

# 1921

- Willard and Phebe K. Beard leave for China in August. Phebe teaches at Girl's School in Ponasang, Foochow. Ellen remains in the U.S. (Oberlin, OH) with Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen. Gould is in the U.S. working in Houston, TX and Wilmington, NC.
- Mary leaves for China with Willard and Phebe in August to return to Tungchou at the North China American School with Flora. She has spent one year of furlough in the U.S.
- Mary is 39 and Flora is 52.
- Warren G. Harding elected President of US
- Radios become popular for family fun
- Willard is 56, Ellen- 53, Phebe- 26, Gould- 25, Geraldine- 23, Dorothy- 20, Marjorie- 15, Kathleen- 13.

*[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1921 was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker in Houston, TX by Gould to his sister Marjorie. Gould is out of the army now and working on the Mt. Baker. He is currently in port in Houston but the ship may be leaving for Puerto Rico soon. He talks about a possibly going to college in Ann Arbor, Michigan if he has saved enough money. Original letter in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker.  
Houston, TX  
C of Texas Chem. Co.,  
Jan. 21, 1921

Dearest Little Sister Monny;-

I think I have written to nearly every one in the family except you and Punky Doodle [*Kathleen*]. Punk's turn will be next. I got all your letters that came to me in one envelope and they all made life more cheerfull for me. Phebe wrote me a long letter and I got it yesterday. She sent me a handkerchief in it, and as if to respond to the present I caught a delightful cold last night and have need of many handkerchieves. However, the best letter writer in our family is our father; his letters almost total all the rest in numbers.

Last night I looked up Dr. Harrison and found that he was out of town or rather not in this pastorate now and the pulpit was occupied by Dr. Willisford. The Willisford's are very fine people and Dr. and Mrs. Willisford and their dignified daughter (age about 11) and myself spent two very interesting and enjoyable hours together. Sunday I am going to church for the first time this year and I am going to eat dinner with them, and they have invited me to come to their young peoples supper next Wed. Their oldest daughter graduated from Pamona College in Harold Gardners class. Dr. and Mrs. Willisford are well acquainted with Dr. and Mrs. Whitney (now living in Cal.) and Dr. Ide of Mt. Vernon. So you see, we found several points in common on which to form a very warm acquaintance.

Now for a few matters of business with Pappa. When I reached here I expected to have a car load of mail. When that did not arrive the Captain added a note in one of his telegrams to the Company about our mail. Having received no satisfaction and the Marine Superintendent having arrived the officers of the ship took it up with him and he telegraphed especially for it. Reports were then received that the mail was on its way but we have seen nothing of it so yesterday I wrote a rather cutting letter to the general mgr. If I am in danger of loosing my War Risk Insurance I will bring suit against the Globe Line if I think it advisable.

This last week I purchased eight shares of stock of \$125.10 each in the Southern Motors Manufacturing Association Ltd. and received an Associate Trusteeship in the same concern for five years. I paid \$500 down and will pay the rest within six months. I think I will draw back some of the money I sent Aunt Elizabeth and Jay the whole as soon as possible so as to draw interest or dividends on the whole. The Southern Motors is the largest Mfg. concern of pleasure cars, trucks and tractors in the southern states and its products are good and the company has more orders than it can fill at present. I think it is the best investment of its kind I have seen this year. I surveyed all their plants weeks before last. The president of the Southern Motors, Mr. Blevins is president of four large banks in the city of Houston. I think I have made a good investment. I wonder how much money I have in the Shelton Bank. If it is much I might not think of going to college until I get more saved up. I have, though, been thinking seriously of going to Ann Arbor Mich, if they will accept my entrance credits to Oberlin. I would have to take a half year preparation in math- algebra, geometry, and trig.-before I could take up with any engineering course in any good university.

At last these fresh rumors and statements about the future of the Mt. Baker have rested firmly on a cargo of rice for Porto Rico. Then a cargo of sugar back. It would be a four months trip in the way that Mt. Baker would travel it and with the Mt. Baker's dispatch in port, I am almost decided not to go with her, although I may be out of a job for some time if I leave her now.

Dot's letter came day before yesterday telling of the arrival of the smallest of the truck [*trunk?*], have you received the rest yet? Monny, I believe you were a great reader were'nt you. Well, have you ever read "Coffy Ricks, or the Taming of Mat Peaseley". I finished it a few days ago. It is a good story about shipping business of the West Coast. Rather more pleasant and amusing than the real thing but on the whole a very good book.

I'm going to buy a new suit of clothes tomorrow. It will be the third since leaving the Army and the first in a year and a half. My last suit I got in Liverpool. Had it made to order, and it is still in good condition, only I want a change once in a while and then the suit is not one I can go out to evening entertainment with.

Well, here's a good by and kiss all around to every body in the dear family.

With love to all,

Your own brother,  
Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Feb. 9, 1921 was written from the M.S. Mt. Baker docked in Houston, TX by Gould to Kathleen. He discusses a week of social activities and his thoughts and hopes for the future. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

M.S. Mt. Baker,  
C of Texas Chem. Co.,  
Houston, Texas.  
Feb. 9, 1921.

