meetings in Nanking and Shanghai. Pirates killed a fellow missionary in Zuhning 90 miles from Foochow and 2 foreigners are held for ransom in Northern China. He gives Phebe advice on work, school and who to talk to if she is troubled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Missionary Home
April 30th 1918

Dear Phebe [daughter]:-

To night I am just going to begin this letter and hope to finish it tomorrow. I left home a week ago last Thursday just after lunch. A circus had been in Foochow and the whole thing – 17 European Performers- countless Indian workmen, two elephants, 7 horses, a dozen ponies, a zebra, 2 tigers, 1 lion, 4 bears, hyenas, dogs, monkeys-

all came with tent poles and pins etc. etc. I never saw a steamer full before. The China Merchants refused to sell a ticket, either Chinese or foreign. But I was due to attend three important committee meetings, and I decided to go. I found that a tea house had a room in the Chinese quarter to see and they told me they had one in the Chinese official quarters. So I bought two rooms- one for two Chinese who were with us and one for Mr. Eckerson of Amoy and myself, when we reached the ship the Chinese were all right, but the man could not produce our room, so we had to just lop down in the midst of everything and everybody. We each had a Chinese bed bottom and that was all. But we had a very smooth voyage- and the Chinese food was good and I got on all right, - did not feel a qualm. During the day I was up on deck in the open air and at night I slept well- what more could I ask?

Sunday morning: - Last night I had a good sleep and rest and awoke to see one of the most beautiful days. It seems like Sunday.

To begin where I left off- We reached Shanghai a week ago this morning at a little after 7 o'clock. I went to Mr. Evans and got breakfast- a little wash and a shave, attended church and saw lots of people that I knew- Dr. and Mrs. Lacy, Miss Bosworth who now is in Shanghai helping Dr. Lacy, Mr. Luce, Mr. Petters, Dr. Gamewell, Miss Straw etc.- promised Mrs. Lacy to take dinner with her in the evening. After Lunch I went and secured my ticket to Nanking on the night train to start at 11 o'clock. Then I tried to find Helen Smith but she was away. I called on the Mains. Mr. Main is now Treasurer for all the Meth. Missions in China. Florence is a young lady and George is the size of and just like Orrin was when you left Foochow.

Then I attended the American Song Service in the Palace Hotel- a recent thing to provide a place of worship for many people who would not go to a church, then to dinner and then I met some Chinese who came to see me and then took the train. That night I really undressed and went to bed for the first time since leaving Foochow Thursday morning. Had a fine sleep and woke in time to dress and get off the train at Nanking at 6:50 a.m. There Mr. W. R. Stewart of the Y.M.C.A. met me and a lot of others. We went to his home for breakfast and straight to the Committee Meeting where representatives of the Presb. London Mission and Am B'd churches had gathered to consider meeting. We held two sessions that day and two the next, and a sub committee, on which I served, held two extra sessions. The result I am enclosing. This opens up immense possibilities in the way of union in China.

Tuesday night I took the train for Shanghai. Arrived at 6:50 Wed. a.m. - Sat breakfast and went at once to the meeting of Advisory Council of the Education Association. Thursday I shopped all day. That is one of the penalties a man has to pay for coming to Shanghai.

Sunday afternoon: - Friday the meetings of the China Continuation Committee began, and they will last thru next Wed. Then I pull out for Foochow as soon as I can get a steamer.

This morning I preached in the Foochow dialect to the Foochow speaking church organized four weeks ago here. Mr. Main was there and I went home with him to lunch, and found Helen Smith there also. You would scarcely know Helen now. She is almost as tall as I am, and a very nice appearing young woman.

All was well in Foochow when I left. On Wed. morning last a telegram was received saying the pirates had shot and instantly killed a Mr. Graham, missionary of the C.M.S. in Foochow. His station was Zuhning about 90 miles up the coast from Foochow. Two foreigners are now in the hands of bandits who are holding them for a ransom- in North China.

I suppose Mama has by this time heard from Gould or from some of you as to where Gould's camp is. The last letter told us he was at Shelton waiting for the summons to go to training camp.

The last letter also brought from you the story of your "Romance." Mama and I talked it over and decided to suggest in case anything ever again came up in which you felt the need of wise counsel that you should go to Mr. Vander Pye or Mrs. Vander Pye. I feel sure you would find in them sympathetic counsellors, and wise ones. You were surely put in a very difficult position.

Mama is some concerned about your so-called outside work. She feels that you are doing too much. As I read your letters you do not profit much by the Y.W. work as treasurer. You feel that while you are in the Y.W. Cabinet and group you are not one of them. The work to you is somewhat irksome and you at times feel that your associates are appearing to be one thing while they really are another. Now under many conditions I should say stick to the job and influence the others to be what they profess to be. But this next year is your last in college. My strong advise is not to take too much work of any kind. You have had a strenuous year this year. I do not want you to graduate all tired out, and from your letters I should say without hesitancy- drop the Y.W. treasurers work.

How goes Dot's school work? Is she getting to the head of the class? I hear of her life in other lines but not much about the school.

Keep near to God, let nothing prevent you from getting a few moments alone with Him and His Book every day. With lots of love to you all, Your Father

Willard L. Beard

[This letter, dated **May 5, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells about his trip from Foochow to Shanghai on a boat full of circus people and animals. He mentions many missionaries he saw in Shanghai. They were all there to attend the China Continuation Committee meeting. He tells of the murder of Rev. H.E.C. Graham by pirates. He talks about including a photo of delegates representing the Presbyterians, L.M.S. and American Board. One man he mentions is Dr. Sydenstryker, whose daughter would in the future become the famous author, Pearl S. Buck. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
May 5th 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

I hope you have heard from me since I wrote direct to you for it has been a long, long time since I have directed a letter to Century Farm and I have done a lot of things since then, - among them has been a trip to Shanghai and Nanking. I went to Nanking to meet with representatives of the Presbyterian Church in China and of the London Mission Church and of the Congregational Church to discuss a plan of union. The results I am enclosing on a separate sheet. I was there April 15 and 16th.

I went from Foochow to Shanghai in Chinese steerage- did not take off my shoes or my overcoat all the way- was on the ship three nights. We had a circus in Foochow in April and the Circus got ready to go to Shanghai at the same time that I did. There were about 20 Europeans in the circus and they more than filled all the cabins on the little coast steamer. So I had acrobats and elephants and tigers, lions, bears, monkeys, leopards, trained dogs, ponies, horses, a zebra, etc. and a lot of Indians as fellow passengers.

I ate Chinese food all the way and was not seasick once. However I found a cabin in first class coming home and paid \$36 for it. My ticket from Foochow to Shanghai cost me \$11.50.

In Shanghai I saw all the old Foochow friends who have moved there to live. Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Florence and George, Dr. and Mrs. Lacy, Miss Bosworth, and Helen Smith. While I was there I stayed at Mr. Evan's= Missionary Home from Peking. There were at the same place Dr. Arthur H. Smith and Dr. Luella Miner, both of our American Board Mission. We had a table by ourselves. It is not necessary to add that I had good company and a pleasant time. [Smith and Miner were missionaries in Tungchow and went into the Legation for refuge during the 1900 Boxer Rebellion.]

The object of my visit to Shanghai was to attend the Annual Meeting of the China Continuation Committee. This Committee is composed of about sixty men and women from all over China, from all denominations and includes Chinese and missionaries. This year there were present 37 missionaries and 13 Chinese. The work of the Committee is done thru its committees. Of these there are about 15. Here are the names of some: Committee on forward Evangelistic Movement

- “ “ The Chinese Church
- “ “ Theological Education
- “ “ Christian Literature
- “ “ The Sunday School and Bible Study

These Committees are appointed this year and work on their report during the year and the report is mimeographed just before the meeting next year. The meeting next year will spend its time largely in discussing this report and adopting resolutions arising out of the report. This year we are sending to all churches in China asking all Christians to observe May 26 as a Day of Prayer for China. The last hour of our meeting was given to a special prayer meeting for China. At this meeting Mr. C.T. Wang Vice Chairman of the Chinese Parliament in Peking spoke. He is a member of the C.C.C. and was chairman of the Business Committee this year of which Comm. I was a member. He was exceedingly efficient. He said the present time was one of unprecedented peril for China. He did not know if China could survive. There were two sources of hope.

1. God still reigns over the race of men 2. There are among Chinese leaders several men who are true Christians- true men. Mr. Wong is now sympathizing with the South in the present struggle in China, but nothing that he said during the six days that I was with him conveyed the least hint that he was in the least mixed up in the present strife. His life is not safe outside of Shanghai.

The Girlies are writing Phebe and Dorothy. The last mail told us that Gould was in Princeton [*military training in Princeton, N.J.*]. The war comes nearer and nearer to us. One of the men active in both the Nanking meeting for union and in the C.C.C. = Dr. Gibson of Swatau, received a telegram as he landed in Shanghai telling him that his second son had been killed in action in the war.

As I arrived in Shanghai from Nanking a telegram had just come from Foochow to tell us that Rev. H.E.C. Graham of the English mission here, whose station was in the northern part of the province at Fuhning, had been

shot by pirates. This was true. His body was thrown into the water. It was recovered only a day or two ago. The deed was done about 10 a.m. The pirate shot one of his boatmen. Mr. Graham stepped out on to the front of the boat and called to the pirates that it was a mission boat. But they shot him and he fell dead. The next day or two the Shanghai papers announced the holding up of a train in Honan, and the robbing of all the passengers of some \$40000. This was on the road that my room mate, a Dr. McKenzie had come over and on which he was going home. The condition of the country is in part at least responsible for this.

There is now in China no government. There is no head, and this is felt everywhere. Lawless characters are taking advantage. Many see in the moves Japan is making, so many steps toward her complete command of China. Persistent reports declare that Chinese officials are continually selling out to Japan.

While I was away Ray Gardner, teaching in Foochow College and Adelaide Thomson were married= Apr 26th - Ellen and the Girlies went. I was to have married them, but as I could not be in two places at once Mr. Neff did the service. The wedding was a pleasant one despite a very rainy night.

To morrow is the anniversary of Ruth's home going. Every thought of her has brought joy with it. Hers was a life filled with the fullness of God. There is a great void here on earth. You at home realize it more than any others. But her spirit still lives and makes us better for her having lived. Within five months two men- workers in our mission have gone to Heaven. They were both graduates of Foochow College- one had been in charge of the boys school at Ing Hok for ten years or more. His Father used to travel thru Ing Hok field with me. This son was then in College and he had a younger son just entering the primary school.

He often said "I do not want my boys to try to earn a lot of money. I want them to be workers for Christ. This one has influenced many boys for good as they have passed under him in the school. The other boy graduated from Foochow College last January and has taken up his brother's work, with his brother's spirit.

The other young man graduated from Foochow College in Jan. 1915. He stood at the head of his class. He voluntarily entered the ministry at a salary of \$17.00 per month while his classmates were getting \$25.00 in other callings. His ministry was fruitful. The second year is a new place ten persons united with his church, and others were learning the truth. As I told of his death to a group of the students last winter one of them remarked at once, "all good men die young". I reminded him that for every good man who dies young many bad men die prematurely but they are not worth making remarks about while the death of a good young man is cause for regret and remark by friends and those whom he has helped far and wide.

The last time I wrote we were threatened with drought. The rain came the first of April and has continued steadily since- so now all the rice fields are looking finely with their little plants just set out in the water in rows about 9 in. apart. To day has been one of the most beautiful days I ever knew. Ther. at about 65 degrees, sun shining brightly and a gentle breeze blowing.

I spoke to a full church of nearly 900 this morning on the recent work I saw in Nanking and Shanghai. 17 were received to the church and one little boy baby about 4 months old, I baptized. The little fellow smiled most bewitching to me after I had finished.

College closes July 3. My plan is to start for Tungchow by the next steamer to spend a few weeks with the girl's at Peitaiho or on tramps as they arrange.

The world is upside down. It is now Good Friday. Easter must be coming. May God hasten its coming.

Under another cover I am sending you a photo of the delegates at Nanking from the Presbyterians, L.M.S. and Am. Bd. Churches who met to consider union [*see following photo*]. You will recognize me readily. Right in the middle on the lowest row is Dr. P.F. Price the chairman of the Committee. Behind him in the second row are Dr. Arthur H. Smith (full white beard) and Dr. Gibson (Heavy mustache). Behind and a little above and to the left of Dr. Smith is Dr. McKenzie, my room mate in Shanghai during the C.C.C. Just below me, seated a little to the left is our Foochow Chinese delegate Mr. Li (with glasses). These are all you will be especially interested in I think. The old gentlemen seated at the left on lowest row with hat in hand is Dr. Sydenstryker- how is that for a name. [*This Dr. Sydenstryker is probably the father of Pearl Sydenstryker who married John Buck and became Pearl S. Buck, author of The Good Earth, published in 1931.*]

Good night. The Spring weather makes me long to get home and plant corn and potatoes.

May God be gracious to you all

Lovingly

Will

The victrola records came perfectly and we all enjoy them greatly- Thank you.

Have I ever thanked you for the Christmas gifts. Stanleys gloves to me are just the thing. Ben's calendars are great and very useful. W.

I am sending some Chinese cabbage seed. Plant it at once and I think you will get cabbage all right. W.



Willard (top row far left) is pictured here in this photo of delegates at Nanking as mentioned in the previous letter. As Willard describes the photo: "Right in the middle on the lowest row is Dr. P.F. Price the chairman of the Committee. Behind him in the second row are Dr. Arthur H. Smith (full white beard) and Dr. Gibson (Heavy mustache). Behind and a little above and to the left of Dr. Smith is Dr. McKenzie, my room mate in Shanghai during the C.C.C. Just below me, seated a little to the left is our Foochow Chinese delegate Mr. Li (with glasses). These are all you will be especially interested in I think. The old gentlemen seated at the left on lowest row with hat in hand is Dr. Sydenstryker- how is that for a name." [Sydenstryker is man in the front row, second from left. His hat is hard to see .in this photo.]

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left part of previous photo magnified.

*[This letter, dated **May 22, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He will be leaving to visit Mary and Flora at Pei Tai Ho soon. Included is a story of a Christian Chinese man in Iong Gio Haeng. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China
May 22- 1918

Dear Mother:

The last mail brought your good letter of April 8th. I note that the mortgage that Ruth held for me has been made over to you. She was putting the interest in the Derby Savings Bank for me. I would like this plan kept up.

To day I am sending to Burpee and Co. Phila. an order for garden seeds to the amount of \$2.55. I am asking them to send the bill to Father. I am not sure that some of the prices of seed have not changed and there will be a charge for postage. To cover the charges I am enclosing four dollars= one \$2.00 bill and two \$1.00 bills. Keep the change to buy yarn for knitting.

Foochow Americans are in a Red Cross "Drive" for \$10000. They are not likely to get it I am afraid. Altho we have done big things in this line.

By the time this reaches you I shall be getting ready to go north,- and I hope to start about the 6-10 of July. This has already compelled the girls to change their plans of certain trips they wanted to make. I am coming too late.

My garden continues to do well. We are now eating cabbage, string beans, lettuce, carrots. My Early Crosby corn planted April 1st is in tassel. How is that? The weather continues cold and for six weeks has been very wet with a big flood last week Friday- Sun. Sunday I went up into the mountains to visit a little church, which the mission is not helping at all this year. They are carrying on a little day school all their own with 30 nice bright boys. It is a stiff three hours and a half up there. I walked all the way up the mountain and half way across the plain, and all the way down the mountain. My calves are asserting their right to complain of lack of such exercise, but they are getting normal again.

Your letter makes me long worse than ever to get home and help on the farm. I had ten times rather do that than beg Red Cross money for the Chinese. Gould's letter from Princeton was full of enthusiasm.

We suppose Mr. and Mrs. Topping are in Japan on their way out to us. A little Topping is to follow in August so they say. Rev. and Mrs. Peter Goertz of the Church of the Redeemer New Haven are to sail Sept. 21- from San Francisco for Foochow.

My daily- hourly prayer is that God may mercifully look on this poor sin sick world and bring peace. May He be near and keep you all. We are all well.

Very lovingly your Will.

[Included with the letter is the following typewritten note dated May 12th 1918:]

Ladies

May 12th 1918

Yesterday afternoon I made some thirty calls on Church members and learners of the Iong Gio Haeng church with Mr. Kiu Ging Nieng the preacher. It was one of the most interesting half days that I ever spent. We were all the time in the heart of the big city and calling on men of big business- not rich men but men who are doing the ordinary business of the city- making trunks- laquer ware- ladies dressing cases- brass manufacturer etc. But every one knew Mr. Kiu and were pleased to talk with him. The topic was always Christianity- and it was in every instance a welcome topic.

We called on the wife of a church member. Her husband was not at home. He united with the church a year ago. She was very angry. Every Sunday morning she hid his good clothes so he was obliged to wear his old clothes and he went to church. She scolded him. She tore up his Bible and burned his hymn book. In Feb. of this year while he was away from home the house caught fire. But the neighbors, among them a Christian, came in and put out the fire. The Christian was badly burned about the head. She said, "If that is what Christianity does for people I will not oppose my husband's being a Christian.." She talked most pleasantly with us. Think of the influence of one man like Mr. Kiu.

[This letter, dated **May 22, 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Flora and Miss Bostwick took the children to the Forbidden City. They have been knitting things for the Red Cross. The school had a little birthday party for Mary. Mr. Frame is very ill with typhus. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

May 22 [1918]

Dear Ones at Home,

I wonder when I did write last- four weeks ago I think instead of two. These weeks have been full of work and play too. Flora and Miss Bostwick have taken the children to the Forbidden City on one Monday and to the Summer Palace on a Friday. Both trips were apparently successful. I stayed home and played guardian for the dozen or so smaller children. The first day we had a picnic lunch outside but it was rainy until 9.00 the second time so we ate within.

Our knitting is gaining. To morrow is an exhibit of all work handed in since May 1st. Our children have 8 sweaters, 5 scarfs, 4 pair of socks and over 60- 6 inch squares on their afghan to show for their handiwork. I handed in a sweater the 6th and finished another yesterday, so have two articles in. I hope I can go up to see the exhibit though. I do not know how I am to get away.

Jean gave the dress rehearsal of the last two acts of "The Merchant of Venice" last night and the final is tonight. The College Seniors were invited over last night. All the High School are in the cast.

Last week Thursday was the Red Cross Fete. Two friends in Peking gave entrance tickets for as many children as cared to go. Here were 21 besides these already provided for. We went at noon and returned on the 4.00 P.M. train. The children had a glorious time on the slide, for the first half hour when it was free, so as to get it well greased. They rode the camels and donkeys. They threw rings for canes and got about ten in the crowd. They ate ice-cream cones and drank ginger ale. They threw balls at the lines of dolls and won flags (since they do not smoke cigars). They threw balls at the three enemies in their trench and won more flags. They saw the 3 foot dwarf, the 8 foot 2 inch giant, the two legged goat, the six legged bull, the wild men and the bearded lady. The only things we did not do were get our fortunes told and see the Minstrel show. These did not open until four o'clock.

