

1919

- Phebe K. Beard receives BA degree from Oberlin
- Versailles Treaty incorporating Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations
- Former President Theodore Roosevelt dies January 1919
- Flora is 50 and Mary is 37. 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 54, Ellen- 51, Phebe- 24, Gould- 23, Geraldine- 21, Dorothy- 18, Marjorie- 13, Kathleen- 11.

[This letter, dated **January 3, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about their Christmas and New Years. There is an unpopular movement to start another school in Peking and Mary and Flora are not happy about it. Envelope labeled "Opened by Censor No. 2255." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Jan. 3 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

Vacation seems to be a busier time than school time. Already we have had two weeks and it seems like a few days only.

School closed December 19th. The 20th was taken up in seeing the children off and tidying up after them. We had guests for supper too. On Saturday Flora, Miss Parsons and I gave the five boys of the compound a Christmas present of a trip to Peking. We took the early train; spent the morning in the foreign shops or the Tung An Shi Chang (Market outside the East Gate); had a Chinese meal at a Chinese restaurant; went to Lun Fo Ssl (A Temple fair) in the afternoon and home on the afternoon train. It was the first real cold day and every time we saw a stove we hugged it to warm our toes. It was great fun to help the boys in choosing their Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Stelle commissioned me to buy a present of a piece of brass or cloisonné priced \$5.00. I had great fun doing it and purchased three brass articles in the effort. Every time I got the article short of the five dollars and on returning told her. I couldn't spend so much on one piece because the men were so eager to sell they took my offer too soon. On Christmas Day Flora and I were presented with a brass bowl by the Stelle family. How we laughed when we recognized the one I had especially admired of those I had purchased for Mrs. Stelle. Little did I suspect it was my own present I was buying.

Flora and I had to take another day in Peking to do our own shopping.

Christmas day was a full one and a most happy one. We started with a breakfast at Mrs. Martin's. All our gifts were these too, so after breakfast we hunted packages all over the two living rooms. Then we went down the line to see the trees and call a "Merry Christmas" to everyone. At Dr. Smiths's we stopped for a real call. We dressed again and went out to dinner at the Martin's or Leipers at 1.00 P.M. The afternoon was given over to getting ready for the children's party to be held at our home at 5.00. We had games until 6.30. Then everyone ate supper together in our school dinning rooms. Mr. Yarrow can pride himself on having kissed every woman present under the mistletoe.

Again we dressed for an evening party at the Leiper-Yarrow home. We had great fun with "pillow duck[?]", "blind man's bluff" etc. until 11.00. Then we ate some more and were home about mid night.

At our home we all pitched in the next day to help catalogue our library. We find that we have 750 books of all sort, novels, poems, histories, essays, Bible helps, reference works etc. On Thursday I went to Peking for supplies and got an invitation to go up for the Friday Club the next afternoon. I accepted with alacrity. Dr. Dennis spoke on "Territorial Readjustment after the War." It was well worth going to.

As I wrote Alice Frame, with whom I stayed, it showed that some of the compensations one could get if our school were moved to Peking are great.

The movement to move the school to Peking is on foot. Or rather the movement is to start another school in Peking and swallow us because of a lack of funds to compete. There are two sides and nearly the whole American population is lined up on one side or the other. We were quite worried for awhile but think the danger is lessening as the facts are being brought out. Both Flora and I have been earnestly requested to stay out another year because of the difficulty of getting anyone out to fill our places this next year. We have said "yes" if the school stays here but "no" if it moves to Peking. I have stated that I will return after a year at home if the trustees desire. If the school goes to Peking I ask for a raise of \$100 because one of the chief arguments for moving us to Peking has been that the teachers might have the advantage offered[?]. In enumerating the advantages nearly every one requires from \$1 to \$12 annually to be able to enjoy it. Hence I think a special enumeration is due. Perhaps you guess that I am not desirous of making the move?

I bought a lovely new gown about Thanksgiving time. It is dark old gold in color, of soft silk and made with the new side pouch, braid and fringe trimming, the round neck etc. I will have a snap shot of that and my new big black velvet hat taken for you to see. My wardrobe of 1914 which I brought out is getting very low. This is the first new hat for winter and except for the serge dress you sent the first dress except wash dresses for summer. I am having my ?? that I brought out made over and already am wearing the brown serge remodeled with some brown velvet I bought in a Chinese store.

Jan. 6- To go on with our vacation. On New Years Day Flora received with Mrs. Corbett and I with Mrs. Porter. At our home we had 75 guests at least. I may have omitted a few from my list but surely not many. It was great fun especially as I had not done it for two years now. Flora and I went to Mrs. Burgess for the night.

Mrs. Porter wanted us there but Flora does not wish to accept her hospitality to that extent. On Thursday we had the morning with Mrs. Burgess and baby David. We took lunch with Mrs. Edwards and were off at 3.00 to do a few errands on the way to the train.

We have been having tea here every afternoon this vacation for ourselves and all who can drop in. At least three or four come every day. On Thursday when we came from Peking we all went to Mrs. Martins for tea. Her tea was coffee and awfully good.

We tried to have a home party this week end and succeeded in getting two (2) guests. Four probably guests were ill at the last minute. Others were kept in town by a reception for the new pastor of Union Church, Mr. Beers, who reached Peking last Friday. He is father to Douglas Beers who is English teacher here in the Academy.

We had a dinner party Saturday evening of twelve. We invited people here to fill the places of out-of-town guests. Later every one was over for games. We served fruit punch and chocolate cake as "a sign that it was time to go home" and our guests left about 11.00.

Yesterday morning we took rickshas and went to see the chairs hanging on the wall outside the East Gate; stopped at the candy shop; and visited the pagoda. Two of us walked home from there but the others rode all around. We went through the hospital on the way home.

In the afternoon, altho it was Sunday, we went for tea to the Yarrows. Mr. and Mrs. Ackerman were there. He is correspondent for the New York Times. Mr. Yarrow met him in Siberia. He is on the way to France now.

We had a fine letter from Stanley and Myra enclosing several snap shots of Nancy. How I long to see her! I do not want to stay out another year but are no way out unless I am ready to see the work of five years go for nothing since no new person can be gotten this year. Jean Dudley goes anyway.

Phebe's letter of Nov. 4 was the last from here. I am eager for the one telling of the peace news. We have not been any more generous in gifts this year but everywhere there is a spontaneity and freedom that has been lacking the last four years.

We will be on the look out for the linen you mention, Phebe. I hope much of the restrictions of importing will be relieved so we can bring more freely. We are still hoping to get Mother's fur coat to her somehow.

Stanley writes that Phebe did make her visit. We are glad to get the music. Others in the compound have all but the "Consecration Hymn" so I had heard it and knew some of it. Mrs. Martin introduced some. It got here several days before Christmas.

My "Line a Day" book for 5 years gets filled August 1st. I thought to be home to replace it but will not I fear. Please send me one. My old one is "Wards, A Line a Day." In the front it is stamped 20 and it cost 85 cents. If you can duplicate it I should like it, but do not try too hard. I forget whether I purchased it in Derby or New Haven.

How about our birth certificates? We may not need them a year from now but it would be best to have them probably. We hope to traverse at least a part of Europe on the way home and I imagine passports will be pretty important there.

A Mr. and Mrs. Packard of Stratford are in Peking this month. I have met Mrs. P. but it was before I knew who she was.

A Happy New Year and lots of love and God's blessing to you all

Mary.



Myron Gould Beard in his WWI Air Corps uniform—about 1919. Taken by the Orren Jack Turner Co., Princeton, N.J.

[Photo from the family of Willard F. Beard.]

[This letter dated **Jan. 5, 1919** was written from Talcott Hall, Oberlin, Ohio by Phebe Kinney Beard to her Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. She thanks them for the Christmas presents. Geraldine is feeling better and getting stronger. Gould is in Texas and could not get leave for Christmas. She tells of the excitement at Oberlin over the Armistice. The flu has been a problem. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall,
Oberlin, O.
Jan. 5, 1919.

Dear Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma,

One of the first Christmas presents we got was Uncle Elbert's letter with your check for all of us. We all thank you heartily for so remembering us, and so generously! With my two dollars I intend to get a leather loose leaf note book, something that I can use after I leave college, and something that looks nice and is much more convenient than the other cheaper sorts of loose leaf books.

We thot of all of our friends very often on Christmas Day. We wished you were near enough so that we could come and sing carols under your windows as we did at some of the houses here in Oberlin. It was cold in the darkness, and snow was sifting down quite fast; but we enjoyed it, and had a fine appetite for a grape fruit, coffee, and doughnut breakfast- our holiday breakfast at Tank.

Then came the tree, and all of us were very amply gifted. Geraldine and Dot gave me a pretty pair of spats; Century Farm people sent each of us one of the best studio pictures Gould has ever had, in his uniform [*see photo inserted before this letter*]; and other things were a blacking set, a blotter hand-painted, a set of crocheted panels with my initial for towels, a gab of balsam needles, a pretty calendar with an Oberlin scene in it, three handkerchiefs, a night gown from Aunt Molly, and money from Grandma Bean and Uncle Stanley. I hope you were well remembered, too.

I got Aunt Emma's nice long letter last night, but I'll answer that later. This time I'll answer Uncle Elbert's.

Geraldine is now much better, I think, both in appearance and in action. Perhaps she has written you that she is sleeping as late as possible each morning and getting her own breakfasts in her room, chiefly fruit. Her schedule is light, twelve hours, so she can retire early, and be out of doors a good deal. She has taken two treatments during the vacation, and feels better. I really think it will be better for her to take treatments here, and continue with a light schedule than to give up to special treatment unless she goes to a sanitorium. She has outside interests, enough to occupy her time progressively without strain, and association with college people, and the advantages of a college town in entertainments. If she stopped college, she would feel discouraged, I fear. She does not feel perfectly well, she says, and does not give favorable reports in progress of health; but I can't see that she is losing. I think she looks better than earlier in the fall.

Gould is still in Texas and is finding things since Nov. 11 very slow. He has moved two or three times because of crowded quarters or rats, during the vacation no flying was allowed apparently; so he had to amuse himself as best he could, since he could not get a leave permit. I imagine this was the dullest Christmas he ever spent. Almost any time now, we expect to hear that he has been transferred to San Diego, Calif. for special flying. Then he hopes to take the technical training in some tech-school. He says nothing of coming back to college. His letters have shown an interesting development, not at all for the bad. In many ways, I think his course of action is a very wise one for him. It has at least spurred him to his very best living and best effort- something that neither High School nor college ever did. I am sorry he did not have the satisfaction of active service; but he takes the disappointment like a man, and it merely transfers his aim a little farther on.

This fall has been one grand scramble to keep regular schedules going between special events. First came the S.A.T.C. [*Student Army Training Corps*] that took the men out, and threw on the girls all of the outside literary and social life of the college. Then came the Flu that stopped all work for a week, and left us in the middle of Nov. feeling that we had only just begun the semester. We had two Peace days, one a false alarm that gave us a pre-arranged schedule for celebrating the second real Peace Day. That meant two holidays within a week. In a way it seems as if we had been here for outside work, college coming in on the side when it could. But there is much value even in that sort of a year.

On the first Peace Day we were just sitting down to lunch when the fire siren started gnarring, shrieking and running scales. After several minutes of suspense we got the word that Germany had surrendered. Then we all started for the Campus, and with all the girls from other houses who came simultaneously, all running, all without wraps, we formed a snake dance live. Then we broke up and sang patriotic and national songs; and had another snake dance in which the S.A.T.C. took a little part, having by this time finished their lunch. We went to the center of town where they were firing the toy cannon they have for such occasions; and after singing and dancing with the throng for some time, most of us went home and had lunch almost one hour late. Some girls rode autos till two o'clock, and one of the matrons, a grey-haired lady, marched in the snake dance.

On the following Monday A.M. (the false alarm was on Thursday) we were awakened at 4:25 by the fire siren which blew 10 minutes. During that time we girls raced all over the house in kimonos, got the flag out, had a snake dance thru the parlors down stairs. Then when the next 10-minute silence came we began to think of dressing

and going out. At five, after the next 10-minute blast of the fire siren we were ready. Going out on the porch we saw the dusky ranks of the S.A.T.C. standing just distinguishable in the street. Then they marched on to the center and the college houses bell in behind. We stood waiting in line till it grew light. Mrs. Lawrence, our matron got us a bun breakfast at a neighboring bakery, and marched with us when we finally started, nearly all the way round two big blocks. At the end we drew up on the chapel steps, and heard the "Star Spangled Banner" played. At 10 A.M. we all gathered in the chapel for a mass meeting. The Musical Union sang "The Hallelujah Chorus" without practicing it and got thru finely. Dr. Bosworth, Mr. Hutchins, and Dr. Williams of the Second Church spoke very well, all out doing themselves.

On the Saturday night before, there had been an entertainment for the starting of the Student War chest in which all the relief appeals and Y.W. etc. were included. At this each house had been dressed in different costumes national and symbolic, apropos of the war; so each house came that A.M. in those costumes. The S.A.T.C. sang, and it was a gala affair, a holiday of course.

We have had quite elaborate meals here at Talcott all this year. All meals are good; but on Sunday and at special banquets, of which we have had three, we serve after dinner coffee. I am one of the waiters- all the houses had girls, because the men are at the Barracks. I like the work, but it is rather binding, and takes me just at the time when I should be learning to know the girls. I am going to wait till April, the beginning of the last term. Then I'll sit at the tables and let this job go.

We hoped for some men after Xmas, but the news got round falsely that we didn't want them. So till the second semester we shall still be a girl's house.

At no time has the Flu been bad here. By quarantine and precautions of all kinds we have kept the epidemic down. One Missionary's family from India has had a long siege of it, losing a daughter of 12 or 13 on the evening of Christmas Day. It was very sad, but the beautiful thing about the whole experience is the way in which both town friends and other missionaries have just flocked to help by service or bearing expenses.

Many of the Turkey Missionaries are planning to go back by the first of February on a special boat. Some have already left Oberlin; the others are preparing, and every one is much interested. We are all so glad the war is over, yet it hardly seems possible. It seems in some ways to be the signal for a slump in everything, all walks of life; but now of all times we must help up in work and active in that.

We were very sorry to hear of the deaths from Flu etc in Putnam, and of Mrs. Barker's death. The personnel of the town will be quite changed when I get back.

I hope you will both keep well, that Aunt Emma can get help in her Library work- I'm glad you are able to work with the schools so much now,- and that Uncle Elbert can get help in the yards. They are very short of clerks out this way, too, as I found when I got my new coat this vacation. Thank you again for the Xmas gift.

Very lovingly
Phebe.

[This letter, dated **January 9, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He tells about the college boys and their Christmas celebration of raising money for Turkish and Chinese missions. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Jan 9th 1919.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Vigilating at a session of uniform examinations affords a good opportunity to write. I am sitting in the assembly room of our Girl's College at Ponasang- almost on the spot where we lived during the first seven years of our life in Foochow. The windows are wide open and it is uncomfortably hot at 4:30 p.m. Last week we had three fine frosts. The mosquitos crept into their holes and we slept without nets on the beds. But last night Ellen had to get up and put the nets down- so the mosquitoes would not carry the girlies off.

To celebrate Christmas the boys of the College transformed the grounds and buildings into a young city. They had all kinds of shops. They went to the streets and brought in things from the shops- toys, fruit, clothes, cakes, umbrellas, cakes, candy, tea, pictures etc. and a certain number of students were over each shop. Others arranged tea houses and served tea and cake. Two good restaurants did a thriving business. The geomancer was there- the pawn shop- the photographer, the street vender and the policeman- with the police station. In the evening the boys gave a play. There were at least 4000 people in attendance. This was in the open air, and with almost perfect order. Best of all, the people entered the grounds through the church yard. And they were directed into the church where we held a continuous service all the morning and afternoon.

The money used in the shops was all specially printed by the College=Foochow College Bank notes. One silver dollar purchased 133 of the \$1.00 bills. Of course this made prices seem very high. An orange cost \$4.00. The boys did a business of \$17,000. and made about \$30 actual money- half of this will go to our Turkey mission and half to a Chinese mission in Yunnan.

Last Sunday I had a very interesting half day. With eight students I went to a village on the plain, we walked out- one hour and a half. This village has been reported to have no Christians in it. I have found ten thus far. We went out Sunday morning to do pioneer work. First we stopped at the one big idol temple and asked if we could come in to "speak the doctrine". Consent was at once given. Then we went thru the main streets of the village inviting the people and calling on the Christians whom we had found. 48 men and 43 children came in to listen and we talked informally and in relays for two houses. Then we held a prayer meeting right in the temple and in the presence of the idols and four of the village Christians prayed.

Our home Christmas was a very quiet one. The great bustle all around made it seem all the more quiet. We had a tree and our few presents. Flora and Mary sent us down by Mr. Leger who was coming from Peking at just the right time 2 folding lanterns that you can fold up and put into your pocket.

Elizabeths letters enclosing the one from Gould came by last mail. Thank you awfully. It has been a long time since we have seen his hand writing- Thank you for his photos that came the mail before last. He is a fine looking lad.

I must close now to get this with today's mail.

With love from all

Will

[This letter, dated **January 12, 1919**, was written from Flora to the folks at home. She talks about the controversy of some others who want to start another school in Peking. She and Mary are staying in China another year. They may spend the next summer in Japan. Dr. Smith is growing stronger after his illness. She comments on the death of Theodore Roosevelt. She holds back in her opinions about the Japanese and Chinese because of censorship. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Jan. 12, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

The new year is eleven days done and we feel that we are really off on another year's work. The children are back and lessons have begun with a zest that they never have showed before. It certainly pays to have a faculty of more than three. We are looking for some one to come out to teach music, drawing, household science, and a few other things. Miss Dudley goes home next year and we need some one to take her place.

The agitation about moving our school to Peking is dying out- from lack of fuel. It was such a piece of selfishness that I have always doubted the possibility of its achievement. When Mr. Green (of the Rockafeller Foundation) said that it would be necessary to have the missionaries approve of the change, and Dr. Tenney (of the Legation) remarked that there was no place within the walls of Peking, which did not have some objection, I felt the project was doomed right in the meeting. Now we are hearing from the up-country missions and so far they all are indignant at the suggested change. Probably the most cordial and most influential report was given me here in my office by one of the Presbyterian missionaries of Tsinanfu, Shantung. He said that he brought from the Shantung Pres. Mission the hearty appreciation for what Mary and I have done in founding the school- in sinking our personalities to make it what it should be- and that they had noted that the school should stay in Tunghsien, and it should have their united support. He said this carried some weight with it as three-sevenths of all the Presbyterians in China are in Shantung. He said this not knowing where we stood. We know that the American Board is unanimous to have it here, so there is only the Methodist Mission left. We know they are split on the question but they have always been half-hearted in the project anyway and no one depends on them. Rockafeller is our only antagonist that has any might and when Mr. Green says what he did, we need not fear him. I think some of the ladies(!) of Peking already wish they had not done what they have. They act like naughty children who have been caught in doing something they knew wasn't nice. We can afford to forgive them, if they fail, for they have unwittingly done a fine piece of advertising for us. This "sifting" should result in a boom for us. We hope it may result in the Peking school enlarging its curriculum so as to keep the children at home up to the High School, so as to make this a High School, with boarders as fun as possible in the grades. We will have to receive the children (who live at great distances) in the Grammar grades, but we hope we have eliminated the primary for good. Now if the school does not move to Peking Mary and I have promised to stay out another year. We neither of us, are keen to do this but if we leave now we would be the greatest injury we could do the school and it would mean the throwing away of five years hard work. It means making new arrangements and the asking for a few purchases to be

sent out to us, for we had planned our wardrobes, etc., to the leaving for home this summer. Our sheets, towels, etc. are going to last until this summer but Mary will need replenishing about every where. I presume she will write you just what if she decides not to buy here. Sheets are \$8 per pair, and the most ordinary huck towels a dollar each. Talcum powder is seventy-five cents for a can, and so on for things that cost one third this price at home. With the price of silver so high it makes things very costly.- Mary and I are talking about spending next summer in Japan. Our summers here are very expensive and exchange stays where it is now, we could travel quite far and luxuriously in Japan for the same amount. If you want us to get some things for you just let us know and we can send them to you from Japan. As soon as we have decided we will tell you when to address letters to us for the summer. We have an invitation from Mrs. Fisher (with whom I boarded in Karuizama 11 years ago) to stay with her while we are in Karuizama but we have not thought so far as the itinerary yet. The February Trustee's Meeting will settle our doubts one way or the other and then we can definitely plan.

I wish you could see Tunghsien to-day. It is Fairy-land! There is a thin layer of snow all over the ground. (just enough to spoil the skating on the pond) and this morning there is a beautiful rime frost all over the trees, bushes, wire fences, etc., so that every thing is transformed. The sun has not come out enough to burn it off and I hope we may be able to get some pictures.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith is back from the hospital and is well enough to begin his Thursday morning chapel talks to our children again. He is still very thin and not strong, but I do hope he will not take risks during the winter but stay at home and get strong before he undertakes a trip on these rickety, drafty, trains, which have no fires in them, and expectorating going on, on all sides. One takes one's life in hand, when one travels here, and the only thing one can do is to keep well and keep as far away from the traveling millions as possible. There is little doubt but that Mr. Frame got his typhus fever from economizing on R.R. fares by traveling to Peitaiho and back 3rd class, when he was too physically worn to combat with the "louse" that he caught on that trip. It doesn't pay, yet we do take these risks continually.

I have regretted that mother's fur is not at home. The war restrictions have been such that I could not send it by mail and I did not know any one traveling home by who I could send it. I shall get it to you either by mail or by some one going this summer. We had it fitted to me around and to Mary in length. We could find nothing suitable for the outside so are sending it home for Mother to get that part herself. I do wish she had it this winter. I hardly stir out without my sheep skin (at home it would be Astrakan fur).