Dear Kathleen;-

This will have to do as a valentine to you and the whole family because I am unable to get off early enough to buy some before the stores close. We have had great doings since I wrote you last and I had better write them in diary form so as to get everything straight. I can't remember correctly before last Wednesday so I will begin Thurs. We (I mean my pal the 2<sup>nd</sup> mate, Mr. du Gardine) stayed at home or rather on board Wed. evening. Thursday we visited Dr. Willisford the present pastor of the Con'gl. Church here. Friday we attended a memo and boy's banquet at the Church. Saturday we entertained the Willisford family and the Woodward family aboard in the afternoon but stayed aboard for the evening. Sunday morning I went to church alone. I went to Miss Woodward's home for dinner. About three o'clock I went to Dr. Willisford's. At 5:00 P.M. Mr. du Gardine met us at their house and we went over to the church for the evening service. After the service there was a light supper for the young people then the young peoples service. This is the first one they have had and I had been asked to lead it and choose any topic I wanted to. I spoke on "Social Standards and Relations between the Youth of Opposite Sex in Our Country and in Foreign Lands I Have Recently Visited". We had a good meeting with about fifteen present. The discussion between those present fell into the matrimonial phase of it as I had feared and had guarded against. I wanted to present and discuss purely the Social phase of the subject. After the meeting I called up Miss Brisbane as had been previously arranged between Miss Harrison and myself. Miss Harrison and Miss Brisbane drove to Dr. Willisford's and got us and we spent the rest of the evening at Miss Brisbane's home. Both the Misses Harrisons were there and another girl and fellows from Rice Institute. Ms. Brisbane is a very hospitable and entertaining host and with the young people we had a fine time.

Monday evening we went to town and to a show alone. We mailed invitations for a banquet aboard the Mt. Baker. Tuesday we met Miss Harrison and Miss Brisbane and went to a Mexican dance which Miss Harrison chaperoned regularly every week. Miss Brisbane brought along her sketchbook with intention of sketching any striking pose she saw but when we got there she decided not to. The whole dance was carried off very nicely. If all dances were run as that one was I would see nothing wrong about it.

Wed. we had Mrs. Harrison, Miss Helen Harrison, Miss Elizabeth Harrison, Miss Woodward, Mr. Allen Woodward and Miss Brisbane on board for dinner. We trimmed the saloon with flags and the Chief's wife gave us a dinner on the Spanish style. We had a rousing good time. Thursday we were going to visit a Mr. Pearson but found the whole family out, so went to the Majestic Theatre.

That brings our doings down to date and our evenings are all spent along this line here in Houston, so you see we are well acquainted already.

Nobody knows what the old tub is going to do yet. There are wild rumors about everything and all parts of cargoes for ports in every part of So. Am. and the Caribbean sea but none of them have become stable as yet. As the time draws on my chances for another trip in the old tub diminish. I told the Marine Superintendent that I would by no means go on a trip that would take me away for Easter vacation. About the only trip that she could take now is to Tampico and parts with general cargo. That is if I went with her. We are working hard to repair cargo winchs and donkey boiler so that we will be ready for anything that comes along. We could set the main engines ready in two days more but are working on the others at present. The donkey boiler is an awful job, but after three weeks work on it with seven men we hope to finish it tomorrow.

I have just received Geraldine's letter telling me when Easter vacation comes. I will be home then at all costs. If I can stay on board until this old tub goes it will help me out financially quite a bit. I have invested and deposited in the bonds so much money that it doesn't leave me but a scant sum with my wages to pay my army insurance and my Union dues and other necessary expenses and keep a reserve for my going home when that comes.

Maybe you folks at home do not realize what "coming home" means to me. It means that my whole life will probably be changed. The work I have done, the profession I am very nearly becoming an expert in, the experience gained will all be laid aside and I will have to begin again anew somewhere. Probably I will go back to college somewhere and whether I will make good there now after nearly three and a half years away from it, I don't

know. I begin to realize now the truth of that old saying "it is hard to get into any profession and harder to get out of it".

I had better stop writing this letter now for if I should write all my thoughts wanderings tonight you would have a very long epistle indeed.

When I come home I may possibly bring my pal Arthur du Gardine with me for a few days visit. He may leave with me and will be going to Philadelphia or New York. I would very much like to have him live in a real American home. He is very enthusiastic about America except the home life and that's because he hasn't seen it as it goes on every day.

Tell Geraldine that I had not at all intended to sell Mr. Landis my suit. I did not have any more use for it and gave it to him. Could I properly tell Jessie to use the money for her own needs and if I did would Geraldine in further explanation. I will do nothing about it I assume until Geraldine writes me so that all will be understood.

Give my love to all the family. Give mother and father a goodbye hug and kiss for me.

With best wishes for you my little sister,

Your loving brother,

Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*



Geraldine and Dorothy about 1921

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

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **April 2, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to Mary. Flora talks about raising money for the school and what teachers they hope for. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli  
Nee ASTOR HOUSE HOTEL,  
SHANGHAI

[April 2, 1921]

Dear Mary;-

A few days ago I started off a 6 page note to you in company with some of the letters which we are sending out for help over our present financial strain. I shall send you one more bunch. I wish you could get Dr. Danton to send out some. I want to write to them and think I can send them some direct. I feel confident that we shall have no trouble in raising our money but I hope it shall get more than we need, so that we can do some things that we need money for.

The Ch. of the Brethren are asking to come in with us. This gives us \$2000 mex. for our school plant. We must have an isolation ward, and so we are planning to make Miss Bostwick's former suite into that. It will lend itself very well to it. We shall put on a sleeping porch from the front steps around to the bay window which will accommodate 28 or 30 boys- upstairs and down. We expect to have Mr. Lund here and hope you are to secure Mr. Romig. At any rate we must have a music teacher. Mrs. Martin and I talked over her bringing out some music with her, and I suggested that she spend about \$50 in music to be sold to the children next fall. I am enclosing a copy of our musicale this year so she can see about the grade of work our children can do. If she could make some arrangements with some music house for future purchasing, it would be fine. I do hope you can get Miss McKinney's friend. If you can't I wish you would write to Miss Isabel Bonell, care of Dr. Burnett, East Orange, and ask if she would consider coming or if she knew of any one who would come. Mrs. Packard knew her in Vassar, and her mother was one of my best friends in S. Orange. Would Miss Costikyan know of any one? By the way, would Mrs. Frame know of any one to whom we could send out appeals?