Flora and I were guests of Mrs. Felt last week Tuesday night to hear the Choral Club of Peking render "The Rue Marden" [?] It was very well done. The soprano was the same as in the Persian Garden in the winter so were the bass and the tenor, and all have excellent voices. The chorus work was excellent. We made them repeat "Wedding Morning" chorus.

May 27 Our school afghan is done. The children had the special privilege of knitting for an hour on Sunday to get it done for the exhibit today. I put it together and this morning crocheted a small scallop all around it. It was an article of many colors (12) but we had put them together to make a sort of pattern so it was quite pretty. The children thought it very elegant. Nearly every child had some part in the making. This is a repetition of the exhibit held last week.

I had a grand birthday. On Saturday we had a supper table all together. The children had written a poem and arranged for entertainment. We were most gay. I sat up very late to sew the afghan so slept until the rising bell Sunday morning. Really what wakened me was all the girls on the steps near my door singing "Come my Soul, Thou Must be Waking". It sounded very very well. Then I was given a tray with a cup of cocoa, ?? tart, a dish of fudge and a big bunch of roses. At night I had a cake with candles. There were only 16 so I had to have them all relighted once and 4 the third time.

We had communion at foreign service yesterday for the first time. Dr. Smith had the service and made it very impressive. Only six of the children are church members. We hope others may join this summer while at home. We who do not have the chance to attend Chinese church never go in communion but I hope this is only the first of many for us at foreign service. At the close of service Dr. Love read a letter from Dr. Young telling how very ill Mr. Murray Frame is with typhus fever. Tomorrow is the crisis. We had a special prayer then for him and the choirs are meeting this afternoon in prayer at 3.30. He has been ill since last week Saturday. They left for Tientsin to sail on Sunday morning and he had a fever of 102 degrees then. It goes to 105 degrees now nights. Dear Alice has had a most anxious – and sorrowful married life.

Mother's letter came yesterday. Mr. Beer's copy of the Christian Herald arrived in the next mail and got left here so I saw the picture of which she spoke.

There has been a lot of grippe about this last month. One of the girls has had rather a severe attack. I had a slight touch but one day in bed was enough to break it. Several girls have had a little. Often it takes the form of a headache only with them.

I am beginning to wonder if we have Jean Dudley next year. A certain man has been here most of the time for two weeks and things look serious.

I must close and comb my hair, just shampooed. There are some Birds of Paradise down by the mote and I want to go see them before they fly away. The latest report from the Union College school is very discouraging. They can not come to an agreement on the name. The one voted on does not suit all because in Chinese it is the same as that of the Government University and does not signify the union idea nor the Christian one.

I hope you are all keeping well. Mother you do famously on the typewriter. I shall look for my corsets soon.

Lots of love
Mary.



Written in album: "Everybody's doing IT 1918"
 [Knitting students. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **June 9, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Reports say that General Li's army in the South is being defeated. Many families will be moving up to Kuliang for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
 June 9th 1918

Dear folks at Home:-

I have written a letter to Gould and Kathleen has written one to Phebe. I do not know where to send either so I am addressing the envelope to you. Will you read all letters not sealed and address and forward. Kathleen always seals her correspondence and leaves it on my desk for stamps and to be mailed. Gould's letter is not sealed- it may stick but you can open it, and read it.

I week ago today as we were coming home from the service of Prayer for America a very heavy shower caught us. The wind blew very strong nearly in our faces. The ricksha men turned about and set the rickshas back to the storm and we waited ten minutes or so until the fierceness of the storm was over. Of course we got some wet but nothing serious. Monday the water was ten feet deep on the rice fields and the only traffic between the city and South Side was by boats. It has been that way all the week till yesterday- sometimes at low tide men could wade thru but the boats have taken most of the traffic. Yesterday the sun came out in all his strength and to-day he has done the same. Now we must expect hot weather. Until now we have had it quite cool.

My garden keeps producing- we are now eating cabbage, string beans, swiss chard, lettuce, kale and beets, and I pick about 15 strawberries a day. Corn is getting ready- perhaps 10 days more.

To morrow the Sunday Schools of the city are planning to hold a picnic- all meet at the Y.M.C.A. and march out the North Gate to the Northern Altar and instead of worshipping heaven have a little lunch and tea with simple exercises.

Last week the students of Foochow were much agitated over the demands of Japan. Most of the government school students simply walked out of school and spent several days in trying to get the mission school students to do the same with, however, no success.

The report is that General Li's soldiers in the South are getting whipped. I think he is back in Foochow now and it is reported that he and his officers are afraid that the South will be victorious and the officers are sending their families way to the North.

This next week will likely see quite an exodus of people to the mountain. The ladies and children of the Belcher, Leger, and Newell families from our mission and some from the Meth mission are planning to go. The girls will likely go up the last of the week or first of next week.

I wonder how you are doing for farm help. It is still possible to get help so you can keep things going? Or have you rented the farm to some girls college for the season? The farmers near Foochow are very sad for the rice has been under water for five days and much of it is drowned.

To morrow is Stanley's and Myra's second wedding anniversary. It seems only yesterday, - and what lot has transferred in this two years? Can you send this down to them with our heartiest congratulations? Nancy of course is developing fast and is the sunshine of the home. Kiss her for Uncle Will when you see her.

Mr. Newell is thinking of going to Manila with a boy who is to take a course there in manual training preparatory to teaching it here in Foochow later on. He had a boy who was the choice of the faculty of the College and of us foreigners and the boys passport was all ready and the boat decided on when the Dr. found the boy had tracoma. The second choice was debarred for the same reason. The third boy has a clean health certificate and they will start as soon as the passport can be secured. We have a graduate in Shanghai preparing for teaching physical culture- to take care of the boys bodies.

The mail has not come from home for a long time. The last we heard was just as Gould had got to Princeton. George Hubbard is in the Aviation Corps. also. The war colors all things for us all

Very lovingly- to all
Will

On May 22 I enclosed in my letter to you addressed to Mother, \$4.00 for seeds from Burpees and I intended to register the letter but forgot it. Did you receive it O.K.? Will

*[This letter dated **June 16, 1918** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. He wonders what his children in the U.S. are doing for the summer. There has been a lot of rain in Foochow and all rice on the plain is damaged. Previous Dean of Yale Divinity School, Dr. Frank K. Sanders arrived in Foochow and is the guest of Willard and Ellen. There are many illnesses in Foochow College and the cook of the school left. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China
June 16th 1918.

Dear Phebe [*daughter*]:-

The years roll round so fast that I do not keep up with them. Day after tomorrow is your birthday. I am enclosing in this my check on the Putnam National Bank for \$23.00. This is the amount this year. I do not know where to send it. Your letter by the last mail gives an idea of your summer address. So I'll just address it to 110 E. Coll. St. Oberlin, trusting that it will be forwarded all right.

I think of Oberlin as closed and you three are perhaps off already for the summer. Where? We hope you, Phebe, have the desired position in settlement work in Cleveland. It was interesting to learn that you had given up Kindergarten for something in the line of settlement work. It is all right. Trust God, keep close to Him. Be truthful and frank with Him and with yourself and honest with Him and yourself and you will make no mistake in your choice of a life work.

I was even more interested and greatly pleased at the changed attitude which you mention toward the Y.W. work. I tried to show in my last letter that I hoped you could stay on the job and my hopes are realized. More than a quarter of a century ago a man in Oberlin Seminary gave a talk on "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." I do not know what he said, but the injunction has always remained with me, and it has helped me to bear patiently with and to work with people who had ideas about things and whose practices were different from mine. In most organization the growth and development are not in a steady upward line. There are lapses and it looked to me as if this might be the case with the Y.W. in Oberlin last year. I sincerely hope the downward curve has now stopped and that the line is already taking an upward turn.

June 18. - A beautiful day- rare.

We have been in a continual state of flood for three weeks. All the rice on the plain about Foochow is dead, - drowned. We have had four days with sunshine in the last month and much of the time we have had to go in boats from here to Ponasang.

Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Topping arrived to be missionaries here in Foochow. On the same steamer came Dr. Frank K. Sanders formerly Pres. of Washburn Coll. and Dean of Yale Divinity School, now Secretary of the Board of Missionary Preparation. He is our guest. The Toppings are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear.

Foochow College is having a hard time of it these days. (1) A fever which some call "Port" fever- some "three days" fever has struck the students- so were ill yesterday. They are away from classes from three to five days. But it is review time and exams begin next week. (2) Last week the school cook ran away and left only his workmen to run things. They have been putting up poor food. The cook claims to have lost about \$200 this term. The 5th of the 5th moon is a great reckoning day in China. He could not pay his bills on that day and so he is in hiding- and the boys are suffering for it.

In my next letter I will send you \$60.00. This to pay the Life Insurance Premiums of you three girls. I have not written Gould any thing about his policy and he has not written me anything about it or his finances. But I think there is no doubt about his being able to carry it himself this year. It may be that his enlisting affects his policy altho I should think it ought not to.

The weather has been delightfully cool- we are still sleeping under two blankets. But the younger people with small children are getting the Kuliang fever. Mrs. Newell is going tomorrow. I suppose Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Donaldson are there. Mr. and Mrs. Leger and Mrs. Belcher go up the last of the week. You knew Helen Smith was in the Shanghai American School. She is stopping with us next week when she comes down from Shanghai.

June 22nd – We have had three days fairly pleasant. Thursday before yesterday Dr. Sanders and I went to Kuliang. It was cloudy all the way up and rained gently all the way down - not a bad day- cool.

Belchers, Legers, Newells, Billings, Lacys, and a lot of others are up already. Two families from Shaowu, Riggs and McClure are here, - came Thursday. Riggs are off for Kuliang now. McClures go Monday. - Port fever is on the decline in this College. But Anglo Chinese Coll., C.M.S. College and Union College and several government Colleges are closing early- some before exams on account of the fever. May God care for and guide each of you-
With love, Your Father Willard L. Beard.



Robert W. McClure

SOME collect stamps, others collect antiques but Mr. McClure's efficiency makes him a natural collector of treasurerships.



Mrs. R. W. McClure

CERTAINLY Mrs. McClure would be rated high by the Laymen's Inquiry standards for a missionary's wife. She finds a ready field for her talents in the home, school and business office. We find a ready use for her willingness to tackle sundry drab tasks in the mission community.



Agnes and Joan McClure

AGNES, 11, has won a reputation as dressmaker for paper dolls, and Joan, 8, has a way with babies which makes them stop crying and enjoy life.

These photos were actually taken in the 1930's.
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

[This letter, dated **June 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his sister, Phebe. He describes his first flights in flight school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Aviation Section
United States Army
Det. Flying Cadets,
Kelly Field, Texas.[San Antonio]
June 18, 1918.

Dear Sister [Phebe Kinney Beard];-

It comes to me at this time that it is your birthday today. Many happy returns of the day to you and take a kiss from me if you can imagine it.

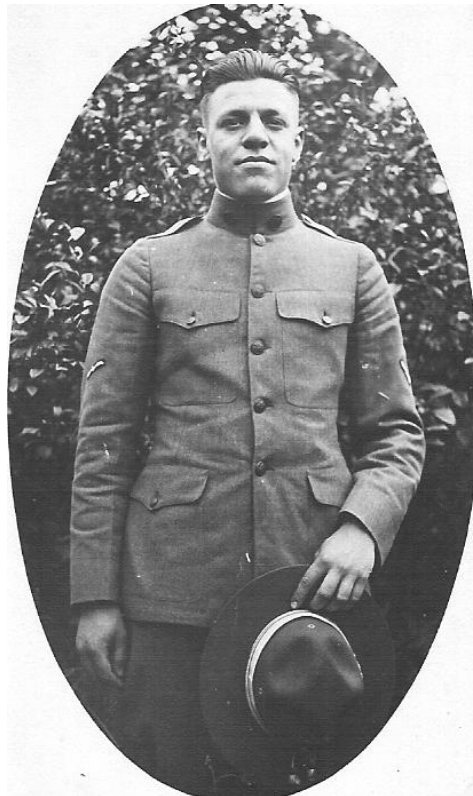
I have flown. I was almost disappointed at first because to me it seemed perfectly naturell up there 4,000 feet up and I had sort of anticipated a good scare, however it began to be fun when the instructor told me to take the controls. We went bucking up and down to beat the band. When I just barely moved that joy stick the old shop would almost turn over. You know you empty you feel when you go down in a fast elevator, well it feels like a vacoume [*vacuum*] inside your stomach when you start to go down in a plane. Some of the fellows wouldn't look at the ground, but I'll swear, the higher I get the safer I fealt. The most fun I have had yet is landing rapidly from 2,000 ft. The instructor shut off the gas and just nosed down at about 60 degrees from the vertical. It seemed as if I was being pulled down and that the earth was just coming up to meet me. It was all great sport. Then when about 100 ft. from the ground we leveled off and went on a long glide. We settled gently until we struck the ground and bounced along a few yards. Landing is the hardest part of the game to learn. Yesterday we had 3 machines nose down into the ground with their tails in the air. One had its undercarriage and propeller all smashed to bits, but they had it flying within 4 hours again.

It will be about 8 weeks before I get out of here. The next week will be primary solo work, the 3rd advanced solo, 4th cross county, 5th primary formations, 6th advance formations and cross country work, 7th and 8th stunts. At the end of that time I hope to get my R.M.A. commission. We also have wireless, engines, gunnery, observation, and minature[?] range work, all of which we have to pass finals in to get our R.M.A.

I am living now in barracks with about 200 other men. The chow here is even better than it was in Princeton. It isn't served with the style and fussiness but the food is better. They have to feed us well, for we might keep over in the air from stomach trouble if we had poor food.

I am addressing this to Oberlin for I don't know where your summer address will be.

With lots of love,
Gould.



Gould 1918

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

*[This letter, dated **June 19, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his Aunt Phebe. He tells her about his first couple of flights learning to fly. There are airplane accidents from time to time and he expects it will happen to him eventually. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Aviation Section
United States Army

Det. Flying Cadets,
Kelly Field, [*San Antonio*], Texas
June 19, 1918.

Dear Aunt Phebe;-

It is hotter here today than I have ever known it to be here in the U.S. We are supposed to have a half day off every Wed. so most of us fellows are lying around in the shade or on our bunks instead of going to town. I have been in the air twice, 45 minutes in all. Steering the ship comes naturel enough to me, although the first time I took the controls we went bucking and rearing around to beat the band. I tried to pull the ship above 4,000 ft. because the higher you get the safer you are, but the instructor left signaling me down so I had to come down to 2,000 ft and continue around the course at that height. It seemed naturel to be flying way up there and I was almost disappointed because it was so tame, but when I took the controls the real fun began. My next flight comes tomorrow at 6:30 A.M.

I have got to have two letters of certification before I can get my commission. They must come from men who know me well and who have known the family and can certify that I am an American citizen. I have asked Mr. Carpenter of Putnam for one and would like one from someone in Shelton. Do you suppose Dr. Shelton would give me one or could you suggest anyone better acquainted with me and the family. I can't think of anyone else just now. What are Dr. Shelton's initials and what is his address? Yesterday 3 planes stood on their noses. One was pretty well smashed up but the other two were flying this morning. Every time an accident occurs the "meat wagon" charges out on the field to bring back the pieces, but so far no one has been seriously injured. The wrecking crew are there generally soon after an accident also, and sometimes they have to pull the plane all apart to get it to the hangars and repair shops.

One hour of flying tires some men as much as half a day of work. We all are ready to sleep like logs, and it isn't any fun either to get up at 5:00 A.M. for Reveille. It is still pitch dark here at that time (and are on central time, the same that Oberlin is on.

The cotton is getting high and we are having corn already at mess. Chow is great here; egg-plant, tomatoes, wheat bread, watermellen, chicken stew, apple pie, roasted potatoes, lemonade, sliced onions, real butter; that was our lunch today and tonight we get ice cream. Good luck, lots of love and kisses to all,

Gould.

[Gould may not have been assigned a number to his pilot's license by the military. According to the FAA, on April 6, 1927, William P. MacCracken, Jr., Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, received the first Pilot License No. 1, becoming the first person to obtain a pilot license from a civilian agency of the U.S. Government.]

*[This letter, dated **June 23, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, Chihli, China by Mary to the ones at home. They had a picnic and exercises for closing day at school. Willard will be staying in a new house at Pei Tai Ho with them for the summer. Mr. Frame died of Typhus Fever leaving wife Alice and baby Rosamond. Envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1582". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China
June 23, 1918

Dear Ones at Home,

What a long long time since I have written- four weeks! First I must say thank you for the corsets- which came all right and for the double handed holder. I shall take the latter to Pei Tai Ho so that we may have it to use if we wish to do any cooking. The next fall I shall use it in Chem. Laboratory and save some burns. I fear Tien Shi, the cook, would fail to appreciate it and we in the laboratories will find it very useful.

Our closing day was most successful. The day on either side were hot, damp and close but on Thursday was clear and a cool breeze blew all day. About seventy five guests came by the noon train. We had a picnic lunch on Mrs. Wicke's lawn as usual. Then many wandered over here to see the art books and laboratory books which

were on exhibit. At 2.30 we were ready for the exercises. The other 5th [or 6th?] repeated the "Evangeline" which they had dramatized and staged last winter and the High School repeated their "Merchant of Venice". The primary children sang four little songs between the plays while the stage was being reset. Our outdoor "funny" was similar to the one we had for the play two years ago but a little improvement.



Written in album: "Evangeline, by 8th Grade, June 1918"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Two children, the Tuckers, were with us until the next Tuesday. The family were leaving on Wednesday night by rail for Japan en route home and did not want the expense of having the children go to TeChow and back.

This is a beautiful Sunday. A thunderstorm last evening cooled the air and has left enough moisture to keep things comfortable still. Dr. Porter surprised us by arriving last evening. She returns tonight. She has an offer to come to Tunghsien next year and give half time to the school. It is thought that the families in the compound will give her something for caring for their families and then afford her a full ?. I do not know her decision and think she does not either.

Mr. and Mrs. White, refugee missionaries from Turkey are to be here for the summer. The Yarrows, parents and five children, will be here next winter in the Love's home. Mrs. White is Holyoke 1915. They were over for a game of 42 last evening. This is the third evening Flora and I have spent playing games. It is a relief after school and knitting for every waking hour.

In spite of games, cleaning and packing, I have finished the last third of two sweaters, and one and a half pair of wristlets.