We were shocked (as I imagine the whole world has been) to read of Theodore Roosevelt's death. His removal from the Republican ranks will make them skurry around to find some one to take his place. I don't believe there can ever be another Theodore Roosevelt. And I wonder how much his absence will change the Republican ideals. China (or rather the missionaries and the thinkers among the Chinese) are getting much roused over the proposed exodus of American brewers[?] to these coasts, and I sincerely hope that this country is not to have its burdens added to while it is still struggling with German and Japanese propaganda. There is little doubt but that China, with the help of America, could straighten out her house if the Japanese would let her alone. I do hope the Peace Conference may be able to help out. I'd like to tell you some more things but I want you to get this letter and perhaps if I said all I'd like the Censor might find it so interesting that he keeps it for his scrap book! What a big one he must have! Some of my friends have had only a frame of their letters left when they arrived. However, we're loyal and have considered this as one of our "bits" for the war. Talking about doing our bit, our school (teachers and pupils) gave \$127.50 S. to the War Worker's Fund, and in three other collections got together over \$50 S. for the Red Cross, and besides the children have knitted dozens of articles for the Red Cross. I do not think this is a bad showing for three dozen kiddies whose average age is twelve and a half. Mary had been the one who has mothered this work. She has given hours to helping the children on their knitting, and every bit has been voluntarily done by them.

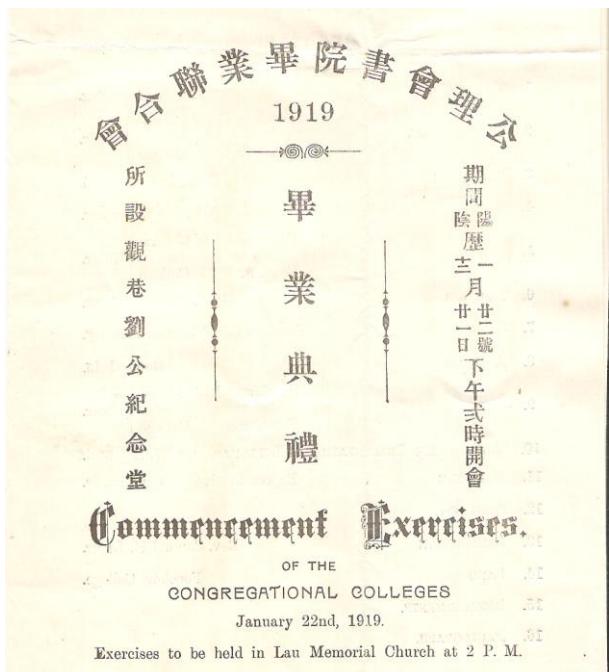
I am enclosing a paper with some business which I hope may not be too much for you to see to. I hate to bother you, for I know your time is now more than full. I wish you could have a few of our Chinese servants. At least you would have a new list of unendurables to exercise your patience. We have a faithful coolie but I think he takes "the cake" for stupidity. My sleeping room is on a corner of the house where the breezes come right through regardless of bricks, and windows, so I thought I'd try pasting up the cracks of the upper sashes of two windows and showed him where to paste the paper and left him to do it. Soon he said it was done and he wanted me to see it. I found he had carefully closed the outside edge so that they could not be opened, though the slats were untouched. Fortunately the paste was not dry, so I showed him again and pulled the lower sashes up and down to show him not to paste them, and even then he had the cross pieces in the middle of the window pasted up. We got it done correctly in the end. But once get a thing into his head and we can regulate our clocks by him.

Probably I'd better bite off my macaroni here for this letter is rather a big mouthful for me, and I'll write some more some day.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Jan. 12, 1919.

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Chinese program

一 二 三 四 五 六 七 八 八 九 十 十 十 十 十

閉茶奏祝唱女代唱訓唱演唱祈讀整彈
鼓樂

詩說詩禱經隊琴
詞訓詞
事業生
福三
會叙樂

畢業秩序表

高君文振
格致書院並女書院唱詩班
林邦富牧師
馬良英先生
格致書院並女書院唱詩班
福建協和大學副主理 徐博士
福州女書院高等小學
李督軍
格致書院並女書院唱詩班
裨益知博士

[This letter dated **Jan. 26, 1919** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Dorothy. They have had commencement exercises. Willard has ridden the Foochow busses. He describes Kathleen and Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Jan. 26th 1919

Dear Dorothy:-

Another Commencement season has passed with all the work incident thereto- and you dear children have had one letter written Jan. 1. We have had only one from you during the month- from Phebe Jan. 19. We look for more regularity in the mails now. The mail that came this morning was not censored at all. It brought good letters from Mr. Hodous. Mr. Goddard and Cousin Mary Stark. She is quite a regular correspondent.

I shall enclose a program of our commencement, and in a week or so I hope to send photos. The habit of getting a photo taken on all occasions is worse here in China than at home.

On Monday afternoon (Jan 20) came the Commencement of all the union institutions. I was honored with the chairmanship, and had my picture taken three times. On Tuesday there were no commencements. On Wednesday in the morning the Meth. schools held their graduation. I left our house at 10:20 and got over to hear much of the address and two songs- saw all the diplomas given out and got home at 12:10. I caught the Bus at South Gate just as it started and again at the head of the bridge just as it started to come in. The Busses make travelling very swift- when we are going their way. A Bus starts from S. Gate for the bridge once in 15 minutes. It take 11 min. to make the trip and costs 104. We had a good day for all. Foochow College graduation is from the College. The largest class ever graduated. You will find on the program the numbers in each group with a total of 78.

Tomorrow morning we plan to go to Dions Loh to spend a week. I want to spend the time in the country. Mama and the girlies plan to stay with Mrs. Gillette.

You would be most interested in Kathleen if you could see her now. Monnie has not changed so much. She is very even tempered, staid and ever the same. Kathleen is never luke warm. She is never fairly good or bad. She is all life and vivacity or wants to sleep, or she is most happy or in tears- happy mostly, good most of the time but naughty all thru when she is naughty. Sometimes she goes at a lesson and conquers it in no time. Again she does not even want to make an effort. She has been writing to Edith Child this p.m. and she has allowed nothing to turn her from the tasks.

The last letter from Aunt Elizabeth told us that the flu had taken away cousin Charlie Fairchild- in one day. This is the second time Edith has been left alone. She saw Elsie, her elder sister and her mother and then her Father go, and now husband and only child. [Edith is Edyth Nichols. She is the daughter of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's sister, Hannah Nichols. Hannah married Charles Brinsmade Nichols. Edith married Charles Wentworth Fairchild.]

I must not write more now. It is 9 P.M. and we must be up at 6- before light tomorrow morning, and the clock has struck 12 most every night before Mama and I have got into bed for over a week. But we will all have a fine rest during the next week.

I see President King has been greatly honored by being asked to head the Educational Commission for soldiers in France.

Tell us all about your life in Tank and your life in school. What are your plans for graduation- any thing special?

Do you play Basket Ball?

May God keep and bless you all ad make you all a blessing. We are very glad to see in Phebe's last letter that Geraldine was feeling better. May God make her all well.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

[This letter, date **February 4, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has been very busy knitting for the Red Cross. She talks about the controversy of others wanting to start another school in Peking. Some of the school children have been pulling pranks lately. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 4, 1919.

Dear Ones at Home-

Elizabeth's long letter has just arrived today. I have not much to say for it is four weeks since I last wrote. My excuse is that the call came for as many knitted artworks as possible for refugees before Jan. 30. I knitted nights and Sundays and in between appointments and studying for three weeks. The result was two sweaters, three scarfs, a

baby sweater and help on other articles for myself. From the school and compound I took in 33 articles. Not all was done in that time but the last half at least was except in case of the afghan. Now we are using up the yarn left then we are to stop. I shall feel like a lady of leisure.

Yes, we are going to stay another year in spite of the home call. I get homesick at the thought sometimes but feel that my duty surely lies here another year. The faction in Peking got together and made all plans for a school in Peking clear up through the High School. Their chief argument is "We want it". They did it all secretly and when every thing was done announced that they were to run in conjunction with us and asked us to cooperate by moving bodily to Peking. The teachers, our ?ters and patrons (outside of Peking) feel strongly that Tungchow is by far the better location for the High School. Health, cleanliness, freedom for play and from distractions, economy, all speaks loud for Tungchow. Fortunately we (F and I) had already considered a sixth year and so were not overcome. The Peking contingent say openly this is an ideal time to move because three teachers are leaving and there are great difficulties in the way of getting new ones. In Peking there are more people to help out in case of shortage of teachers. They even wrote to our patrons and asked their support, and to the con??, Business Men's Association, Rockafeller, Methodist Mission and got them to vote support the Peking School. These have been exciting times, I tell you! When I am mad, nothing would drag me away next year. When I get over it I think of you all and shrink at the thought of putting off the home going. But, if we go the school would have to succumb to the pressure and I can not think of our work of five years being for naught.

I am glad you got to the Hartford meeting for a little while. Wish you could have seen Dr. Love and Mr. Elmer Galt. By the way, Mr. Galt was here for the meeting because of the postponement. Have you seen or written the Loves? Their address is 179 Park Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Do try to see Carol Love and Doctor too if you can. They will make another link to bind us across the expanse of ocean.

I am glad for a bit of news from Emma and Elbert occasionally. How near you two families are now with your machines!

Will Father please pay my subscriptions to the Literary Digest and National Geographic Magazines for 1919. My bill from the latter was for two years because I neglected to send a reminder last year. If it has been paid since, you know. How about my life insurance? Do the bills come regularly to father? Since it was left to have every thing sent home, I forgot about it in November and April.

Feb. 6- 10:00 P.M. I have gotten waked up getting undressed so will add a few lines. Your letters telling of Edyth's double sorrow we sent on to Willard at once. I will write her soon and my letter can follow her to the South wherever she and Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild go. We received the papers with the notices. I can hardly realize that Dorothy was fourteen [*Does she mean eighteen? Or is she talking about a different Dorothy than Dorothy Beard?*]. Four years does a lot for little girls. I often look at Ursula Wilder and try to picture Dorothy Beard as being grown too for they are very near the same age.

We had Mrs. Danton and Eleanor (age 6) here over last week end. Both Flora and I have been entertained there. Mr. Danton was away and ?? was to stay over Sunday as it was an opportune time for a visit. On Sunday morning she and I and Mr. Leiper and a visiting friend walked into the city. The friend, Mr. Moyers, is enroute for America where he will complete his theological ?? "union".

On St. Valentine's Day we faculty are entertaining the children at supper and for games in the evening. Mrs. Danton is clever with her pen and wrote the cutest invitations for us. It will be a real dress up affair with refreshments at the end of the fun.

Prices of food are almost the same with us. I should like to own a chicken farm at home now. The chickens ought to run a machine even with the high price of gasoline. We get less from home each year because of the excessive freight. Now that rates are going down we may indulge once more.

Feb. 7. I had a lovely long letter from Mrs. Mason of Monticello this week. This new term we teachers have a shift of duties. Jean Dudley and I stop leading chapel and say grace at table while Flora and Grace Parsons do the opposite. I am not quite used to it yet and the pause at table is a little awkward.

I may have to take over the Student's League again. I can at least keep order and that is more than the one now in charge can do. The children are up to pranks these days. One night a boy appeared in study hall with his "pompadour cap" on. That was a white tight fitting skull cap like tied[?] with various colored ribbons at the top. He studied apparently conscient of his headgear. I made him apologize to the girls for his rudeness. Another night he donned his pajamas over his suit and started to appear. The children had a laugh on me when I said "Good night" to one of the girls as she asked to be excused from her morning examination.

I must get at lessons. I decided to finish this first tonight lest it be another day. I may go to Peking tomorrow noon to the College Women's Club luncheon if I can get work to have an extra plate laid.

We had a newspaper this year right through Chinese New Year. It is unprecedented in history for the Chinese generally will not work then. Our servants stay by but most of the families in the compound were short handed that every employee might have at least a short holiday.

I must say goodnight. Cicero and Caesar are getting impatient.

Lots of love Mary.



Written in album: "Our compound from the Academy Tower"
[Compound of NCAS photo taken about 1919. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **February 9, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. He and the family and Mr. Christian and Mr. Beach took a trip to Diong Loh and then Willard and the other two men went into the country to visit villages. One day it rained and hailed so they had to turn back. Envelope labeled "Examined by Censor No. 471." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow China
Feb. 9th 1919

Dear Mother:-

On Jan. 30th I thought of you very much. I wanted to write on that day but I was way down in the country by the sea about 45 miles from Foochow. I had about 20 miles to walk that day in the teeth of a cold north wind and about 7 a.m. it began to rain. We hoped to start at 8 a.m. but the rain delayed us so we did not get off till 9:30. It fortunately stopped raining and we had a good cold day for walking.

The whole family started for Diong Loh Monday Jan. 27th with Mr. Christian. The launch has a reputation for - "this schedule is subject to change without notification."

Feb. 16th, and when we boarded her at 10:30 we learned that she would not start for two hours. What should we do? The delay would make us arrive at Diong Loh late in the afternoon. So Ellen decided that she could make a trip back home pay and Mr. Christian, the girlies and I would go to the Y.M.C.A. near by and get a dinner. The motor-bus that Ellen had to take delayed her and the launch left before she got back so I waited for her and sent the girlies with Mr. Christian, on the launch. Ellen and I fortunately found a sampan with four good rowers just about to start down river, for a little additional they took us on and we were off half an hour later than the launch. We could not take this boat all the way, but only to Pagoda Anchorage- and then we had to walk a good three miles to reach Diong Loh. As we neared that place I saw a cloud of white steam and recognized the launch coming in from the river. Our path lay along by the creek and the girlies saw us and crowded. We got to the landing before they landed. It seems that this was one of the two days in a month when the launch goes down the main river and has to lie at the mouth of the creek for over two hours, so we had the laugh on them.

Tuesday I was off with Christian and Beach for a country tour. Tuesday noon we lunched with one of our students that used to study in the Theological school 15 years ago. That night we staid at the chapel of another student whose son graduated from Foochow College in January and is to study for the ministry. The man has under his care the central church and a day school in the church and another day school in another part of the large village, a branch chapel about three miles away to the south with a day school connected with it, another branch chapel three miles away in another direction and 1000 ft. up on a hill. In this village there are 40 or 50 families. All idols have been thrown away and the villagers are becoming Christians. Then to the north of his church about 2 miles is another day school. When he went to this place 15 years ago, it was a village of desperadoes, with several murders a

year. Now there are over 50 persons connected with the church as members and he has in day schools under his supervision some 200 children, all under Christian instruction and there has been no killing for 4 or 5 years.

Wed. night we reached a walled city on the sea coast,- Sung Ha. The preacher brought us each four deliciously poached eggs in hot water sweetened with white sugar. One of the marvels of the trip to us is what became of that dozen eggs. They slipped down our throats and we never saw or felt them afterward. I do not remember ever to have eaten four eggs at once and with nothing else. They were good. After eating we went out on the beach. Twenty children followed us and played with us just as so many American children would play. There were not at all afraid of us and they talked with us as Christians,- free and natural. After supper the preacher rang the bell and in ten minutes nearly one hundred men and women were gathered for worship. And such an audience to talk to - every one listening intently to every word. We walked out in the city with the preacher. On one long street every shop on both sides was kept by a Christian- they call it Christian Street.

The next day Thursday we covered about 20 miles. Friday morning it rained. We started for a 10 mile walk to the next place at 10:30. At 11:30 it began to rain hard and we left the stone road for a mud path on the rice fields. It is like nothing we have at home. The mud is like grease and we slipped about much. Our load man fell but did not get hurt nor did he spill anything out of his baskets. We at last reached a poor leaky, one roomed chapel at 2 p.m. We were all wet. I was wet way above the ankles. I was walking in a pair of old white canvas shoes. My coolie I had taken with me from Foochow and he was not used to such work on such roads. He was trembling all over. I at once took out my quinine and gave the whole party of five 4 grains apiece. Then we cooked and ate a warm dinner and at 3:30 discussed plans. Our proposed destination lay some 3 miles ahead over a mud road even worse than that we had just come over, and rain was falling fast and a stiff wind was blowing in our faces. In the other direction 4 miles away lay Diong Loh, home and family and warm fires and a good stone road. We started at 4:30 p.m. for Diong Loh. I was afraid the coolies would get tired out and sick if we went on.

We foreigners were immensely interested and amused to hear the coolies begin to grumble, after we had gone a mile or so and they had heard that if we had gone on the road was only 3 miles while it was 4 miles to Diong Loh. We could not explain the mental working- unless they thought they could make us give them more money.

Monday morning we started for home from Diong Loh. It rained hard and was cold. There were only about 30 people on the launch. We were kept warm by the engine and had a very comfortable trip up. I knit all the way. But from the launch to our home we took rickshas and Ellen said she never felt the cold worse in Foochow. Our feet were like blocks of wood. It hailed much of the way home and the lumps of hail pounded on our ricksha's tops and bounded on the sidewalks.

The Chinese Annual Meeting began Thursday Feb. 6, and lasted till Feb. 19. - Mr. and Mrs. Beach and Frances (6 yrs) Ethel (3 yrs) and Elizabeth (8 months) were with us from Feb. 5 to 14. We had a lively time. And as we had no coolie I had to build two fires each morning and keep our eye on them during the day.

To day has been a lovely day. I have been to our Water Gate Church. It is vacation time and the boys school, girls school, Woman's class and Kindergarten are closed. I expected a very small audience but the church was nearly full. I took dinner with the members after communion and then we had reports of the work of the church for the past year. Every part of the work had a good report to make. Those present were asked to subscribe to the preacher's salary for this year. They voted to increase the gifts of the church to his salary from \$100 to \$124, and they subscribed \$75.00 on the spot- with only one out of 5 or 6 large givers present. Last year at this meeting only \$40 was subscribed. They also plan to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the church this year.

Commencement passed off nicely Jan 22nd. I will enclose a program which will tell you- if you can read the Chinese- that 78 students graduated from all the Am. Board Schools in Foochow on that day. I shall also send you some photos.

The University held its first graduation this year. Five young men graduated-three of them plan to enter the ministry. I hope to send you a photo of this-showing General Li, Dr. Rawlin saw the commencement orator and myself with the Board of Management and Students and Faculty. I was Chairman at the Commencement exercises of the University.



This may be the photo Willard is referring to. Written on photo frame by Willard: "Lau Memorial Church Foochow City

Commencement Foochow College, Girls College, Union Normal Boys
Military General Li of Fukien Province = large man on platform at Mr. Beard's left [*our left*]
Provincial Inspector Educational Board = Mr. Uong at Mr. Beard's right [*our right*]"

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



Ellen can be seen in this zoomed shot at the far right looking at the camera.

Your Christmas remembrances came all right. I think you will excuse us for feeling a bit proud of our son as he looks in the most excellent photo you sent. Both the pictures are good, but the larger one is a little gooder. I will let the others write of their own presents. Thank you for the photos.

Mary succeeded in getting some corn and millet down to us in Jan., - the first corn meal we had had in months- none could be gotten from the U.S. and hasty pudding and other things are awful good. I have been taking 1 part millet, 1 part rice and one part nature wheat and grinding them together for breakfast cereal. They are fine.

Your letters have come Jan. 10 from Elizabeth also Jan 19 from her. The former containing one from Gould which was most welcome. Cousin Mary Stark writes frequently- the last letter wants some tea.

God is good to us all- may He keep you all in peace. It must have surprised you to learn that the girls were to stay another year in China. This will bring them home at the same time we plan to come 1920 July.

Very lovingly
Will.

[This report, dated **February 19, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora. It is the summary of the North China American School for the year 1918-1919. Report from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Feb. 19, 1919]

Report of 1918-1919.
N.C.A.S., Tunghsien

My report this year might be entitled "Snap Shots from Life at the N.C.A.S. During the Year 1918-1919."

Between the wishes of the children and the teacher's planning we have certainly had a variety of agreeable experiences, more or less valuable.

The impromptu Saturday night plays and the Sunday evening concerts gotten up by the children have more than once entertained us grown-ups and once explained why "Nearer My God to Thee", had engrossed a certain youthful violinist's interest to the embarrassment of his regular lesson.

If the usual games palled in the length of Monday's play time, it was fun to hike to Hsuang Chiao, and return by train with the rest of the children, or, if the time was winter, a few tunzers made some pisa propeller happy and a bunch of children rode to Pa Li Chiao escorted by several out-riders on skates. Perhaps it was a moonlight Saturday evening and some fine ice that lured us out for a skate on the moat in our own compound, or we were invited to join a walking party bent on seeing the noted ice-lanterns in the native city. If Mr. Gordon could accept an invitation to walk, the city wall made a fine boulevard, the narrow places providing thrills enough to make up the lack of other dangers. On Feb. 22nd fourteen of the children "hopped" to Peking- since the Old Stone Road had been turned on edge in its ancient bed of lime, leaving the stones just a good jump apart. You can imagine how bowls of rice, cups of tea and "chiao tzus" vanished when this company arrived in Chin Yu Hutung.

When we found several pupils stranded here in the spring vacation, my sister chaperoned the girls for nearly a week at the Western Hills where they trapped themselves daily into a state of mind to hail with gladness the retiring bell, and came back with glowing faces and tales to tell. Mr. Beers took the boys to Wo Fu Ssu and he loves to relate how their appetites exceeded by 10 cents per, what the bill of fare allowed.

May-day came. The wisteria was a bower. Just the spot to crown a May-queen. Miss Bostwick was captured, dressed as her subjects milled and placed in her coach to be conveyed to her throne. Had it been in the time of Cinderella, and the clock had struck twelve, you would have wondered why the wheel-barrow was littering up the front walk, and what was an arm chair doing up on the dining-room table out on the front lawn!



Written in album: "Crowning Miss Bostwick as May Queen 1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The children going to America got a preliminary taste of the troubles to come, in trying to measure up to the passport requirements, impressed by their comrades with many a joke and laugh at their expense.

Ours is the good fortune to own one of the finest pianos anywhere about and where week-end parties bring musicians to Tunghsien they gravitate to the N.C.A.S., and so our children have had the chance to hear such music as Mrs. E.O. Wilson, Mr. W.S. Young, Mr. G. Poteat give. It was also our piano that helped to give the "Cycle of Peter Pan" last May when the Mother's Club made its annual visit and a quartette sang.

When Mrs. Corbett wanted some money raised for the Red Cross the children collected a program of their stunts, invited every one, and we counted \$16.75 as the result of their exertions. This fall our Hallowe'en fun netted \$14 more for the same fund.

I think we all felt some what solemn as we escorted Mr. Leiper and Mr. Yarrow off for Siberia, and the youngest of us had to assure the oldest of us that they weren't going to kill people but to make them well. The flag with the two service stars made us feel Tunghsien had given its bit to the big war.

The news of Nov. 11 was received with a hush, and then came waves of hand clapping. In the evening all the foreigners joined us at Wistaria Lodge in a Thanksgiving feast, and then followed a Thanksgiving service, ending with the national hymns of the Allies, - and Chinese firecrackers outside. We took two trips into Peking to see the city's decorations and to watch the parades, and another day we did our part to help the Tunghsien patriots in their celebration.