A lot of papers have just come telling of the frightful accident on the Shelton trolley, and of the bank trouble. I am rather anxious to know if Stanley is going to lose a lot. I hope not.

Did I tell you that we are hoping to have a trained nurse next year in connection with the hospital? Miss Connolly is the one we are asking for. She will have full charge of the clinic of our school, and so save Dr. Love's daily oversight of the children. I hope she will live with us, but I don't know whether Miss Huggins will agree to that. Mr. and Mrs. Wolf will probably be living in our compound next year as Mr. Martin is to begin his building. Next year has promises of much constructive work- both in material and educational lines here in our compound.

I am anxious to hear from you about teachers, and hope you have secured your friend, already. Will you please cable by May 15<sup>th</sup> so that we can have the data for our new prospectus?

Will write more in a few days. The boys and Mr. Lund returned from their 8 days hike in good condition.

Lovingly-

F. Beard.

Apr. 2, 1921.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated April 3, 1921, was written from Tungchow, China by Flora to Mary. Flora tells Mary some of the plans for the school and that the board has voted to keep the school where it is as opposed to Peking. Flora asks if Mary has engaged passage to come back to China yet. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,  
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

Apr. 3, 1921- 3<sup>rd</sup> letter.

Dear Mary:-

Your letter to Miss Huggins has answered my query about what you are studying. I make out the last two as Mental Adjustments and Advisors of Women and Girls. The others we understand. "Curricula" will be of a lot of help to us as we have a committee to place ours in black and white. The committees of the Mother's Club did a lot of good thinking and discussion which has resulted in crystallizing some of the wishes of the people and finding out our needs. The people here want us to run on the 6-6 plan, which means that we are nothing but a high school with the 6<sup>th</sup> grade preparatory. I have been looking over some of the Junior high school books, and are much interested in their different point of view, and I think we can easily readjust our work so as to fit the Jr. H.S. idea if every one wishes it. Our committee is Mrs. Corbett, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Galt, and myself. We shall co-opt you upon your arrival. I want to do some work on it this summer so as to be ready for your criticisms when you get here. We have set September 7<sup>th</sup> for our opening of school next fall. Have you engaged your passage yet?

I am enclosing the propaganda that Dr. Howard is sending out. Our board has decided that the N.C.A.S. must stay here. The Peking arrangements, so far, do not include any dormitory arrangements and we decided since we had to build them anyway, that it is better to build here. The P. people so far, have not been able to buy land anywhere except back of Mr. Porter's house. When the University moves out this place would be away off to one side. Did you know that the University had actually purchased land just in the left hand corner of where the road divides,

one part going to the Summer Palace and one on to Tsinghua? Dr. Stuart goes home this June to see about money and other plans.

Well, the future is somewhat more hopeful for us, as the Ch. of the Brethren have definitely asked to come in with us. Dr. Barton of Boston is to visit us next fall, and will find out some facts first hand which should help. The Boston Bd. has raised the age limit for children returning to 15 yrs so that is a real recognition of our being of some good.

The propaganda for the P. school and ours will cause some agitation and it must result in clearing the air for us. It is a long game and I believe our lack of haste will prove the best in the end. We want a good grammar school in Peking, and perhaps they do need the night school. By the way, did Sam Dean tell you that his father is to be the new principle of the P. school?

I wish you could do some school visiting in the private schools about New York and Conn. I would like to have you visit Kent Place in Summit (where Delnoce was) the big boys' school, and girls' school in Morristown, N. Jersey, some of the schools in Conn., such as the ones in Norwalk, near New Haven, and Waterbury- perhaps near enough to auto out to. A study of their management would be a help I am sure. You may find others more accessible than these, which would be better.

I am enclosing a list of purchases which I would like to have you bring out with you, if they don't take up too much room. If they do just mail them. Lovingly- F.B.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated April 24, 1921, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. They had the worst Gobi dust storm that she has seen. Flora tells about some of the disease outbreaks in Peking. They are sending out letters requesting financial help for the school. Flora is disappointed that Mary will not be back in China for the first week of school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School

Tunghsien, Peking, China, Apr. 24, 1921.

Dear folks at home:-

This year started out with a riot, and we've kept the fuss up in one way or another all the year. Just now it is Gobi dust, measles, mumps, conjunctivitis, new babies, getting up a play, and a pageant, and trying to get our every day work done. Last week we had the worst Gobi dust storm ever heard of. It has been blowing all the morning, and for hours before the cloud arrived it would be seen off to the north and west. We lighted our lamps at 3.15 P.M. in order to see to study. Most of the time we could not see the houses across the campus. We got over to supper all right, but before the meal was over the servants were covered with dust. The rooms were so full that we were in a cloud. I did not even then realize how bad it was, for when I started back to school with a servant, our lantern went out and we could see no light, and we got lost. Several of the children wandered over to the village before they found out where they were. They all got safely to the school and started to study, though by this time the lamps were so choked by the dust, that they gave little light, and the room was in a cloud. At 8.30 P.M. Mr. Lund came over with a rope and we sent the children home. One of the big boys took the lead, the girls held on to the rope, and Mr. Lund brought up the rear, so they got home O.K. The out-door sleepers had to move in and sleep on the floor. All of us had to sleep with windows closed. My bed had a half inch of dust all over it. The dust was coming in so fast that I did not try to get rid of it, but crept in between the sheets and tried to sleep. I tied my head up but you never would have known I had taken any precautions the next morning. You could not see the design on my rugs. The dust was whipped on to the window panes just as snow is whipped sometimes. The next afternoon the storm cleared and the children cleaned the high school room the second time, and we had study hall. That was all that we studied that day. I took two Standard Oil tins of yellow dirt out of my room, and I have no idea how much was taken out of our whole building. Mrs. Howard-Smith took 40 such tins off of each of her verandas. Our out of door plants were all whipped to pieces so that we are having very scrubby lilac blooms this spring. It is very dry. We have not had any rain since Easter morning. That date seems to have been a dry St. Swithin's Day to the Chinese, for they say the snow of that morning meant forty days of wind and dust. So far the record has been kept. It is so dry that it seems as though we would all be crisped soon if it does not rain. Here it is the 24<sup>th</sup> of April and our strawberries have only just started to grow. The rose bushes are just leaving out and to-day the peonies have showed that they are something more than mere stems. I doubt if we have strawberries, or peas, or lettuce before the children go home the 9<sup>th</sup> of June. We have about an inch of the yellow dust all over the compound, so that we look quite like a desert. The violets are struggling up through it, and the alfalfa seems not to care.