The Prices are already in our cottage since Thursday night. Mrs. Price has made the interior most comfortable and cozy. The Petter's came the week before and are about settled. They are having a "pung" put up to protect the home from the western sun. A pung is a frame structure covered with straw mats so as to keep out sun. We put them far enough from the home to not interfere with the circulation of air.

Both families want vegetables from our garden so we are to let them have what are so ready but can not be saved for fall usage, such as peas, string beans, radishes, beat greens (sugar beets but good when large) lettuce.

Since Thursday we have been eating with Dr. and Mrs. Smith. They and Mr. Wickes joined our family when the children left. They in turn have taken us in since we had to give up our dining room to the renters.

Miss Bostwick left Thursday night for Pei Tai Ho. We go next Tuesday or Wednesday. Our home is a new one and the owner goes home on Monday to put in the furniture. A card from Willard states that he leaves Shanghai July 13. His stay is to be all too short as he must start back August 24. We hope to get in some good times and a lot of rest for us all.

We had a fine letter from Cousin Carrie yesterday. It was very very nice to hear from her. Our last news from you was very good,- it was Phebe's birthday letter. That letter with the enclosures from Alzina Menger and Dr. Tucker was sent by me all right. There was a little slip saying that the letters were so interesting I was sharing them

with you and that the first sheet of Alzina's was purely personal- and not of special interest. Dr. Tucker's told of interesting phases of the floods. There were two of them I think, which showed the development of the flood. [*These letters are in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

I shall await with interest ?? as to what Anna Beard is to do. I hope she gets a good position somewhere. This is such a good world to be useful in and so many useful things to do.

Our last German's General store in Peking is selling out. When Kieroff sold out I bought a large stock of paper. This is the last sheet of the last pad bought there. I shall have to pay more for what I buy now. That was three years ago so you see what a supply I laid in.

Have I written since Mr. Frame's death? He was ill for nearly three weeks with Typhus Fever. He had days and nights when we had high hopes and ones when we were very anxious. His heart never was very strong and could not stand the long strain. Alice is a wonder. They were married the spring or winter before we came out and have lost two children. Little Rosamond, a little over a year, is a darling robust child whom we all adore. Alice is not going home this year at all but will take up whatever work the mission wishes.



Written in album: "Alice Frame and Francis 1916"

[*Probably one of the children who died. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

We were registering as American citizens at the legation this week and were asked if we had birth certificates. Would you please get a certificate for Flora also one for me. On our registration we gave Dr. Shelton and father to be referred to in care of a question as to our birth from American parents. We will need the certificates when we start to get passports next spring.

I enclose an address. Please send a check for \$1.25 (one dollar and a quarter) to be deposited to said account. Miss Bostwick purchased a hat of that value for me and prefers to be paid in gold.

I must get ready for church. Just think there are 35 people in the compound inspite of vacation. I hope father and mother keep as well as the last letter stated. I hope for a letter that Mrs. Platt was better.

We are anticipating Mrs. Martin's return very much with first hand news from you by word of mouth.

Lots of love

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **June 25, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his grandpa. Gould tells about a near miss on his first solo flight. He enjoys watching the stunts of some of the more expert aviators. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Aviation Section
United States Army
Det. Flying Cadets
Kelly Field,
San Antonio, Texas.
June 25, 1918.

Dear Grandpa;-

Things are going finely here for me. Each day I get a higher mark in flying and better compliments from my instructor. I don't mean that I am any better than anyone else, but I am working steady progress and that is more than some of the previous fliers in my class are doing. Today I took my first solo flight. I had made 8 landings in 40 min when the instructor suddenly stood up and said "You can make these landings as good as I can." Then he got out and motioned me to start her off and off I went. It was great to think that I was my own master and doing the thing absolutely alone. As I was landing, a ship suddenly shot out ahead from under my right wing. I had turned off the power and was gliding at a steep angle; I pulled out of the glide and gave her the gas and went on around the course again. When I got back and finally landed the instructor ran up and nearly choked me with compliments for quick action and good judgement. The ship had been flying about 200 ft below me just under my wing so that it was impossible for me to see it until I nosed over and had glided some 500 ft. Two days ago we managed to smash up 3 ships in landing on the dual field. I haven't had a single miss hap yet, but I am expecting one sometime. They usually get fellows in this game sooner or later.

We have some expert fliers here. Some of the students in the final stages can handle a plane as prettily as the men flying over the lines in France. I was watching four of them over the stunt field today. They went through about all the stunts possible. One of the prettiest is the "barrel roll" where the plane screws into the air horizontally. One fellow spun 7 times to the right and 8 times to the left on a long tail spin and ended up 900 ft off the ground.

We had some fun in Engines today. Six of us men working in pairs tried to set up the ignition system on a 7 ?? Aviation motor. The first two balled it all up. My partner and myself got it OK except that when we started the motor we had about 15 good hard explosions from the exhaust and when we investigated we found that we had timed it to explode on the exhaust stroke. The next two got it OK except that the motor would not run. The instructor finally had to show them that they had merely left the ground switch on, when he pulled that, she went finely. Those 8 cylinder, double ignition, V motors are great puzzles when you first come up against them.

I found out today something that makes me glad that I came down here instead of asking for a 10 day leave of absence when I graduated from Princeton [*USSMA Princeton*]. The other half of our class, that of June 15th, had to come down to concentration camp at Dallas, Texas, to wait until there is room at some aviation field for them to fly. Some of the fellows from our class who did get 10 days leave, and who took great pleasure in telling us that they would go to Riverdale[?] or Rockford[?], Ill. had to go with them to Dallas. I'll bet they never will finish kicking themselves for doing so. They may come rolling in here in about a month and then we will have the laugh on them. I don't know how or where any of you folks are. I haven't had a single letter yet.

Saturday I met two of my friends. One is Ivan ?? from Putnam and the other an old college house mate. I had no idea that I knew anyone here in San Antonio.

Texas goes dry today I believe. Most of it was dry anyway from the 10 mile radius law around Army camps. I can't even get soda water now, because of the shortage of sugar to make it. Coca Cola is out of the quarter[?]. I didn't mean that I drank any alcoholic beverage before, I just meant to comment on the dryness of this State.

I suppose the corn is now about 6 inches high, the grass is beginning to look like haying time, the oats are getting heads on the stalks, and now apples are beginning to form on the trees back there in Conn. There aren't many trees in sight from the ground here, but when you get in the air there are plenty of them scattered over the country.

Good luck to you all in all your work. Love to all,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **July 3, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is in Pei Tai Ho and will be moving into a new house soon for the summer. She comments on the new fashion styles. One of their*

coolies was treated roughly by the police because of a misunderstanding. The envelope is labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2204". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pei Tai Ho
July 3, 1918

Dear Ones at Home,

Last week I wrote you and promised to enclose an address to send the \$1.25 for Miss Emily Bostwick. Then I sent the letter in a hurry by Dr. Porter and forgot the address. I will enclose it this time also a draft for fifty dollars (\$50). Please give twenty (20) dollars to the Shelton Congregational church. I meant to send five a year to my own home church and have not, so send the lump sum for the last four years. I will send or bring the contribution next year. The rest I may need for deposit with father. I am not quite sure how my accounts stand with him.

We are getting to be "money magnates" out here. We buy Chinese bank notes at 62 cent silver for \$1.00 for railroad tickets so travel at low rates even through first class. We hope Willard can do the same in Tientsin.

We came down a week ago. We left Tungchow Wednesday morning and sent the servants straight through with the baggage. We stopped off in Tientsin to do some shopping and came in on the night train. Our new home is not complete so we are camping out in another home. We have the promise of the home for tomorrow so will probably celebrate the fourth by moving. We had Mr. Mather to lunch the first day after we had breakfasted with Miss Bostwick and Mrs. Sheffield.

Everyday, at least once, we walk over to see our house. Yesterday when some extra furniture arrived we had it taken directly to the home and today we send over the heavy pieces from here. As usual this place is full. One woman with two children arrived yesterday to find her home rerented. I knew the story. She had repeatedly failed to pay her deposit on the home and only a money deposit holds a home after June 1st. I hope she found a home but have not heard.

A letter from Dr. Galt tells us that Miss Parsons comes on the same steamer as he does but we know not when. Dates are contraband goods so confiscated by the censor.

The papers tell of rising waters in our flooded districts. One train was several hours late because of the water. In Tientsin, Mr. McCann, tells that there has been a gradual rise for some weeks. The heavy rains this spring certainly are redistributing the water to a much larger extent than usual.

Dr. Elizabeth Lems[?] who owns this home arrived last evening so today we move into one room instead of spreading our selves over two. There are 35 new homes here this year. Some people have built what will be the servants quarters later and are living in or renting those this year. It is an economical way to build.

I wonder if Gould can get home very often. You have spoken of one visit in his khaki. It is good he can take his practical work on Long Island and not have to go to hot Texas at this season.

Phebe's letter was here to greet us and the next day came Mrs. Barretts redirected from Shelton. We are waiting for another letter telling us who and how many of Willard's girls are to spend the summer with you. I can not realize that Wells is big enough to be Father's right hand man. Wait till I try a year as real farmer when I get home. The costumes in the fashion magazines look so attractive and so much better suited to the work than skirts. I am already used to bloomers for mountain tramps and skirts only half way to my knees for swimming. He have a garden even down here- a dozen heads of lettuce brought from Tunghsien.

On Monday we went to the Red Cross and folded our first gauze. I hope to get over again today for an hour. In the afternoons different ladies pour tea. We are invited to do so next Wednesday.

Flora had a new outside made for her bathing suit and has promised to go for a swim(?) with me today. I shall go even if I go alone.

There is a most peculiar dog outside that looks like two dogs running side by side. One side is black with small white spots and the other white with black spots. Even his tail is of two colors.

Phebe's letter told of Mrs. Platt's death and a Sentinel received the next day also told of it. Are both the Platt sons dead? I thought ?? was not living, but last I heard Nelson was in Texas or there abouts. I can't get my mind clear on the first at all. When was Ruth married? I think you wrote about it at the time but am not sure.

A new ruling at the station forbids the coolies from entering the gates until identified by their employees or called by some foreigner. Our boy is used to free access to our Tunghsien platform and resented being kept out. The police seized him, he escaped and ran. They caught him, kicked and beat him and took him to the police station. We were out for tea so did not hear of this at once. As soon as we reached home we started out and rescued him by the aid of Mr. Wickes. He was tied to a post with both arms behind him. The ropes were so tight that the circulation was stopped practically and the poor fellow was about sick for two days. He is recovered now. An article in the paper speaks of the thing having happened twice and the uselessness of such cruelty for so senseless a restriction. It is nice

to have the rabble kept out but some means should be found for allowing servants to enter to get baggage quickly even though no foreigner is there to identify the servant. A ticket for one or two cents would solve the difficulty. Beggars are thick as hops[?] around now. I hope they may be excluded later. I would rather pay down a regular sen, in view of the flood devastation, than be pestered. That is a good deal for I never give directly to a beggar just from principle.

It is time to dress for breakfast since we are to eat at 7.30 instead of 8.00.

I hope you are all keeping well this summer; That Mother's knee is quite well and Father's stomach. Don't do too much anybody. I wonder if your weather is as cool as ours has been- if so it is delightful, altho a little damp in spells.

Lots of love to all-

We still look for Willard about the 15th and hope to be all settled.

% Emily F. Bostwick
Rochester Trust and Safe Deposits Co.
East Main St. Rochester N.Y.

[These letters dated about July 1918 were written by 10 year old Kathleen and 12 year old Monnie. They went up to Kuliang with the Smiths and Willard and Ellen are still in Foochow. They tell about the trip up and what they are doing on the mountain. Letters donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Abt. July 1918]

Read this letter first.

Sunday afternoon

Dear Papa and Mama

We had a lovely tripe up. It didnt rain at all thought it springcled. The sun was out most of the way. My arms got sun burned and so Marjorie's. While we were going across the plain Helen's chair poles broke and they had to fix them of corse. Then on the mountain Mrs. Smith broke some chair poles. Marjories umbrella turned inside out twice, and mine broke so we have not a decent umbrella on the mountain. At one of the rest houses there was a spring and Margaret fell in and got her dress black and had to chang it. We gave both the letters to Mr. Belcher. There are so many flies here that I dont know what to do with my self. I realy dont feal very lonely and I am glad of it. I know the Belchers quite well alreddy. Yesterday we saw there little black goat, it is very dear. Yesterday Mr. Leger, James Ford, Miss McRanalds and Mr. Benet, came over to talk about forth of July. All the children over 8 are on the decarating commite and Marjorie is the head of the flag colecting on this side of the Mountain. Yesterday we held Priscilla and she was the darlingest little thing. Mrs. Belcher said you can pick her up Marjorie she was lying on our bed, so we took her up and played with her. Last night there was the end of a tifone. And it blew all night long. It woke me up a few times. We brush our teeth after every meal and are getting along very nicely with combing our hair and so forth. Yesterday afternoon while Mr. and Mrs. Belcher were talking thier we lay down on the bed and read and while we were lying there Francis woke up and began to cry ?? and his Mother came in to see what the matter was. He didnt say anything but just cept on crying then they went out and he went to sleep. I think he had a bad dream. I am going to make a list of the things I want you to bring up. Please bring up a big piece of scrap to make Daisy May a dress and my little kiwpi a dress. And please bring my stockings in the right hand back cornor of the second to last drawer in our bewrow. And please bring up our rubbers. With lot of love I hope you can come up on weddnsday, love Kathleen Cynthia Beard.

Read K.'s letter first.

Sunday afternoon.

Dear Mama and papa,

Kathleen is writing about the trip up so I'll write all about what we did today. What do you suppose? I wet the bed a little bit. Just about as big as this paper. But it must be all dry now. Mrs. Belcher didn't know anything about it. Well, Kathleen says that I must write about the things that happened from twelve o'clock, in the night on. Well, this morning when I woke I looked over to Charles Francis bed and saw him pulling the mosquito net. (Francis sleeps in the same room with us right across from us.) Well, I got up and tiptoed over to where he was and there he was all wide awake looking up at me with big eyes. I said good morning then went to the bathroom

and went back to bed. Then K. woke up and she wanted to see Francis. So she got up and went over to his bed and talked with him for quite a long time. Finally she said, Do you want to come in bed with us? And just as he was answering Mrs. Belcher came in. She had over heard Punk and she asked him if he wanted to get in bed with us and he said yes so in he came. We had lots of fun with him untill we had to get up. Then we dressed and ate breakfast and then went out on to the piazza. We didn't see anybody going to Sunday-School and anyway it was too early. So we went in and saw Priscilla bathed. Then we went out onto the veranda again and watched for people Sunday School. This time we saw the Lacy girls with two men come around the horse-shoe. Then we saw another party from the Post Office way and both party went into the Club yard but they met and stood for a while and talked then they went home. Evidently they weren't going to have sunday school. Then we got into some old togs and went out walking. First we went up over the hill, where the wind blew so hard that it blew Punk and Mrs. Belcher and me over and blew Mr. Belcher's hat off and saw the Dennis family. Then we went to see the Smith's and found only Margaret and her father there. After a talk with them we went to the Newell's where we found the rest of the Smith family. Then we went home to dinner, and now I must get ready for Church. Charles F. was so tired after he came home from the walk that after dinner he went right straght to sleep. (I've forgotten how to spell straght.)

Your loving, and wishing you both were here, Marjorie

*[This letter, dated **July 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, Texas by Gould to his grandma. He tells about some plane crashes. Gould would like to be further along in his flying and feels if he had enlisted the previous summer he would be flying in the war by now. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Det. Flying Cadets
Kelly Field, Tex.
July 18, 1918.

Dear Grandma:-

We are in the midst of a good ripping snorter old storm. It is the first real signs of pep that I have seen in Texas. At 7 P.M. the sky in the north was dark and a haze of dust hung over the earth about 100 ft. deep. Half an hour later a strong wind sprung up and the dust came down in whole shocks[or shoals?] full. Our section had finished classes and were in the barracks. We closed every window and yet Texas came right in and we ate it and breathed it and it got in our eyes and every other chink of our bodys. It lasted like that for 15 minutes then came the rain, at first in large drops thinly placed, but now the lightning and thunder are having great fun and the rain is really coming down hard. When the sand storm began there were two formations of airplanes over head. I'd like to know how they got down and whether there were any wrecks. The last big sandstorm they had here, a cross-country man got caught about 25 miles out. He tried to land but instead went right through the side of a large barn and they raked his bones out of the hay the next morning. Today a plane had a wreck, caught on fire, and the man in the front seat burned to death. Two lieutenants were in it.

I am not getting along as fast as I want to in flying. I have been on primary solo for about 3 weeks and have only got in 3:30 (hrs/min) time. Some of the fellows have got in 10 hrs. in a week and a half. It is the system they use in sending us to gunnery that makes the difference. If they would change that we would all get an even amount of time. It is galling to say the least to see your classmates get ahead of you when you went half it. If I can only get by this stage the rest will go quickly.

The news in the papers about the Allies successes is nothing short of great. It is inspiring to know that the Americans are really getting into the heaviest of the fighting and better yet to hear about the undaunted courage and grit they show in fight. I just wish I had inlisted last summer: I might have been over there by now in the thick of it. I'm afraid I inlisted too late. The Americans may have the Huns licked before I can get over to help fight. If I had my commission now I would apply to be allowed to fly the first plane across the Atlantic. If I go over at all I hope to fly over. It would be somewhere about 30 hrs., that would be an accomplishment worth attaining.

Because of the scarcity of mechanics and riggers we cadets are working spare hours in the Erection and Repair Dept. We have already nearly finished setting up a whole plane. It will be the best thing in the world for us because we will know more than those before us do about the internal construction of a plane.

From Aunt Phebe's letter, haying is traveling right along. I'm glad it is and I hope it is a good season there for crops. I'm glad Aunt Elizabeth got my money in time. Have you had any communication from the government about my insurance and my Liberty Bond?