Twice our High School girls have challenged Peking basket ball teams, one from the Y.W.C.A., and one from the Language School. Although their appointments were larger, our girls won in the first game, and the other was a tie because train time demanded a short "half".



Written in album: "Girls Basket Ball – Fall 1919 Mary-Lee Ayers, Marian Newton, Ruth McCann [*seated*],
Katherine Larson, Elizabeth Scott, Enid Waller"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

There have been excursions- several of them, and thoroughly enjoyed, too. It was joyful to eat chicken sandwiches and munch ginger cookies up in the top Tinger of Coal Hill, while we guessed what the little Emperor might be doing down under the golden roofs of the Forbidden City. The climb to the Dagoba in the Pei Hai gave all the daring ones an opportunity to break their necks, and the grotto was voted to be the ideal place for Hallowe'en jokes.

One Monday we went to the Museum and saw its wonders. Some saw them to the seventh time before we older ones had finished our first. Then we ate our lunch under the roof which sheltered the well whose waters fed the Empress's stately bath, while near by was a trained grape vine from which a coolie was waving imaginary hornet thieves.

Our good times came thick and fast. The Red Cross Fete was advertised and we went. We had Mrs. Grant and Mr. Hitchcock to thank for the tickets. The slide needed to be worn smooth, and every one was invited to take a ride. When you multiply the N.C.A.S. by ten or more rides, you get satisfaction for both sides. Nevertheless the fete was richer by some fifty dollars, because the N.C.A.S. chose to show its patriotism that day. The next morning it poured at 6 o'clock, but we had packed our lunch the night before, and there was the promise of an auto ride out to the Summer Palace, and not a soul could be hired to stay at home. Good fortune was ours for by the time we had reached Peking, the rain had stopped and the day was perfect. It is still a mooted question as to which was the better the palace sights or the rides with the speedometer registering 37 miles. Perhaps the crowning trip was the visit to Pres. Hsu. The walk all through the grounds, the fun of the three bows to the President, the queer old portraits of the emperors, and then the procession of our five autos through the narrow streets of Peking, out the East Gate on to the new road down to Tunghsien. The joy of a breakdown and the wait for another auto was just the spice that will make the ride always memorable.

Except for Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday we do not interrupt our studies to celebrate holidays, though the other dates seldom pass by without something special. A year ago on Feb. 27th the children gave in honor of Longfellow, a dramatization of Evangeline, which they had done in class. Last year Dr. Tenney gave our

Memorial day address, and afterwards the children decorated Dr. Sheffield's grave. On Oct. 12th, Columbus Day in American and Founder's Day for the N.C.A.S., Dr. Galt gave the address. Thanksgiving Day was marked by the usual festal observance, and the Christmas season was made merry by our Carols, sung first to an audience in the school chapel and then repeated to Dr. Arthur H. Smith and Rev. W.B. Stelle, who were then ill in their respective homes. We mean to add yearly to our repertoire of carols.

Parties? Yes, we have them quite often. It so happens this winter that there are eight children living in the homes in Tunghsien, and they have birthdays, like all children- and usually attended by a birthday party. In the school, every natal anniversary is observed by a huge cake, with candles lighted, - and ice cream. This month we will have had six such joyful occasions. Then, too, our pupils receive invitations out to tiffin or suppers at the different homes in the compound, so we really have all the "social whirl" that is needed to keep us from mourning our books too much.

We teachers have regretted that hitherto our work has been too onerous to provide time to be something else than "teacher mams" to the children, but this year we decided to take time to be "ladies" and play hostess to a party for the children. Feb. 14th was decided upon for the date, and for days we had the fun of making hearts and Kewpies behind closed doors so that Valentine's Day was a veritable shower of tender tokens,- on the tables, on the menus, and in the evening's entertainment. Every one came dressed in his best and if enthusiasm is any sign, every one had a good time.

The Red Cross has been mentioned but our achievements deserve more said about them. Our school just failed of being a 100% Junior Unit. For a year the children have devoted much of their spare time to knitting. The diningroom, classes, and church services have been the only places free from it. On the ball ground some one heard a small boy shout to the pitcher, "Wait a minute till I get this stitch off the needle." Books were read, strolls were taken, Red Cross accomplishments or needs were told- all to the click of the needles. Twice a week an hour was set apart for knitting but much more was done outside of that time- and all given voluntarily. Miss Mary Louise Beard had the charge of the work and the following list of finished articles show what small hands can do when the heart is in sympathy- 13 pairs of socks, 34 sweaters, 26 scarfs, and 2 afghans. We tried a few weeks of shipping for comfort bags but the work was too slow, and too hard on the children's hands, hence the reason for raising money to pay amahs to do it for them.

During this last year the school has dispersed over \$200 in money. Two entertainments netted over \$30 for the Red Cross. Our Sunday School pennies have amounted to \$30 for the support of a boy evangelist in the Tunghsien hospital. The "fines" box, in the three years, had accumulated enough tunzers to send \$7 to the Flood Relief Fund, and to help towards the \$5 for the Salvation Army's Christmas dinner to the poor children of Tunghsien City. Sugar money made up the rest. Some of the children wanted to go without sugar on their cereal in the morning and give their savings to some charity. The full sugar bowl was followed by an empty one into which their offerings were put. One boy remarked he'd have a second dish of "choe" so he could save the second spoonful of sugar. It was wholly voluntary and lasted as long as the children cared to do it. the War Worker's Fund is the only object for which any money collections have been allowed, and all gifts were to be from the children's allowances or private money. Their gifts with those of the faculty amounted to \$127.50.

In our pleasures we have several times included our Chinese school neighbors. Our girls have been over to show their Chinese friends how to be good sports in playing basket ball, and when the teams came down from Peking, these same girls came to witness the games on our court. Their cheers for the successful goal shots were proof of our girls' success. The boys challenged the Academy boys to basket ball on our court, and were badly beaten, but not so disheartened but they wish to repeat the challenge. We invited the Academy boys over to entertain us with some of their stunts, and we are to return the compliment to them some other Saturday evening. They always ask us to give one, or two numbers on the programs for their concerts and the Chinese Sunday School wanted us to sing for them in their Easter service. When we gave the dress rehearsal for the "Casket Scenes" from "The Merchant of Venice we invited the classes in English Literature from the college to witness the performance, and they certainly showed us a remarkable appreciation of the play.



Written in album: "Boys' Basket Ball 1918"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We have received as guests at our table over 150 different people since last February. Adding to this number the 150 people who attended the May meeting of the Mothers' Club, and the 60 who came to our closing day's program, there must certainly be a net of 250 different people who have seen the N.C.A.S. during the year. None of us has ever heard anything but congratulations for having such a homelike school and such beautiful grounds. The committee from Peking which came to investigate the school, expressed in no undecided terms, their approval of situation and quality of work done, and as a result sent us a gift of \$1000 Mex., and recommended to the Business Association to continue such support. The Rockafeller Foundation gave \$300 G. and elected a member to our Board of Trustees.

Last spring Dr. Bain, the father of one of our pupils received an urgent cable to get to Washington, D.C., immediately. Since he was in Singapore and his daughter here, the best he could do was to ask some one to take her to Shanghai, which I did. As a token of his appreciation, he sent a check of \$50 S., to be spent in giving the children a good time. The children were asked to send in suggestions for its expenditure where it would give a good time to the greatest number of people for the longest length of time. Their lists ranged from thumb tacks to a gymnasium, but the majority of notes decided upon a swing, a see-saw, parallel bars, and some maps for geography. Dr. Bain has since sent us by Dr. Reinsch two United States Survey maps, and has twice written his appreciation of our standards of school work.

The tools for manual training- a gift of the Stanley Rule and Level Co., of New Britain, Conn. - arrived this fall in perfect condition. The only reason they have not been put to immediate use has been lack of time to plan out the benches. There were no saws included in the tools, and perhaps some one can tell me where to get them here.

Twenty-five dollars were donated by some of the Shantung friends toward buying table silver for the school. Four dozen tea-spoons and one dozen dessert spoons were purchased, matching those we already had had given us. We hope eventually to own all our table silver and will be glad to receive more gifts.

Several people have given us their personal services. Mrs. Lyons of Peking, spent a half day each week introducing our high school and 8th grade to the pleasures of Household Science. Mrs. Love taught the grade

physiology, and Mrs. Corbett had daily classes, besides finishing out Mrs. Lyons' work when the doctor asked her to give up her classes. This fall Miss Laura Willoughby acceptably taught Miss Parsons' classes until she arrived. Miss Willoughby refused any suggestions of remuneration. It might not be inappropriate to remark here, that she often spoke in commendation of our work and the conditions in which we lived- contrasting them favorably to the boarding schools she had attended as a girl.- The American Board gave us Miss Mickey's services for three days when we made a good start in the cataloguing of our library. We found we had eight hundred books on hand. The Rockafeller Foundation allowed us to borrow Miss Gilfillan, whose expert knowledge helped us out of a dilemma, and now there remains just the work of writing the cards. Mrs. Martin is helping out in that, and we hope to get the work completed in the spring vacation. We have a fully organized Sunday School this year with all of its teachers outside of the N.C.A.S. staff. Mrs. Martin is the superintendent and teacher of the high school class, Mrs. Yarrow has the upper grammar grades, Mrs. Leiper, the lower grades, while the kindergarten is cared for by a rotation of teachers chosen from Mrs. Martin's class.

We have had the pleasure of listening to twenty five different speakers since last February. Some of them we have heard more than once. Dr. Arthur H. Smith has given us one chapel talk each week that he has been at home. Mr. Martin during the academy's New Year's vacation gave a series of chapel talks on the Prophets of the Old Testament. On Sundays we have a regular church service, when the sermon is especially adapted to the interests of the children. Often there is special music. Mrs. May Corbett Smith held us fascinated one evening with the story of her visits to the Forbidden City in the days of the old regime. Mrs. Stelle told us about the Siege of 1900 as we walked on the Peking City Wall and later visited the British Legation. Mr. Yarrow put the Caucasus into our neighborhood by the illuminating description of the country and his work there during the war. I have already mentioned the addresses of Dr. Galt and Dr. Tenney. Some of our out-of-town speakers have been Dr. Goodrich, Dr. Fenn, Dr. Downey, Mr. Romig, Mr. Davies, Dr. Scott, Dr. Walter Lowrie, and Dr. E. Lincoln Smith.

We have improved our school plants largely and added to its size and efficiency in several ways. We have set out over 150 shrubs and rose bushes and transplanted two trees. Wistaria Lodge was rented during the summer vacation to a lady who loves a garden, as the beauty of the flowers and the lawn testified in September. We relaid all the brick walks in Wistaria Lodge yard. In The N.C.A.S. building, all the cement floors of our fire proof stairway were oiled, walls decorated, coat racks placed, one room turned into library, another changed into a classroom. More furniture was provided. In the basement a water system was installed, providing for modern toilets, a shower bath, a porcelain tub, and hot and cold water basins. This necessitated the sinking of an artesian well and the digging for grain pipes and a septic tank. Mr. Corbett took care of these improvements and their completion has provided the necessary conditions for ensuring the health of the school. Because we turned one of our sleeping rooms into a schoolroom, and because we have now five teachers living in the school it became necessary to open the second cottage for a dormitory, which is occupied by eleven high school girls and two teachers.

During the year we have been blessed with good health. The fees Dr. Love's hospital got from us last spring could hardly have provided salt for itself, and this fall, so far our continued health and Dr. Ma's skill, when needed, have kept us in fine spirits. Aside from several cases of the influenza made one pupil lose several weeks of school and another had to leave for the year. Both had complications which needed home supervision.

Up to this year my sister and I have carried the lion's share of responsibility for the detailed care of the children. Nearly every week this year the faculty has spent Thursday afternoon in systemizing and dividing if possible conditions to give times and seasons when each teacher can be off duty and yet providing properly for the welfare of the children. Some of the duties, we have planned for, are rotation of chapel services, saying grace at the table, being week-end hostess (to free the other teachers), seeing that bells are heeded, baths taken, arranging a code of table manners so that home training may be supplemented, and many other seemingly small things, which if attended to will make our school more homelike.

All the classes in the five school days are taught this year without outside help. The work has moved along very smoothly and our mid year examinations marked the highest point of scholarship in our history. Our vocal music is making steady progress, Miss Parsons taking the grades and Miss Dudley the High School. Miss Dudley has twenty two piano and violin scholars. The pupils have occasional opportunities to hear good music here and a few have been to Peking (as their parents have desired) to hear artists there.

It can be said that we have reached the High School age this year. We have been putting stress upon the foundational work in the grades in order that our high school could attain such a standard of scholarship that its graduates could, from the first, claim any privileges that the home colleges grant. Up till now furloughs and the war have taken children home before completing our course of study, so that this June we graduate our first class. We send one student to Wellesley and one to Oberlin. Half our school is now enrolled in the High School department. The third issue of "The North China American" is to be put into printed form. The members of this years' high school are managing both the literary and financial sides. They are depending upon one hundred subscribers at one

dollar each, and are soliciting advertisements from Peking and Tientsin business houses to fill out. They offer a copy of the magazine to the one getting the largest number of subscribers. Here is an opportunity for some one!

We have secured certificate privilege for entrance to Pomona College, the acceptance of Chinese as a modern language entrance requirement by Hamilton, Pomona, and Mt. Holyoke Colleges, and have prepared, with no change of our course, one student for the Cambridge (Eng.) examinations.

These are not all the pictures that we could show, but they give some glimpses of the progress of the school and what we are planning for the future.

Flora Beard.

Tunghsien,
Feb. 19, 1919.

[This letter, dated **March 21, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is on a houseboat stuck in the river after a trip to Dions Loh. Gould has left aviation to work for Disell Engine works in Cleveland. Willard tells who will be going home on furlough. The prohibition has been victorious and now the brewers are coming to China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Stuck on the Min River
2 miles below Foochow
in a House Boat.

9:00 Monday March 21 - 1919

Dear folks at Home:-

The whole family left Foochow last Friday evening- got onto a little house boat and started for Dions Loh. I had two objects in view- 1. to go to Dions Loh and go into the country about five miles to try and make peace between a church and a widow who is a member, and also a year and a half ago gave a large piece of land to put a new church on. The church is built and she says now that she wants part of the land back. I am on the Comm. to try and settle the quarrel and make her happy. 2. I wanted to attend church at the Arsenal church. Here I have a Higher Primary School under the direction of two Foochow College graduates with 20 pupils. There is a growing church here also.- Now for what I accomplished.

1. It rained all night Friday night, and the wind blew so hard that we hung up at 10 p.m. and lay quietly until day light Saturday. We reached Dions Loh at noon. It rained so that no one thought it wise to try to go into the country. It was so wet we could not do anything if we did go. So we sat down in Mrs. Beach's parlor and in a few minutes Walter Lacy, his wife, two children and his sister walked in to spend the Sunday. But Mrs. Beach fed us all and we staid there all the afternoon. Then at 6 p.m. we started back to the house boat. On the way we stopped to say "Hello" to Mr. and Mrs. Goertz. Then to Dr. and Mrs. Gillette coerced us into staying to supper and we got to our house boat at 10 p.m. Object #1, is still to be done.

Sunday morning we awoke with the sun shining and our boat tied up near the Steamer "Haean" which we thought was leaving for Shanghai with Miss Bement of Shaowu on board. After breakfast we went on board to see Miss Bement and found another family- Mr. and Mrs. Nightengale of the C.M.S. mission, just off for England via the U.S. After a few minutes with them we went across the harbor to go to church and arrived just in time to hear them singing for the last time. We found that here at the Arsenal they have church service from 9:30-10:30 because of some Arsenal students who wish to attend church, so object #2 was partially lost. But we saw the audience and I said a few words to them and then I saw the schools.

At 12:30 we left for Foochow. Thinking to be there about 6 p.m. and discussing whether we should stay over night on board or go in to our home in the evening. But at 7 p.m. we were anchored and still in sight of the Arsenal with a good sized flood on that delayed the coming in of the tide for more than an hour and even then not much strength in the tide. But we weighed anchor about 8 p.m. and told the boatman where to tie up when he reached Foochow.

This morning we planned to get up and go home for breakfast and I planned to be at my 8 a.m. class.

But when I awoke I looked out and saw that we were still two miles down the river from Foochow. We are still there at 9 a.m. waiting for the tide to turn. The sun shines. Such is life on a house boat. The one thing we have got out of the trip is a good lot of sleep and we have not thought of classes and any other work.

What a shock Rose Well's death gave me! The Sentinel gave me the news. It will be a loss not only to her family but to all Huntington. Specially to the Huntington Church. A week ago I wrote Edith.

Gould wrote us by the last mail but one[?] of his leaving the Aviation and going to work in Cleveland in the Disell Engine works and Geraldine's letter corroborates all that Elizabeth writes about his not going back to

College. With his active temperament I did not expect him to go. In fact I wrote him in 1917 that if he left College for the war it was not probable that he would go back. But while a College Course is desirable for everyone, it is not essential, and he can be a useful man without it.

Geraldine writes that she feels better, but is not normal yet. Phebe has not written us definitely whether she plans to study or teach next year.

Your last letter spoke as if the question of help had eased up a little. I hope it continues to be better. As the men return from Europe it is natural to think that it will not be so difficult to get men and women to work for you.

My garden is mostly eaten up. Lettuce is gone- so are parsnips and cauliflower. I still have some cabbage, carrots, turnip, beets left. Celery is gone- the first crop and the second is about 6 in. high. Strawberries are giving us a taste. Corn is 4 inches high and I'll plant again today or tomorrow. String beans are 4 in. high.

Churches are taking on new life this year,- many of them are full and overflowing every Sunday- some are definitely planning to enlarge- and planning to pay for the enlargement themselves.

I plan to be in Shanghai April 22-4—first two days as members of Advisory Council of the National Christian Educational Association, then for six days as a member of the China Continuation Committee.

We are now slowly moving up river and things are getting interesting to the girlies. They have seen a herd of buffaloe cows swim across the river to their pasturage and a little calf with them which greatly interested them.

To morrow is April 1st- You are plowing for oats. I wish I was there. Our furlough will likely allow us to leave July 1, 1920. The Newells are planning to start for home about July 1st of this year. The Gillettes will go earlier. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Neff are off on the summer. The Whitneys will not return. Dr. is blind and Mrs. Whitney is deaf, so they can still go if they go together.

We are on the way to Foochow now and there is a probability that we shall be home for dinner.

Your letters indicate that Nancy Nichols is as much of a curiosity as ever. And I judge the world in certain spheres revolves about her. The "flu" has not been as fatal here as at home. The last letters said that it was around for the second time.

What a joy to most people is the prohibition victory. But the victory must be followed up incessantly. The Brewers[beer brewers?] are planning to come to China and we are doing all we can to shut them off.

My prayers are continuous and earnest for the men in France who are charged with devising a plan for a world peace. May God help them to see that such a peace must be founded on righteousness.

May He keep you all in His love.

Yours Lovingly

Will.

[This letter, dated April 1919, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. School closed for spring vacation. They visited, socialized over meals and had teas. Mary describes the Chinese Spring Festival. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[April 1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

Such a number of things have happened since I wrote that it's hard to know what to start with. The greatest event was vacation and the closing of school. The Saturday before vacation, March 22, Miss Dudley's music pupils gave a recital and everything went off nicely. We had invited all parents and so had a goodly crowd. Our sitting room was packed and several of us had to sit in the next row. Mrs. Stanley had invited Flora and me down for a part of the vacation and so accepted for the first weekend. Then both Mrs. S. and Mrs. McCann were skeptical over having ten children to Tientsin unchaperoned. The result was that I hustled about and took the children down Thursday afternoon. Mr. Davies met us at the Central Station and wanted all the Shantung children and the Stanleys and me to get off so we had a grand rush. Mr. Ballon was also there to take me to his home for the night hence Mrs. Stanley was to have her two children, Mr. Davies and the five Shantung children to put up. I did enjoy my little visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ballon and the sight of their boy now so healthy and well. Mrs. B. and baby were here a year ago and baby at 9 months weighed less than at birth.

On Friday Mrs. Stanley took me to the Stanley Club with her and we heard a most interesting paper on the "Geographical History of Palestine". The club is limited to 20 members and really most interesting. They have existed for 30 years or more.

On Saturday we shopped and went to Mrs. McCanns for lunch. Flora came in in time for lunch from Tunghsien. That evening F. and I went up to the Pei Yang University to dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Mrs. Evans was a Holyoke girl, 1904. She has two adorable babies. On Sunday we went to the Chinese church because

Mary Helen Stanley was joining the church. Her father baptized her. In the afternoon we walked to Pei Yang so as to see by daylight the avenue lined with flowering plum trees all in full bloom. It was a glorious sight.

Monday morning we saw the kindergarten Girl's School and goats. In the afternoon I went down town with Flora to shop. She stayed down at the McCann's to be nearer the station for the early train Tuesday and I found my way back alone. One takes a ricksha to the trolley line, then the car to a certain corner then a ricksha again so you see it is some journey unless one knows the ropes. I surprised myself by meeting no difficulty. Tuesday morning I spent mostly on the floor rolling balls with John (aged 4) and Billy (aged 2) or trying to keep track of all the parts of my menthol stick which the boys loved to pull apart and put together. We had Mrs. Peck for lunch and almost immediately afterward Mr. Stanley, Mrs. Peck, Portia Mickey and I started for down town. I had an appointment with the dress maker to have a silk coat fitted. After that I made a few purchases, then took the train for Peking at 4.45. I spent the night at the Y.W.C.A. and in the morning shopped and called on Alice Rydin Holyoke '04, niece of Dr. Terry of the Legation.