Peking has been full of every disease you can mention. There have been several deaths from that horrible diphtheritic-scarlet fever, from small pox, typhus, and many, many people have had the minor diseases of measles,

mumps, etc. We caught the German measles and had over a dozen cases of them. We had three cases of whooping cough, and now there are seven children sick with the real measles, and two with mumps. Four of them are in school here. Mrs. Dildine came in response to a telegram, and we have a Chinese trained nurse. All the patients have had a good case of measles but so far Mary Dildine is the only one who has had any complication. She is very uncomfortable with bronchial pneumonia. She is not yet out of danger, but she seems to be gaining. If we continue to take Peking children, we shall have to make some rules for our protection from diseases they bring to us. We have already in view more children than are leaving, so we are bound to be a full school next year. We have six pupils for a fifth grade, but the Bd. of Managers voted to have our lowest grade the 6<sup>th</sup>, so we shall have to say "no".

We have sent out letters to collect five or six thousand dollars to help us over this year's financial crisis and we already have one thousand dollars in. Mary will be interested to know that the College Club of Peking gave us \$300 Mex. It seems they voted to give the Peking school that sum, and Miss Paine, Mrs. Hall, and Dr. Miner had some words to say about limiting their gifts to a single institution, so they treated us to the gift, also. The "Church of the Brethren" have voted to come in with us, and that means, we will have money enough to put a sleeping porch on to Wistaria Cottage this summer. I am planning to get back here by the middle of August to superintend it, if necessary. I want to go to Korea for a few weeks if I can get away during July, for my efficiency will be much enhanced if I can get away from every thing for awhile. This has been a riotous year, and if Dr. Love and Mrs. Martin had not sacrificed themselves we would have had to close the school. I hope out of it will come some constructive additions and decisions as to what is necessary. We are to have another meeting of the Bd. of Man. In June when I hope we will get other important measures started.

I am much disappointed that Mary is not to be here for the opening of school, but I suppose it can't be helped. It just means that some of the work will have to be done twice. Probably it won't make as much difference as it now seems it would. I do hope she gets Mr. Romig and the music teacher anyway. I hope Mr. Romig can get an early sailing. It won't matter so much if the music teacher is a little late, so long as she is here by Oct. 1<sup>st</sup>. We have had a Russian this year, and I have not been especially attracted to him or his interpretation of music. He had done well by his pupils though. I must close. Dr. and Mrs. Fenn are spending the week-end with us. He is to preach this afternoon. Lovingly- Flora Beard.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated May 6, 1921 was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father, Willard. Gould is living and working in North Carolina where he is helping build concrete vessels. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

403 Dock St.,  
Wilmington, N.C.  
May 6, 1921.

Dear Father:

I got here O.K. yesterday morning. Met Frank Zuber at the station and went down to the ship yards with him. I am working in the Newport Ship Yards. They are building seven small concrete vessels and one large 5,000 ton concrete tanks. The job is not quite what I thought it would be, but as I have my freedom to do my work about as I please, as long as I follow specifications, I can't kick. The men are genial and easy going like all southerners. Thursday while in Washington I made two tours with the Gray Line. The first in the morning through the White House, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, the Smithsonian Institute Museum, the library, and the Capitol. In the afternoon I took a tour out to Arlington and saw the National Cemetery. In the evening I walked up through the capitol park and grounds and around the capitol building then up to the library where I stayed for an hour enjoying the beautiful building. By my special request I gained admittance with another chap to the Library stacks. The head librarian took us around and showed us their whole system of book ordering and delivery by special belt conveyers and automatic dumpers.

I took my train of 9:30 for Wilmington. The Atl. Coast Line is a good fast line and very easy to ride.

I have a room fare for \$18 a month. It is not too large, very well furnished, and the land lady and husband are young people just up from Atlanta, Ga. They are very nice people although I have not had much to do with them yet.

Hoping this will reach you at Mr. Goddard's

Your son,  
Gould

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **May 8, 1921** was written from Berlin, CT by Phebe to her mother, Ellen. Phebe is teaching in Berlin and Ellen and the family are in Oberlin. She sends wishes to Ellen on Mother's Day. She has been accepted by the ABCFM as a missionary and will attend training in June. Phebe wonders if her mother has decided whether or not she will go back to China with her and Willard or stay in the U.S. with her younger siblings. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Berlin, CT]  
[May 8, 1921]

My own dear mother,

It is a lovely day for Mother's Day here. The sun has been bright and warm, the air balmy, and the little birds have been singing their merriest. The atmosphere is so perfect that we have all been in the highest spirits- a grump simply couldn't exist today!

This morning I wore a little yellow rosebud to church for you. I was disappointed that there was no special notice, beyond a few words about it, in the service today. Our Putnam meetings were so beautiful. What did they do in Oberlin?

Papa is now in New York State somewhere. I hope the children are all with you. Wouldn't I like to be with you all today; or have you here and take you out for a quiet walk thru our lovely fields and lanes?

Doris has just been smothering her mother with kisses and hugs- her usual pastime during Sunday dinner dishes.