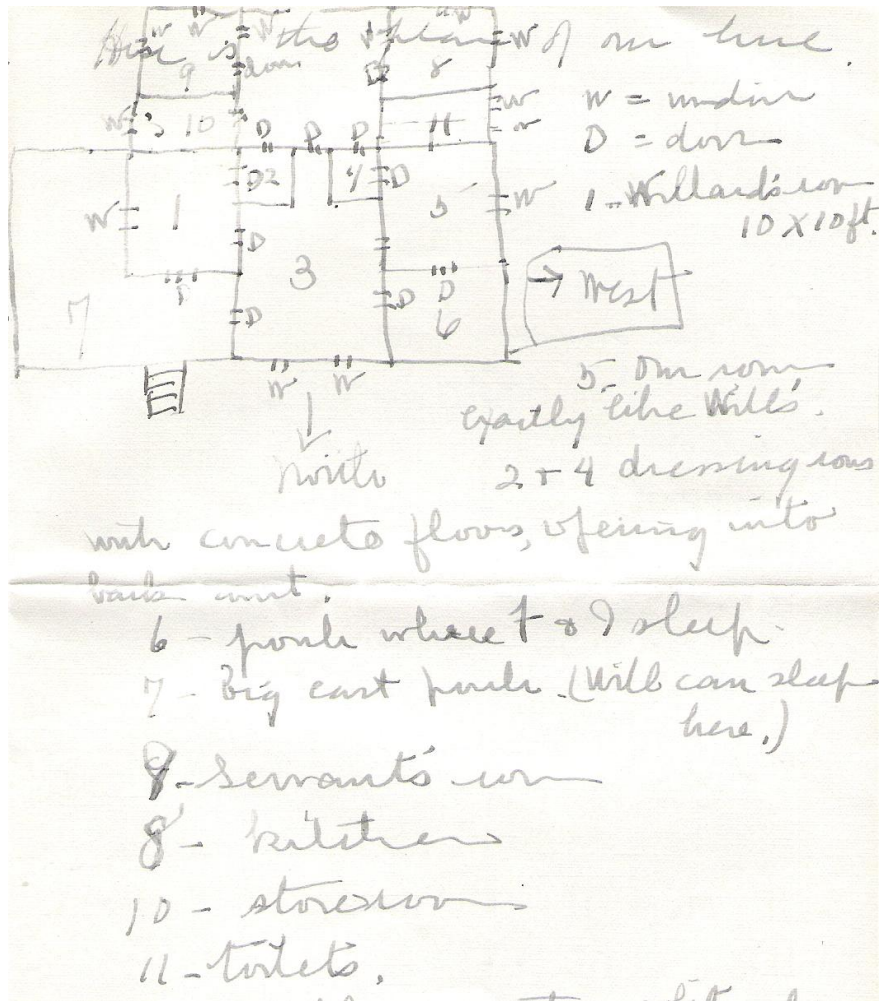
With love to all
Gould.

[This letter, dated **July 21, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. Willard, Flora and Mary are all at Pei Tai Ho for summer vacation. Mary tells about some of their activities there. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1587." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 21, 1918.
Pei Tai Ho.

Dear Ones at Home,

We three Beards are together again. Flora and I began to meet trains last Monday evening as that was the earliest date for Willard to arrive if he came by train. We gave it up until some word should come on Wednesday. On Thursday came a card. He was coming by boat. Entering Tientsin harbor is an unknown problem always because of the bar which allows boats to cross at high tide only. We met the Friday night and Saturday morning trains and Saturday evening felt so sure we went to the next station. Sure enough Willard arrived. Our tongues have rested only to let another have a chance to talk. We stopped for introductions to the Porter's and Mrs. Frame last night, walked over past the Assembly Hall to the beach and home via the Stanley's. The Yarrows were there so Willard met quite a group before we got around home again. While we were off to Peitaiho Station (the one here is PeiTaiHo Beach Station) the carpenters brought the book case and writing desk combined for our home. Did we write that our bath rooms and dining room were one until the cabinet for dishes and the writing desk were built in, as there these are to form the walls? With Flora and me only, it was not bad to have only loose curtains but we are glad of a real partition now.





"The Beard Bandbox" Pei Tai Ho 1918
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



L to R: Flora, Willard and Mary at the Pei Tai Ho rental house 1918
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are reveling in the solitude and quiet since we have many callers and shall entertain frequently to give Willard an opportunity to meet people here.

We have invited Dr. and Mrs. Young over for tonight. They leave on Friday and sail soon for America.

Elizabeth's letter came this week. What an interesting visit Gould had and so fortunate a one in having Elbert down.

I was wondering how I stood with Father on the money question. Many thanks, Father, for paying the bills, and banking my checks.

Friday P.M. The Youngs did not get over Sunday P.M. so we walked over on Tuesday for a call. It is about 2 miles each way. On Monday evening we had Mr. and Mrs. Pitman for dinner. Willard and Mr. Pitman came out on the same steamer last time (1916). On Wednesday we and the Porter family had supper together on the rocks by the sea. Last night we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley. Tonight we have Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Whallen, Miss Bostiwick and Miss Dudley come for breakfast tomorrow and Mr. and Mrs. Ballon and Mrs. Sheffield for dinner. 'Tis a gay life we are leading!

Flora and I went to the Red Cross rooms several times and folded gauze packings. Since Willard came we have found it more sociable to sit at home and knit. We will have to go a few times because we have promised to

serve tea once or twice more. We served once a week after we arrived. There are six Holyoke girls up here and Mrs. Evans has spoken for the reunion at her home. I rather wanted it but resigned in her honor or else invite them for a second gathering later.

Our view is glorious. We are on the edge of the settled hillside and back toward our neighbors. In the foreground (south) are acres and acres of millet, corn, beans, and goliang (A Chinese grain much like corn in appearance as it grows). Beyond are several ranges of mountains. At the left in the distance is the beach of East Cliff with Chung Wang Tao and the mountains beyond. To the east we see Light House Point and the beach near there. To the west we see the railroad and the Lotus Hills. Frequently we remark that the scenery makes us think of New England.

This morning Willard and I took donkeys and went to East Cliff to invite the Ballon's for supper tomorrow and home by Light House Point. At Light House Point we went to the Young's home which they left this morning to get two ducks. Mrs. Young bought three but the children forbid them to eat them because they liked them so well for play fellows. We dared not tell the children for what we bought them lest they brand us as cannibals.

We are wondering whether Gould is in Texas or on Long Island and how you are getting along on the farm this summer. Elizabeth's letter spoke of strawberries and we were just enjoying our last ones of the season.

We are looking for another home letter though I fear we do not deserve it. Phebe's ?? us on our arrival and Elizabeth's arrived just before Willard came.

Best of love to you all. I hope the farm is doing finely with Father and Wells as bosses. I can't think of Wells as big enough.

Lots of love

Mary

P.S. Thanks again father for the payment of bills also for the \$100 from Ruth's accounts. Phebe, I think I had better start on Payment of my college debt to you. Please father give Phebe \$25 of the last draft, the duplicate of which I enclose. (twenty five)

Mary.

*[This letter, dated **July 22, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. He tells a little of his trip to Pei Tai Ho and about the area and the price of rents. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Pei Tai Ho. July 22 – 1918

Just after breakfast

Dear Ellen, Marjorie, and Kathleen:-

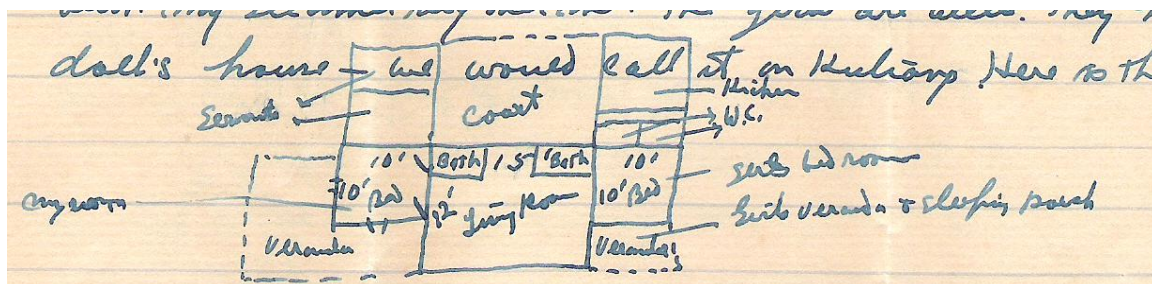
In Tientsin I mailed a letter to you written on the steamer between Tsingtao and Tientsin. I had a delightful trip all the way. We reached the bar at Taku Friday morning at day light. The pilot came aboard and waited till 11:30 then told the captain he could try to cross, altho it was apogee tide and he feared there would not be water enough. In a few minutes he ordered the anchor down. It lacked just 3 inches of being enough water to cross. The Japanese captain was disgusted and mad. But there was no help for it and nothing to do but keep on unloading flour and paper into the lighter to lighten the steamer and try again at midnight. About 6 p.m. we had a wind squall with quite a lot of rain and it came from off the sea. So it drove the water in and at midnight they got over the bar and went up the river. I was asleep and found my self at Tientsin in the morning. I tried to get ashore Friday and take the train at Tang Ku but there was nothing doing.

I went out to the Tientsin Y.M.C.A. before breakfast, found no one but coolies washing the floors, went back to the ship, got breakfast and went to the R.R., bought tickets to Pei Tai Ho Beach, and took the 9:50 train. At noon I bought 5 nice buns- fresh and light and delicious and two nice large peaches- at a station. This was my lunch. At 5 I was at Pei Tai Ho. Soon after I left the train I saw a lady running toward me and recognized Mary. Flora was a little behind. They had come down from Pei Tai Ho Beach to meet me. We reached their little cottage just in time for supper at 7 p.m.

The country between Tientsin and here is level,- much like the country round Geneseo, Ill- with some hills higher. Here at the Beach we see mountains in the distance. Corn and millet and a kind of brown corn that looks like corn growing, and beans are the crops. And they look good. It must be good farming land.

I looked forward with a little dread to the long train ride lest it be hot. But it was almost too cool- I have suffered with the heat in the U.S. travelling but the trip from Foochow here has been a very restful one. The heat has not been oppressive once. Between Shanghai and Tientsin the sea was like a river.

The air is very dry here and thus far it is very cool. I sleep with my steamer rug over me. The girls are well. They have a little doll's house- we would call it on Kuliang. Here is the plan.



But it is so dry here that the small house is all right. This cottage rents this year for 110 taels= about \$1.45. It costs about \$900 to build. A good investment,- no typhoons= no white outs= about 1000 people here. But the scenery- and general conditions do not come up to Kuliang. The country just about here is a little like the top of the hill up in Woodstock or perhaps Pomfret. The settlement is about 7 miles long- running along the shore of the sea- not high but all covered with green grass and rolling. The cottages are mostly low- one story- built of brick- with broad verandas- Rents are high. Our Kuliang Cottage would rent for \$500. The girls took a cottage not yet finished and so get it cheaper. Next year this cottage will rent for \$200.

Yesterday I went to church at 5 p.m.- much like our service on Kuliang. The church is no more ornate than our Kuliang church. They call it the Assembly Hall- not church. A moving picture show is held in the hall two or three evenings in the week. Flora has kindly promised to give me her Directory but I think I will buy one of my own. It costs \$1.20 and this is the tax for all of the things that I use- roads, church etc. How you, Monnie and Kathleen would enjoy the donkeys here. The men come around with them soon after breakfast and they are on hand all day- for the children to ride. The donkeys are nice and sleek and fat.

This morning we went in bathing. There were 100 or more in. It seems to be the things to do for every one. I met Mr. Pitman there and his wife and little daughter.

My expenses have been from Foochow here:-

Ticket- Foochow Tientsin 2 nd class	\$32.50
Lunches- .23, + .50 + .30	1.03
Ticket -Tientsin- PeitaiHo 2 nd class	6.25
Ricksha and train .15,.22,.30,.20,.50,.10	1.47
Coolies baggage	.18
Miscellaneous	1.00
	<u>\$42.43</u>

If all goes well I shall get home on the same amount. I now plan to go fr. here into Peking, then to TungChow, then to Shanghai by Rail Road. I can buy my ticket Peking to Shghi for \$32.80, with notes on the Bank of China that are worth at the rate of \$1.00 Shgi for \$1.60 B. of China. This makes the 32.80 only about \$22.

I hope you have had as fine weather on Kuliang as I have found everywhere.

May God be near and dear to you

Lovingly Will and Papa

[This letter, dated **July 28, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho Beach, China from Willard to the folks at Century Farm. He settled Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen onto Kuliang, then left for Pei Tai Ho to vacation with Flora and Mary. He tells a little of Pei Tai Ho. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2257." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

#168 Pei Tai Ho Beach, China, Sunday July 28- 1918.

Dear Folks at Century Farm;-

Just how many this includes I do not at this writing know. Phebe M's letter of June 16 arrived this morning. It brought the postal from Gould mailed at St. Louis wh. was fairly conclusive evidence that his flying field was to be in Texas. And it looked as if both Geraldine and Dorothy were then planning to spend the summer in Shelton. When in Shanghai in April I was at Dr. D.W. Willard Lyon's for lunch one day and they were just sending Scoville off for Yale and said something about his summer. I mentioned that you did not know how to get help and that you might like him. Mrs. Lyon was not very enthusiastic so I gave the matter no more thought until when coming thru up here I stopped again and was there at lunch and they spoke as if Scoville was going to apply, and your letter looks as if he was coming.

I left Foochow July 11- had July 4-10 on Kuliang, just time enough to get the family nicely settled on Kuliang. I took the "KeeLung Maru" fr. Foochow to Tientsin, and then the R.R. out here. My whole expenses were only about \$40. I had Sunday in Shanghai and reached here for the next Sunday= a week ago last night, July 20. I plan to stay till July 21. Then the girls will go into Peking with me. We will see Peking and Tunghsien for four days or so and I will get to Shanghai for my boat- the same that I took coming up= "Keelung Maru" Aug. 31, and get home Sept. 2.

The girls are both looking very well. They had been here two weeks before I arrived and were seasoned and rested. The bathing here is all that could be desired. Nearly every one goes in daily at 11 a.m. except Sundays. Flora and I were going in this a.m. at 6. But I slept till 7:30 and she would not waken me so we did not go. The landscape reminds me much of parts of New England. One sees corn growing everywhere, and millet and a kind of brown corn. The land is rolling and in the distance there are small mountains. Donkeys are used for conveyances- I see a few carts drawn by mules.- Mules and little Manchurian horses are the work animals. Yesterday I saw an ox drawing a two wheeled cart. The carts are all two-wheeled and if two animals are used they are hitched tandem. And they pull enormous loads. The animals all look very well kept and they are not at all abused- as far as I have seen. How Monnie and Kathleen would enjoy the donkeys!!

On July 15 I mailed to Geraldine a letter containing a check for \$100. on the National Bank of Putnam- check made out to Phebe- and also an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$100- in Geraldine's favor. I hoped these two checks would fix up the Life Insurance for you all and get you into college again for the fall term. I do not know but little about Gould's finances- in fact he has written only one fact i.e that he has insured his life for \$10000 in my favor. I should like to know how much he receives per month. I should like to know also the conditions of the life insurance. He pays \$6.50 for no premium I think. I have looked to see in the papers something more about this but do not find it. How long does he pay this \$6.50 per month? What takes place after the war? - in case he returns uninjured or injured,- and any other facts. I will with him direct asking these questions but things are so uncertain that I am trying a double method of finding out.

Phebe M's letter contained a copy of "Oberlin in China". I guess it is a case of mutual helpfulness- Oberlin in Ohio helps Oberlin in China and Oberlin in China helps Oberlin in Ohio. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Martin of Tunghsien are sailing about the middle of August to return to China. I understand they have raised some \$40000 for the Middle School in Tunghsien. I must get about that amount for Foochow College when I go home- or before.

I have had one copy of the Kuliang Register since reaching Pei Tai Ho. This is all the news I have had from Foochow since leaving. I hope they have not had typhoons.

It is hard to be patient when I have to wait to till into August before knowing where you all are for vacation. But it is after all only a trifle. God has wonderfully cared for us all and His goodness is beyond man's power to estimate.

We are all glad to see the advances made by the Allies on the Soissons-Rhein[?] front and hope it will continue.

This is a letter to all- the folks at Century Farm- Phebe K, Gould, and as many others as you care to send it to. I will address it to Phebe M. as a reply to her letter received this morning.

Very lovingly to all

Will and Papa.

Your letter contained the receipt for \$30 from the Derby Savings Bank- Thank you- You know I hold Ruth's note for \$1000 do you not. Is there anything to do about it? Will

[This letter, dated August 4, 1918, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Willard to Ben and Phebe. He writes to wish Ben and Phebe and Elizabeth a happy birthday. Willard and Mary took a trip to the Great Wall. He refers to the war in Europe, Before he goes back to Foochow, he will visit Peking. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pei Tai Ho China.

Aug. 4th 1918.

Dear Ben and Phebe:-

We spoke of you yesterday and day before because they were August 2nd and 3rd. The first picture that comes to my mind is of you two riding down the lane- just starting for Grandpa Nichols: "Bennett and Phebe." This was the way the older people used to speak of Grandpa and Grandma Nichols. Ben's head rose just above the back of the old buggy seat. Phebe's did not go all above it. We could see about half of her head. As to room on the seat- you took up just about half the seat- but you have changed since then- it takes a seven seater now for you. This is to

congratulate you on your forty (how-many years) - and all the good things which you have done and which you have acquired in those years, and to hope that each of you feels sure that you have the best job on earth- and just the job for you, and that no one else could do it quite as well as you.

Flora and Mary and I are having a very quiet time here getting a good bath in the sea nearly every day and I have a chance to write a few letters. Last week we took a trip into the mountains. I got a ride in a Peking Cart- the ox cart on the farm is a soft thing compared with a Peking Cart for comfort and ease. In the afternoon Mary and I took a good old mountain climb on the Great Wall of China. Mollie is game all right when it comes to climbing a steep mountain. The Great Wall-so-called, is on the top of the steep cliff, only three feet high and does not cut much of a figure. But I stood amazed at the prodigious amount of labor required in getting the bricks and lime up to these high places. The path is so steep in places that we had to go on all fours like cats.

I have heard little from Foochow since I left, - just enough to know that up to July 27 all was well, - no typhoon.

Just now a carter with his mule and empty cart got stuck in the mud a few rods from the house. The cart went down on one side until the axle rested on the ground, and the mule could not pull it out. I with a passer by- a Chinese gave him some suggestions and a lift (mine were in pantomime) and he put the mule in the shaft again and went on his way rejoicing.

The telegrams from Europe have been very interesting every since I arrived. It is a wonderful achievement to land 300000 men a month in France with Germany using every effort to sink ships on all water. Our Boys seem to be making good everywhere. Germany has certainly done some big mis-calculating from the very first when she seemed incapable of thinking of the possibility of little Belgium offering any resistance- again when she thought England would not enter the war and if she did that her army was insignificant and again in all of her thought of the U.S. Efficiency that has no room for other persons is not efficiency.

Sunday Aug 11th- The past week has been full of doing this and that so this letter did not get finished. There are over 50 members of the Am. Board here and about the same number of Y.M. and Y.W.C.A.s so I find plenty of points of contact. Then various conferences and meetings have been going on to take up the time. And I count it a big loss if I do not get into the sea every day. Mary and I went in this a.m. at 6 o'clock. The sea was very smooth. For the first time in my life I floated. You have heard me speak of a classmate in Oberlin= Geo. Wilder. He and his wife= also a classmate= arrived a few days ago with their youngest daughter Ursula. She reminds me of Dorothy.