Flora's first words after a greeting were that we were invited to the Martin's for lunch so I freshened and went. Mrs. Howard-Smith had invited us for tea at 4.00 so we had a gay society life. The next afternoon Dr. Smith gave us an invitation for supper so he (his wife was in Peking conducting some meetings) the two single ladies and me too had a supper fairly of the "left overs" as we called ourselves. Mrs. Huggins said it was such fun that she invited us to her home the next night. The next night I had two Y.W. girls down so we took them along. I celebrated that afternoon by making Divinity Fudge because I had only a few days before succeeded in getting some syrup. Saturday morning we spent picking notets. Then we had tea at Mrs. Martins and I saw the girls off on the evening train. Mrs. Smith came over for supper. O, yes, on Friday I took a chicken pox patient to Peking and handed her over to her mother and on Wednesday night I went to see the Academy boy's play. Flora was to follow me but waited for the coolie to return with a package and he delayed so long she went to bed instead. The two Smith children came over Friday to stay with us while Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to Mission meeting in Peking. They were here until after school opened. On Monday Mrs. Lieper and I went with a party of the College Club women to the Old Summer Palace. We lunched there and Mr. Malone read a paper he has compiled on its history. Then we took a walk around the compound containing the ruins of the foreign buildings and later through the oldest part where the Emperor really lived where the architecture is all Chinese. I stayed out all night with Mrs. Danton at Tsing Hua College and came in in a ricksha the next morning. I couldn't get home anyway Monday night.



Old Summer Palace
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The Sunday before (April 6) was the Chinese "Spring Festival" when there is special ancestor worship at certain temples and the burning of offerings at the graves of the ancestors. To attain renown and success the ancestral graves must be put in perfect order before that day. Mrs. Yarrow and her children and I walked into the

city to hunt for the temple where the worship would be. By dint of Sherlock Homes methods we found it. The crowds going and coming were great. The one carried incense bundles and the other gay toys and flowers. We joined the incense crowd and found the temple. (Mon A.M.) Two special Gods were out for the occasion. The gowns were of red and gold heavy brocade silk and the headdresses of gold with red crinkled pompons. Everyone was burnishing lighted bundles of incense and it was a wonder we did not all get on fire. After lighting his incense, the worshiper knelt and three times bowed to the ground swinging the burning branch up and down each time. The courts reminded me of the days of Jesus with the number of stalls for selling all kinds of wares- food, trinkets, useful articles, etc. Gay hair flowers and toy windmills stand out especially in my memory.

I am having a Chinese tailor make me two new dresses. These and a few undergarments will constitute my summer wardrobe. I shall need a few things from home and enclose a list. I thought I had just enough clothes to get me home but the extra year will make me pretty ragged for next spring I fear. Restrictions on cotton goods are removed I think. My bedding is also giving out but I am getting Chinese cloth and sewing it through the middle. It makes a pair of sheets cost \$3.92 which I reckon is less than to have them sent out. I shall use Chinese linen for the pillowslips and I warrant you'll want to trade with me when I get them home. I have seen them used and like them very much, especially when they are hemstitched.

We had two nice letters during vacation, Mother's and Phebe's. What an exodus of friends there was to Florida. Miss Bostwick has letters that Florida had an exceptionally cold winter for Florida. I wonder if Father got his ice. We had a cold but not ice-making March. I use my fur coat all the time in Tientsin the last week of the month. I hope Mother has her fur coat for next winter. Jean Dudley is to take it to America for us and mail it from her home.

I must close and ask the noisy boys downstairs if they don't want to study their parts in the play for awhile.

Lots of love. I do hope you are all well and that you get plenty of help on the farm this summer. I would love to help garden.

Mary.

[This letter dated April 13, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy. He tells about some of the visitors they have been having. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 13- 1919.

Dear Phebe, Gould, Geraldine and Dorothy:-

The last mail brought good and interesting letters from Phebe and Dorothy, which told us about all of you.

We received a cable from a Mr. Miller Am B'd mission in India, last Tuesday say that "The Millers were arriving the next day. We did not know how many Millers there were so we prepared for a family of some children. But there were only Mr. and Mrs. Miller and a friend Mrs. Honegger. We took Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Perking took Mrs. Honegger. The Millers I think had a good time. They ate breakfast with us each morning but were invited out to the other meals all the time. I put them on the launch to go to Shanghai last evening at 7 p.m.

Their departure at just that hour cut me out of a wedding feast. I performed the ceremony at 3:30 p.m.

Mama and the girlies went to the feast and got home at almost the same time that I returned from the launch.

Mr. Main has been in Foochow for a few days. You knew they have been living in Shanghai and that he is treasurer for the Met. Missions of all China- They have an organization called "The Associated Treasurers!" Several Boards have combined and each furnishes a man to do some part of the treasurer's work. Mr. Belcher sells all his gold bills that come from the U.S. thru Mr. Main. The selling rate in Shanghai is almost always better than in Foochow, and then we can usually take the Shanghai check and deposit it in a Foochow Bank at a premium, so we save several thousands of dollars a year over the previous method of doing all our banking in Foochow.

Mrs. Main had to go home last Fall on account of Florence's health. Mr. Main expects her back in a month or so.

Walter Lacy was on the launch last night going to Shanghai for dentistry and as delegate to the Advisory Association. I must go on the next steamer for this same meeting and remain for the China Continuation Comm. These two will help me in Shanghai April 22 to 30.

I wanted to enclose a Boston order for \$50 in this letter but my Bank Acct. is so low I may not be able to do it. I will send next time if I cannot put in here. If I put it in there you three girls may use it as you need. I will make it out to Geraldine.

Very lovingly your Father.

With his blessing on you all.

Willard L. Beard

[This letter dated **April 27, 1919** was written from Foochow, China by 10 ½ year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. She tells Phebe about a book with pictures of animals in it. She has real silkworms that are now spinning. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow China
April 27, 1919

Dear Phebe

Thank you very much for the garters, thou we have not received them yet. I think probably they will come on the next steamer. I will write you another letter as to the size and everything like that. I wonder if you have read Carpenter's Australia. It tells all about the people and what they do, and about the animals. It is all very interesting. If you haven't heard of it I'll tell some of the things to you. He tells about the animals, there was one the Parson bird, he is black all over except a touch on his wings and two little white feathers at his neck looking like a necktie. He looked this way. [see sketch below] This is not a very good illustration but its enough to show you how he looks. I guess. There was a fowl that had no wings about as big as a chicken. It says long ago there were big ones that couldn't stand in an ordinary school room they were so tall, and their eggs were as big as a football. He says they found their skeletons.

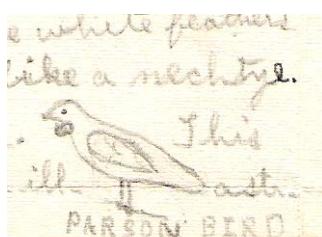
Friday Marjorie and I made candy. Marjorie made Molasses taffy and I made butterskoch. We have made candy twice before. Marjorie had half of hers pull candy and half of it plan.

These days are very rainy and wet. Today we have a fire it is so cold.

Most of our silkworms are spinning now every morning we find them crawling out of their boxes. I am having mine spin quite a few little mats because I am planning to send some to Edith Child.

I hope you will excuse my for writing such a short and uninteresting letter.

Lovingly
Punk or Kak C. Beard



[This letter, dated **April 27, 1919**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to the folks at home. He is in Shanghai for meetings on education and missions. Marjorie and Kathleen have silk worms that are spinning. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Shanghai, Sunday.
April 27-1919

Dear Folks at Home:-

Again the National Committees on Education and the Mission Enterprise in general are meeting in Shanghai and these call me here. The advisory Council of the China Christian Educational Association met Tuesday and Wednesday of last week April 22 and 23. I was asked to serve as chairman of two committees i.e. Nominations and Recommendations. This always means work between sessions and late into the evening.

On Thursday I gave the whole day to a meeting on Theological Education and on Friday the China Continuation Committee began its sessions which are to continue thru this week Wed.=April 30.

I left Foochow April 17th. All were well then and letters by yesterdays mail brought only good news. Ellen is picking a quart of strawberries some days from my garden and the girlies are caring for their silk worms which are just beginning to spin.

April 30- 8:30 p.m.

All work is finished and most fortunately I have a steamer that is said to be starting to night. I have my ticket at any rate. This to me is grand luck.

It has been very delightful to meet here men and women from all parts of China- from all countries, from all denominations and of all ages. There were 36 missionaries and about 16 Chinese the total number of years in China of the 36 missionaries was 810 an average of about 22.

Altho the meetings are planned to work us hard yet there is time and opportunity to talk and visit. Many of us stay at the Missionary Home and then I am getting to know or have known many people who are in Shanghai. I have been out to lunch and dinner on an average nearly once a day since I have been here.

The prohibition news from home is old now but is great- may the ball keep rolling.

May 6th is the anniversary of Ruth's home going. She brought Heaven nearer Earth and made us all better because we were with her.

God keep and bless you all
With love
Will.

[This letter, dated May 5, 1919, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about various things at the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
May 5- 1919-

Dear Ones at Home-

Two letters- one from Phebe of March 18 and one from Elizabeth Apr 7- need replys. Elizabeths got here today- very good time. The idea of inviting Edythe out pleases us both and she's sure to get two invitations. I imagine Willard will add a word for her to include Foochow in her itinerary.

We did not have a March blizzard but we have had winds all the time for April. Last week suddenly it turned cold and we started the furnace again for two days. We've had several cases of tonsillitis since vacation. Flora had to succumb for three days but was up for our Easter service. She seems quite recovered now. I have luckily kept out of it for I am working our play and every day counts. We are to give it this week Saturday for the Mother's Club and repeat it on the afternoon of June 5th. This time we omit two scenes as our time is more limited. We are using the Assembly Hall at the Academy instead of an outdoor stage.

May 12. Well- the play is over for the first production. The audience kindly say it was a success and have bestowed many congratulations on us. I tell you we worked. We rehearsed for one or two hours every day for three weeks. The last week I was in despair for Monday evening four of the cast were flat in bed. All but one recovered so we only had to break in one substitute. There were over 80 adults here and counting our children easily as many children. The large number of men pleased us. One man remarked "How could anyone consider moving a school from this environment to Peking?" He found us pleasing even on a cloudy, threatening day when the wisteria and yellow roses are just past their beauty. I wish he could have seen us the week before!

My silk coat which I ordered from Mrs. Yanogi during vacation came this week. It is entirely satisfactory and I feel better dressed just to have it in the closet.

It is not so very expensive either- \$13.75 for the making.

I hear that the Ryders start for home in two weeks. They live in Stamford and I wish you could see them. They will give you first hand news. Mrs. Ryder was down for the play Saturday. Alice did not get here. She was in college when I was.

Mrs. Wilson was down for the play and sang some children's songs. She stayed and sang for us again in the evening. She was to be my guest till Sunday evening but some friends unexpectedly visited her so a machine ran off with her that night.

Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair (Foochow) did stay over Sunday. We had a nice visit with them. Sunday morning we all went to church because two of our children were joining the church. Dr. Smith baptized them and conducted the same in English. Four Chinese boys also joined and seven stood up to testify that they were trying to live Christlike lives. All Chinese have to go through the probation period before they can be baptized and received into the church. Several babies were also baptized.

We have had more wind this spring than ever since we have been out. But now we welcome it for the alternative might be heat. One week we had 4 very hot days and we wilted.

This week I am going to a wedding- Adele Tenny and Rowland Curr[?].

I have been having my National Geographic Magazines bound. So far I have 4 years done in 2 volumes per year. They are not very expensive- \$1.60 for cloth with leather back and corners. I shall send to the printers for a few numbers which I lack so that my set from 1912 may be complete.

Elizabeth enclosed the letter about the 1900 fellowship fund in her last letter. I think I wrote sometime to ask Father to send \$5.00 but if not please let him do it now. The address is Mrs. C.E. Buckelew

44 Washington Ave.

Plainfield, N.J.

I will try to get him to write Edna Smedley. Thanks Elizabeth for replying for me.

I took out another bond in this last War Bond.

The children are raising cane downstairs so I must say goodnight and go quiet them. Flora is in Peking.

Lots of love,

Mary.

[This letter, dated **May 30, 1919**, was written from Hoboken, N.J. by Gould to Marjorie (Monny). He updates her on his current work and education plans. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

702 Bloomfield Ave.

Hoboken, N.J.

May 30, 1919.

Dear Monny:-

I had a delightfull surprise just before I left Cleveland. I got your longest letter to me and the longest letter Kathleen ever wrote and a fine letter from Pappa, sort of a questioner. I'm going to start right in and answer all the questions so as to be sure and get them all in.

1. Why I left Aviation.

I hav'nt left it; I only left the Army. After the Armistice was signed real work got stuck in the Army and all we had to do was to fly an hour, if we wanted to, and lie around or go to town for the rest of the day. After thinking things over pretty carefully I decided that I was just wasting my time sticking around in the Army, and that if I had any goal in life at all I had better get about it. So I got my discharge into the Reserves. I am only waiting for an opportunity to resume aviation in civil life.

2. Life Ins.

I am continuing both the \$1,000 civil policy and the \$10,000 Army policy. As soon as I see fit I will transfer my Army policy to some civil company. I would feel grateful if Pappa would make suggestions as to which company.

3. Schools

I am not preparing for any special school as yet. I have not and will not give up my education but am waiting until I find out what goal I am to aim for, then the school which gives the best preparation for that goal, and which is suited for the pocket book will be decided upon. You must'nt be alarmed if it is some two years yet. I'm a little different from most chaps who have squatted in one place for most of their lives, however I am training myself to set on one object and take the necessary time, pains and energy to reach it. I have found out that "nothing succeeds like success." When I pulled through ground school with the 32 out of a starting class of 165, and in the 1st 1/3 of the class. I gained confidence in my ability to achieve what I was after, and after I got my commission after completing my flying course the 10th in my class of some 120 and got my flying pilot's certificate and license, that confidence was greatly strengthened. I am now after the highest position attainable in either the Aviation lines or in Diesel Marine Engine lines and I know that the only way to achieve it is to get the education. So don't worry about college for me.

4. Connection with the Army.

I am now a commissioned officer in the U.S. Reserves. (flying status). Will have to and will be glad to spend at least two weeks in active flying duty with the Army each year.

5. Uniforms.

I can wear my uniform on all legal hollidays and when on active duty.

6. Flying.

I have flown only in the Liberty Loon drive since I left Kelly Field, but until I get some regular position as aviator will I take up flying as a regular thing.

7. I left San Antonio Jan 16, 1919.

8. My Sundays have been free with exceptions of one when an engine burned out a bearing Sat. night while we were testing her ?? and she had to go out Monday. I worked all day Sunday to get her in trim.

9. I did not give a letter to any church in Cleveland. There was a Christian Church near where I lived and which Mrs. Ross my boarding house mother attended. I went there one Sunday and the next Sunday they had me down teaching a class of boys 10-12 yrs old even though they didn't know I was a missionaries son. I have practiced the habit of not telling my life or history in any new place until the people around me have gained some measure of confidence in me by merely the way I lived among them. It surprised me some when the pastor asked me to take a class. Since the Christian Church is nearly like the Cong'l and Methodist, I stayed there but I could'nt join because they demand immersion and as I told them, I am perfectly satisfied that I have been baptised.

10. Position.

I have given up my position in Cleveland and have accepted a position as 3rd Eng on a small freighter going to So. America. She is the Mount Shasta of the Globe Line, and is equipped with a pair of Winter Diesels. Work in the shop are going slow and I was'nt earning enough to stay there for the small pay I was getting, so I accepted the offer of my present chief. I had planned to go to sea continually, though not quite so soon, because the actual sea operation is absolutely necessary in order to gain a full knowledge of what is required of the engine.

While in Cleveland I tried some four times to see Mr. Lewis but each time he was in some committee meeting or was out.

Papas letter gave the first deffinate information as to your coming home. I am glad, because now I may be able to plan my work according so as to see you all.

This afternoon I spent with a Cleveland friend who is here. We took in the aquarium and the Woolworth tower. The Woolworth building is 792 ft high, but it looks a lot farther down to the ground from its top than it does from 1500 ft up in an airplane.

Before I left the girls in Cleveland I took them to the Peacock Chinese restaurant and set them up to a good dinner. Then I took them up to see Mrs. Ross and daughters while I packed, but they packed with me and then went over. Mrs. Ross had a little goodbye spread for me, just her family and ours.

I don't think I have written you full particulars of my next escapade. The Mount Shasta is going to Brazil then to the Meditteranean and then back home. We may be gone 8 or 10 months in all. I will have to resign my Reserve Commission in order to make the trip, but will take it back as soon as I get back to the country.

I'm glad you like the dolls. I knew you would when I saw them. I hoped I did a good enough job in packing them so that they would'nt get broken and from what you say I infer that they did'nt. Maybe I will see something of the kind in Brazil to send to you or maybe I will keep it until you get home. My, won't it be great to all be together again at Century Farm! From Pappa's letter I should judge that the education work was getting to be the larger part of missionary work. At best it seems to be going faster and getting better results than the purely evangelical.

I must get to bed soon, so good night, stay tight, and don't let the buggas bite.

With love to all of you dear one.

Gould.

[This letter, dated **June 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. Some people are having to wait to leave China because ships are being taken out of passenger service. Mary tells about various people and events. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.
[June 1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

How the days fly! Only seven more school days, then commencement and goodby children. I am not as eager as I should be if it meant home too. But then I might be like the people who were to sail on the "Nanking". She has been taken from service and her passengers do not know when they will get off. Jean Dudley has the promise of a sailing September 14- instead of June 24.

Last week we started in on our reunion days, just on general principals not because of hot weather. Our one hot week in May stands out against a delightfully cool spring when sweaters are often comfortable in the morning. I find myself no less busy because of so many afternoon classes, laboratory periods and play practices. But there is no study hall to watch while conducting classes and we go out doors to a shady spot to recite. Caesar class is often punctuated with remarks about the birds that alight near us or that fly by.

On Tuesday Flora, Miss Bostwick and I went to Peking on the late afternoon train to attend a tea given by Dr. and Mrs. Tenney- as a farewell to Mrs. Ryder and her daughter. They left yesterday for America and live in Stamford so I do hope you can see them soon. We had a fun time at the tea. Mr. Lieper was to bring us back in his car so we were the last guests to leave. He came for us and had to come in for coffee and cake before departing.

We had a delightful ride down between 7.30-8.30. The clouds lifted in the west and gave us a glimpse of a long brilliant rich stretch of sky just on a few minutes. Mr. Lieper came over for supper with us after we got back. I had some snapshots of myself taken in my "very bestest" and hope they came out well. I want you to see how very "swell" I am when I go stylish calling.

On Friday we compound people planned a surprise shower for Jean as a goodbye party. After our plans were well on foot, she confided to some of us that she is at last engaged to the Vice-Consul Josselyn who has been working hard the last year. Hence we made our shower gifts, engagement presents. She gave us a surprise too by suddenly deciding to make it our commencement party. It made a very gay evening.

Last night we were night owls again for a Pastime Club meeting. Dr. Harlan P. Beach and Mr. Lieper were the victims for initiation and they gave us a gay evening. The best was when Mr. Lieper had to make a social blunder to every member of the club and Dr. Beach had to straighten it out. These are a few-

To a lady- "Is that the only wig you have?"

Dr. Beach- "He's just trying to wiggle out of it.

To a lady w/ whom he has supposedly just given his seat- "Oh don't thank me, it would have been a pleasure to a young and pretty woman."

Dr. Beach- "Then it certainly was a great pleasure."

To a woman who has just said 'Rubha', because he was staring at her baby,- "Excuse me, I thought it was real." I don't remember the reply to this.

Dr. Beach is going to preach for us today and also to baptize the Lieper baby. Baby Lieper is a dear. I love to go over late in the afternoon and play with him. He chatters and gurgles, kicks and squeals in good healthy style. We had tea there yesterday and I tended baby in preference to drinking and eating. Afterward Dr. Beach and I had a swing on the new double swing of which I wrote you. He certainly is a good sport. We have him as guest for supper tonight.

Two ladies visited us on Friday as representatives of the "Church of the Brethren" in Shansi. Their mission has children coming of school age and are considering coming in to help support this school. The Sims-Lacy Co. of Peking has made us a gift of \$400. The school in Peking solicited a contribution from them and got it. They duplicated it for us without any soliciting.

I think you must have gotten our letter regarding my magazines for my Digests are coming and the subscription is paid till 1920. But my 1919 Geographics are not coming at all. I enclose the last bill. If my other letter has arrived and the bill is paid, just start a grate fire with this one some cool evening.

I enclose some snap shots which I have explained on the backs. I must get some of our famous play "No. 13 Washington Square."

I do hope that Gould joins you on the farm this summer. It would do him and you all good. I wonder if some of you are getting ready to go to Phebe's commencement. I awfully hope you are for one's family means such at commencement time.

I have to stretch my imagination to see Daniel big enough to be his mother's maid. But he must be as big as our boys here and they take care of their rooms and do much that is helpful. I wonder if Well's cows will keep him off the farm this summer?

We are to have our first peas from our garden tomorrow also our first strawberries. The berries will probably be two or three on [or?] ?? for they will be few.

I must stop and dress for church. One can't have any face and be late when church is downstairs and the building one lives in.

It looks like rain again tomorrow. If so it will be the third time rain has hindered a trip to the Temple of Heaven.

Our Boy Scouts, with Mr. Lund as leader, have taken several tramps and are planning an all day one tomorrow. The boys are using the occasion well now they are over the first big head over being an organization. Mr. Lund is an excellent leader. He knows enough not to preach but to practice and guide unobtrusively.

Lots of love

Mary.

P.S. Last time I wrote on Ruth's birthday just after receiving ?? birthday letter from ?? Tomorrow I am 37- just think!

[This letter, dated **June 15, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. School has closed. Flora discusses in more detail the controversy of others wanting to open another school in Peking. She tells about the last couple of months at school. She and Mary have decided to go to Japan for summer vacation in a year and will spend this summer in Kuling instead. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[June 15, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

It's an age since I have written to you. I have known it for some time but my head has been so full of attending to a dozen or more irons in the fire that have had to be attended to, that many duties did not get done. The big things have gone through with an impressive success, and now we are attending to some necessary details concerned with winding up the year's work and getting ready for next year. In spite of a few people in Peking who interceded to put us out of commission, we closed our year with the most successful bang we ever have. The people in Peking (or rather the committee of the Peking school) are going on with their preparations for their high school, but as far as I can find out there is to be "nothing but teachers to it". The one boy they felt sure of has orders from his father to come back here, and I believe he wants to return. Mrs. Ingram (of the American Board) who has been one of the hottest for that school all winter, has suddenly veered around to us again. Her husband returned from Siberia for a few weeks visit before he was off for another Red Cross trip. I doubt if all this fuss would have come up had he and one other husband been at home this winter. This other woman has just sent a request to all the missions for prayer for one of the new missionaries who had just come out. He is a wonderfully fine fellow in every way, physically, educationally, religiously, and so on. She also has made all the people of her compound feel "on the ear" because she insisted on everybody's moving out of their houses so she could move and get her house settled, as her husband might return from Siberia. It resulted in two students having to leave the Language School as they could find no place to live. Several people had to pack their goods and get off to Peitaiho about three weeks before they wanted to. I don't think a few prayers for common sense would be amiss for her. Well, I can't see how the Peking high school can expect to thrive when founded on such morals as they have been exhibiting. Mr. Petters has been to Shanghai and coaxed one of the teachers to leave the Shanghai American School. On what grounds he has gotten him I can't guess, but I do guess that he will be one indignant man when he gets up here and finds that he has nothing higher than 7th grade to teach- that is if he is a real man. I saw him when I was in Shanghai a year ago. He has a very pleasing voice in song and I think gets quite a few invitations to sing, but he is quite effeminate in his personal appearance. Enough of gossip.