So often during these two years in Berlin I've thought of the ideals that you have stood for and taught me. Sometimes it has seemed hard to stick, but they always come back and always with greater feasibility and power on their side. I've thought of it many times during the weeks since Christmas and Easter. You have given us children something no one can take away. I have always taken much satisfaction in remembering when we were together as a family in Putnam, and in Foochow. Just the thought and memory of it have given me strength to go on being myself in spite of many things that have gone wrong. And you have the message that Matthew Arnold gave in a time that wasn't so rushed as this, when people were more careful to do good work, -the message of perfection. And he said that those who held to this goal of perfection would be the minority and always would be.

On this subject Mr. Fiske and I were talking this afternoon, and we agreed that if one felt that he had anything to do in this world he would have to go forward and do it regardless of opposition from others. Heat is inevitable, and we must work on in spite of it. It has come home to me very forcibly this last week in many ways.

I hope, then, that this Mother's Day will give you a new strength of convictions and a new faith, to help you to go on living the life that has given us our inner strength and the example for it. May it give you, too, a renewed realization of how much we all love you, and want you with us in all our activities. May God continue ever to be your strong Councilor and Friend, the strength and inspiration of your life!

From my letters home you know that I have been accepted as a missionary, and have even got applications for my minister's railroad reduction ticket. Miss Calder and Miss Lawson have both sent me many very nice letters; and I am planning to be at the Training Conference from June 7-17 in Boston. Sometimes, when I think of all the needs, and of my general preparation it does seem as if this were a hasty step. I seem so unprepared, and so incapable of doing anything worthy of being supported by the Board. But I suppose we have to take the opportunities as they come to us, and do our best. I still have all my preparation to make. My list of purchases, my reading, and many other things.

I keep wondering and wondering whether you will go back or not with us. What have you decided about it? And is Papa going to take the Presidency of the College again or not? Evidently the California trip is off. You will of course, come East, then in June. How glad we shall be to see you again!

Yesterday Jeanette and I got our wedding dress material. It is a pink organdie, of the finest quality, and is very pretty. It is to be made in a graceful style, too. I wish you could be here for the wedding. At Ruth's wedding, I am to play the wedding march and have the music end of it thro the evening. Today I tried my hand at my new violin. It is very loud, but a sweet toned instrument. Not very well adapted to a small house. I am not sure that I shall do anything with that.

Now I wonder what you have that I would give as wedding gifts to Ruth and Betty? I'd like some nice Chinese center pieces or table cloths. Have you any of the Madiera or eyelet work in large pieces? Or do you have some of the print runner sets for luncheon tables? I shall leave it to your fine discretion what to send; for I want it the nicest thing I can get. Please let me know the price, because I should have to get one anyway. Linen, if possible.

You haven't sent the address of that woman's club report on something that you planned to send me.



Next Sunday is Jeannette's birthday. I think she would appreciate a little note from you; for your birthday notes are so lovely. She is the kind who would deeply appreciate your letters. I am giving her a good many things, so unless you really want to, a gift will be unnecessary- from the quantity point of view.

I got a new hat for \$5.95- a really good one, straw, dark blue, in a novel shape, that they all think is becoming. My suit skirt can be fixed up, too, to look much better, and the silk is on hand!

On the 21<sup>st</sup> we go to Mt. Holyoke to the May Day celebration and the Jubilee anniversary of Miss Wooly the President. On the 29<sup>th</sup> Papa is here. Then I go to Boston. We wanted to go to New York this week end, but we were both too tired. That trip will have to come this summer.

I am going to send you a bundle with two things in it soon. I hope you will like them. They were very reasonable, so you mustn't let it worry you.

This week Jeanette sent 3 large suit case boxes of violets and other flowers to Ruth Cowles in New York for a nurses' party they were having there. I hope they reached her safely.

I must stop now. I hope you are all well, and taking enough rest and care of yourselves. I hope you can come to Berlin for a day before we close school. Plan for it. Give my love to all the children, and ask each of them to kiss my Mother once for me!

My very dearest love to you, mother dear!

Your

Phebe

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **May 9, 1921** was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould feels that Willard better understands the direction in life that Gould is taking. He refers to his mother staying in the states with the girls while Willard and Phebe go to China. He describes his job. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Keep till I come and  
don't tell anyone.

Father

403 Dock St.,  
Wilmington, N.C.  
May 9, 1921

Dear Father;-

I called this evening at the general delivery window and I got your letter. I certainly shared your feelings in parting. I feel now that I know you and that you know me a great deal better than we ever knew each other before. Before I came home I had the feeling by your letters that you did not clearly see what I was aiming at but I know that you now know that all this is a stepping stone that I have shown as a means to an end. Although not many men do it my way, I feel sure that if I stick to it I will come out where I have aimed for and possibly better.

Mrs. Lawrence and I had a fine little chat while going up to Cleveland, and she told me she was glad to see that Ethel and I were good friends.

In regard to Mother's staying I have seen the thing taking shape for the last month. Especially Geraldine would remark "if mamma stays". I had said nothing to anyone about it until I spoke to you that morning. There is no doubt but what the girls and mother will decide on the best course to take.

I don't know whether every letter to you addressed to Mr. Goddard's house will reach you or not. The nature of the work is not what I expected but entirely different and in some ways a surprise. It is installing direct connected; not electric drive engines. The ships are concrete and I am watching the various processes of construction with great interest. I am supposed to take care of odds and ends in the installing that the regular installing engineer doesn't have time to look after. Just now I am making of all the high pressure air fittings that will be put into the next boat. #1 is completed and I was supposed to follow or copy the lines as laid out in it, but I saw where I could save the company some 50 ft. of H.P. copper tubing on each boat, also some tons of fittings and I showed the boss about it and got his O.K. to put them in the way I wanted to.

Frank Zuber will not be here over two weeks more. His work was only to fit the generators onto the small generator set because they had to ship the engines before they got the generators from the electrical people.