Letters from Kuliang say that all was well there up to Aug. 3rd= What do you suppose Dr. Bement wants me to buy for her?= A 4 months old bull calf- imported stock that has already had rinderpest. It is some job to find such an animal and again some job to transport him to Foochow.

I have my schedule for seeing Peking and getting to Shanghai all arranged. I leave here Aug. 22 and the girls go with me. We stay in Peking that night and see Peking Aug 23 and 24- go out to Tunghsien for Sunday Aug 25- see Peking again on Mon. and start for TeChow Tuesday, spend Tues night there- go on the Tsinanfu Wed.- Leave Tsinanfu for Shanghai Thurs and arrive Shanghai Fri. at 9:20 p.m.- If the girls get me into Peking and awfully interested I may stay a day longer in the Big City as my steamer does not leave Shanghai till Sept. 1.

To day is Elizabeth's birthday so I am going to ask you to share this with her- and my best wishes go to you also Elizabeth for many more happy birthdays, and you may add all the words I said to Ben and Phebe above.

Yesterday Kathleen was ten years old,- she feels in most respects as big as Monnie.

Give my love, with Ellen's and Marjorie's and Kathleen's added to all the folks and help yourselves generously.

The war colors everything- even if this letter is not full of it God still reigns and He is working out His purposes as fast as the stubborn hearts of men will allow. May He keep you all in His love. Will

TARIFF CHARGES.

CONVEYANCES.

Rocky Point to West End, Lotus Hills or East Cliff.	
Donkey and Driver (single fare)	0.20
Donkey and Driver round trip not over 3 hours30
Donkey and Driver for each additional hour10
Donkey and Driver per day70
Chair and four bearers, one way80
Chair and four bearers, round trip 3 hours	1.20
Chair and four bearers, for each additional hour50
Chair and four bearers, per day (not of continuous carrying)	2.50
Cart and Driver from Peitaiho Beach Station to either West End or East Cliff50
To intermediate points40
To Rocky Point, Anchor Bay, etc.30

LABOR.

Coolie Labor by the Day (small money)40
Carpenter or mason labor (large money)50

ASSOCIATION FIXTURES.

SUNDAY.	Sunday School	9.15 a.m.
	Chinese Service	10.30 a.m.
	English Service	5.00 p.m.
TUESDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
THURSDAY.	English Prayer Meeting	4.30 p.m.
FRIDAY.	Baseball	4.00 p.m.
SATURDAY.	Concert	8.30 p.m.

TENNIS DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

Tariff charges listed in the Peitaiho Directory – Season, 1918
[Directory from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 18, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, Texas by Gould to his grandma. He tells what they are working on in aviation training. He says he is sending a film of aerial gunnery. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kelly Field- Texas.
Aug 18, 1918

Dear Grandma;-

Today is a beautiful day, though a little warm for comfort. There are no planes droning away over-head; the barracks are almost deserted; and everything is so quiet here that it don't seem like Kelly Field at all.

I had hoped to clear advanced 8s on R.M.A. and get to climbing out of the field, but somewhere ahead there is a stoppage and we are held up until enough can be transferred from R.M.A. to acrobatics so as to give us room. However I have been up with 3 different instructors this week and the criticism of my work was not awfully severe, so I feel as if I were learning all the time.

I got Dot's belated letter. They often get mail mixed up here and send it to other barracks so that it doesn't get to me. Tell Aunt Phebe that I did not want her to buy goggles, I find that they are sold here at the standard price so that I can get them just as cheaply as you can.

Grandpa's crops seem to be doing as well as possible. Pappa in his letter wondered whether he was going to try to raise much this year. I think I shall tell him that Grandpa raised more this year than last. Has Grandpa used his loader all season, and have Colonel and Major proved to be competent horses for the heavy haying work?

I am sending a film that I shot in aerial gunnery. A regular Pervis Machine Gun is rigged up with a camera so that when you shoot, instead of sending a bullet, you take a picture. You will notice that I only got 20% on my shoot. It was my first trial and was not good. If you examine the film you will notice little scratches made in the longitudinal axis of the plane. If these pass through the crossing of the hairs it is supposed to be a hit; it would not be a hit if the cross was directly on the plane because by the time the bullet reached the position of the plane, the plane would have moved several lengths ahead. Of course this is not absolutely accurate, but it is the nearest they can come to the actual shooting of aeroplanes here at flying school without doing the real thing.

We have just got a hospital ship on the field. It is a Curtis R. with a Curtis Vx motor, is painted all white save for large red crosses on the bottom of each lower wing, the tip of each upper wing, and on each side of the fuselage. It will be used to bring back the cross country men who thought it fun to break their necks somewhere out of civilization in Texas.

Just lately Major Kraff has taken a notion to have Retreat Parade. I really like it. The marching to martial music is really fun even though we do have to stand at attention until our feet are numb.

Will you please send me Mr. Palmers address. I am going to ask him for the third of my three sworn affidavits about pappa.

I hope you are all well and that things are going smoothly on the farm. How I do envy you with all the pears and apples coming on.

With love to all,
Gould.

*[This letter, dated **September 1, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, by Gould to his grandma. He has found a Community House run for soldiers in San Antonio. He hopes to progress to cross country flying soon and he tells about witnessing an airplane accident that week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Cadet Flying Squadron
Kelly Field No. 2
San Antonio, Texas

[Sept. 1, 1918]

Dear Grandma:-

I got Aunt Elizabeth's letter yesterday. It gave a very good picture of what was going on there on the farm. I'm glad Grandpa got his grain in well and has it all threshed by now. I used to look forward to the day when we would thresh the rye, because there was always excitement and machinery running. Harold managed to write me one of his quarterly letters. He makes a regular epistle out of them though and they are good to receive.

We have tomorrow off, it being Labor Day. That makes 2 ½ days together that we are off. If I were anywhere near anyone I knew I would take a trip to see them. I am planning on taking an excursion ride around San Antonio and see some of the famous old Spanish missions that are scattered around here. I understand that San Antonio really has some very beautiful places about it, but I have not seen any yet. I have discovered a good place down town. It is the Community House, run for the soldiers by the people of the community. There are reading, games, music, and rest rooms, a large dance pavilion where well regulated dances are held twice a week, and an outdoor stage where entertainments are held on Saturday and Sunday for the soldiers.

Yesterday I went to the Royal Theater and saw a good show. That seems to be about all a cadet can do on Saturdays if we don't have any friends living in town.

If I progress rapidly in flying, I may get on to cross country by next week. That will be fun, although it is rather hard on a cadet's standing if he loses his way. The topography of the country is so monotonous that it is very easy to lose your way, there being few distinctive land marks. We have had only one accident this week. The cadet in the ship wasn't even scratched, although well scarred. I happened to be flying my ship home to the hangers from R.M.A. when it happened. The fellow was landing when all of a sudden I saw his tail shoot up in the air and disappear down in a cloud of dust. I landed just beside him a minute later. He had turned clear over on his back and broken the propeller.

I am sending a picture which one of my friends took of me. We went out in the mosquito [*mesquite*] about a mile and found an open spot to take them in because we are not supposed to have cameras around here. I will send others later when we get them printed.

Yesterday I found some fine looking pears in a small fruit store. So I bought half a dozen and Levitt and my self went to the park in front of the Alamo and lay on the grass and ate them. It is the first real grass lawn I have seen in Texas.

I hope things are continuing to go well on the farm. If Dr. Shelton has not spent too much time, and has not sent his affidavit perhaps you could tell him that I do not need it. I got five of them, which is 2 more than was necessary through the ambition of Mr. Carpenter in Putnam. I asked him for one and he got five. I don't know how to tell Dr. Shelton not to send one without possibly hurting his feelings, so I thought I would let him send it and thank him for it, unless perhaps you thought different.

With love to all,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **September 1, 1918**, was written from Pei Tai Ho, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells of some of the activities they did with Willard in Pei Tai Ho and Peking. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor". Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

The Band-box
Pei Tai Ho-
September 1, 1918

Dear Ones at Home-

Such a long time since I have written! Vacations are not any more conducive to letter writing here than at home and I think you did better than me this year. I started a letter some weeks ago but can not find it.

We managed to let Willard see most of this region and of his friends. He and I with Mr. and Mrs. Danton of Tsing Hua College took a morning at the sand dunes. It was hot and Willard walked both ways. That together with several dinners and lunches out just before upset him a little so he had to lie off for swimming and long walks for a few days. He was fully recovered before we set out to see Peking.

Our last week was the busiest. Willard had the Y.M.C.A. picnic. I gave a Holyoke tea. We had the breakfast parties and two dinners. We were invited out for two lunches and two dinners. The Volunteer picnic was Monday night and Willard was the speaker of the evening. How is that for a full week!

We left here Wednesday morning August 21st for Peking on the train with Mrs. Wilder and Ursula. Mrs. Wilder had invited us there and we stayed two nights and were back for lunch one day. Our first day we spent at the Summer Palace and Tsing Hua College. It was just cloudy enough to save us the oppressive heat.

The next morning we went to the Temple of Heaven and stopped at Cook's Agency for Willard's ticket and at the banks. In the afternoon we went to see the Astronomical instruments and to the station via the Y.M.C.A. and Methodist Mission. That night we went to Tunghsien. The school was most upset but we found a bed for Willard and put up camp cots for ourselves.

We ate at Mr. Porter's because the Teachers Institute was on and Mr. Porter had had to take our work for the foreigners as the plans he had found failed to work out.

We returned to Peking early Saturday. First we went into the British Legation to see the spot where the foreigners were besieged in 1900. Then we went up to see the Union Language school. Mr. P?t? was there and showed us all about. Our big event for the day was the Museum and Central Park. For 2 1/2 hours we walked in the Museum seeing the wonderful porcelains, laquers, and precious items, bronzes etc. It is a wonderful sight but the hardest kind of "sight-seeing". We found an old well set on an elevation in the garden back of the museum buildings and ate lunch there. One little room was open that I had not seen when there before. It is the Mohamedan bath room. The room we enter had a throne chair with all the hangings. On the wall are fine [*or five?*] old pictures. At the rear is a winding passageway which ends in a round dome covered bath room. The well near which we ate was evidently the one which supplied the water. The fire box for heating the water was in a side room. One of the concubines was a Mohamedan once and this was fitted up for her.

The entrance to Central Park is very near the West gate of the Forbidden City where the Museum is, so we entered there. The Altar of the Five Earths is the most historic thing there. The wooden tea[?] homes with the rooms upon rooms of tables is very interesting. There are a few birds and a few animals for him[?].

Near the main entrance where we came in is a huge lotus pond. It was filled with huge pink and white blossoms.

As it was yet early when we came out we went out side the Tartar City into the Chinese City to see the shops. Alas we were not content with seeing and came away laden with purchases.

On Sunday morning we walked over to see the dairy, to the hospital and the artisan well. Willard spoke at foreign service at 5.30 and we had supper with Mr. and Mrs. Corbett. At 8.30 we had an informal song service at Mr. Porter's. Monday it rained hard all day so we stayed home and knitted. Willard got beyond the neck of his sweater so he had plane [?] knitting enough for the return trip. We had to omit the North lake and the Coal Hill because of the storm.

On Tuesday we saw the Presbyterian Mission, Confucian Temple, Medical College, and Union Woman's College. We lunched with Mrs. Ingram. It cleared so we rode all the way back to Tunghsien in rickshas over the new road. It was a novel ending and most enjoyable.

On Wednesday we all three came to Tientsin together. I stayed on the train. Flora was to stop in Tientsin and would have an hour for extra visit with Willard before his train was due. His plan was to stop a day in Tsi Nan. Today he leaves for Foochow. It was so good to have him here.

I am alone in my home. For one night Elizabeth Porter slept with me. Then I went down and slept on the Tenney porch to look after three baby boys (2, 3+ 4) whose mother was off on a trip. I shall be all alone tonight but tomorrow Miss Andrews comes to stay until I go. This is the loveliest time of all here but I have been as sleepy as when I first came up in June.

This does not sound like war times does it? Our daily routine is hardly touched by the war. Our daily papers kept us informed of all the splendid counter-attacks of the allies. I do wish that the right might conquer soon but the end does not seem so very near.

Last we heard Gould was running his own machine. I hoped for a letter telling of his sensations on his first flight, but he was too busy I guess.

We are glad to hear of the good work of the "boys" Father has to help him this summer. I hope you are all keeping well and not trying to do too much.

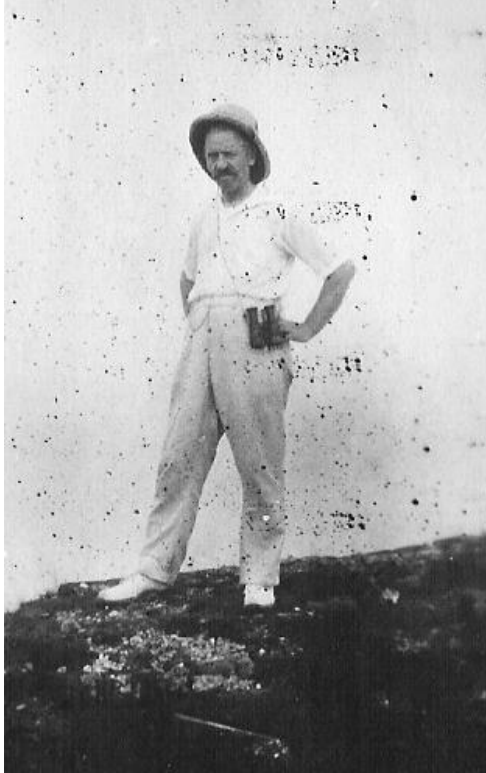
It is only 9.15 but I am so sleepy I must go to bed. I shall probably awake with the dawn as usual. Just think next summer I may be able to talk not write. I like to think about it.

With much love

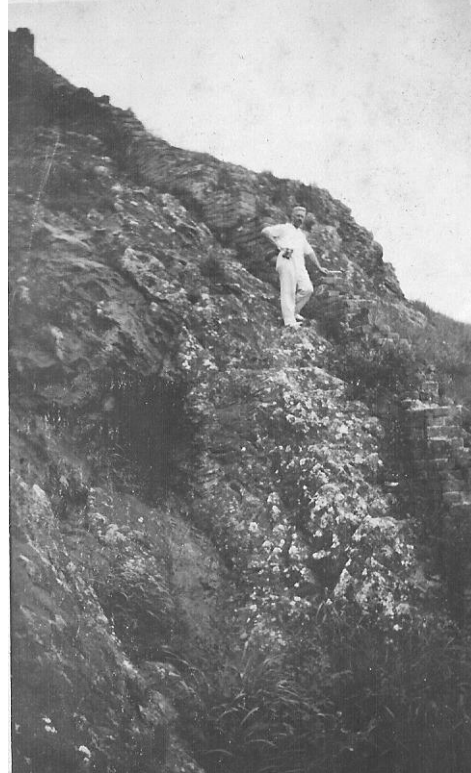
Mary.



Written in album: "Willard in the Forbidden City, Summer 1918" and "Myself" [Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on photo: "Willard"



Written in album: "A good climb up side of wall to highest peak."

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **September 6, 1918**, was written from Tunghsien, China by Flora to the folks at home. They are back from Pei Tai Ho and enjoyed having Willard with them there. Their school is getting an artesian well and modern plumbing. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Sept. 6, 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

It is an embarrassingly long time since I have written you, and I have kept the beginning of a letter so long that that has become ancient history.

We closed school last June in a fine flourish and I think we were all less tired than the end has usually found us. Mary and I got off to Peitaiho the last week of June but the house we had rented for the summer was not done and we sat around our unopened boxes for a week in another house and then celebrated the Fourth by moving into a house that had only walls and floors. It was a month before it was comfortably furnished and it was just the day before we left that the last work was done. However, we managed to get our kind of vacation and it was very good to have Will with us. I fear you had fewer letters than ever from us for we were so busy doing things and going places. We came back and had a week here in Peking sight seeing before Will left. I had word from him that he had reached Shanghai safely and was to get his boat to Foochow all right.

It was as good to have Phebe's letter already at Peitaiho to greet us when we arrived and later my stockings came safely. Thank you for the bother of getting and mailing them. I hope I shall not have to ask for much more shopping before I leave for home.

Our school building has been in such a mess for we have been digging an artesian well, installing modern plumbing, and making a septic tank all at once not to mention getting another school room ready and any number of repairs done. We are on the last days of our distress though and by Sunday I hope we are to be more in order. Next week school begins. We shall have a few more than last year but not many more. Exchange is so bad that many must economize.

In a week or two our new teacher arrives and we hope to find the sixth member of our faculty.

I am going to close here hoping to be able to write you again soon. I believe vacations are getting to be more and more demoralizing- especially as far as letter writing is concerned.

Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Sept. 6, 1918.

[This letter dated Sept. 8, 1918 from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, Phebe, Geraldine and Dorothy. Willard is back from Northern China and he found people running from Foochow for fear of southern soldiers and bandits, but all is quiet so far. The village at Upper Bridge, however, was attacked by 100 bandits. Willard talks to each daughter specifically of what is going on in their lives. He tells about his trip to Northern China and his visit with Mary and Flora. Willard and Ellen are proud of Gould's success in aviation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Sept 8th 1918

Dear Phebe [*daughter*] and Geraldine and Dorothy:-

Last Tuesday Sept 3rd at 1 p.m. I walked into our fine compound again from my trip in North China. I took two rickshas for myself and baggage from the river to the Hospital. As I passed thru the Hospital I met Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and learned from them that Mama was down from the mountain. It did not take me long to get up to our house. She was at Mr. and Mrs. Christian's for lunch and I posted down there. Were we glad to see each other? - Well Mama even hugged me and kissed me right before a half dozen others. She left at 3:30 p.m. for Kuliang. I went up Thursday afternoon Sept. 5th to celebrate our 24th wedding anniversary, came down again Friday afternoon.

As I came in from the river over the new road, I met more than 20 carriages full of people running away from Foochow, and I do not know how many rickshas filled with people and trunks. I was a conspicuous traveler- a huang giang- moving into the city while everyone else was moving out. The people were afraid that either the Southern soldiers or the bandits would attack the city, hence they were moving out as fast as they could get carriages, rickshas and sedans. They were simply scared wild. Chinese friends of some of the missionaries had come in and whispered that Tuesday night was the time for trouble to begin. Four or five families have moved into the College buildings. Over South Side I know of one Chinese who has rented his house for six months for \$1200 cash in advance. Forty Chinese wanted to rent ½ of a small house over there for almost any amount of money. The people are afraid 1st of looters. These may be either bandits, of which China is full or they may be soldiers from the north who have not been paid for two months or so. 2nd they are anxious for their younger wives and daughters- especially if the northern soldiers start to loot and plunder.