I hope Mary has kept you informed about our doings. It seems to me that my time has been spent much of it "on the road." I have been trying to get the way opened so that college entrance examinations can be taken out here, and I have great hopes that we are to succeed. The College Entrance Examination Board of New York City has sent on its blanks and we have returned them filled out properly to get the examinations to write here this year. We have found the home colleges to be very cordial in their responses and every college that accepts H.S. certificates has taken ours (as far as we have asked). Mt. Holyoke has consented to accept Chinese as an entrance count, and Wellesley consented to take our work in Med. History-which was a concession we shall arrange not to require again. Next year we may have the pleasure of fitting a young man for the Univ. of Virginia. His education has been in the schools at Petrograd. He is seventeen years old.

Well, I have had to ride out to Tsinghua College (the American Indemnity College) and consult, also, the dean of the Peking Union Univ. and found that either of them stands ready to help us out. I think it will be the latter as the most conservative colleges in America respect the New York State Regent Examinations and the Peking Univ. is incorporated by the State of New York.

We had to design our diploma which took some time and then Mr. Grant of the Government Bureau of Engraving did the work himself. It is exquisitely done and then he gave us the plates besides two dozen diplomas already engraved. Had we paid for all of this, it would have cost the school nearly a hundred dollars.

This spring- in March- we had the second piano pupil's recital and it was a fine one. Miss Dudley's scholars did her credit. Then there came the visit of the Peking Mother's Club in May when two car loads of Peking fathers and mothers and children came out here for a picnic lunch and our high school gave their own dramatization of No. 13 Washington Square. Every body went home in highest praise of the place and the play. The children really did it well, but when they repeated it on the closing day of school it was far better done. The evening of the Mother's Club visit we had a musical for the children with one of the finest soloists and pianists in Peking to give us

the music. Then there was our Memorial Day address which was given by one of the Peking Y.M.C.A. men who had been to France on behalf of the Chinese coolies. He had had some rare opportunities to see affairs in France and also told us of some of the problems of managing the Chinese because no one understood them.



Written in album: "No. 13 Washington Square"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We had a christening in our chapel one Sunday when the youngest baby in our compound received his name- Dr. Harlan P. Beach doing the honors. The night before we had had a meeting of the Pastime Club, when we initiated Dr. Beach to the mysteries of our fun, and he had to "ride" our goat humbly named "Patient Patrick". We made him do all sorts of undignified stunts, which he thoroughly enjoyed doing.

There was a school trip to the Temple of Heaven which we had to set three dates to get in because of rainy Mondays, but we finally got it in.

The children had their final school party when we made those going to America perform for us and then came the graduation exercises. They began with the Baccalaureate service on Sunday, and then on Thursday morning the grade children lead the procession with their ringing. First came the graduates, then the speaker and myself, next the "Managers" of the school and lastly the other four teachers. The girls read their essays – one of Chinese Ritual Music, and the other on Ancestral Worship. Both were excellent and on subjects not hackneyed. Then Dr. C.D. Tenney the man next to Minister Reinsch gave an address on the meaning of an education. Afterwards the diplomas were awarded by Mr. Corbett in a very graceful manner. Our diplomas are the new style and every one was delighted with them. They are on vellum 6"X8", and then placed in a flat silk case made like a ladies' calling-card case. Ours were in blue with gold lettering- the school colors, and the lining was plain heavy white satin. I am enclosing a piece of the outside covering of silk.

Well, our graduation day was a fine one in every way. It was not too hot and a lot of people came. The Traffic Manager of the R.R. provided two fine new cars for our guests and they nearly filled them,- many more than I had expected.

Our new bulletins are very slow to come out, but I shall send you some when I get them. The High School got out an Annual, but that too has been in the hands of the printers for over a month. Some things have moved at a snail's pace but we certainly have not lived a life of stagnation. In all this list of doings, we have equipped and started the work of manual training. I wish you could see our benches! They are fine! and they even have the proper vises. The boys are entranced with it and now we are ready for regular work next Fall. Besides this we have formed a Boy Scout's Patrol. It's name is the "Panther Patrol". There are ten boys in it and next Fall we may have six more to join it. A Mr. Lund (a Dane) has really done the work, but it has taken time to talk over matters and to get in the lessons when there were so many things to be done. Rehearsals and plans took so much time that the last six weeks

held no time for athletics at all for the children. Another year many of these strenuous days will be easier for the "first" things have been done.

Mary and I had planned to spend this summer in Japan, but we have tho't best to put it off for another year. I think I shall plan to go that far home with Mary. She will surely go home next summer – that is if she can get there- and I hope by then there may be more nearly a state of peace in the Orient- and all over the world. We have decided to go to Kuling [*Not to be confused with Kulang. Kuling is another summer missionary resort that is located inland- northwest of Foochow and southwest of Shanghai.*] for two months, and shall be off by June 23rd. I do not think it is to be a very expensive trip even tho it is so far away. We shall write you from there. We shall see the Lovell's – the Plainfield, N.J. relatives of Oliver's Grace. I shall be very glad to see them again.

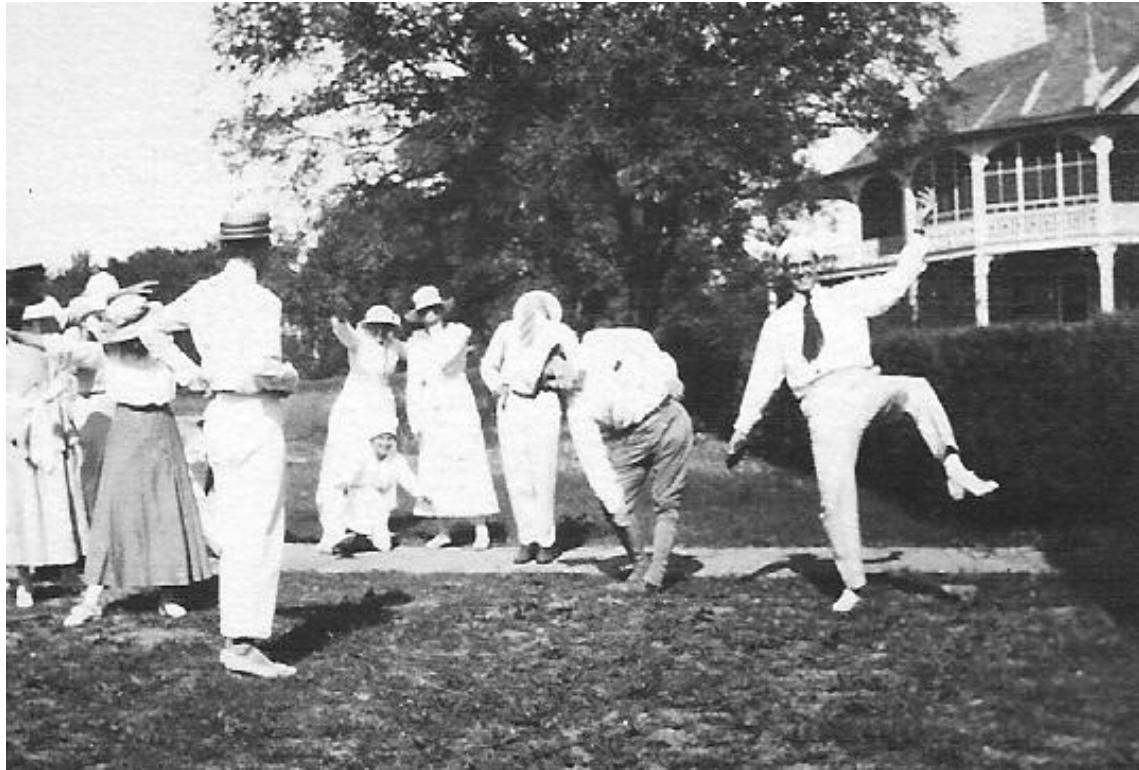
Do you suppose you could persuade Edith [*cousin Edyth Nichols Fairchild*] to come out next summer and meet me in Japan, and then spend the year with me, while Mary is at home? She would not necessarily have to stay here all the time for we could make arrangements for her to take trips away with people to the places which every one wants to see. I would be glad to go with her at vacation times. I know she would enjoy herself and do me a lot of good with her company. It would not be frightfully expensive to live here after she once arrives and there is no place on the earth where she could find more ancient and more wonderful things to see, or finer people to know. I am going to write her and hope the leisure she will have for deciding may help her see that it is possible for her to come. At last mother's coat is on its way home- started last Wednesday night. Miss Dudley is taking it as far as Wisconsin and then she will send it on by mail. Please let us know how it fits. We made it to my measures around and to Mary's "up and down". We tried for a long time to get material for the outside but could not succeed. Out here people have the outside made so that it snaps onto the lining and then when the warmer days come all they have to do it to unsnap it and put the fur away. It is undyed, so you can wear it with the most delicate color and it will not harm.

Will you please tell Miss Brewster that I have received her letters and shall keep her requests until next summer, when I hope we may get to Japan for awhile. I will be on the lookout for some of the drawn work that she wants though I cannot remember the pattern she speaks about. The display we used to have in Peking is no longer there. The lady went to America, and a Chinese lady took it but I don't know what has become of her or the drawn work. Perhaps at Kuling, we may find something.

I am enclosing a list of things I am very much in need of. If you can find the time to purchase and send them to me, I shall be very grateful. Please inform the Shelton P.O. that you can send parcels straight to Tunghsien. However, they reach me, if sent to Peking. I am more and more giving our address as Tunghsien, Peking, as there are several Tunghsiens in China, so if it is any comfort to the Shelton P.M., write Tunghsien, Peking on the parcels sent.

With love- Flora Beard.

Tunghsien Chihli,
June 15, 1919.



Written in album: "Exercises on the lawn" and "House Party guests 1919"
[A duplicate of the last photo was also labeled as "Seeing the guests off 1918". Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "Crowd departing June 1919" Sign says: "Tunghsien South"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **June 18, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks on the mountain. He tells about going to South Street with Marjorie and Mr. Leger. They came upon soldiers and police whipping men and arresting students. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow June 18- 19

Dear folks on the mountain:-

Things have been done. Yesterday p.m. about 2:15 Leger, Marjorie and I went up S. Street to make purchases,- We went via the General's yamen but all was quiet there. Just before we reached S. Street- on East St.- we came up with a big crowd and could see mounted soldiers and police and other soldiers. We left rickshas and walked on thru the crowd so when the mounted soldiers reached S. St. we were up with them. I saw them whipping men without mercy as they turned onto S. St., and when we got onto S. St. there were police leading students whom they had arrested and soldier using sheathed swords, whips and the buts of pistols on the students without mercy. With this going on right near us and horses prancing and police and soldiers on each side of the street tearing down placards- pounding the closed shops and shouting "open up". It was some melee. Marjorie kept tight hold of my hand.

Ing Siong who came down fr. Shanghai last week and was the cause of our boys not leaving school is in prison. I have not heard that any others of our students are nabbed.

The soldiers eventually got stationed in different parts of the city and rounded up all students on the street. 2 or 3 hundred were rounded up at S. Street. more at the Parliament buildings- The leaders picked out and the others told to go home- The authorities have control- One student slept in our college last night.

No authentic news about how many students were pulled- or if any were actually killed in Mong Chieng Hings shop Sat. night. His brother, Mong Chieng Ngo, was nabbed by students taken thru the streets by students with the police station by students- refused to- either the police were going to give him ??- then the students demanded 1. None of his friends could see him. 2. Three students must watch him. 3. handcuffed and feet in chains. 4. put with a common prisoner and no favors showed.

This in ?? is the present situation as near as I can get it.

If you have no water up there we can send up some.

Yours

WLB

[This partial letter dated **about summer of 1919** was written by 11 year old Kathleen to one of her older sisters. The letter begins describing a wedding that she attended and may have even been in. The date of the letter is possibly determined by the "1919" that was formed by girls doing exercises on the ground. Beth and Edward Bliss attended these exercises with Kathleen and her sister Marjorie. This letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

...baskets were rather heavy and it was hard to stand there all the time holding those heavy baskets. The brides bouquet was a rather funny combination. It had red, yellow and orange cock'scombs and yellow and white chrysanthemums with a red ribbon tied around them!

Day before yesterday we went to Miss Lamburts exercises. Beth and Edward Bliss were down and we had them to dinner. We rode in the buss over. Beth and Edward liked it but it went to fast for me. When we got out of the buss we took rik'sha on across the bridges and over the hill. On one of the little hills Marjorie's and Edward's man lost control of his rik'sha and went smack into the head of a grave. Edward was thrown over the man but Marjorie jumped. After that we walked the rest of the way to Miss Lambert's. The exercises were very nice. There is a big playground there that is convenient for that sore of thing. The girls first made or formed characters on the ground and they formed 1919. They had races and they did exercises with wands dumb-bells jumpropes Indian clubs. They played basket ball, tennis and volley ball all at the same time. After it was over we went in to see the industrial part of the school. The girls had made sweaters, socks mits, risters, caps and many other things. They made Japanese paper hats, we are going to have some made for us. On our way home we stoped and saw the chrysanthemum show. It was at the Y.M.C.A. There was also cockscombs and ferns there. Some of the chrysanthemums were very big. Mama counted about 44 different varieties of chrysanthemums.

Last night the boys of the Y.M.C.A. were out looting a shop. A Japanese man came along and shot one of the boys dead. Mr. Leak of the Y.M.C.A. was right there and saw it. Today they are having great doings. Papa is over south side now seeing about it.

I guess I better close now because bedtime comes pretty soon. With lots and lots and lots of love.

From your
smallest sister

Kathleen Cynthia Beard

[This letter, dated **July 2, 1919**, was written from Hankow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She and Flora are in Hankow and on their way to Kuling for summer vacation. She tells about visitors and a picnic they had before leaving for Kuling. Mary finishes the letter at Kuling. They are staying with a Mrs. Butchard. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hankow July 2 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home,

Flora and I left Tunghsien Monday night and have gotten this far toward Kuling, Kiangsu where we are to stay with Mrs. Butchard in Home 99. [On a map of Kuling from the book, Near to Heaven by Tess Johnson and Deke Erh, home #99 is at the corner of Northfield Rd. and Central Avenue.] We were a week later in getting off than we hoped so that Flora could get everything finished up. She did except for a few books which were left uncatalogued. The last ten days were very hot and dry, but fortunately on Sunday night a severe thunderstorm came up and broke the heat. So on Monday we packed and closed the home comfortably and yesterday on the train was quite cool; so were the two nights. We got in at 8.00 this morning and came directly to the C.I.M. home where we have layed all day. After tea at 4.00 we went out for a little shopping and have just returned. We take the boat at 9.00 this evening, get to Kukiang tomorrow morning. An auto bus takes us to the foot of the mountain and then we climb it in chairs. We expect to lunch on the mountain.

To go back to Tungchow. The Corbin and Hemingway families stayed with us until last week Friday. They had great times with telegrams, telephone calls and letters and visits to Cook's and the Legation. Finally, as we heard, they were to sail on a small transport from Chingwantao and tranship at Nagasaki. They left us Friday to spend a few days at Pei Tai Ho, to get a sea bath or so. All the children were ill with one thing or another while in Tungchow but all on the mend on leaving.

The last Wednesday we took our lunch and went for a walk over to the canal. Then we ferried across and ate in front of a beautiful cemetery. It sounds strange to picnic in a cemetery but if one is to get shade one must, as only the graves are protected from the glare of the sun. It was a fine picnic. Coming back we took a little side path and had to walk several hundred yards on a narrow ledge with "wa zas" (a tall swamp edge like grass that has

feathery heads later. The leaves are broad and rather sharp edged. We had to duck our heads and open the way between the tall stalks which were well over our heads. The wind blew hard and I felt like a fiddler crab with my very active right arm and still left one. For the children we had donkeys and the coolies carried the lunch baskets. Do you suppose I will be able to carry my own bag, parcels etc. when I get to America? I guess six years won't undo the habits of thirty odd.

I had a slight attack of dysentery from days before leaving so couldn't help Flora as much with the cataloguing as I had hoped. By going straight to bed and starving I got well quick. I lived on baby food until today when I branched out a bit. Everything agrees with me, so I am all right.

We rode along the Bund on our way home from the shop tonight. On the one side it is lined with beautiful residences, banks and office buildings mingled indiscriminately. On the other is a stretch of green lawn, a broad foot path, a rail, the river (Yang Ste). At the docks are many steamers of various sizes and nationalities and kinds. There is an American battle ship of the Mosquite[?] fleet anchored near shore. It makes one think of Shanghai very much and forget that we are so far inland.

We are really quite far south, for ?? grow in the garden out our window and a fine Trumpet creeper grows way over the front porch.

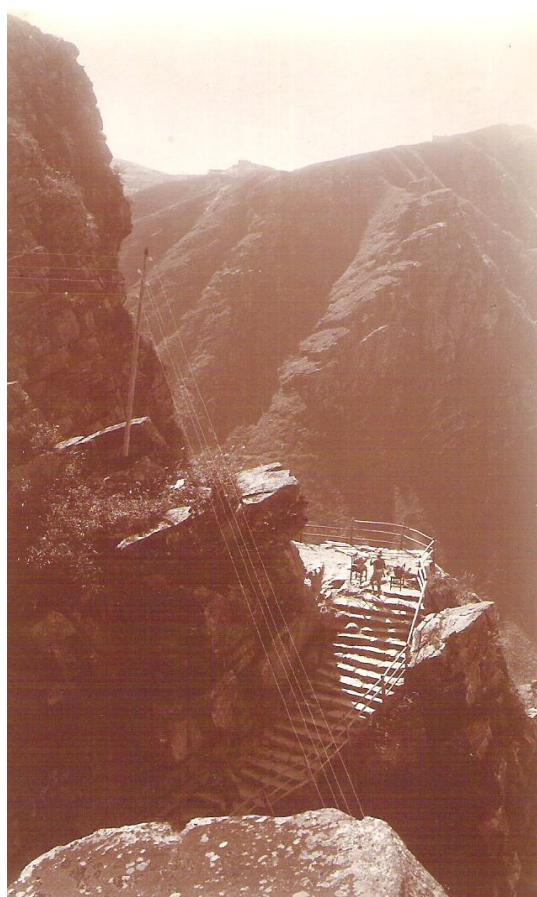
This is almost a bachelor's establishment or a "temporary widower" one for until we came there were one lady and ten men here. All the wives and families are at the mountains so the men eat here. The one lady is German but married to a C.I.M. missionary. She is very sensitive so we guard our speech.

Elizabeth that lace cap is a beauty. It came just in time for me to wear those few days I was ill. I told the people it was well I was ill or I would have had to make believe, to use it. It was so hot I kept it on the chair near by and made guests wait outside until I "dressed up" to receive them. It drew forth admiration from all.

July 4- At Hankow we got aboard to leave at 9.30 as advertised but 9 huge large loads of barrels of oil had to be unloaded after that. I never saw Chinese coolies work more rapidly or more efficiently as to division of labor. It was 11.30 before we were off. I was not sorry for that meant that we had several hours of daylight for the last of our sail instead of making the whole trip at night. We landed before 10.00. Mr. Chapin, brother of one of our party, met us and acted as buffer and manager for coolies so saved us a great deal. The system here is well worked out. We went to the "Rest Home" where we designated the baggage we should need at once and paid to have that sent "Express". Our trunks came by "freight" and are not here yet. We bought our tickets \$1.00 which all residents on the Mountain have to have; also tickets for the auto trip and the chair. All the money is paid there and the coolies with chairs or baggage have to present the signed slips before they can draw any money.

Mrs. Butchard seems very nice and hospitable. Her four children are well behaved, neither too shy nor too forward. She is a widow and has been teaching in the Kuling School since Dr. Butchard died three years ago. We have lots of notes for comparison on schools. This is her home but now she has to move to the school buildings during term time so has just gotten into the home.

The ride up the mountain was most interesting and fortunately it was cloudy so not too hot. We walked part of the way up the very steep places. The valleys were filled with mist most of the time, but the views were glorious when it lifted. The Yang Ste Kiang [Yangtse River] was in sight for a long long time and even at our last view looked muddy and brown.



Written on back of photos: "Road to Kuling"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Today is the glorious fourth and we are to have a grand celebration. All the pent up feelings of last year as well as those of this year are to be let out. Many fireworks with an expert to set them off came up from Hankow yesterday with us. I can describe them better after seeing them altho Mr. Littell told us considerably about them at Hankow. [Mary is probably referring to Mr. Edward Selby Little, who founded Kuling in 1899. He named it to sound like a Chinese form of the word "cooling" according to the book, *Near To Heaven* by Tess Johnson and Deke Erh. Kuling is an inland resort, southwest of Shanghai and northwest of Foochow. Johnston, Tess, and Ehr Deke. *Near to Heaven*. Hong Kong: Old China Hand Press, 1994.]

I got to thinking of my life insurance policies recently. I suppose the due slips have been sent Father and paid last November and this April all right. They were to be sent direct to him to save a possibility of their lapsing. This is the end of my paper until my trunk arrives. This cool mountain air is wonderful after the heat of Tungchow so is the moisture in the atmosphere. Lots of love Mary.