I suppose I will not get any more mail now until those letters that I wrote to Oberlin and Shelton are answered which will be Saturday at the earliest.

I will address your next letter to the farm.

Hoping that you and your companion are enjoying the tour. Remember me to him and give my regards to all my friends that you meet.

Your only son, Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **May 13, 1921** was written from Boston, MA by Willard to Ellen and the girlies. Willard was in Boston and headed for Providence with Mr. Ding accompanying him. Willard feels it is wise for Ellen to stay in the states with the girls rather than go back to China with him. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

THE AMERICAN BOARD  
BOSTON

May 13, 1921

Dear Ellen and Girlies;

Yesterday I reached Boston. Mr. Ding got here the day before we spent Monday night with Dwight. He was alone. Mrs. G. has not yet come from Ann Arbor. Mr. Ding spent all day Tuesday with Dwight, and Wed. a.m. went to see the Babson Statistical Bureau at Wellesley Hills and then Dwight took him into Cambridge where he found a friend from Foochow. But when I got here at 10:45 a.m. I found him at the outer door of the Cong'l House waiting anxiously for me and ready to start back for Oberlin. I took him to the Y.M.C.A. here where he still is. Last night I spent with the Belchers and plan to stay with the Donaldsons tonight. This morning two little pouty[?] nightgowned people rushed into my room and got rustled and had a good frolic. Both Francis and Lucille are looking very well- as are all the Belchers.

Tomorrow I go to Providence to spend the Sun. and I plan to take Ding along. He speaks very acceptably.

I do not hear anything from Oberlin. I talked with Mr. Willard yesterday about the possibility of your canceling your parting. He said if I let him know by the middle of June it would be all right. The Belchers have heard that the Bliss girls at Auburndale are not happy. They are not doing well in their study. Mrs. Bliss is coming home with Edward and they are glad on account of the girls in Auburndale. I am convinced that it is by all means wise for you to stay with the girlies.

This will necessitate some changes pretty soon in our plans. I hope you and the girls will talk them over soon.

Phebe's Candidate Conference is the 7-17 of June. I have written that I would be [in] Berlin May 22. I wonder if my reply to Lake Geneva has reached you and been forwarded to me.

Lovingly

Will and Father.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **May 14, 1921** was written from Boston, MA by Willard to Ellen. He sends Ellen a check for household expenses along with a brief note. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

THE AMERICAN BOARD  
BOSTON

May 14 – 1921

Dear Ellen,-

I am sending you a check for \$25.00 for household expenses. I hope the money I left is still holding out.

Last night I spent with the Donaldsons. They are now living in a flat at Nahant, Mass. on the coast. They plan to go back in the late fall, and will then have four children to take back!!! Susan is gaining steadily but surely. She is a deal shorter and lighter than Frederick who is a sturdy boy.

I am enclosing a letter from Gould which you will all enjoy.

It looks as if a Miss Armstrong who has taught at Mt. Herman for some five or more years was to be secured for Foochow College.

I will have another talk with Phebe before deciding about Jeanette Hines. The people here seem to be favorable to her going. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard have asked for an extension of their furlough and plan to sail in Dec.

Lovingly

Will

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **May 18, 1921**, was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould tosses around the decision of whether to go to Ann Arbor to study or work at a high paying job and asks for his father's advice. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

403 Dock St.,  
Wilmington, N.C.  
May 18, 1921.

Dear Father:-

This evening when I came home from the yards I found this letter waiting me from Ass. Dean Butts of the U. of Mich. He must be from Missouri! I can show him all right, its been my business for the past four years to show people that I could do things and I haven't had a set back in the line of a failure since I joined the army.

This letter has set me to thinking. I have just been recommended by the Winton Eng. Wks. and the New Port Ship Building Co. for the position of Chief of one of these little River Vessels at \$225 a month. I consider that that job would be only a stepping stone to something better in a year or so. The salary is more than the average man is getting after working at his trade for ten years or more. Only one of the bosses here from the Gen'l Mgr. to the lowest foreman has ever been to college and that man is a civil engineer employed to make alignments on the forms for costing the concrete ship. The question naturally arises whether it is worth the money and effort and time to take four years out for theoretical study.

On the other hand I have set myself for a long time on completing a theoretical course in engineering at some institution. This is the only great object that I have come up against that I have not realized its accomplishment, and there is a challenge to tackle it again. Mr. Butts increases that about ten fold when he says he must be shown that I am worthy to be allowed to study at Ann Arbor.

These are my personal feelings on the subject. There is no use trying to convince Mr. Butts that I can run the Chief job on the R.V. #2 and study Algebra, Geometry, and German at the same time. If I take that job I will not be in a place to get a tutor. If I intend to enter the U. of Michigan at all it must be next fall, and if next fall I will have to give up this position and go to Summer School there. It will mean a great deal of extra expense besides the loss of the two hundred dollars I hoped to clear if I only stayed on this job without getting the Chief's position. If I start this thing I want to finish it and I want to know that I will have money enough to finish it.

I will await my reply to Mr. Butts until I hear from you. I am ready to go either way at the present time. Four years of education is a pretty costly thing for a man who can rise above the crowd without it. I will await your answer and then decide once and for all. If I decide to go I will have to quit here June 25<sup>th</sup> come north and see you all and get out to Ann Arbor by July 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>.

Remember me to everyone at the farm and to all my friends.

Lovingly, your son,

Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **June 19, 1921** was written from Wilmington, N.C. by Gould to his father. Gould has quit his job and tells his travel plans ending in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

403 Dock St.,  
Wilmington, N.C.  
June 19, 1921

Dear Father:-

I got your last letter yesterday and read it with a lot of pleasure. I guess Mr. Ding had the time of his life on that trip.