Thus far all is quiet. There is a report that the Foochow Chamber of Commerce has offered the generals \$300,000 if they will pay off and discharge these soldiers, this seems to give the business men hope that there will be no trouble.

This morning I went to Upper Bridge to conduct communion. The preacher said as soon as I arrived that he was afraid there would not be many people at ch. for just before midnight about 100 bandits attacked the village. There were only some 20 or more soldiers to protect the village. Each side fired 4 or 5 volleys and the bandits retired. The village elders telephoned to Foochow for soldiers but none came. I met about 40 soldiers, armed, going up as I came home. They were pulling one gun on wheels. The country all about is full of soldiers or bandits. Most of the missionaries are detained from going to their stations- all of our Shaowu mission who are down here and all the Ing Tai people cannot get back now. As to there being trouble in Foochow- no one can tell anything about it. I am going on with the opening of school as if all was as usual. I look for a much less number of students than in former years, - on account of the disturbed conditions.

Mama and the girlies are looking very well indeed. Both of the girlies are swimming nicely, and they are justly proud of their accomplishment. I took my bathing suit up to go in and went in with them Friday afternoon just before starting down. Kathleen has knitted some 8 wash cloths. Monnie about 6. What do you think of your old Dad? He has a sweater nearly done- one of the large ones- 80 stitches- sleeveless, - camels hair wool. I knit beyond

the neck hole before I said good bye to Aunt Mary, and on the train ten [*or two?*] days and the steamer one day. I knit so that I have about 9 inches more with the pearling to finish it.

Phebe's letters from Cleveland are most interesting. I judge you have rather a hard job- but withal a fascinating one. I hope your work is not so confining that you will enter college feeling weary. The senior year ought to be less taxing than other years in study. You have quite enough outside work. I do not recall that you have joined a Literary Society. I wish you could have that this year. I was a mentor of Phi Delta for three years and no College study was of more practical benefit to me than my work in Phi Delta. I am glad you are to be in Talcott this year. I am trying to enclose an order on Treasurer Wiggin for \$100. Let me know all about your finances and I will try to see that your needs are supplied. I sent \$100 to you and \$100 to Geraldine in July. These amounts were to be used as you and Geraldine needed them and for your life insurance.

Since your letter received in June Geraldine I have been praying daily for your full and complete recovery. I do not believe that our Father wants you to be continually handicapped. You may remember that every day I am talking with God about you and hoping that He will make you all right. You are of course doing the same and telling Him that all of your strength and all the talents He has given you are for His use in any place in any work He calls you to. My heart gave a leap as I read in one of your last letters a suggestion that you might be preparing to come back to China.

How I enjoyed your picture of the life at Century Farm Dorothy. Have I ever written of the pull at my heart strings every time I think of you as I last saw you, as we started off in the auto in Putnam to take the train at Worcester? It seemed cruel to me that you had to be left in that way. You were standing against the woodshed that was ours in 1904 and of course tears were in your eyes and in mine too. But that is all passed now, and we are looking to a happy reunion in 1920. How Mama and I would like to be in Oberlin next June when you graduate from High School and Phebe from College. We now plan to come home in July 1920. This will bring us there for Geraldine's graduation in 1921. In your next letter I shall look to see just what you did to "help" while Aunt Phebe was away. While in Peitaiho I received your letter about your most interesting trip home by way of the lake and the Hudson river. My trip this summer to North China was very interesting- both going and coming. I have written you about going up- steamer all the way to Tientsin- eight days,- stopping two days at Shanghai and waiting one day for water enough to get over the bar at Taku, the entrance to Tientsin then a ride of 7 hours on the train, and meeting the aunts up at Peitaiho junction. To come home I took the train at Petaiho Beach with the aunts and several other friends at 10:15 a.m. We reached Peking at 8:30 p.m. We were to stay with Mrs. Wilder- an Oberlin classmate. She and her youngest daughter, Ursula, that made me think of you- were with us all day. The next day Thurs, the aunts and I visited the Summer Palace- built by the Empress Dowager to spend her summers in. It is on the side of a large lake, all surround by a high brick wall. The palace is covered with yellow and green tile. There are halls and covered walks and underground passages and little summer houses and little temples and little bridges and big temples and a large boat built of marble in the lake and paved walks everywhere. The most unique thing is an octagonal summer house, well up on the hill of bronze. It is about 12 feet in diameter. The whole thing -except the floor is of solid bronze, - all the posts, the door and window frames, the table in the center of it, the roof- all are of bronze. Of course now nothing of this palace is used, and it is sad to see it beginning to decay.

We also went to Ching Hua College- the indemnity College- being built with money which the U.S. returned to China of that which she paid for the destruction of American property in 1900. Here we saw a \$200,000 gold Gymnasium- a \$190,000 Library- a \$160,000 Science building, - a faculty of about 18 foreigners and as many more Chinese. They are training Chinese students to go to America for further study, and they hope that this will be so well equipped by the time the indemnity is all gone that the course here will be equal to a course in my American University. I met several of the young men who are teaching here and their families. They are five people.

Then we went to the Temple of Heaven and the Altar of Heaven, the oldest extant place of worship where there is no idolatry. The Altar is a most impressing place 100 ft. in diameter, with steps and railing- all of white marble. In the Temple to Heaven we saw the electric light features used by the men who a short time ago drafted China's new Constitution. This enclosure I should say is a mile square- and there are only these two structures and one or two other buildings on it. There are a few evergreen trees also. But the whole place is covered with a rank growth of weeds as high as our head. Then we saw the noted music room- spent two hours there. What did we see? Vases of porcelain- of bronze- of brass, of lacquer- of cloisnesse, of crystal. We saw large bells, sacrificial vessels of all designs - carved wood chairs and screens- tapestry of many designs, artificial flowers and fruit, - all in glass cases and miles of them, - No one after visiting this museum could call China uncivilized. Then we saw the compounds of the different missions. We saw the new Medical College being built by the Rockefeller Foundation- after the most modern plans, we saw the large Confucian temple, and the astronomical instruments all of bronze and parts taken away by Germany, and we saw a mule litter and I rode just once in a Peking cart. On Wed. Aug 28 the aunts and I left Tunghsien [*the same as Tungchow/Tungchou according to a 1940 ABCFM newsletter*] at 7:25 a.m.

went to Peking together, - changed cars and rode to Tientsin together. Mary went right on to Peitaiho Beach. Flora stopped at Tientsin to shop. I changed cars and came as far as Tsinanfu or Chinanfu- and stopped to see the Institute there- models of lots of interesting things that are of educational value, as well as photos- and drawings- a model of the U.S. White House- Temple to Heaven. - Red Cross work- Hygiene- Afforestation, Standard Oil products, etc. etc.- preaching all day., 5 times with an attendance of over 700 daily. Thurs. evening I took the train again and was in Shanghai Fri. night at 9. Stopped that night at Mr. Evans. - Sat. night with Mr. and Mrs. Main- took steamer Sun at 10 a.m. - for Foochow.

How shall I express the deep pride that both Mama and I feel over Gould's success in aviation? We pray God to care for him and use him to help all his companions to keep straight.

With lots of love your Father Willard L. Beard.

[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughters, Phebe, Geraldine and Dorothy. All is still calm in Foochow. Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen have moved off the mountain. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Sept. 16- 1918

Dear Phebe (daughter), Geraldine and Dorothy:-

I am writing Gould, but as he is a bird of flight I do not dare address him in any place, so I am sending to you asking you to forward to him as soon as you have read it.

Sept. 22nd- Again I allowed something to call me away from my letter with the result that it has rested here for six days. The week has been very full as the first week of school always is. We are running full swing now with our usual number of students which is more than I expected, for the conditions have affected nearly every other school in Foochow. Some have not more than half their usual number.

Another week has gone and there is no trouble yet. All our work is going on as usual.

Mama and the girlies came down from the mountain last Monday. So we are in our own home again. Kathleen has grown fat a little this summer.

Mrs. Smith's sister- Miss Eunice Thomas is in Hong Kong on her way to Foochow, and the Ing Tai people are all waiting to see her before starting up river for their station. Monnie and Kathleen are of course glad for they see something of Eunice and Margaret Smith, who are staying at Ponasang. Charles Francis Belcher has a goat. Did we write of the one he had in July on the mountain that got hung? Well Mr. Belcher bought him another before he knew what had become of the first one.

This has been a perfect Sunday- a real cool, bright day and restful, altho I have already attended three services- and preached once.

We pray for you girls in Oberlin- and especially that Geraldine may be fully restored. We are all well. May God bring peace in His time.

Very Lovingly your Father Willard L. Beard

Thanks
 Band
 Sing Song of C. + Serb call
 Chorus + Topping - instrumental
 Mouth organ - Band
 Sing 7 Call
 Call Band
 Sing Mrs Scott
 Band Quartette
 Quartette
 Sing of Call + Serb call
 funny story
 Quartette
 Chorus + Topping instrumental
 Song of Call
 Chorus instrumental
 Serb solo song
 Tell about of meeting
 prayer
 Callus Band
 Chairman takes his seat

*This previous page appears to be an agenda of a meeting probably from the **Fall of 1918**.
From bottom to top (which would be right to left according to the Chinese characters):*

Chairman takes his seat
College Board
1 prayer
Tell object of meeting
Girl's Coll. song
Chin?? Instrument
Song of Coll.
Christian and Topping instrumental
Quartet
Funny story
Song of Coll and Girls coll.
Quartets
Band Quartet
Song Mrs. Scott
Coll. Band
Song of Coll.
Mouth organ- Gardner
Christian and Topping- instrumental
Song of Coll and Girls Coll
Beard [?]
Thanks

*[This letter, dated **September 29, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Elizabeth. He goes over some financial items. The son of another missionary who will be attending Yale helped out on Century Farm. Willard suggested this plan. He feels the war in Europe should be coming to an end soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Sept. 29th 1918

Dear Elizabeth:-

During the summer we have had two or three letters from you and the last mail brought Phebe M's letter. I am enclosing a letter from one of the students now in Shanghai- just to show you the English of a boy who has studied four years. I also enclose my letter to Ellen and the girlies- just after I got to PeiTaiHo.

I have written so that you all know I have had a delightful summer. It was both pleasurable and profitable and very restful. When I reached home Sept. 3rd I found Ellen here in Foochow to meet me. This put the climax on the summer's good time.

I have had two good talks with the teacher Sang Gaing where the school to which the King's Daughters- was it? or was it some other society of young ladies. The last letter received was from Mrs. Robert S. Little 23 Congress Ave Shelton. Aug. 18/1917. There came with this letter \$20. The school is doing good work again this year. The two teachers are on their job all the time and the building is full of children – about 50. The head teacher wants very much to get married. But he must have more room, if he is to do this. The school building which is also used for the church is large enough. But at present only one side has the second story finished off. The building is arranged thus. *[sketch]* He must put in about \$50.00 to finish off the 2nd story on the right side for his residence, and he does not have the money. I sympathize with him and I want to help him get married.

I have just subscribed for a Liberty Bond \$50.00 (As I read this over, I thought-why did I not put the money into this sch? Because I have put enough into this already)

Tell Mother that her letter on the typewriter was good work. I wonder if she found it any easier than a pen. I am thinking it was no improvement in her mind. I use my machine for business letters and other letters that I write on week days, but thus far I have not opened it on Sunday.

Tell Mother also that I note that she now holds the mortgage for \$1000 that Ruth had. I have indorsed the note with interest payments received as deposited in the Derby Savings Bank up to and including the last six months of 1917= Jan 1st 1918. The receipts from the Bank are not dated so I was not sure about the last one, but I counted

all I had and there were enough to make it right if that was the last one. If I am mistaken and you have sent the receipts July 1, 1918 let me know and I will make the correction.

To day has been very warm- muggy and I have been wet with perspiration all day. A shower about 4 p.m. has cooled the air a little.

I was much interested that Scoville Lyon was with you this summer. I did write you about how you came to get him. I was at his home in Shanghai in April. He was just starting for the U.S. to take the exams for Yale, and his parents chanced to say they did not know what he would do all summer. I said that my father was only 10 miles away from Yale and that he was wondering who would help him on the farm this summer. Mr. Lyon seemed to approve of Scoville's going but Mrs. Lyon thought he was not strong enough. I said that she need not have any misgivings about that for you all knew students from an experience of 30 years or more with them and you would not injure them. She was so fearful however that I did not write. He must have followed it up and I am glad it has proved so happy. When the air ships make the trip from New York to Shanghai in 50 hours I'll come home and help you get hay.

Ruth was my correspondent or go-between for the SangGaing School and I imagine she used to read to the ladies what I wrote about the school. Two years I had a little talk with them about it when I was in Shelton.

I am trying to start my garden. It has been pretty hot thus far. My cabbage and turnips look weak. But lettuce is sickly and beets "beat it" back into the ground. I have carrots and parsnips sowed but not yet up. It may be too hot for them. My celery is trying bravely to grow- plants are about ½ in. high. I am trying tomatoes again. They are 3 in. high. It rained last night and has been cloudy today and I have had the tomatoes transplanted this afternoon. I have four Hubbard squashes. I tried some summer pumpkins but no success yet. The vines are all right and sets are all right but the little pumpkins drop off when they are as large as a good big hen's egg. I have a lot of another kind of pumpkins= some 12 or more. The largest ones will weigh 50 lbs. or more now and they are still growing. Burpee did not send me any peas- I wanted these most of anything.

News of the surrender of Bulgaria has just reached us. Oct. 3- It has seemed to me for some weeks that the end of the war must be in sight. The gains of the Allies are wonderful= I wonder if Gould will get over.

And what of peace? This will be a subject of unprecedented difficulties- not a country of any note in the world but has a share. It is also the first time that the question is almost purely a moral one. It is really Might vs. Right or Militarism vs. Democracy. I am praying for the men who have the responsibility of deciding on the peace terms. May God give them grace, wisdom and love.

Very lovingly
Will.

*[This letter, dated **October 2, 1918**, was written from Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas by Gould to his mother. He talks about his pay in the service. He and another soldier were able to spend a weekend as guests of some wealthy residents of San Antonio. Kelly Field is in quarantine for 30 days due to Spanish Influenza. He talks about his engines class and flying. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas.
Det Flying Cadet,
Oct. 2, 1918

Dear Mamma;-

It has been two months since I have heard from China at all. I don't even know what that part of the family did this summer. I hear about once a week from the Farm, once in a week and a half from Phebe, once in two weeks from Maud Carpenter, once a month from Dot, and once in two months from Geraldine. I also keep up an occasional correspondence with a few other boys and girls. I find out though that I have to write first to get a letter in return, and if work becomes strenuous and I fall off the least bit the incoming mail falls off as the square of the decrease.

The date when my commission comes is drawing near, that is, if I am as successful as I have been, and I will have to spend some three hundred dollars right off the bat for equipment. However, if we get one back pay before then, I will have some \$150 towards that sum. You know, don't you, that the old congress failed to make the appropriation for the Cadets pay before it adjourned, and we have been going on \$33 a month which is the pay for private 1st class. Flying cadet's regular pay is supposed to be \$75 a month, but we have had to wait until the new Congress opened and got to the appropriation and now we must wait another month for the necessary red tape and the making out of the pay roll. Every month I have gone "broke" from the 20th on to pay day, but I guess it has not hurt me at all and I have incidentally saved up some money which I would otherwise have spent.

Ever since I have been here I have contented myself on weekends by going down town with a couple of cadets and seeing a couple of the best shows, taking supper at a restaurant, and walking the streets between times. We get home about 12:00 P.M. Then on Sunday I generally take a long tramp in the morning and visit the Camp Library and the Y.W.C.A. Hostess house in the afternoon. Twice I have gone to church in San Antonio, once to the Baptist and once to the Episcopal, but mostly I go to the Y.M. Service in camp. The Cong'l church is merely existing here and they don't seem to be very cordial to strangers. Some of the churches even go so far as to serve dinner to all soldiers, since mess is served in camp before they can get back.

Week before last I had a great time in a civilian home. A Lieut. in Kelly #1 who knew me in Oberlin invited me to go with him to his friend's house. He took me to the show in the afternoon and then we went to the house for supper. The people are Mr. and Mrs. Sires; rich people who live in a large, yellow brick building in the aristocratic section of the city. When the camps were situated here, they opened their mansion to the soldiers and officers and took in four young school teachers for boarding to act as entertainers. The whole household, including the teachers are fine, well cultured people, and know the real needs of a camp stale soldier. We spent the evening in games and talked and singing, then went to bed about 12:00 P.M. After breakfast the Lieut. and myself took one of the young ladies to church. We took dinner there and then started for camp at 4:00 P.M. The whole time was enjoyable. It is the first bed I have slept in for a long time, the first real home meals I have eaten since I went to the Farm last, and the first time I have talked with ladies since that time. I am invited to drop in any time. I might add that both Mr. and Mrs. Sires are ardent Christian Scientists.

Kelly Field has been put in quarantine because of a Spanish Influenza scare and it may be 30 days before we can get to town. All the camps around here are likewise in quarantine.

Maybe I have said it before, but this bunch of cadets here is the jolliest and wittiest group of men I have ever been in. Hard luck and disappointments we have had in plenty and more loom up every day, but I have never seen a time, even while the whole bunch is cursing, when someone didn't crack a joke that set the whole bunch roaring. In the evenings after lights out has blown, wit is especially active. No one is exempted from receiving a pretty blunt knock once in a while for any peculiarity that he has, and it is the best thing for those who think they are better than anyone else.

The major in command of the Cadet Wing has made a new schedule for academic work and in it he has made all men attend engine classes until the 20th week. I am in flight 16 and our flight has already passed the finals in all subjects so we felt a little mean about going back to them. They gave us work on the engine blocks where we run the engines to practice "trouble shooting." In the regular course, the instructors taught us how to locate trouble, "trouble shooting" they call it; so this A.M. we started to put the engine on the blink ourselves. The instructor thought that the engine was O.K. and wanted to show us a good engine, but somehow it wouldn't work, and when he went to look for the trouble we would adjust what we set wrong on the sly and start her up. He soon became entirely discouraged and when he caught on to our stunt after an hour or more, he just sat back and let us fuss all over the motor.

Football practice has started. I am playing, but there is no danger of my ever getting on the first team. We have "all stars" from all over the country and ought to show some good work soon. The coaching is a little off, because of favoritisms and poor coaching, but I think we will be pretty successful after all.