[A missionary named Stella Marie wrote a letter dated August 23, 1936 to her friends and in it, she describes Kuling: "It is now so near to the time of my return to Ginling, that it scarcely seems worth while to head this letter with my summer's address. However I do want to tell you that I have been having two months away from the heat of Nanking up on the top of Kuling in the province of Kiangsi two-thirds of the way up to Hankow on the Yangtze River. Kuling is said to be the beginning of the foothills of the Himalayas. It is a peak over three thousand feet high, and rises above the plains which are not much above sea-level, and so it is quite impressive as well as beautiful in its green of many varieties of trees as well as flowers and bushes. There are many lovely waterfalls and mountain-streams which in no time become raging torrents in a summer shower." Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Mary "Ready for an afternoon tea" about 1918-1920.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

July 5. P.S. I am enclosing these snapshots of myself which I had taken this spring. I wanted to show off my "calling costume" so dressed a little early the day we went to the farewell tea for the Ryders at Mrs. Tenney's. The draft for \$25 is to help meet expenses for things I have sent for. I will send some more in the Fall. I had just bought a \$100 Liberty bond and had to have my bank account with a sufficient margin for extras of the summer. But never yet have I exceeded the value of my checks for the summer months and I hope to keep to that rule.

Yesterday morning we went for a walk up to the Post Office and got caught in a rain. The rain is strange here. It did not get us more than damp altho it was rather a hard shower. One help is that the mountain side is heavily wooded and the path part of the way is overhung with branches.

In the afternoon we went to the exercises in Medical Hall. A Mr. Sherman was in charge and Mr. Brockman (brother of the ?? YMCA here) gave the talk. The children sang "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and we joined in the chorus. A Miss Napier sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and we came in on the chorus. Tea was served in a near by home and the children were sent over 20 minutes ahead of the grown ups to get first change. The children's sports and baseball game had to be given up because of the rain.

The fireworks are to come the first clear night. We met several old friends yesterday; People who had been in Peking for Language study or who had spent a summer in Pei Tai Ho. Harriet Bontelle Lacy is here with her baby boy but I have not seen her yet. I do not know of any other Holyoke people but she will if they are here.

If my bills with Father are not too large so five (\$5) can be spared from this check, please give it to the Shelton Congregational Church. I want to do something for my home church altho it is little. I received the card but have left it at Tungchow.

Must close and fix my white dress ready to send to the wash.

Lots of love
Mary

Kuling, Kukiang
c/o Mrs. Butchard.



Written on back: "Road to Kuling"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "Road to Kuling" and "View from road to Kuling"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Kuling

[Photo from Flora's photo album in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **July 1919**, was written from Kulang, Foochow, China by Willard to his mother. The student uprising has quieted down. Cholera is very bad in Foochow and burial practices just as bad. They are on Kulang now and Flora and Mary are in Kuling. Stanley and Myra have a new baby boy. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kulang, Foochow, China.

[July 1919]

Dear Mother:-

It is most nine o'clock on this busy Sunday but I must send a few lines before going to bed. I have written something of the student uprising. It has quieted down and as far as I can see the students are normal now. The results of their work are still apparent in the boycott on Japanese goods and in the deep patriotic spirit still in evidence.

For three weeks the cholera has been claiming nearly 3000 a week in Foochow. To day I have spent 2 ½ hrs. in Red Cross Committee meetings. We have \$5000 from the National Red Cross to put into the work in Foochow. A sub committee of five are appointed to start a detention hospital. We have the foreign doctor and the foreign nurse volunteered. I go down to Foochow tomorrow to help find the building and equipment. The Y.M.C.A. is also active in the work. Conditions are almost unbearable. The Military General Li of whom I have often written has donated \$1000 to be used in Idol processions, beseeching the idols to stop injuring the people. Soldiers are dying rapidly. Sometimes they are taken out and left on the hill side before they die. Some of the coffins are only half burned- the grave only 12 or 18 inches deep- practically no means are used to stop the disease- the officials do not know the cause of cholera and of course they do not know the remedy. If I can do anything to help teach them it will be the best kind of missionary work.

We have been on the mountain two weeks last Thurs. The weather has been superb. Tennis and bathing have been fine. Kulang is full. In our house we have Dr. Bement and Miss Kentfield- a new lady in our Dions Loh field. Ellen was in Foochow this past week; going down Tues. morning and returning Saturday morning. Dr. and Mrs. Whitney left Foochow for good last Thursday. Ellen went down to let them sleep in a room in our house in which they slept the first night they spent in Foochow forty one years ago.

The girls Flora and Mary are in Kuling this year. They will know all the resorts in China and will know all the people = missionaries too.

We are looking every mail to see what is the name of your youngest grandson. What will Nancy do with him? Tell Stanley and Myra I am going to write sometime. I had hoped and definitely planned to write a dozen letters immediately after Annual Mission meeting which began last Thursday and closes next Thursday. But with this Red Cross work on my hands I do not know whether I can do it or not. God is opening many and wide doors of opportunity. Pray with us that we may know how to enter them.

May He keep and bless you all-

With Love from us all

Will

"In 1919, there occurred a great epidemic of cholera in Foochow. At first, only the coolie class was affected, but the disease speedily reached all classes and spread throughout the province. Appeals were made by medical men to the officials, but for a long time nothing was done, although the people were frantic in their idol processions and on the march night and day. Finally, the Chinese pastors, teachers, and intelligent laymen organized. They secured information on the cause, prevention, and treatment of the disease and distributed thousands of handbills giving these facts. There also arose the question of how to care for the sick. The American Red Cross (Fukien Branch) secured a large grant from America and appointed some of their members to work with the Chinese. The American Board Hospital in the city and the Magaw Memorial Hospital on Nantai were placed at the disposal of this group, large numbers of patients being admitted at both centers.

More than ten thousand deaths were reported at that time, so Foochow set herself to prevent a return of the epidemic. Dr. W.W. Peter of the Council on Health Education came to the capital city in June 1920 and under his direction there was put on a most elaborate program. Processions with educational floats, charts displayed in temples, churches and schools, lectures, stereopticon slides, and moving pictures contributed their influence. Immense crowds received the educational benefit of the campaign, and the fact that in the following summer there were only sporadic and isolated cases was, in a large measure, due to his work."

Gossard, M.D., E., and Anti-Cobweb Club of Foochow, China Fukien, A Study of a Province in China. Shanghai, China: Presbyterian Mission Press, 1925.

[Book from the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson.]

[This story, dated July 1919, was written by Willard. It is an account of a visit he and the family took to Au Seu and how some Chinese wanted to become Christians. From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[July 1919]

A Great Day

This has been a great day. The sun rose in all his glory at the set moment and he has shed his welcome light and cheer and warmth all about Foochow all day.

The whole family started at once after breakfast for Au Seu, a village near the foot of Kulang, to help in the church service. All the way we passed thru rice fields with men and plows and harrows and big clumsy water buffaloes pulling them in the mud of the rice fields. Here and there were small patches of light green. These were the beds of seed rice that have been sown a few days and had just sprouted. Then as if to add to the beauty of the landscape, groups of men and women, well dressed, and walking single file were frequently seen. These were going to some ancestral tomb on the hillside to offer paper money and clothes for the departed or to offer rice and pork as food for their deceased relatives. For this is the Chin Ming= pure brightness or Spring Festival or Tomb Festival, -

one of the important feast days in China. Would the beautiful day- just the day to get the rice fields ready and just the day to go visit the ancestral grave- would it leave many empty seats in God's house?

We reached the chapel at Au Seu half an hour before time for service. First we had to just look at the nice new school house that accommodates 15 girls and 40 boys, and also furnishes living rooms for two teachers and thus make it possible for all together and sit comfortably in the little church that used to be a shelter for school as well as church.

Then we met four who wanted to join the church. The first was the school teacher- he had been a Christian at least for five or six years but just had not taken the step. Then a little man- a silver smith. He was holding his five months old baby all the time we talked with him about his faith in God. Then a boy who had studied in this school for four years and was now in the Higher Primary School at Geu Cio Dong,- son of the leading citizen of Au Seu. The preacher had asked his father if the son should unite with the church and the father said "Yes" but I am so mixed with business and public affairs that I cannot obey the rules of the church". "Well if your son unites will you promise not to ask him to perform idolatrous ceremonies for you?" "Certainly I will promise. I want him to be a Christian."

Then we turned to another boy in the same class with this student "What do you plan to do when you grow up and graduate from school?" "I plan to be a preacher of the Gospel and save men". We wondered if this was said for effect. So there were more questions. "Where is your home?" Back in the mountains ten miles from Foochow." "Is your father alive?" "Yes. He is one of a large tribe of aborigines numbering some 200,000 that have their own dialect. In our section there are some 15000 of these aborigines." "Is your father a Christian?" "No." "Is he willing that you should become a preacher?" "Yes, he helped my elder brother who studied in this Au Seu School would be a preacher but this seemed impossible. Do you not remember talking with him about this some four or five years ago? You have seen my father and Mr. Hodous used to call on him several times a year when he went to Buong Ka." "Ah yes I recall visiting your tribe and talking with a man who seemed to know much of the truth. Was that your father?" "Yes. Now he is determined that I shall prepare for the Theological School and go back to my tribe to tell them of God."

It was a pleasant service, five united with the church, and the preacher's little boy of three years was baptized. The fifth to unite was the preacher's daughter.

After service the preacher said, "I want to talk with you a moment. Friday night while the Bible Woman was away, thieves broke into her room and took away every thing she possessed she does not have even a change of clothing. I reported the theft at once to the police. Will you go with me to urge him to his best to find the thief and recover the things stolen?" and we went.

Then we all took a Chinese dinner with the preacher and after that walked a mile or more to the village of Deuk Seu. Here a new chapel as preaching place was to be formally opened at 2:30 p.m. When we arrived the room which would hold- not seat- one hundred and fifty was packed. This chapel is a branch of the church outside the east gate. And that church was there in force. In spite of the good weather to work fields and to worship the tombs the villagers also were there in force. Right on the front seat was an old lady. She told us she had a dream a few weeks ago. Two girls stood before her. One of them held a book to her eyes. "Do you know what book this is?" "Yes that is a Bible." "Why do you not believe it and become a Christian? You were beginning to believe ten or more years ago and since then you have turned away." "Yes I know I did and now I will believe and become a Christian. Yes I am ready to be baptized any time."

Two of us, one a blind preacher, told these country folks as simply as we could who God was and that He loved them. Two little American girls sang of God's love as the people held their breath. Then one of their own members a Christian told them how happy he was that a prayer meeting place had been opened in their village and that he hoped they would all become Christians with him.

Just then there was a slight commotion and turning of head and in came another man who had been a Christian in this village for several years. On his back he was carrying his father eighty five years of age. Without asking any one he said, "My father is 85 he is soon to go to Heaven. He believes- He does not worship idols. Will you baptize him? Of course we baptized him, with one hundred of his neighbors looking on. - That act of this son was one of the most eloquent sermons I ever heard. After a prayer for the father's beautiful entrance into Heaven the service closed.

Another two miles walk and a short ricksha ride brought us home at 5:30 – a great day.



Marjorie in about 1919
[Photo in the archives of Oberlin College]

[This letter, dated **July 25, 1919**, was written from the Mt. Baker in N.Y Harbor by Gould to Aunt Phebe. He is quickly preparing to leave on a trip on the Mt. Baker planned at the last minute. He may be gone a year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

M.S. Mt. Baker.
Lower N.Y. Harbor.
July 25, 1919.

Dear Aunt Phebe:-

The happenings of the last few days have proceeded so fast that I now find myself on the eve of departure and only just writing you folks about it all. Wednesday the firm decided to send this ship out at all cost or let her rot in the river. They gave the Engineers and Mates the choice of going out with her carrying any sort of a crew they could supply or leaving them and there and getting paid off. After much bitter discussion we all, except the 3rd Eng. agreed to go with the ship. Last night we loaded all night long and this a.m. we pulled out into the bay. I had some pretty fine hustling to do to get my passport fixed up. I had to jump on a harbor tug and go to the ship for my Army discharge papers and then again for an affidavit they decided I must have showing my father to be an American citizen. Luckily I had one left over from the time I received my commission. When I at last went to the Globe Line Offices I found the whole engine room force of Engineers and the Captain and some of the crew waiting to go to the ship. We took the harbor authorities with us and they signed the crew on. We have a complete rigger outfit on deck, but the Engineers kicked about having nigger oilers and refused to sign on until the Captain had given his word that he would get us white men and build new quarters and mess hall for them. I signed on as 3rd Engineer and will hold that position and pay, \$165 a month. It's very nice for us all to talk about treating the negro as your equal, but when it came to having them work under me in the engine room of a solitary freighter at sea, or asking any other white man to hire with them, I balked as hard as the rest.

I'm glad that I saw you all last Sunday for who knows when I will see you again. We signed articles for Liverpool and a year or until the trip was finished if before a year. The finish of the trip being when we landed anywhere N. of Cape Hatteras. So I may be gone all of a year.

I am trusting you all to God's care and keeping and trust that I will see you all again when I return.

With all my love to the whole family.
Gould.

[This letter, dated **July 28, 1919**, was written from Kuling, China by Mary to the ones at home. She talks about some hikes around the Kuling area and of some of the other missionaries there. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuling-
July 28, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

My two packages arrived this week. The Peking postmaster sent them to PeTaiHo in spite of the fact that he had my address here. Miss Bostwick rescued them. They were too much to pieces to remail so she sent them by Mr. Tewksbury so messenger, when he came for the conference. I have already worn the stockings (I was in desperate need) and start on the union suits today.

Since I last wrote F. and I have been on some fine walks. One day we started to reach the top of one ridge here. From there we saw a ridge beyond so climbed that. Then we knew we must be nearing a view of Poyang Lake so kept on to the third ridge. The view was well worth the climb. The Lake extends off and off so the mists hide the farther shore and make it seem about like the ocean. At our left was a precipitous cliff- called Lion's Leap. July 31- My pen ran dry and then I went off for a walk. We have had two other views of Poyang Lake; one from Nantan Pass where seven of us from Peking went for afternoon tea one afternoon. The view is more extensive there than from the pass that we viewed it from first. Yesterday we walked to Lily Valley where the YMCA have their conference homes and where the Chinese Secretaries have private homes. The added feature of the Lake is the lovely island with a conspicuous temple on it. In fact, it looks to be almost all temple.

I am trying to make a ?? preparation for my Botany Class next year. Fortunately there is a Club here and I am at last connected up with it. It meets on Thursday afternoons. Mrs. White, who is the leader, is a hustler[?] and knows the flowers about here very well. I hope to keep my inspiration for my class. The first few flowers puzzled me a lot because it is five years since I looked at a Manual but now things go easier, of course many species are not in Gray and we have three flowers which do not even belong to the families given, so we are stuck. The "Grass of Parnassius" is the most beautiful thing we have found yet. The wild pink "Hydrangia" vies with it though. There are four different lilies, a white one, a yellow one and the Tiger Lilies just like those we used to have by our front walk.

This is Conference week. Dr. Harlan P. Beach preached for us last Sunday evening and Dr. Patton speaks next Sunday morning. I have not been to the meetings heretofore but am going this morning. This afternoon we are invited to Mrs. Chapin's to meet Dr. Patton. I expect it is a meeting of the American Boarders. There is no work of theirs in this part of Yangste valley so the only representations are the few who have come from north or south. Hence we are included to swell the number.

Five years ago tomorrow we left home. How well I remember the day. I had thought to be back home ere now instead of wandering the hills of China still.

Well our family is intact I smile often – a widow, four old maids, three bachelors. Not quite enough to go around of the later! Mr. Evans is just a transient. He was in Siberia doing publicity work and is seeing China a little on his way out. He walked with us yesterday. Mr. Baker is an engineer who has the contract for the building of the school and some of the private homes. He is so modest that he keeps his eyes on his plate most of the time. Mr. Chapman is a Wesleyan Missionary, teacher in the Boone University and an Anistration[?]. He is jolly and full of good stories. He wants to take the long walk around the Emerald Pool and Incense Hills with us. As to the ladies! Miss Kelly and Miss Lyon are both members of the Christian Mission. Both are heads of schools. One is six months younger than Flora and the other six months younger. Mrs. Butchard has four children, the oldest fifteen and all very well brought up. She is a plucky little woman and determined to give her children the best of educations.

How about the subscription to the National Geographic? I have never gotten the magazines for 1919 yet. I rather hope they don't come until after I get back because they would be so much more to carry back.

We received Stephen Palmer Beard's cards on Monday night. They were delayed by having to take the trip to Peking. [Stephen Palmer Beard, son of Stanley and Myra Beard, was born June 20, 1919 and died April 9, 2007.]

One evening we called on the teachers of Gin Ling College. They are a superior lot of women. One, the Secretary, is Oberlin 1918, and know Phebe Kinney well. I'll get her name again from Miss Kelly.

Aug 2- This is almost a serial story with it's many dates. Yesterday F. and I took a long walk around the mountain opposite us. It looks like an innocent peak but proves to be a whole range and the path winds in and out. We got several fine views into the valleys and off on the plains. Today we hope to take the walk to "The Temple of the Clouds". It is a long way so we start early- 2.00 P.M. and take our tea.

We are becoming addicted to the tea habit. One can enjoy tea and supper greatly when we take a two hour tramp between them. Yesterday I found a fine fuzzy caterpillar on our walk and brought him home to Baird Butchart. He lay quietly on the branch until we met a green snake. I almost had my foot on it and gave a spring and yell. This jarred poor Mr. Caterpillar and he began to investigate his surroundings. As he was the stinging kind, he kept me busy turning my twig end for end lest he crawl onto me.

I should think Father would feel that his work got done most rapidly when he has it done by tractor. It must be a saving of hours and men both.

I hope that the new owner of the land opposite us improves the land. It certainly used to need it badly enough.

Willard wrote that the girls were going east this summer. I wonder if they are at Century Farm for part of the time.

The papers speak of a new engine which is putting the Diesel engine in the background. I wonder if Gould will start in on it when he returns from South America. He ought to have a fine trip and full of interest as well as one most useful to his profession.

We are most eager for letters about Stephen Palmer Junior. I wonder how Nancy likes her "new live doll." Good he is a boy with such an obstreperous big sister.

Flora sent for some Gray's Manuals the other day. I thought of asking you to send me Ruth's because she had hers marked but the later edition contains new families and species. Some of the China varieties are included so it is quite important to get the latest to have it most valuable. The "St. John's Wort's" which Ruth used to like so much are quite common here also others she had identified at home. There are sometimes slightly different but yet the same thing.

I must close so as to analyze some flowers which I have downstairs. The longest is more interesting than beautiful so I want to discard it before Sunday.

Much much love to all

Mary Beard.

P.S. Phebe and Ben have birthdays now and Elizabeth soon. Here are belated greetings for all.



Written in album: "Flora and I [Mary] Kuling 1918"
[The date should be 1919. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[From and undated booklet titled "Thirty Walks Round Kuling" by Mrs. Arnold Foster:

Incense Mills- Until the last few years these mills were turned by the main stream, but the cedar trees from which the incense was made having been used up, the mills have stopped and now in ruins; they are in a very deep valley, the picturesque rocks on hills above which can be seen from many places about Kuling.

Emerald Pool- A deep pool into which water falls down a precipitous rock. The sides of the pool are almost perpendicular and there is a very pretty waterfall. There is a deep shade here of an afternoon and it is a favorite place for tea picnics.

Booklet from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "The swimming pool."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 24, 1919**, was written from Kuling, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about some of their hikes around the Kuling area. She heard that their school will receive \$25,000 gold and hopes it is true. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kuling
August 24, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

This will be my last letter from Kuling as we go down the hill on Thursday of this week. I hate to leave because it is so beautiful here and I have not taken all the walks yet. I have got in at least one each week and often two. This last week Mrs. MacMillan (teacher at Tsing Hua College near Peking) and I went to the Incense Mills for an all day trip. We went by way of the caves where is an interesting shrine, the tablet of the time of the Ming dynasty, an old Pagoda demolished during the Tai Ping Rebellion and incidentally a fine continuous view of the plains. The Mills are so in ruins that we did not recognize the brick and stone piles as such. They are on the banks of a stream which furnishes several fine swimming pools. We hustled into our bathing suits as soon as we arrived and walked home up the bed of the brook as far as we could, so kept dressed to swim up the pools. It was a hot day but we did not find it so with our frequent dips. On the way home we passed a temple near which are three trees- the biggest I have seen except around temples of the North. That is the goal of a favorite walk. The last pool in which I bathed is called Emerald Pool and the location is beautiful. Above it is a water fall about 50 feet high and it has perpendicular rocky sides of the same height so it is dark and cool as at noonday.

Another fine trip was to the Waterfalls. The walk over affords more extensive and varied views than any I have taken. From the peak we saw Poyang Lake for its whole length, the Yangste River and a broad expanse of plain and mountains and valleys galore. The Falls themselves are about 800 feet high but the water makes three leaps in the descent. The deep gorge makes it impossible to get a good near view. We had two fine swims in the pool at the top. It was wonderful to lie against a rock for safety just at the top and look out through the narrow steep sided opening. The water rushed madly through and beyond was another space with a perpendicular rocky ledge beyond.

Flora got a touch of the sun so could not go on these trips with me. 'Twas a pity for they were both glorious! She is better now. A late report says that our school is the recipient of \$25000 gold. I hope it is soon to be corroborated for we could use it well and it could be most opportune just now.

Applicants for admission are still coming in. Some brought by an advertising in the paper are not very good as so far they have been Chinese.

We have had some interesting sales up here and I have made several purchases. My latest was a dress of "waste silk". It looks more like a linen or coarse loosely woven Indian Head. I had it made up at once and have already worn it twice. I'll send a sample.

A few weeks ago we had an interesting meeting on the Korean question. I enclose a copy of the report printed in the shanghai paper. We are to send them home for publicity work. The Korean who spoke was most eloquent but the other speakers were more forceful.

My Botany work I fear is ended for the summer but it has been most helpful and I anticipate next year's work to be easier because of it. I thought of Ruth while doing it and wished I could share some of the joy in the new flowers with her.

We have not done much with birds but have identified a few by a little booklet which Mrs. Butchart had.

The name of that friend of Phebe Kinney's is Adelaide Gundlach. I find she knows two or three other friends of mine too.

This Wednesday we have a lecture by Dr. Barrie on his experiences in Palestine during the later part of the war.

I wonder if you have sent my "Line a Day Book"? Never a word have I received and I closed my old one on July 31st. That and four (4) brassiers I asked for in the same letter.

We are waiting for letters telling of your summer. I wonder what Phebe K. is to do this winter?

Will write again before school opens Sept. 10. Lots of love to all Mary.



No explanation but probably one of the Kuling waterfalls.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **August 29, 1919**, was written from Hankow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells a little about their trip from Kuling to Hankow en route to Tungchou. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hankow
[Aug 29, 1919]

Dear Ones at Home,

Yes it's hot! That is to us from Kuling, but not so to those who have been here right along. The thermometer was "only 85" this morning.