My plans are as follows-Leave Wilmington at 7:00 P.M. June 25<sup>th</sup>. Arrive New York about 2 P.M. June 26<sup>th</sup>. Either stay over night in N.Y. with Frank Zuber or go straight to Bridgeport. Aunt Mollie and Uncle Raymond will be up on Lake George N.Y.. Go to the Farm about the 28<sup>th</sup>. Go to Putnam the 30<sup>th</sup> and stay until Saturday or Sunday. Then go to Silver Bay and then to Oberlin and try to get to Ann Arbor for the 5<sup>th</sup> of July. I don't know how things will work out so I am not planning very definite dates. These are the essential places that I want to visit. I would like to see Aunt Mollie and Uncle Raymond if possible.

The people there are sorry that I am going because they will have to get another man down from the factory to do my work. I have tried to break in two men to do it, but they don't seem to catch on to it as they should or as any man with intelligence and mechanical knack should. However I don't feel the least bit badly for them because I have paid my fares both ways and have't received much for my services here.

You said you would be going out to Shelton July 4<sup>th</sup>. Then we will be about passing each other on the way because I intend getting to Oberlin about the 2<sup>nd</sup> or 3<sup>rd</sup> if there will be any body there. I will pack up all my goods and chattels and take them on with me to Michigan because I intend to make a go of it and be there until I finish.

I'm awfully glad that Aunt Phebe and Cousin Zina are actually going to get out to Oberlin. I was almost afraid none of the Beards from Shelton would ever see that place. I think it will please Harold immensely to have one of his family visit the place where he put in 5 years of study.

Remember me to all the dear ones.

With love to the whole family  
Gould

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **June 1921** was written from Berlin, CT by Phebe to her mother. Geraldine is graduating (probably from Oberlin College). Phebe is experiencing some unexpected attention now that she has become a member of the ABCFM. Her commissioning service is the following Sunday. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[Berlin, CT]

[About June 19, 1921]

Mother, darling,

It is late, late; but we have to make time these days if communication continues! Geraldine graduates tomorrow morning at 10:30, and tonight Father near died with the class. So did all the "descendants" I suppose, and the wife! How I would like to be there!



This may be Geraldine's graduation photo from Oberlin- 1921  
*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Tomorrow night I suppose Geraldine and Dot go to Silver Bay. And Aunt Phebe is there with you, and the girlies are thru school!



Silver Bay Resort on Lake George, NY- photo taken about 1998  
*[Photo from Jill Elmer Jackson]*

Aunt Phebe's visit here was so lovely! I have long hoped she could visit Berlin while I was teaching here, and at last it has come true. We wished she had not changed her plans and had stayed over night.

These two weeks have been terribly busy. School reports, two nights out to supper, a trip to Hartford; and a supper tonight for our two brides have kept things humming. This afternoon the graduating class of the Junior High had Class Day. Tomorrow is graduation, and tomorrow evening there is a reception for me in the church. Becoming a member of the Board is fraught with far more publicity than I had even dreamed; and all the substance I ever that I had has suddenly dwindled to such a tiny speck, I wonder how I ever had the nerve to volunteer. But I'm trying to live up to a reputation I really never suspected!

Mr. Fiske has been very nice about arranging my commission service for next Sunday. I am still hoping that Father can come to offer my dedicatory prayer. I do wish you could be here, too! Francis Cobey, one of my boys is going to sing for me, and either Dr. Strong or Mr. Clark is to give the commission. Aunt Mary thinks some of them can come from the Farm, and perhaps Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert can come from Putnam. Do let me hear soon as to Father. And how about you going to China? I do want to hear!

I must stop now.

Much love to you all,  
 Phebe K.

Our dresses for the weddings are lovely! My silk is stunning. Where are my wedding gifts? If you haven't got them, use the money to come here next Sun. at 5 P.M. for my service! Don't get them now. I got some others for a shower that I can use. We aren't going to have the shower.

Tues. night.  
 Berlin.

\*\*\*\*\*



# Service of Commission

FOR

## Phebe K Beard

Missionary of the American Board to Foochow, China,  
Supported by the Woman's Board of Missions.



MISS BEARD

BERLIN SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1921.

4:00 P. M.

Front of program for Phebe Kinney Beard's Commissioning Service  
June 26, 1921

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

Phebe's Commissioning Program continued.

### Brief History.

Phebe Kinney Beard was born in Foochow, China.

She spent her early years there, coming to this country for her education in 1910. She received her High School education in Putnam, Conn., her mother's home, and from there went to Oberlin, graduating in 1919. In Oberlin she was very active in the Student Volunteer Band.

The past two years have been spent in Berlin teaching. In position as teacher and friend she has won her way into the hearts of all the Berlin people.

It has been her long cherished hope to return to China, and now as she answers the call and returns to the land of her birth and desire, to become a teacher, in the girl's school at Ponasang, Foochow, she takes with her the sincere loyalty and best wishes of her many friends here.

### Commission Service.

ORGAN PRELUDE

ANTHEM, "As Pants the Hart," SCOTT

SCRIPTURE MATHEW 28. 18 20

HYMN 39, "Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning"

ADDRESS, REV. W. E. STRONG, D. D.  
Secretary of American Board

SPECIAL MUSIC, FRANCIS COBEY

PRESENTATION OF COMMISSION, REV. W. E. STRONG D.D

RESPONSE, MISS PHEBE K. BEARD

PRAYER OF CONSECRATION, REV. LEWIS HODOUS  
Harford School of Missions,

COMMISSIONING "1 HYMN NO. 411, Ye Christian Heralds  
Go Proclaim"

BENEDICTION.

\*\*\*\*\*

Poem probably dated June 1921.

The following handwritten poem regarding her upcoming trip to China was found in Phebe's scrapbook:

O Phebe dear, what can I write  
To cheer you on your way,  
As you go sailing on the sea  
On your voyage to Cathay?