I have been transferred onto Aerobatics now. That, you know, is stunt flying; tail spins, loops, Immelman turns, etc. The ships have the Duperdissen control system and it takes a little time to get on to it. I had my first ride this morning with the instructors. I did my 8 tail spins O.K. but my ordinary flying was absolutely rotten, so rotten that my instructor hesitated to turn me loose on solo work. I skidded on nearly every turn and very much over controlled the ship so that we were bobbing about all the time. Now that I have had time to go over every move I made, I think I will be able to show him what I can really do the next time he sends me up. There's one consolation anyway, I'm not so good but what there is something to strive for.

I am much amused at reading my letters to see the queer ideas people have about flying. Some think it would be grand to soar up above the clouds; well, it is, when you have confidence in yourself and your machine, but if you don't it would be torture; at least for the first time. Others don't realize that altitude means safety, the higher I get, the more possibilities there are of picking a good landing spot if your engine stops and the more possibilities of righting my ship if it goes into a tail spin. Gracie wants me to land in their back yard sometime; well, I would be lucky to get into a lot twice that size or out of it again if it was three times that size.

When I first enlisted, I sent you a small silk Service Flag. I can't remember that you said whether you ever received it or not; if you didn't I will send another.

Last Saturday I saw some persimmons down town, and you can be sure I bought and ate all I dared to. It is the first fruit I have tasted that was anything like the old Foochow fruit.

How are Kathleen and Marjorie? I haven't heard from or about them for a long, long time. Do they wear their skirts at knee height or below? Do they wear bobbed hair or long? Is Monny still bigger than Punk and which is the heavier? Is Monny still the reader that she used to be and is Punk still aggressive as she was when I saw her last? Maybe I am treading on precarious ground when I call them by their baby names, they may be young ladies now.

Best of wishes, greatest happiness, and love and kisses to you all.

Your brother and son,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **October 10, 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the dear people. She is encouraged about news from the warfront. She talks about how things are at the school. They expect the Board of Trustees at the school to ask them to delay their furlough because of the difficulty in finding teachers to replace them in wartime. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 1585." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October 10, 1918

Dear People-

Today is supposedly Inauguration Day and I wonder how things went. The Western war front is still most encouraging with the last strong hold in the Hindenburg Line broken and the German peace terms unaccepted *[According to Wikipedia.org, The Hindenburg Line was a vast system of defenses in northeastern France during World War I.]* I have a Current Events class to conduct on Saturday afternoons so I am becoming a diligent reader of the papers. Our new American paper the "North China Star" is quite decidedly American in its "get up" and really gives the news.

Just think, we have been in session four weeks already. With five of us to run things we are not so burdened as in former years. Each of our schedules allows a little time to ourselves in the day's program. Miss Parsons proved to have had four years of college French so takes the two classes in French which were worrying us. She ?? ??, in that she has had class music, history, English etc. so we are getting along without outside help in teaching. Miss Willoughby came down for one week to help out. What a nice lot of messages we have had from home recently. Mrs. Martin was the first. Mr. Edward Lincoln Smith the second. Miss Terrill was the third. She had not seen you but brought a message from Dr. Shelton. It seems she visited the head nurse at Griffin hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Pye almost were messengers because they had visited her sister and a sister of Mrs. Hummel in Ansonia. Unfortunately she did not know of Helen or that you were so near. Mrs. Martin said she missed Ruth in the home altho she never had known her there. Her children are fine children and I am getting well acquainted now.

A week ago yesterday, Mr. Tarrin and Mr. Lieper left for Siberia for work under the Y.M.C.A. They were unable to get some warm things they needed so I volunteered to make a sweater for Mc L. with sleeves and collar. I was unable to get the wool until Saturday the 23rd. I started it Sunday morning and finished it the next Sunday before church. Mrs. Paterson and Flora did the sleeves and Mrs. P. helped sew it up by sewing the sleeves and putting them in. It was fun to race with time and succeed.

There is a wide spread epidemic of gripe abroad. We have had three cases, not very severe, and several bad colds. Another short siege of several cases came from eating some fresh tomatoe catsup one noon. I came in on that and took a two days light diet.

We have had a glorious Fall. No hot weather at all and now so cold that we started the furnace today. I have been for a good walk or two and played tennis several times. Miss Grace Parsons plays so we get out together. I am working on a course of gymnastics to give the children so as to encourage straighter standing and sitting.

We changed the rooming of the children for this year. F. and I have only boys here; the small ones are up here with me and the H.S. ones on the floor below with F. Miss Bostwick has the little girls and Jean and Grace have the High School girls. Our third house is next Wisteria Lodge and was occupied by the Stelles last year and the Galts in previous years.

We have fitted up another school room so now there is no sleeping room on the main floor. Flora, Miss Bostwick and Grace share in the charge of that room. Grace also has charge of the High School room with me.

Our system of plumbing is not all satisfactory but much better than the old arrangements. The fall of the water is so slight that we have very little force. The big porcelain tub is a joy. It is good to straighten ones legs in a tub once more. Just think I was not in a tub for June 24 to September 28. Don't you think I needed a bath!!

The girls, Margaret Smith and Alice Huggins, had a "home warming" over the week end, September 22, and I spent most of my time over there to keep the couples even. The weather was glorious and the party was a grand success.

I was in Peking for one night, September 30, to attend a banquet at the Y.W.C.A. They are having a campaign to raise \$3500 for their work. I am helping a little by giving out slips for the Prayer cycle here in Tunghsien and being ready to receive any contributions offered.

The Salvation Army have opened work in Tunghsien this fall. They called once to ask aid; otherwise I have seen them once. That was when our class pledged a \$10,000 fellowship and we wish to complete it by 1920. Only a little over half is in hand so far.

Willard sent us recently letter from Phebe and Gould. The former to ?? ?? and the later forwarded by you at Century Farm. These two are certainly making good in every way. I am wondering if Gould is still in America. He was progressing so rapidly that he would soon be graduated. I am proud to be aunt to two such young people. But I feel old to think of being aunt to such grown up young people.

Flora says that the Board of Trustees are going to suggest lengthening our term to seven years and then giving us a furlough year. I have not committed myself as to what I shall do about it. When the suggestion comes straight from the Board I shall have to give some answers. I can not tell you what it will be, for I myself do not know. My heart says go home but my reason says it is not fair to the school when it is so hard to get teachers out. An added argument on the last side is that there will be no missionary rates of travel after this October. That will make a big difference in our expenses. On the other hand, I could certainly find a sport for usefulness at home. To turn woman-farmer now would not be inappropriate. Just please give me a few arguments pro and con to help my indecision.

Please for Edith Louise's Christmas present from Aunt Mary Louise buy \$2.00 worth of War Savings Stamps or if she has started on any other method of being patriotic put the money there. I sent nothing for last Christmas or birthday so especially want this for Xmas.

I took out my second bond of \$50 a short time ago. Exchange was way down to 104.64 so it cost only \$52.82. It is up to 107+ now.

It is nearly eleven o'clock so I must get to bed. I have tried every night to get this written without sitting up late and finally gave up the attempt and sat up.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This letter, dated **October of 1918**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. The Spanish influenza has struck and Dr. Arthur Smith was hit particularly hard but he is recovering. Mary's chemistry professor from Holyoke is coming to visit. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

October [1918]

Dear Home Folk-

Letters are getting fewer in number both in leaving here and in arriving. I suppose that must be so, as we each get buried in the new duties that we must take up in these strenuous war times. I personally am not doing much more than last year. I have knitted three sweaters and 1 ½ pair of wristlets since school opened. I have done but little to get the children to work but they are many of them working just the same.

The Spanish Influenza has struck North China all right and it struck everywhere all at once. Our cases came in small numbers but have gotten up to seventeen all total. The Chinese doctor in charge of the hospital is very good and we have been using him.

Dr. Arthur Smith is in the hospital at Peking with a rather severe attack of influenza. Dr. Mak[?] was unwilling to take the responsibility of his care. It excited the children to have the ambulance in the compound at recess.

Dr. Goldthwaite, my chemistry professor at Holyoke, arrives in Peking tomorrow. I expect her down here next weekend.

Nov. 6- Dr. Smith has been very low with pneumonia but is some better now. On Monday I went to take him some flowers and was allowed to shake hands with him. He surprised me with the strong grip he gave my hand. Little Helen Corbett is just recovering from a three weeks siege of pneumonia. Both are results of the influenza. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards (Y.M.C.A.) lost their little boy with pneumonia and typhoid combines.

Dr. Goldthwaite is in Peking and on last Monday I was at lunch with her at Mrs. Stifler's. Susan Reed Stifler is Holyoke 1908. A 1904 girl and Miss Crane, Y.W.C.A. Secretary at Holyoke for two years, were the other

guests. We had a most enjoyable time. Last Sunday was "Old Home Sunday" for the Tungchow church. Most of the foreigners who have formerly worked here and a lot of Chinese were back. They had meetings three and four a day beginning Saturday evening and ending Tuesday noon. We helped entertain the foreigners and had Dr. and Mrs. Wilder and Mrs. Sheffield as guests. Their last meeting was a memorial for Mr. Frame and must have been most inexpensive.

At last I have met Mr. Chen the head of the chemistry department in the Academy (Nov 11). He and I talked over the use of the laboratory and he is to give me my own places to use so we will not interfere with his boys hereafter.

Dr. Goldthwaite came down Saturday noon and stayed until Sunday evening.

On Saturday I let her have a nap immediately after lunch then she went to the Chemistry laboratory with me. It took all my courage and will power to say that her presence would not make me nervous and then not to let it do so. Mrs. Martin had invited everyone to tea that afternoon so we went.

For dinner we had Mrs. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Stelle, Mrs. Yarrow and Mrs. Lieper in and we ate at 7.30. The children ate at 6.15 as usual so we had a real formal dinner and lingered as long as we liked. Of course we knitted and talked afterwards; so it was eleven before the guests all left. I hope we can do so again sometime because it was a very pleasant occasion for all concerned.

On Sunday morning we took rickshas and went to the east gate to see the chains put up to fool the river Gods into thinking the city a ship. Then we stopped to see how the malt candy is made and incidentally to buy some. They were not yet at work so we saw only the room and huge vat. Then we went to the pagoda and back home in the afternoon I got out all my curios for her to see then we visited the dairy and had tea here before going to the train. It filled the time but Dr. G. assured me she was not too tired.

This is the first Monday I have spent at home in several weeks. I have looked after my plants which I had brought in for the winter and have gotten some upstairs where we can see them. I shall take the children to the candy shop this afternoon. Isn't the news from the Western front thrilling these days. My pins on my National Geographic map go by leaps and bounds to the eastward. Mrs. Yarrow loaned us a map of Russia so we can keep watch of that front. My last Digest gives a good map of the Balkan states. We stop every thing for the paper these days. Our newspaper "The North China Star" is gotten up on the American plan and has headlines so a few numbers[?] will get the big items.

We are all well of the influenza and the news from Dr. Smith is most encouraging these days. The Doctors say now he might recover.

Our Red Cross work is concentrated on knitting here as everything goes to Siberia. Our men are not in town enough with the fighting forces for much hospital work but we are in touch with refugees who need warm clothing.

I must get this off. Here is a Merry Xmas to you all as this won't much ?? then reach you before that. Think of us as well and busy and so happy.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

*[This letter, dated **November 1918**, was written from Flora to the folks at home. They closed school because of the Peace Celebrations in Peking at the end of the war. They visited Pres. Hsu at the palace with many others. Flora and Mary have been asked to stay on at the school for another year and they will probably vacation in Japan next summer. Many Chinese have died from influenza. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Nov. 1918]

Dear folks at home:-

This has been a most quiet week end, for most every one is in Peking in order to participate in the Peace Celebrations. We got word on Wednesday noon. Then letters, telegrams, and autos began to arrive for the children to go to see the doings in Peking. The result was that we closed school Thursday noon and have been celebrating ever since. It was also the week for the big "War Work Campaign" for money and it is certainly marvelous how the Chinese are going down into their pockets for the dollars. Everywhere the proposed amounts are being over-subscribed. All the schools (Chinese) and colleges were out in the parade for it, on Thursday, and I am sure there must have been twenty thousand marching. It took an hour and forty minutes for the procession to pass us. The numbers of students made one realize that education is really going on. One sees so many boys at work in the shops and on the streets that it was a good sight to see so many thousands of students. To-day (two days later) the American children and we teachers have been helping our own city to celebrate. We went over to the building

known as the "Town Hall" where there was a huge crowd filling all the enclosure- standing. Most of them were students from the several government schools of Tunghsien, and we must have made a "line of march" over a mile long. Our school was one of the music furnishers and we marched about a mile with the line. First we stood at the side of the road and cheered the standard bearers of each school and then we fell in behind the Academy boys of our compound. They answered our cheers and later they and we sang songs as we marched along. The numerous door ways of houses on the streets were so numerous filled that each looked as if it were either a school of children or a "ladies aid" society, according to the age and size of the crowds.

The next Sunday (Nov. 24)- This is during Sunday School and the voices of children and their teachers, with the piano and little kindergartners, are floating to my room, somewhat subdued by closed doors, but all are busy reciting their lessons.

We have been off on another trip this time to be received by Pres. Hsu. We closed school yesterday noon, and went by train in a reserved car. We were quite a crowd in our rickshas- forty of us- and we arrived at 1.45 P.M. at the President's gate. We walked all around the lake and out to the island when the late Emperor was imprisoned. Then we went through a beautiful enclosure which was full of wonderful rockeries and a little house, down to another garden in the middle of which was a plain marble house, looking exactly like a huge stone box, without any windows, and just one rather small, low door. Inside stands the gold(?) box in which Yuan Shih Kai placed the three names to choose his successor from I had always pictured to myself some small, beautifully adorned golden box, and my imaginings had quite a collapse when I saw a plain iron foreign safe enameled over with yellow paint. It wasn't even pretty.

Well, after leaving this part of the garden we went through a covered labarinth and at the other end found ourselves at the Palace doors. We entered, left our wraps in the places prepared for such things and then prepared to meet the president. He kept us waiting a few minutes but no one found it boring. The place was very warm- the heat being supplied by a foreign system of steam pipes. Finally the president came- an elderly, dignified, keen man. He was not dressed in military style but had on a beautiful dark blue brocaded silk gown- fur lined and with a darker silk over vest. He had grey hair and a grey moustache. He read his speech and his interpreter read his also. The President shook hands with the two of dignified Americans who stood in front, among whom was Will's college chum Dr. G.D. Wilder, who made the return speech to the President. Then we went to partake of the refreshments, which were ham sandwiches, small cakes and tea. The children were invited in behind the doors to see the apartments from which the president came. Two years ago I saw them. They consist of small rooms furnished with Brussels carpets, plush covered chairs and walls hung with silk draperies- just retiring rooms where men can sit for smoking and talking.

On our way out we went to see the throne room in which is the gold(?) chair that Yuan Shi Kai had made for his throne. This is in a large and beautiful building with its twin just back of it. Just now it is used as an art gallery and the president had all the wonderful collection of emperor portraits hung for us to see. There were dozens of them, painted on silk and all mounted on yellow brocaded silk. They included emperors from 1600 A.D. to 2753 B.C. They were remarkable for color and fineness of lines. I was so glad to see them for I have heard so much about them.

To the children the most exciting part of the afternoon was the ride home. We were too late to return by train so we came by auto. It took five to get us back, and the children enjoyed the ride even though it was rather cold. We arrived in time for our usual dinner home, though it was a fifteen mile ride.

Well, the Trustees of our school have asked Mary and me to stay out one year more, because it is impossible, on account of the unsettled state of the world, to get any one to take our places just now. We have not given our definite answer yet, but do not see how we can decline, unless we wish to leave the school in the lurch. Neither of us is keen to be away from home any longer than is necessary, and it will mean an entire change of our plans. Beside there is a wish on the part of the business men and some of the Rockefeller people to have the school moved into Peking. Both Mary and I feel that this is a serious mistake and neither of us will consent to stay if it is done. The way in which this plan has begun seems to the Trustees of this school a bit Hunnish as though it were "money vs. politeness." However, since Mr. Green, who is at the head of the Rockefeller Foundation takes neither side, it may all fall through. The idea of the business people really establishing a school seems to us an impossibility as none of them ever stay for more than a year or two before they are up and away promoted to some higher position, somewhere else- and thereby never here to fulfill their promises- as we have already experienced such results. It certainly is an interesting experience- if not always a stable proposition- to start a school out here. Before we ever came there had been a big tussle to decide between Tunghsien and Tsingtao. How fortunate the decision for this place was! Two years ago our lives were threatened when Yuan Shih Kai's unpaid troops (about 10,000 of them in our city at that time) threatened to disgrace him. Now the Shanghai American School is trying to swallow us up by insisting that there shall be only one High School for all of China, and this latest agitation! All this while we are

going on with our every day duties and are planning for larger things in the future. I cannot feel that we are to be engulfed for the people of North China will never consent to send their children into the unhealthy climate and conditions of Shanghai, nor, I believe will the Peking project materialize, for it is so much cleaner and safer for children to live out here. Our number this year did not increase, but that can be laid to the war, and to furloughs, but our High School this year composes half our number, and this you see can be said to have a faculty, and we have spent a lot of time organizing. This last has meant most to Mary and me, for until this year we have shouldered every responsibility. Now to have only our fifth of it means that we have had the time to do a lot of the finer points. I think the children have been much more contented and have done better work than ever.

It is possible if we stay out that Mary and I may spend the summer in Japan. Mrs. Burgess's father and mother are spending a few weeks here with their daughter and her mother has invited Mary and me to spend the summer with them at Karuizawa, as I did with them years ago. It would be perhaps the most inexpensive summer for us, especially if exchange stays where it is now, as our dollar will buy nearly two yen.

We have had just two letters from you since school commenced, but Will sent us one so that we knew you were well. I still hope that you all escaped the influenza. It had a big sweep here and probably thousands of Chinese fell victims of it. They die so fast that coffins gave out. We had a lot of it among foreigners but I do not remember hearing of many deaths. Dr. Arthur H. Smith was at death's door for about three weeks but he is making a good recovery now. The practice out here of putting every one immediately to bed when anything is the matter, I think, was the saving treatment.

Wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a peaceful New Year I am- Yours lovingly-

Flora Beard.

We can't get mother's fur coat to her but hope we can in a few months. F.B.

[This letter on Kewpie stationary and dated Nov. 17, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by 10 year old Kathleen to her sisters in the U.S. She tells about a concert and a wedding that she attended. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow China
Nov. 17, 1918

Dear Girls

How did you like the sugar I sent you. I like it better than the white. Today is a rainy day and we have not seen the sun for a week.