Well the elements very nearly kept us on the mountain longer than we intended. On Monday we had considerable wind and it was partly cloudy. Tuesday morning it was very misty and the wind howled. By noon the rain was falling in sheets but at considerable angle because of the gale. It kept up without a let up all night and until about 5.30 Wednesday. Then the wind began to shift and the worst of the storm was over. Old timers called it a typhoon and the descriptions Willard used to give fit very well.

On Tuesday afternoon we were invited to a "house warming" and we went. About forty other guests also braved the storm and we did have a good time.

Wednesday morning the coolies did not appear for our baggage. About 10.00 I donned bloomers, raincoat, bathing cap and old shoes and went for a tramp.

Incidentally I called at the office and found out that no coolies had appeared and that someone had gone out on the road down the hill to ascertain the damage done. Then I visited the scene where an embankment had fallen in, knocked in the back of a home and hurled them elsewhere. Lastly I walked the length of the stream to the bathing pond. It was almost as fine a sight as the Gorge below Niagara to see the angry waters dash over the rocks. The stream had brought down so much sediment that the pool was full of mud. Later one of the men walked across it- without going above his knees in mud and water.

I was literally "soaked to the skin" for the rain used my rubber cap as a guide to lead down my neck when the wind was too strong to use an umbrella.

Yes, we are en route home. We walked down the mountain yesterday but took the auto across the plain. The afternoon we spent at the "Rest Home" or walking around the Chinese city and soon after five got aboard our steamer. We got in at 11.00 this morning and are staying at the C.I.M. Home until our train at 7.00 tomorrow morning. The slip about the Korea question I enclose.

With much love

Mary.

Friday Aug 29.

[This letter, dated **September 7, 1919**, was written from Kulang, Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all and folks at home. He and Ellen had their silver wedding anniversary celebration at their house with many guests. Typhoons have been severe this summer and Willard had to settle on a price for the roof repair of a University building. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Kulang, Foochow, China
Sept. 7th 1919

Dear Mother and all and folks at Home:

This is my last Sunday on Kulang- I plan to go down day after tomorrow morning. College is to open Thursday of this week. Ellen and the girlies will stay on here for a week or so. This is the best time of the year to get good out of Kulang. The air is very cool and invigorating, and the day closes about 6:30 p.m. and the people are fewer. They have been leaving for two weeks and this next week will see many more go.

I am writing this on a sheet that the Bride used to count the people who accepted her invitations to the party that was "only a little social gathering", on the invitation but was really a celebration of our Silver Wedding. It occurred night before last Sept. 5th. The whole day was perfect. It thundered about 6:00 p.m. but the moon shone brightly all the time and the evening was perfect. About 91 people came. "Only four or five people who had been asked to sing or read or help otherwise knew of the reason for the occasion." But after the program and just as the Bride had announced that the entertainment part was over Mr. Munson of the Y.M.C.A. said "No the program is not finished." He introduced Ned Smith who said some nice things and threw about \$70 on us. Every one seemed to have a very pleasant time. Our cottage has a large wood veranda on two sides. We took all furniture - beds and every thing out of the four large rooms, so there was ample room for all the guests, from Amoy a Mrs. Veenscoten is here. She delights all by her singing and others also helped and two read and four girlies sang a song- with a sheet

held up before them. The chorus to each verse was tra-la-la -la-la. The girlies sat down as they sang this and held up their hands in shoes above the sheet. You have likely seen it. The effect is as if the girls had stuck up their feet.

For our souveniers Ellen had printed promisory notes. These were each signed by the individuals present and then exchanged for pieces of paper with numbers written on them. The people took this "money" to the different booths in different rooms and brought biscuit, cake, candy, drinks etc. This proved quite amusing. The affair was a big success.

Last Tuesday we all went to Kushan Monastery. - The first day I have had this summer when there was no work for me to do. The day was perfect. A strong N.W. wind blew all day. The air was perfectly clear and cool. The Smith family, Mr. Miller of our Canton mission, Dr. MacBean (Miss) Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Goertz and Edith (9 yrs) went with us. We got up at the usual time and got back home for supper at the usual time.

Friday I went to Foochow with Mr. Scott to see the building in which the University is now. They were injured by the typhoon August 25th. This proved an interesting job. The Chinese assistant to Mr. Scott had already talked with the contractors. These had said it would cost \$180. to repair all the damage. The large damage was in the roof of the main building. They said this would cost \$80. One side was so badly damaged that it would have to come off and be entirely relaid. I asked to go up on the roof. And Scott and I turned up about 70 ft. and I found on the worst side only a few tiles broken here and there. They had told me it would take \$1000 tiles to repair the roof. I looked it over and told the contractor 1000 tiles would do it. Before we left the roof he had taken off \$38 from the price and at last I gave him the job for \$110. so we made \$70 by going down that day.

It has been a long time since we have had any thing from the U.S. - I see by my correspondence register that the last letters arrived July 30. This is very exceptional and may be due to typhoons. They have been severe this year. It is now time to go to church - 5 p.m.

Sept. 10- At Foochow

I came down yesterday morning. College is opening today for students with conditions and for the examination of new students. To morrow all must come or be fined. All are opening two weeks ahead of any other school, - at the time we set to open last November when we made out the calendar for the year. Cholera has been so bad in the outlying districts that the other Doctors advised putting off the opening. But Dr. Kinnear said he saw no occasion for changing the date.

We are expecting Dr. and Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton, Sec'y of the Am. B'd in Boston, to reach Foochow any day. He will go at once to Shaowu, and stop to see Foochow when he gets back from Shaowu.

An Am. mail came to us on Kuliang Sunday evening. Phebe K. had letters for us, and Flora has one addressed to Foochow. I think the hand writing is mothers. I awfully want to open it but have controlled my want and sent it on to Tunghsien.

It is so hot that the perspiration just runs out of me. I have to cover up this sheet with a heavy shirt to keep from getting it all wet.

The girls are back in school now, or going. We have not heard whether Phebe K. has a job.

I must close now with lots of love and the assurance of many thoughts and prayers for you all.

Very lovingly

Will.

Ellen and the girlies plan to get down next Monday.

[Names listed on the back of the paper as having accepted invitations: Allen, Beach, Belcher, Billing, Bradshaw, Black, Cartwright, Coole, Davis, Donaldson, Eyestone, Ford, Gardner, Gossart, Haverstadt, Hutchinson, Jones, St. Claire, Waddell, Wiant, McReynolds, Shepard, Seidleman, McCarty, Tyler.]



Written on back of photo: "Birthday of 25th Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. W.L. Beard's arrival in the Foochow, China Mission. 1894+25=1919"

[The above letter refers to Willard and Ellen's 25th wedding anniversary in September. They arrived in Foochow a couple of months later in November, 1894. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Magnified. Kathleen sits next to Ellen and Marjorie is next to Willard.

[This letter, dated **September 14, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. School has started and she tells who is teaching at N.C.A.S. this year. Mr. Martin is in the hospital with Typhoid. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien

September 14 [1919]

Dear Ones at Home-

The first four days of school are over- and happily so. Wednesday morn brought about 25 parents and children for lunch. Two autos brought 8 more people and the evening train brought about a dozen more. When the evening train removed the surplus parents and friends we were left with 29 children to look after. At least 7 more are to come and there are 3 from whom we have not heard the second time. Then there are 5 children in the compound so we are to be 41 at the least. Last year 36 was our largest enrollment. But best of all! On Monday we had a letter from a Miss Sara Price, sister of Mr. Price of the Legation whom we have known for five years. She had come out with her brother and was desirous of getting a position and wrote to see if we needed any help in our teaching. Mr. Corbett visited her and added to our joy on Wednesday by bringing her down for a hasty view of the place. We were mutually pleased with each other and on Thursday she returned to join the faculty of the N.C.A.S. She takes the English and History which Jean Dudley had last year and which was worrying us this year. Mrs. Corbett is coming down after October 1st to help out with Music until our teacher gets here. There is only a bare possibility that Mrs. Galt has a teacher with her, if so we must wait till Mrs. Wilder has found some one.

Miss Price seems very nice. She is quiet, refined and dignified in manner and ready to help out in every way possible. If she succeeds she is ready to stay on for several years at least if not for a full term of five years.

By the way, I think you had best send me out a birth certificate altho the war is over. It would facilitate the obtaining of my passport next Spring.

To go back to school and children; eight of our pupils are returning to us after a year in America. Another is just returned but she was not with us before she went. We have two eight year olds and they are dears. They have their dolls and doll bed with them and are really little girls. We have four (4) children from Manchuria- one from Harbin and three from Mukden. The youngest of the last group has been the baby and started out to howl and shriek for "Mother" when she departed. Now he has settled down to be content and happy and is entering into things very well. He beats all but one of the younger boys in a race so they look upon him with favor in spite of his "carrying on".

Flora and I have only High School boys over here with us. So far they are only eight but at least two more are to come. Miss Parson's and Miss Price have the High School girls and upper grade girls, about fourteen. Miss Bostwick has the little girls and grade boys. One of the 8 year olds brought her Amah and she helps look after them both. We have some good voices among the new pupils so I hope our music will be better this year.

Mr. Martin who has been and is very ill with typhoid seems to be gradually improving. His temperature each day goes a bit lower and does not climb quite so high. Mrs. M goes into Peking to visit him at the hospital every afternoon. The one night she stayed up, Miss Parsons and I went over to her home to sleep. Other nights we took turns about because Mrs. M. is timid about being alone with the children. Tonight as I was calling at Mrs. Martins two Koreans came in. One is a graduate of the Peking Medical College and the other a younger man who has just escaped from Korea. The Father wishes to enter the Academy as a student in order to learn the Mandarin. He evidently understands English but he spoke but few words. The older man had copies of the report of the Korean meeting on Kuling like the one I sent you. I hope it reached you alright for it was intensely interesting.

I wonder how Stephen is? We have not heard a word since Kuling days about him. Reminders of Kuling are plenty. A commission of London Mission men visited us one day. One was a speaker at one of our Sunday services and two others had been on the mountain.

Monday A.M. This morning I have arranged alphabetically and placed on the shelf our fiction library, some 250 or 300 volumes. Also I put the articles sold from the store and added the slips. As I am to be both librarian and store-keeper I am going to ask our Household league to grant me a helper for each task. One of the girls has done volunteer service in the store and was a great help. With the library catalogued I think an assistant there will facilitate matters as well as teach the children something about how a library is catalogued. I got this last idea from Mr. Chapman this summer. He trains Chinese boys to care for his school library and had two of them at Kuling caring for the public library this summer. They were very efficient.

My classroom work this year is to be Algebra II, Latin I, II and III, Botany, Current events and a Physiology class for a while at least. On Sundays I take Mrs. Martin's High School class until she is able to return after baby Martin shall have arrived. The extras are the store, library, supervision of Household League and Athletic Association besides my turn at leading chapel, saying grace at table, acting as week-end hostess and inspecting rooms. When I think of it all I am glad of all the naps I got in this summer and of the fine pounds I put on. For

recreation I have already had one good game of tennis, a walk and several ten-minute runs with our little girls. I can stand good hard work if I take time to exercise – and I do it in spite of the fact that Miss Bostwick likes to look say and mournful and say “I never get time even to take a little walk.”

Doctor Smith took Chapel last Friday and he preached yesterday. He leaves tomorrow to be gone a month so we will have to miss his weekly chapel talks for awhile.

Mrs. Howard-Smith is Superintendent of our Sunday School this year. She also takes one class. So far Flora takes the third. The girls of the High School take turns of a month looking after the kindergarten. We will have 4 regular attendants in the kindergarten and our littlest girls who do not regularly stay week-ends are to go in there.

I have my same old room but call it my Suite now. I moved my big wardrobe end toward the wall and face toward the door. Then my chiffonier is back up to it. Behind this baurade[?] I have my washstand and mirror so I feel quite private in my “dressing room.” If I want to use the “sitting room” part for a little tea I can move the bed far to the “dressing room” end and have a nice big space.

If I hurry Flora will mail this for me this morn so here is lots of love and best wishes that God has been good to you in granting health and strength.

Affectionately
Mary.

[This letter, dated **October 2, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. The children have started to arrive for the start of school. Mary tells of her social activities. She would like to travel back to the U.S. next summer with Willard and Ellen. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

October 2, 1919

Dear Ones at Home-

Last Sunday I unwisely took my nap before I wrote letters. Perhaps you can tell why it was unwise!!

We are “in full swing” with new pupils still arriving. Last Monday the two Galt children came also a boy of 12, Terrill Adams, from Tsing Tao. His father had written and Flora had replied by telegram and letter, but we had heard nothing further. A navy officer happened to be passing through en route for Peking so he sent the boy along. We will probably hear soon. He is a nice boy and had already been approved and his reputation established through Consul Peck in Peking.

Today the three Romig boys arrive. They have just been in America on furlough. This makes 43 pupils. Hurrah for our growing numbers!

Oct. 7- The children have just left study hall and I am delaying a little to write you. I hear a steady buzz from the South. It is some kind of a machine which the Chinese soldiers are using these days. They are practicing all the new kinds of warfare. The practice fields have seasons[?] of being cris crossed with trenches; the river is closed by night by a pontoon bridge etc. Just the cause of the buzz I know not but Mrs. Howard Smith says the fields south of them are being used nightly as drill grounds and the sound comes from there.

Yesterday I went to Peking for the first time since school opened. I just shopped and came back at noon. I had just shampooed my hair and was drying it when Mrs. Love came in. We had a fine visit of nearly two hours and I nearly finished a little coverlet I was making for Mrs. Martin. Flora, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Parson and all but eight children stayed in all day and visited the Museum. Tomorrow night four of us go up to a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Stewart at the Methodist mission. We are to return by auto since it is but little more expensive than rickisha and takes less than half the time. We are to have supper with Mrs. Corbett first.

Last week I slept over with Alice Huggins four nights. Margaret Ann Smith was off on a country trip and Alice is afraid alone. It was delightfully restful and quiet. I had breakfast with her two and as she eats at 7.00 and we were only two I had about half an hour extra in the morning for work. It was a fine scheme.

We have had a series of birthdays- Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in succession. Mr. Stanley was up to help celebrate his daughters on Monday.

The older brother of the three Becker children called to day. He is en route for Shanghai and returns for another call in about two weeks. That is a most devoted family. The children are finding friends and adapting themselves well.

I am going to write for definite sailings at once. Mr. Stanley says the ships through July are already filling up. I hope to travel with Willard and Ellen.

The ships that brought the Galts and Romigs brought a nice lot of mail too. It was welcome after a three weeks wait. Phebe Kinney’s position sounds interesting. She ought to make a very successful teacher. She will be

near enough to Putnam to run down occasionally and to Shelton to get to you once in a while. How are Etta, Emma and Elbert? I came across a postcard of Elbert's the other day which reminded me you had not mentioned the Putnam folks recently.

What is Mr. Palmer doing now that May has had to go back to school?

We were interested in the ?? Smith wedding. It was a fine surprise to have Leolyn and the children all come on. Little Leolyn must be a big girl. I wonder if she is going to be very tall. She promised it at seven all right. Every one admires the photograph of the three girls which I have on my wall.

About a week ago I lost my bunch of keys. I feel lost without them because I can not get into any of the book cases, or cabinet drawers without troubling Flora to loan me her keys. It's a nuisance. I am afraid they are gone for ever because I fear a ricksha man picked them up. They would be of no use to him but he might hesitate to be honest enough to return them even for a reward.

We "changed tables" recently. I had only little youngsters and most obstreperous ones; now I have older ones and exceptionally well behaved ones. Meals are again a joy, not an effort to maintain a semblance of order. The exceptionally spoiled 10 year old entertained us with such stunts as filling her mouth with water and squirting it out; crumbling her bread and throwing it at her neighbors; putting her knees against the table edge and seeing how far she could push herself backward and not top over. (She was not afraid of going over because the window sill was so close.) These are only samples and like History, she never repeated herself, but always produced a new stunt.

We almost need a new building to house the bicycles. There are five in our basement, three at Miss Bostwicks and one or two at the girl's dormitory. They have learned how to turn out for pedestrians on the path. The alternative was to keep off it so they learned it quickly.

I must go to bed for the ten o'clock bell just rang at the College.

Lots of love

Mary Beard.

[This letter, dated **October 23, 1919**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his sisters (Flora and Mary). Gould had a stormy trip on the Mt. Baker crossing the Atlantic. Willard talks about the controversy over Mr. Peet and the Board. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Oct 23rd 1919

Dear Sisters:- [Flora and Mary]

This letter of mothers has been on my desk in the envelope addressed to you too long already, so here goes for a few words.

Yesterday I took Dr. and Mrs. Patton down to Diona Loh in Mr. Grieg's private launch. They had an awful good time- so did I. We spent the day there and started at 8:30 for the steamer. I left them on board the Hai Hong for Hong Kong.

We are enjoying perfect weather these days. It has been very cool for this season.

Oct. 29- Mr. Gold and Miss Harshaw - Y.M. and Y.W. were married two weeks ago today at 6 p.m. Ned Smith tied the knot - a very pretty home wedding with only a few friends both foreign and Chinese.

Dr. Cooper is again married, - to Dr. Wm. E. Strong's stenographer. They, we hope, will be back in Foochow the last of Jan. or Feb.

Dr. Gillette is starting back the last of Dec. - to open a new work at the Arsenal- he is to take Dr. Myers place as Customs and Port Physician, open a Missionary Hospital and still be a missionary of the Board.

Mr. Beach will likely become a teacher in the University sometime within a year.

I hear the Peking University has had more stormy weather.

Gould had a very hard time crossing the Atlantic- twice the water rose about the engines to within one foot of where it would have put all power out of commission. Once they sent out the S.O.S. but the Engineer got things started before the crucial moment came and the S.O.S. was countermanded.

Miss Blanchard is back and teaching at Ponasang. Miss Wiley is back and is taking over Miss Hartwell's work.

While Dr. Patton was in Shanghai the Alumni of Foochow College tried to open the old Peet case but he said to them "It is closed." Here in Foochow some of the pastors of the other missions were urged on by some of the leaders of our mission in this matter, to seek an interview. I urged him to meet them. I judge he had rather a pleasant time, but he told them the case was closed. Two Alumni of the College intercepted him as he was going out of our house for dinner one evening. They told him the College are all going to smash "Did you know that Mr. Beard let

the students have a holiday on Confucius' birthday? He is not a Christian. This is very bad." Well Dr. P. told them he had heard only good of the College. He was very unfavorably impressed by this interviewer- and I guess the two alumni left not feeling very much victors. Don't talk much about this. But I wanted you to know it. Mr. Peet has not yet replied to the letter the Board wrote him over 6 months ago urging him to go [*to*] N. China. And the B'd has written the mission that this action or lack of action on his part is proof to them of the insincerity of his repentance.

I think I wrote last time asking about your home going. We hear here that Mary is going next year but Flora is staying on indefinitely. How about it?

Well this is a long epistle for me. We are all well and happy and send love
Will



Willard in front about 1919. Miss Wiley sits in the back row, seventh from the left. This may be a photo of faculty members in the Foochow compound.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on back: "Foochow Missionary Hospital. Just occupied after waiting for it 16 years. Taken from City Wall."
[This may or may not be the Missionary Hospital referred to in the previous letter that Dr. Gillette was to build.
Foochow's white pagoda is to the right. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **November 9, 1919**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She is concerned about her niece, Gracie, and wishes someone could whisk her away to get her proper treatment (she has tuberculosis). They attended a Missionary Association meeting in Peking. Mary talks about various other activities and people. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S.

Tunghsien
Nov. 9, 1919.

Dear Home Folk-

My Sunday School class is having examinations so I am going to write you since I don't have to teach. Mother's nice letter came this week. All seemed well but Gracie. Can't she be gotten away and saved? We have a student in school this year who was desperately ill three years ago, cough, hemorrhages and all the worst stages with high fever. Living out of doors 24 hours of the day and good food have put her where the doctors pronounce her thoroughly cured. She was just about Gracie's age as she is in her seventeenth year now. It took her two years to get back to school strength.

Last Monday the three Larson children left and were off for Shanghai and America on Tuesday. They were sorry to leave. We went in a body to see them off. Unfortunately the engine had to do some switching and the extra ten minutes made the tears flow.

Last week Thursday evening I went in to Peking with Alice Huggins to attend the Missionary Association Meeting. We all had supper together, about 200 of us, in the Gymnasium of the Y.M.C.A. We were first invited by a ?? to sit at her table, then when all were seated and the blessing asked, we got into line and got our food cafeteria style. The tables were for eight and we had a good time.

The tables were cleared by us, then the tops removed, the legs folded and put at the rear. The men arranged the chairs and we all sat down for the papers of the evening. Mr. Bentley (Anglican Church) gave the ideals of his church very concisely "Religion, worship, sacrament" and elaborated. Mr. George Davis gave the methods of his

church (Methodist) by many stories of how they worked. Incidentally we got the ideals- evangelization. Dr. George Wilder told of the Congregationalists work- comprising nothing distinctive from the other churches unless it be the sanctity of the individual; Each man a unit and each church an independent unit. The discussion is to continue for several meetings and I hope to attend some or all of them. It is a part of the interchurch movement that is sweeping China so powerfully.

Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Howard were down for the afternoon. He is one of the new Doctors out for the Rockefeller work and has been appointed trustee of the American School in Peking. He was unwilling to advise them as to the best policy without visiting the competing school first. They seemed to oppose us and stated that the Peking people ought to "go slow on the High School" proposition but that the grade school was needed. Also the question of the Eurasian children he feels needs more consideration.

Mrs. Howard came to my Caesar class and stayed all the period. We were doing sight translation and the prose on the same.

I'm glad I have a good class and that they did fairly well.

Our Sunday School personelle of teachers is quite changed. Mrs. Howard-Smith helped us out until November. Now she has stopped. Flora is Superintendent and teacher of one class; Mrs. Love is helping in one class. I still have the High School class and will until after Christmas vacation.

We still have on Saturday teas, and sit and visit until time to go home for dinner. The ladies are going to ask our H.S. girls in groups of two to help serve. It will be good experience for the girls in the social line.

The malt candy season is on and I indulge in a walk to the candy shop once or twice every week. Eva Price likes to get out for a walk and is a good walker and good company. She is a joy because she is sensible, a good worker and a good influence over the children. She is giving in her chapel service little practical talks to the students. One was on courtesy, one on duty, one on an ideal etc. She hits her point every time. The best of it is that she wants to make good as she can stay on.

Jean was a dear but wouldn't make the children work if it meant extra work for herself to do so. Eva will. The effect on Grace is that she is bracing up. I do hope she makes good this year after her terrible slump last year.

Tomorrow I have to register at the Consulate as an American citizen. I shall inquire as to the proper time to start proceedings for my passport. Doesn't that sound like reality?

Mr. Howard-Smith gave us a pleasant evening yesterday by bringing over his lantern and showing us his slides. He has some of China, some of Australia, England, Paris and America. He has a few funny ones, and some scientific ones to show that the earth is round, very small as compared to the other planets etc.

We are already planning for Thanksgiving. We have to get guests, otherwise they might all get previous engagements. Also we have to send out orders for bustards, the wild Chinese turkey.

My plants are doing finely except for my big prize marguerite. That began to droop last Sunday. I tested for air holes, water clogging, over heating from too much fertilizer and all was O.K. Then I overturned it and found a grub eating the roots. He is yellowish white with a reddish head, no legs, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter and $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 long. His life was short! I fear he had already killed the plant but vengeance was sweet.

I am glad the fur has reached Mother safely and hope it will make auto riding more comfortable. I get great enjoyment out of my fur coat here with these strong north winds when I go ricksha riding. Yes, I too occasionally get an auto ride. We hired one to bring us down once from Dr. Stuarts reception.

I am wondering if my order for brassieres reached you. Size 36 preferable net and 3 of them is what I wanted. The amah says "very much broken, no good" when I ask her to mend mine now. I agree smilingly.

I get nice interesting letters occasionally for Ruth Butchart the seven year old in our household this summer. We were good chums and are still. The Kuling School is full and turning away pupils because they do not want to open nine bungaloes[?].

Wed. P.M. There were nine of us ladies at a luncheon at Mrs. Price's on Monday in honor of Eva's birthday which was Saturday- Flora and I went in in rickshaws. It was a fine ride. Some of the people came back after Mother's Club and got caught in the rain. Flora was one and she caught a cold but she is getting the best of it.

Mrs. Martin's little daughter, Ruth Fairchild was born Monday morning about 3.30. I went in this afternoon to take a peep at her. She is a dear. Mrs. Martin is feeling very well but visitors are not allowed for a week. Trudy and Stratton are so fond of baby sister they want us to go see her every time we meet them.

Mrs. McCann has been with us since Sunday noon. She stayed to get some sewing done for the girls by our sewing woman.

I have just had word that Mrs. MacMillan will spend next week end with me. I am so glad for I enjoyed her very much down on Kuling this last summer.

I must get at my lessons for tomorrow and my test papers of yesterday.

I will enclose a draft for twenty five dollars. Exchange was only 88+ yesterday so I bought \$25 gold for \$23.13 silver. It is fine for sending home, but how about our boards[?] in buying silver! How about my life insurance policies? I almost forgot them but one is due this month I know. Did you every pay for my Geographic Magazine? I never got them. Lots of love Mary.

[This letter dated Nov. 23, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter Phebe. An engineer is in Foochow to see about deepening the Min River to allow steamers to run between Pagoda Anchorage and Foochow. There was a riot in Foochow the previous week. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov 23rd 1919

Dear Phebe Mine [daughter]:-

Your last good letter came Friday. Mama and I had been over Side [South] Side with the girlies to Mr. and Mrs. West's. He is the Engineer for the River Conservancy Scheme- to deepen the Min from the Anchorage to Foochow for steamers to come right up to Foochow. The girlies spent the night and yesterday there. Mama and I found the mail on the table when we got home at 11:30 p.m.

When your first letter came telling of your trials with the school children my arms ached to get hold of you and comfort you just as I used to when you were a little bit of a girl and fell down and got hurt. But then the stubborn fact came to me that all that you had written took place more than a month before I read it, and that every morning and evening I had left you in God's care, and that in all probability before the letter had reached me you had the school well regulated, and then I told God all about it again and I know He will keep you and help you.

I am enclosing an account of the riot in Foochow a week ago today. I wonder what the papers will say about it or rather have said about it. We had classes last Monday a.m. but not a class since. The heads of ten mission schools- including Catholic and Seventh Day Adventists are now organized. The reason for the strike as the students give it is to express their indignation to the Japanese for the riot a week ago.

Foochow weather has been superb for nearly two months. Last night was the coldest yet- most cold enough for a frost. 50 degrees in the dining room as I sat down for b-fast. But the sun comes out and by nine or ten o'clock in the a.m. it is nice and warm out doors.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Reumann and baby Paul arrived Friday morning from the U.S. They are living with the Christians in the city compound.

The Ciu Buo church held its 50th anniversary yesterday and today. The church has received to membership 122. = 60 took letters from the mother church at Tai Bing Ga and since then 62 have come in. During the past 20 years 800 pupils have been in this school. Many have gone to Foochow College, many are now in far away places. One boy who completed the course here in this church school and went to Foochow College one year has to stop for lack of funds. He went to Penang, and after nine years came back last August- a rich man. He has not joined the church, but he came today and joined heartily in the service.

Our Chinese Annual Meeting begins Tuesday evening. The pastor of the City Church is very ill, - probably tuberculosis. He had a hemorrhage last year- another last Spring and he has had several this past week. It looks very serious.

This should reach you just about Christmas so it takes with it, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy Happy New Year from us all. Merry and Happy to last a whole year.

I shall try to write Gould soon, and I will address it in your care. He has been jumping around so during the past year that it has been hard to locate him and I have depended on you girls to forward my letters to you, to him to read.

Times are very much out of joint here, but God is good and He controls and always does the best possible- seeing men are what they are. The war has stopped, but war is still in men's hearts all over the worlds. May God lead men to give up being selfish.

May He keep, guide, comfort and use you.

Very lovingly Your Father
Willard L. Beard

Please return to P.K.B.

[This typewritten letter, dated November 24, 1919, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his mother and all the peoples. The students have been causing problems although at the moment, things are quiet. There were 45 people at the mission Thanksgiving dinner. The U.S. Gunboat Helena is in Foochow and they got to meet some of the officers and sailors. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board of Commissioners
For
Foreign Missions

Foochow College
President's Office

Foochow, China Nov. 24th.1919

Dear Mother and all the Peoples:

This is as Dorothy used to say. I do not dare to look at my correspondence register for the space since I last wrote you must be great. But I write some one oftener than once a week so I know you hear from us that we are all right.

The world seems not to have gotten over the war, if it has stopped fighting. It is apparent here in Foochow also. Since the student strike last June we have been kept interested by the new things the students hatch up to do continually. I am enclosing an account of the latest. This was due to the riots. What the home papers have said about the riots I have no idea. The Shanghai papers have made them much worse than they really were. For a few days the streets were bothered with Japanese and Formosans who scared the students when they met them by grabbing them and asking them to what school they belonged. But now all is quiet as far as I can see. We all go and come as if nothing had taken place. And last evening I heard that the General had telegraphed to Peking that Foochow was quiet. [The Shanghai Students' Union published "The Students' Strike, An Explanation" which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We are in the midst of our Annual Meeting with the Chinese. There is not much to report on. More and more of the business is being put into the hands of the Chinese each year. This year for the first time the Chairman and the Vice Chairman are both Chinese.

A very urgent call has just come from the China Continuation Comm. at Shanghai for me to go there to meet with about 100 Chinese and missionaries from all over China to discuss the duty and opportunity of the Church in the present crisis. I shall likely be in Shanghai from Dec. 16 to 20 and if steamers do not fit, longer.

Nov. 28. We had 45 members of the mission at Thanksgiving yesterday. It took six big geese to feed them. I think we had one treat that you never had at a Thanksgiving dinner. I picked 70 ears of sweet corn. Some of them were good sized ears but some were so small that one person had two. It was a treat all right. The day was a beautiful one. We had windows and doors open and a good time all round. Two members were unable to be at dinner on account of illness and one had to stay away to take care of the sick. Mr. Belcher was just getting up for the Grippe or a hard cold. Mrs. Reumann was ill and their little boy Paul was ill so Mr. Reumann could not come. The Reumann's arrived last Friday. Mrs. Reumann is not very strong and the weather got very cold for a few days just as they arrived. It was a trying ordeal for her to be kept away from the dinner and to be the cause of keeping her husband away also.

I wonder what you did for Thanksgiving this year. You must have the house all closed and fires to keep warm by. I am writing with doors and windows open. One of the girlies is playing the piano. The Beach family are with us again this year for Annual Meeting. They have three little girls and the youngest is crying. Her father and mother are out for supper [*the rest of the letter is handwritten*] and she wants some one with her. Number two= Ethel has taken a great fancy to me. Her mother asked her the other day if she liked Mr. Beard. "I love Mr. Beard," she answered.

Sunday 5:45 p.m. Nov 30-

Yesterday we held the meeting of all ordained men, Chinese and foreign. This has been a very trying ordeal for the past five years, due to the fact that a part of the Chinese pastors refused to consent to the ordination of any new men to the pastorate. This made the candidates for ordination and the members of their churches feel badly and feel hard against these pastors. It has been the cause of a lot of hard thought and words and has blocked any progressive movements that any one could suggest.

Yesterday the matter of ordaining five young men came up again, and they were all turned down. One of the missionaries spoke very plainly and said that this action of the Pastor's continued year after year in this way was a great shame and it would be better to give up the Annual Meeting than to go on in this way. The Chinese pators spoke of their wish to be at peace among themselves and there was a season of prayer. Then we adjourned for lunch. After lunch we spent nearly an hour on our knees in prayer. After that different ones spoke very frankly of things they had heard about others. One of the pastors told me several things that he had heard about me; - things that had no foundation in fact and fortunately I could prove some of them by witnesses who were present. We broke up at 5 p.m. at peace and determined to make peace with the preachers who had been so long refused ordination. Monday four of us met the five men up for ordination and had a long conference at which there were more confessions, hand shakings and wet eyes. I hope the trouble is over.

The U.S. Gunboat "Helena" is here. We met the officers and several sailors last Friday at the Consulate and have invited a dozen or so to spend the night with us in this compound next Tuesday.

Men are in chaos but God is always the same,- always wise and good. He will keep us all
Very lovingly Will.

Mothers good letter came Nov. 22

[This letter, dated November 30, 1919, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She is requesting a sailing date back to the U.S. on June 20th. She tells about their Thanksgiving dinner for 32 people and celebration activities. Their Boy Scouts are making a skating rink behind the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien
Nov 30, 1919.

Dear Ones at Home-

What a bumper crop of apples you must have had to have sold so many. I want to set my teeth in an apple without pealing it or washing it in antiseptic. I have just gotten off a letter to Mr. McCann asking for a sailing on or after June 20th. I'll come either route that has the earliest accommodations. We registered at the Legation last Monday. Flora has a blank form which she is to send to Judge Palmer for him to send to Washington that will be shorter than having birth certificates sent here for passports. Flora now plans to leave for home next Fall if the new head for the school comes out.

Two weeks ago tomorrow I went up to Mrs. Stifler's for a Holyoke luncheon. There were six of us. Miss Helen Calder was the guest of honor. Flora was ill with a carbuncle on her cheek so I waited to take a rickshaw up. I saw Mrs. Macmillan off on the early train and thus discovered that Miss Calder, who was down here, had missed the train. Alas It fell to me to get the guest of honor there. I couldn't get off till 10.00 o'clock and the wind was beginning to rise. It rose!! Before we got to the gate it was very strong and our men could hardly run. It took 12 minutes a mile instead of 8. It was 12.30 when we reached the gate and 12.50 when we got to the home for Miss Calder to dress. Luncheon was at 1.00 and we were just 20 minutes late. I got so cold I didn't get thoroughly warmed for hours but thanks to my good health felt no ill effects.

Yes, Baby Ruth Fairchild Martin came three weeks ago tonight and is thinning and strong. I have held her once. Mrs. Martin is very well. We all had to keep away for a full week. Today she was to eat downstairs with the family. Mr. Martin is getting along finely and is graduated from the help of a huge staff on which he used both hands to an ordinary cane.

Last Monday Flora and I took lunch with Mrs. W.B. Price who rented our cottage two years ago. She has beautiful plants and quantities of them. They are her "hobby" which she took up so as not to get lonesome out here.

We had a party on Thanksgiving night, as is the Tungchow custom. We at the school had a big dinner at noon with all the children of the compound there. We had four bustards and we carved them on the tables. There was not much left for the next day because we were over forty in number.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith spoke at the service at 5.00. All of our guests 1.4 in number, were here so we had a room full. It was Mrs. Sheffields fiftieth anniversary of her arrival in China so part of our fun was devoted to celebrating that event. I was chairman of the social committee and we had made poems about varying incidents in her life for each of the 32 at table at the evening dinner. They were numbered for chronological order and we hope gave some pleasure. After dinner we had a little music and Dr. Smith read a couple of selections from some letters of a man on one of the ships between Salouta[?] and somewhere during the war. How we laughed! Then we went to Mrs. Love's home to play. We made out Jubilee Gifts for Mrs. S. to give away and we described her by adjectives beginning with the letters of her name. Then sat around in pairs and exchanged names. One odd one could call for anyone she wished. As each time names are changed, soon we were in a great muddle. Next we played "Boston".

Then Alice Huggins and I pinned names of prominent Americans on each of the backs of the company. We had extra ones and gave 20 minutes to see who could guess the rest. Then it was time to end up with a Virginia Reel, and get home so as to get into bed the same day we got undressed.

Dec. 1. Today I made out my bills from the store and took a walk into the candy shop with Mrs. Love. Besides I took a peep at Baby Ruth, watered plants and did some odd tasks.

The skating is good so the children are very busy during free time. My skates are broken so I walk and do gymnastics.

It is late- nearly 10.30- so I must get into bed lest I be sleepy when the bell rings at 6.45.

Dec. 2- Have just returned from tea at Carol Loves to meet Dr. and Mrs. VanNess of Boston. He works in the "Church of the Nations." Mrs. Lennox of the Rockerfeller was with them. I had met her before the west home two years ago. The VanNess's are just touring the east and evidently like it as they [are] over staying their first date. Yesterday Flora got a sample number of a new Peking Daily Paper. It is Japanese and the new viewpoint of the Foochow fracas is interesting.

Lots of love
Mary L. Beard.

Our Boy Scouts are building, or making, a skating rink back of the school building. Just now the pond is clear and good but dust storms or snow spoil that ice. Our rink will be so we can flood it from our artesian well so good all the time. I have started calisthenics with the children once a week. They love it and I enjoy it thoroughly so it is a pleasant half hour.

Affectionately
Mary

In my last letter I enclosed a draft for \$25.



Written in album: "Dr. Smith, Miss Andrews, Mrs. Sheffield, Dr. Goodrich"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1919 was written from Foochow, China by 11 year old Punk (Kathleen) to her sister Phebe. Willard left for Shanghai for a conference and he is to come back with items they asked him to buy. An American gun-boat came to Foochow and the missionary families housed and fed them while they were there. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow China
Dec. 15, 1919

Dear Phebe

It is getting near Christmas now and we are bustling to buy presents for all that we want to give to.

Papa left for Shanghai tonight. He has a conference up there every spring and he has one now too. Of course he is loaded with things to buy. He is every time he goes up there. I asked him to buy a present for mama and Marjorie and Marjorie asked him to buy one for Mama and me. I hope he will be here in time for Christmas.

Last week there was an American gun-boat came to Foochow. There was a reception at the American consulate for them- the sailors. Mr. Chrisain asked some of them to come and spend the night here in the city. They were distributed around the compound. We had three. They were changed at every meal so every family could get aquainted with as many of the group as possible.

Marjorie and I are making a hole suit of clothes for ourselves. We are just on the drowers now.

I wonder if you could get a birthday present for me to give to Marjorie. I want a pretty white ribbon. Marjorie wears two ribbons now so I guess you will have to get two each a yard long. I would like too for you to get three ribbon-holders, two for Marjorie and one for me. If they are too expensive I think Marjorie could get along with one, but I think two would be better for her. I am still saving my Dutch-cut for you to see and Mama says you girls and Gould will have the say when it shall grow out again.

I think you can expect a Christmas present from me sometime next year. We are dreadfully late in getting them off. Now I think we will have to wait til Christmas is over because there is so much to do. You may be expecting them about Dorothy's birthday. I will have to say goodnight now for it is getting late. With lots of love to all your sister Punk



Willard, Kathleen, Marjorie and Ellen about 1919
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

[This letter, dated December 27, 1919, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They have just finished their 7th week of school and have some clubs or organizations started. She had a carbuncle on her cheek that bothered her for a while. Mary is leaving for the U.S. next June and Flora will leave in September after a suitable new principal arrives to replace her. The students in China have given them some challenging times due to patriotism. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Dec. 27, 1919]

Dear folks at home:-

It seems an age since we have heard from you, but I expect you are just as busy as we- and perhaps busier. We have just finished our seventh week of school. It has gone well, but we are all feeling somewhat fatigued. We have the largest school we've ever had and the children are just brimming over with life and spirits. It keeps us busy to see that they are properly expressed. The average age of the scholars is thirteen years, so you can know that we have several pupils 16 and 17 years of age. We have two 8 year olds and they are the sweetest ones of the whole

group. To-day, the Boy Scouts are having a big time as the members of the Council are coming down from Peking to inspect the troops and give them the badges that they have won. We have struck the period of organizations this year- Christian Endeavor, Basket-ball teams, Campfire Girls, and a Literary Society are on foot. They are the natural signs of development and we are glad to see them coming.



Written in album: "Boy Scout Tests Fall 1919"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec. 3. - You see I do really take time to think about America and you folks there sometimes. The interim between the beginning of this letter, and here, has been spent in a lot of work- reports, settling some school pranks, taking care of a lot of sick girls, and sporting a carbuncle, myself. It was exactly in the center of my left cheek and it swelled until I wondered where it was going to. Fortunately it did not keep me awake nights, and the worst of it came during the week end, so that I did not have to lose classes. I looked like "Johnnie with a tooth ache."

A letter came about a week ago which made a bright spot in our work-a-day world. We were much interested in the sale of apples and wished we lived within hiking distance. You would have had our whole family of forty out there with more queer craft-like jin-rickshas, Peking carts, or Shunzas (chairs borne on the back of two mules – tandem), or some such vehicles to carry off our booty.

Mary is booking to start home as early after June 11th as she can get a boat. I hope to leave next September as soon as the new principal arrives. Circumstances need me here until there is a person to take my place. We hope Dr. Love's brother-in-law and his wife are coming. There can be a lot saved in the work Mary and I have done, if I can stay to see things into his hands. It seems to me a poor policy to let these six years of work be lost in any way, since they have been some of the hardest ones I have ever put in anywhere. The battle is not yet won though things look brighter. The status of the American school in the orient is one hard to describe, but I believe its existence is to be a greater factor in educating the Orient than people think- at present. Good schools here, will mean better families coming here for missions, business, etc.

Dec. 27. - Another letter from home tells of your sending "The Asia" to us for our Xmas present. It will be much appreciated by us both. Mary is booked to sail from Yokohama the last of June on the "Shinyo Maru", so she is beginning to feel her face turned toward home. We have an encouraging letter from Dr. Love's brother-in-law, but it is only enquiring about the circumstances and setting forth his policy. He has the right ideals, and the desires are natural ones, and the question is rather can we guarantee the proper support. We hope to hear soon from America that we have a gift of at least \$25000- and we hope it may be double that amount- coming to us. If it comes and we can get this man for our principal, we are fixed- and I will be able to get home by Xmas of 1920.

We have had a very merry Christmas here and are still feeling a little logy from late hours, many feasts, and much merriment.

I spent a few days in Tientsin when I met a lot of the people there and they are very anxious for me to spend a longer time in the spring as the Tientsin people are getting more and more interested in our school. I am planning to go at the Easter vacation. I am having a new dress made by my little Japanese dressmaker there. I like her style and work the best of any one I've ever had unless with the exception of Elizabeth Wilkinson. I am sure you will find my clothes will stand the companionship of clothes worn at home.

I came back from Tientsin and spent Sunday with Mrs. Burgess and then we came back home to work as hard as ever we could to get our Xmas things off. We used all the cards you sent us and then some more. We were very much pleased with them and the cost less than half what we paid last year, and were twice as pretty.

Had a letter from Christine Blakeslee saying that she had a bad hemorrhage and she is spending several months at the same resort that her sister was in one year. She says the doctor's give her great hopes so she is feeling quite chick[?].

We are having interesting times in the Chinese schools just now. Last year the scholars all struck just before the end of school because of "patriotism" and things had to be fixed up. It evidently "went to their heads" so now at 10 P.M. of the night before exams they (the students here) informed their faculty that they had to go the next day to preach patriotism and they would write no exams. The times are not the same as last June, and the faculty said no. The result now is that there are dozens of hungry and cold patriots (?) clamoring to get back. No one is to be allowed to return until Jan. 2nd, and then only as the faculty decide. Will wrote that only his school and the Catholics had any students in them in Foochow. I think such a state of affairs is true of nearly all the big cities in China. It has its useful side, but I hope out of it will come a better government of the schools. This time the faculties feel the students are not wholly sincere- that they wish to get rid of the test of their studies that the examinations will show.

Enclosed is a typed memorandum which I wish you would find out and send to the Department of State at Washington, so that I can get my passport for going home. Get the Town clerk to give you my birth certificate and send it on to Washington with my old passport number. They will mail my passport to me and so save three or four months.

Enclosed also is a draft for \$50 gold with which to defray the several expenses I have been incurring during the last several months, and to pay the \$25 I wished given to the Shelton church. I will send another draft if this does not cover everything.

Yours lovingly-
Flora Beard.

Tunghsien, Peking,
Dec. 27, 1919.

Mary updates the alumni records at Mount Holyoke College in 1919:

October, 1919

Our school is still growing. This year we have forty-three. We have all grades, from the fifth through the high school, graduation our first class last spring. Our schedule gives me one science class each year. Last year it was Chemistry and Dr. Goldwaite was present for one of my laboratory periods. This year it is botany and I wish Dr. Hooker or someone from the department would call to see that work. I love my work and it is with mingled feelings of joy and regret that I contemplate leaving it for a season next June.



Dorothy

Written on back of photo: "This is the same tree that is in the other picture. K.C.B." and "Do take particular notice of this "same tree" (what scrap of it appears in the picture). The sturdy branch of our family tree which incidentally! got into the picture, is, - Dorothy E.K.B."

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