A week ago yesterday there was a concert at the church. The church was crowded with people. We sat up in the gallery. First the band played next came a prayer then one of the school boys told what the meeting was for then the Girls school sang, then a school boy played kind of a violin it was a Chinese one. It made an awful noise but he didn't mind it, he went sawing away and it screeched so loud it nearly made me deaf. Now if you don't mind I will write the rest of the program on another piece of paper. I have begun a sweater for the people up north. This summer I knit seven wash rags and last winter I knit a cap for my doll. Last Friday there was a wedding in the church. It was supposed to begin at two but the bride didn't come until four so some of the people had to wait over two hours. When she did at last come firecrackers went off and there were a hole lot of people at the door. Her sedan chair was all covered with flowers. They had a foreign wedding. She the bride was in foreign dress well as the groom. Friday night the boy scouts came in and showed the people over here what they could do. They showed how to tie knots that were easy to un-tie. They signaled with red flags and with a flag that had a white back ground and a blue stripe down the middle of it. The picture enclosed is my birthday picture. It was taken by the typhoon wall on the mountain. The baby in my arms is Margaret Leger. Mr. and Mrs. Leger boarded at our house this summer. With lots of love

Your sister Kathleen

[This letter dated Nov. 17, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children in the U.S. The armistice has been signed and Willard read the telegram to the teachers and students. They celebrated by having a 2 day vacation. Gould is disappointed that he did not get to go to Europe but happy the war is over. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Nov. 17th 1918.

Dear children:-

One subject engages the attention of the world today- the prospect of peace – the armistice. It is most interesting to note how it effects the Chinese I wrote you that nearly every Chinese in Foochow was pro-German until a year ago. A change has very quietly come over them, but it has not resulted in any outward demonstration. Some of the leading Christian Chinese here have been decidedly pro-German till this Summer. When the news came that the armistice had been signed there was little demonstration. The foreigners of course were almost hilarious. I had the College flag raised and of course read the telegram to teachers and students, and I listened carefully for any sign of a request for a holiday. Not a whisper till Wed. a.m. about 8:30- Three boys came very quietly and said, “We ought to do something to commemorate the armistice.” “All right”, I said. And at 10:15 all met and I asked them if they wanted a holiday and to have a procession. 11 or 12 raised their hands against it!!

But the majority ruled and we had a vacation of two days and a most happy and successful procession of 300- marching with banners and flags thru the principle streets of the city, and calling on the General- Governor. He asked the boys to sing and the College Board to play and then addressed them, - speaking of the joy everywhere over the cessation of fighting in Europe and lamenting that China was still in evil strife. Then he gave each one of us a paper flower to remember the occasion and asked the students to have tea and cake- the faculty were invited into his private sitting room. After chatting for 15 minutes we said good bye. Gen'l Li had his Yamen decorated with the flags of all nations and he was dressed in full military uniform to receive us. Of course the teachers, students and the President were mightily pleased. All but three or four of the boys who opposed the procession on Wed. a.m. joined it on Thursday.

On Tuesday evening all foreigners were invited to meet at the Foochow Club to celebrate the armistice. We all went. It was just a get-to-gether to let every one know how happy we were.

The articles of agreements are all here and we have read them. Two things stand out as I read them- 1. Their comprehensiveness 2. The absence of any vindictiveness. There is no vengeance. But it is perfectly clear that the Allies are not taking any risks. Germany has thrown away completely all things that could call for faith in her by any other nation or any other person.

Now my prayers are that God will direct the nations in the choice of the men who are to determine the terms of peace. What a conference that will be!! A whole world to reconstruct!!

Oh! may these men fully realize that the basis of an enduring peace is not in might, - whether it is force of material, industrial or commercial or educational might. The basis of an enduring world peace is Righteousness. And a peace with righteousness as its foundation will stand in China or Belgium or Germany. It will stand at all times and will endure all changes of material, industrial or commercial conditions.

The world seems able to learn only one lesson at a time. This is often taught by means of calamity- as God taught the Jews that idolatry was wrong- first by precift.[?] but at last by the destruction of the nation. And today an idolatrous Jew is unknown and other nations are re-arming. This week men all over the world are realizing what prophets have said for three thousand years- “Might is not right”. And it has taken a world cataclysm to make men realize it.

Nov. 4 I addressed a letter to Dorothy, enclosing a draft on Boston for \$50. first of Exchange. In this I will put second of exchange in case the other was lost. This money is for Phebe or Geraldine as they need it.

We received letters from Gould Oct. 26 and from Geraldine at the same time. We are asking God to be with Gould. He is disappointed not to get to Europe, but his disappointment is balanced by his joy that the killing of men has stopped. And he will be led to do that thing which for him is right and best.

Every hour we ask God to direct him, and we continually ask that Geraldine may have perfect health to give perfect service to God and man.

We have been doing our own house work for three days. Our one servant got ill with an influenza that seems to have been going all over the world, and Mama has done the cooking. He is better and on the job again much to our delight.

Friday afternoon we plan to make a call on the General. - So to look- see his Yamen. A new interpreter whom he has recently employed is a Christian man from a mission school in Peking.

My garden is coming on some- not as well as last year. - I have radishes – all gone now- we have lettuce once- on the way are turnips- cauliflower- beets- cabbage lettuce- celery- tomatoes- Chinese cabbage- Swiss chard-peas. Yesterday I picked a bunch of fine bananas about 100.

The other day the girlies were talking as they played paper dolls- Monnie said “We will take 8 to 12 including”- “8 to 12 inclusive.” She got it right the second time. Lovingly Your Father

Willard L. Beard

Of course you know that 2nd of Exchange is good on if 1st of Ex. has been lost.

*[This letter, dated **November 24, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Elizabeth. Willard has been knitting a sweater for the Red Cross. The foreigners are celebrating the end of the war. He and Ellen and their cook have all had influenza. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
Nov. 24th 1918.

Dear Elizabeth:-

I do not really know whether it is your turn to receive a letter or not. But I'm sending this to you just the same. Your good letter of Oct. 6- came day before yesterday. I was away at a Board of Directors meeting and got home after 10 p.m. and found a big home mail. At such a time there is but one thing to do- sit down and read it and go to bed when it is finished. It was a good mail,- from Gould- Geraldine, you, Mt. Vernon and Rose Wells and Mary. All letters brought good news, and this is conducive to a good night's rest.

Did you know that I began a sweater last summer at Pei Tai Ho. The yarn gave out when I had half the purling on the last end done and I had to wait for more from Peking. I finished it and sent it in a week ago last Friday. I suppose it will go to Siberia to help keep some poor fellow warm this winter. The report here is that 1000's will freeze and starve in Siberia this winter in spite of anything that can now be done.

How I should have liked to be home this past two weeks. The joy of the people must have been great. And the joy of the U.S. must have been greatest, and not as much chastened as that of Canada, England and France for in these lands most of the families looked forward to no reunion this side of Heaven. The loved one or loved ones will never come back to the home in Canada or England or France.

In the Congregationalist that came last week, is the notice that Dr. Wm. E. Strong's son Ellsworth was killed in the summer. We're praying that Gould will be able to rejoice altho he did not get over,- and that he will be led to find the best thing to do, now that the path in the direction of war is closed.

The foreigners had a jubilation here on Tuesday evening after the armistice was announced, and General Li invited all the men to his Yamen last Sat. 4-6 p.m. to celebrate the cessation of two days- Wed. and Thursday. Wed we had a grand procession thru the city. We called on General Li. He asked the boys to sing and the Band to play then he told them how glad every one was that the war had stopped and said he hoped China could have peace very soon. He asked about 250 students to set down to tea and cake, invited the Faculty to his private office, and he put on his military uniform complete to receive us. He also presented each of us with a paper flower to commemorate the occasion. Of course we all felt good.

All letters are full of the influenza. It seems to be all over the world. S. Africa seems to be hit hard. The girls write that it is in the north. It is in Foochow- but is not as bad here as in other places. Ellen and I have had touches of it. One cook has been in the Hospital three days. Mr. and Mrs. Scott were in bed yesterday. They are better today.- Goodnight- more later.

Monday evening,- another rainy day,- lots of rain this fall which is unusual.- I thought it would be good for my garden but it is no better this year than last. I have had lettuce once- am now letting it grow to supply the compound garden for Thanksgiving. The first radishes are all gone, and the second sowing are almost ready. But looking fine, turnips most ready to eat- cabbage fine, carrots and parsnips coming on. Celery fine. Cauliflower and Chinese cabbage are having a hard time between worms and birds.- Did you receive that Chinese cabbage seed I sent last spring? My strawberries are looking very good. I have four little yellow summer pumpkins- each about nine inches in diam. and one Hubbard squash. It is too hot here for these to do well.

Tell Edith her letter was very interesting. I hope she escaped the influenza. God has dealt very kindly with us. May He help us all to so live that He can continue to bless us-

With love to all Will

Rose Wells writes that she has given you \$10- to be put in the bank for me and Mrs. B.J. Col?? Writes that she has given you \$4- or rather that she has deposited for me in the Derby Savings Bank. I shall write these as soon as possible. Will.

*[This letter, dated **December 22, 1918**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. The college boys are celebrating Christmas by selling items and the proceeds will go to Turkey and a mission in South China. Miss Hartwell received a medal from the Chinese for her work at an orphanage. He comments on the close*

of war and spread of prohibition. Envelope labeled "Examined by Censor C.380." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China.
Dec. 22nd 1918

Dear Folks at Home:-

On this beautiful, cheerful Sabbath morning- the Christmas Sabbath, I am starting a letter to you so it will be sure to get into the next mail. It is like an April morning at home- no fires, and a winter suit is almost too thick for comfort. We have had no cold weather yet this year, and we have built a fire only a few times.

Christmas is in the air all over Foochow,- every year the Christians are making more and more of it in their celebrations. And the upper classes are at least being appraised of the significance of the season. There was talk of a big parade on Christmas Day all thru the city by all the church members. But it was a little too new and involved several factors that were too unique. The College boys are to have a young city in the College grounds. They have printed a lot of paper money, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00, \$50.00, \$100.00, \$200.00, \$300.00, \$500.00 bills. They will open a Bank and there will be all manner of shops with articles for sale. They have gone into the stores of the city and will be allowed to take from these stores, piece goods, fruit, shoes, hats, trinkets and all manner of things. The would-be-purchaser must first go to the Bank and purchase Foochow College Bank Notes with real money. Only these Bank Notes will be accepted in payment of the articles bought. This is one of the ways in which they are planning to celebrate Christmas. The money which they make will be given- half to Turkey half to a Chinese mission in Yunnan province- way down on the S. West of China.

Last Thursday Miss Hartwell received from the President of China and from the General-Governor of Fukien medals and boards with mottos in recognition of the good work she had done in starting and keeping up an orphanage here in Foochow. The Christian Herald first gave money for this ten years or so ago. That fund is now used up. And the officials are giving several hundred dollars a month toward the work. The occasion of the presentation was a big one. The General and the Foreign consuls and many of the gentry were there. I think this is the first time China has ever given a medal to any foreigner for philanthropic work.

A week ago today I had the great pleasure of baptizing and admitting to the church a mother, her two daughters and her daughter-in-law and of baptizing her youngest son, 9 years old, and her grandson 9 months old. The whole family are now in the church i.e. her husband, son and mother beside those admitted last Sunday. The father used to be in the army under the Empire and "ate the government". After the revolution in 1911 his stipend from the government ceased and the preacher helped him and encouraged him to start a rice shop. He paid strict attention to business and is now a prosperous merchant; with a Christian family.

A good letter came from Mr. and Mrs. Jewett of Mt. Vernon last mail. They greatly enjoyed the visit from the girls last Sept. Their letters were so full of the visit that they forgot to write anything about their own interesting pair of children.

The last mail brought a letter also from some of Etta's children to the girls. We do not yet know anything about Gould's whereabouts. It seems as if the war stopped a long time ago, and our home papers are still telling of war incidents and still giving the numbers that will be in France by next July. To read such news (?) when we know the soldiers are already beginning to return gives one a queer feeling- it's history.

The girlies are in great demand for singing. Thurs. p.m.-Friday p.m. twice today, and I do not know how many times this next week. All the churches want them to sing at their Christmas exercises.

I am wondering if the conditions now that the war has stopped will make it any easier for you to get help. I hope it will. Just now I suppose work is not quite as rushing as it was in the warmer season and yet I know there is always enough to do. My garden is just at its best to look at now. The restrictions due to the war, cut me out of peas from home and I ordered two packages from a nursery in Japan. I got enough to sow one row about 20 feet long. I ordered a quart at once and I expect them any day. I hope it is not too late. Beets, turnips, parsnips, carrots, lettuce, onions, cabbages, cauliflower, celery and strawberries are in bloom and many already set. This makes me think I must at once order sweet corn and string beans. The girls have been trying to send me down some corn and millet from Tientsin but regulations are so stiff that the grain is or was still in Tientsin. From the grain which I brought down with us last Aug. we are eating a combination of millet, gen liong= (brown corn or caffer corn rice and wheat ground in equal parts and it is good.

This is a unique Christmas- we have just left behind the greatest cataclysm the world has ever seen, and before us lies the most stupendous task men ever faced- rebuilding the world. But God has always found men equal to every task and there are men equal to the present task. I see Pres. Wilson is not to sit in the Peace Conference. But his wisdom will be there. Hughes is a good man. It is interesting to watch the growth of prohibition in the U.S. and in the world. What effect will the cessation of the war have on the movement against the use of liquor?

All send lots of love to Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Elizabeth and all the others- specially Nancy,

Will.

[This letter dated Dec. 29, 1918 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children in the U.S. He gives Phebe advice on receiving money from a Mr. Bidwell. He finds it difficult to be separated from his children when it comes to needed advice. Willard learned to knit and made a sweater to donate to the Red Cross. Busses are running in Foochow now. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Dec. 29- 1918

Dear Children:-

The last mail brought letters from Phebe and Geraldine. And both wondered what had become of our letter writing ability. I hope the letters have turned up ere this, for if not you must be getting lamentably short of money. My register says I have written as follows July 15 to Geraldine.

(The above I wrote in a tea house near the head of the long bridge last Sunday morning while waiting for Mr. Neff. We were to meet there and take a launch for the Arsenal where we were to visit a recently organized church. Just as I had the word Geraldine written, Mr. Neff came and the launch whistled. It is now Jan. 1st 8:30 p.m. 1919.)

We had an interesting time at the Arsenal village. The church had its Christmas exercises that day and the best men of the village were out. We had a happy day with them and had to take a sampan home. I got home at 8 p.m.

On July 15 I wrote Geraldine. I wrote two letters to Century Farm in August. Thinking some of you girls were there. Sept. 16 I wrote Gould thru Phebe. Oct. 5 I wrote Geraldine. Nov 4 I wrote Dot. Nov 17 I wrote Phebe. Dec 8 I wrote Geraldine. July 15 I sent Phebe \$100. Oct. 5 I sent Geraldine \$100. Nov 4 I sent Dot \$50. Nov 17 I sent Phebe second of exchange for \$50.

It is most interesting to read Phebe's letters re Mr. Bidwell. I know of him from a correspondence covering eight years. I received a letter from him when Mr. Frank Brewer and bride, a classmate of mine in Hartford Sem'y where [were] here two years ago, and read it to Frank for the fun. He asked one or two questions and it turned out that Mr. Bidwell was a cousin of his. He is cracked= a little off in the upper stores. He plays the organ in a Catholic church in Kansas City, and gives private lessons on almost any instrument. He sends me about the sins of the rulers of the world. He writes of his proposal to one of the girls in his choir and of her refusal. Take all the money he sends- be sure you tell me of each amount received. Acknowledge them to him at once. You do not need to answer his letters. Send them on to me and tell him you have done so. Thus far you have reported \$10 received in Oct. I think he has sent you more since. Miss Preston has probably sent you \$12.56 before this.

I am enclosing an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$100. I should like Phebe to take \$50 of this to pay for board etc. at Talcott, and not wait on table the last term of her course. The other \$50 use as it is needed.

I wrote so fully to Geraldine that she will- or rather has gone to Battle Creek [*there is a sanitarium there*] before this if it has seemed best. One of the hardest parts of our separation is the inability to be of much use in advising you at times like this. But we all know that God is a better adviser than either father or mother and every day many times we ask Him to help you to give yourself unreservedly to Him and to give you faith that He will make you all sound. You have several good advisers in Oberlin. We pray also that God will advise you thru them.

Your last letters were full of the hilarity over the armistice. We do want to hear what Gould will do. - What effect will it have on Oberlin's military course? Mr. Scott has the 1917 Hi-O-Hi [*the Oberlin College Yearbook*], - very interesting. We saw you in several places.

Last week we had 3 ½ days of vacation. The boys made a young city of Foochow College. They had shops- went to the street and got different shops to allow them to bring in goods for sale and they had a certain percentage on all sales. They had ready made clothes- underwear- toys- umbrellas- fruit, candy- cake- photo gallery- pawn shop, - police station, - Bank- second hand shop, etc. etc.

Have I written you about my knitting? In Nov. I handed in a sweater to the Red Cross here, that I knit in Pei tai ho and on the way down to Foochow. I have another started and about 19 long now. We are all knitting- sit about the fire and race. You would be interested to Kathleen. She gets her two knit first. Monnie gets thru next. Mama next and poor old Dad comes in last. Tonight Kathleen asked me to race to see if she could knit twice as fast as I. She knit twice across and six stitches while I knit once across.

The piano tuner is in town and is coming tomorrow to tune ours. The girlies are doing well with their music.

New Years Eve we all went to Black Rock Hill to see the Old Year out and the New Year in. We had a very jolly time and the Beard girls entered into it all and enjoyed it as much as any one.

The weather is cold. It has been quite warm till last Sunday. Today it rains and hail fell this morning.

There has been a lot more fighting in Ing Hok. The Northern forces held the place. They were driven out by the Southern forces, and among them were young men now in America- five fellows. Then the Northerners came again and drove the Southerners out. This is the present condition. All is now quiet there.

The troubles in Ing Hok have turned the minds of the people toward the church to a very large extent. Mr. Smith writes most enthusiastically about the way the people are turning toward Christianity.

Have we written that motor busses are running once in 15 minutes from South Gate to the big bridge? The time is 12 minutes and the fare 10 cents. How is that for Foochow?

I must close this now- lest if I leave it to write more, another mail will slip off and not take this.

I hope you have started my Diary for Foochow.

Very lovingly and with many prayers for your success and your happiness.

Your Father

Willard L. Beard

Jan 4

You can add a witness signature to the enclosed order in the Derby Savings Bank if necessary. The diary has just come from Geraldine. Many many thanks

Papa



Written in album: "The N.C.A. Board 1918- 1919 [From left to right] Laurence [Galt], Ursula [Miller], Victor [Hicks], Mary Helen [Stanley], Hartwell [Ayers], Bergen [Stelle], Delnose [Grant], Katherine [Larson]"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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