You know dear that we love you true  
You know for you we pray  
You know we all shall think of you  
When teaching in Cathay.

I'd like to send some wondrous charms  
Some magic word to say  
To help you over places hard  
And trials in Cathay.

But that, dear love, I cannot do.  
But from this summer's day  
I'll draw a lesson for your use  
When you have reached Cathay.

This morning's sun rose bright and warm

But soon the skies grew grey;  
The thunder rolled, the rain fell fast  
Does it do so in Cathay?

All day the clouds have hid the sky  
The sunshine could not stay.  
I fear your sky may clouded be  
Some days in far Cathay.

But patience dear - the hours went by  
And just at close of day  
The storm clouds lifted - so they will  
I'm sure in far Cathay.

The sun shone out-right gloriously  
The clouds all slunk away.  
Keep up your courage- so 'twill be  
When teaching in Cathay.

[Unsigned author]

[Poem from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **July 7, 1921**, was written from Peitaiho, China by Flora to the folks at home. She is taking a month vacation in Peitaiho. Because she has not been able to get enough teachers, Flora must remain in China for the full school year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Peitaiho, July 7, 1921.  
NORTH CHINA AMERICAN SCHOOL,  
TUNGHSIEN, PEKING, CHINA.

Dear folks at home:-

I arrived here on July 1<sup>st</sup> and am returning to Tunghsien Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> to do a lot of repairing needed on our buildings. We had some money left over this year and since we have not enough to do the building we need, we are going to fix every thing over as fresh as we can. I did a lot before I came up, but have the boys dormitory all to do. Then, too, the Sowters are coming over to Peking for August and I have invited them to make their home with me while they sight see. I am not going with them every day, and some of the time they will stay in Peking. School finally closed with a fine spirit, though we were nearly done to a finish. I managed to faint away the Sunday before the close but spent the day in bed and got through the rest of the time by being careful. I am feeling O.K. again now. Am taking life very easily here. Am at the Gould Cottage and my room is clear at the east end of the long house, where I can be as quiet as I choose. It is like walking the deck of the steamer to go to my meals the distance is so great, and I have the water in sight and sound all the way, but I am enjoying it very much. Miss Kelly (the lame[?] lady whom Mary and I knew at Kuling) is here. She has been doing famine relief work in Paotingfu and so is spending her summer here with Miss Breck. Every one is just at the first stage of resting up so the house is quite quiet, but it is fast filling up. I am fortunate to have one of the two single rooms, so I will have the quiet of single blessedness the whole month.

I am enclosing a subscription blank for Mary's Geographic which she wants paid. If she has left before this reaches you will you please pay it and let her know by letter?

Last spring, I had an opportunity to send my watch home by Dr. G. Wilder to Will in Oberlin. He, I hope, has taken it to Shelton for repairs. I hope Mary will bring it back with her. The new watch piece you sent me I like very much, but it is costing me both my watches at present. The watch is a poor one and three times now I have had my watches fall to the ground, and they do not care for such gymnastics. At present I am wearing Miss Huggin's wrist watch. She happens to have two. I must say I don't care for wrist watches- at lease with leather straps.

Mother's letter came last night, but I have mislaid it somewhere. Found it. After re-reading it I find there is not much to answer in it. We have not been able to fill our needed teaching staff to the needed number which



means, I shall not be able to leave for home before next summer, unless some one can be found during the year. We shall be only Mary, Miss Bostwick and myself of the old staff, so probably it is a good thing, for the school for me to stay, tho I am pretty tired, and do need to come home. Then too, Mary and Miss Fenn do not arrive until after school opens, which means they will have to submit to our plans for work. I do not know now how the work is to be done, but it will get done in some way I suppose. We shall have two people on our force this year that will make some things hard because they will do certain things and no more, but I do hope our new people will be adaptable. I had such a year last year that it seems as if I could not go through another. Our new Bd. of Managers is fine. They have finances planned so that when our money gets here for our new dormitory, we shall be fixed. I'll send you one of our bulletins when they come from the printers. Lovingly- Flora Beard

\*\*\*\*\*



Kathleen in about 1921- possibly in Oberlin, OH  
or Putnam, CT  
*[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]*



L to R: Gould, Willard, Ellen, Geraldine, Dorothy,  
Phebe, Marjorie, Kathleen about 1921  
*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*



Standing L to R: Phebe, Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy  
 Sitting L to R: Willard, Marjorie, Kathleen, Ellen  
 About 1921-this is probably the very last formal photo of the family while Phebe is alive.  
*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte, and also, Jill Jackson.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **July 10, 1921** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. It sounds like he has taken them somewhere, possibly Putnam, and on his way back to Shelton he visits relatives along the way. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Shelton, Conn.  
 Sunday, July, 10, 1921

Dear Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen,-

All has gone well and as planned since I left you last Thursday morning. I got out to the R.R. just in time to take the train as it came along. The heat was not oppressive and I reached N. Tonawanda about 2:30 p.m. daylight saving, and found Etta, Willis, Myron, Fulton, and the twins all well. We men folks went to see a base ball game about 7 p.m. A slight shower made the temperature fall 7 degrees, and the night was a fine one to sleep,- too fine for me for it was 6:30 the next morning when Etta knocked on my door, and I had just 35 min. to dress, shave, eat and get the car. I made it. This Friday morning was quite comfortable- but about 4 p.m. - after noon I never knew it hotter. I reached Tarrytown at 6:09 and walked onto the ferry just as it started. Stanley's family appeared soon after I reached Nyack, with Mrs. Fairchild. She had been spending a few days with them and was going to meet Bessie Haveland and go with the Haveland family up to Mr. Palmers Saturday.

On Saturday a.m. I played with the children until about 11 o'clock. Stanley came back from the Labrotory then and the family and I started with a lunch for Mt. Vernon. We ate lunch while on the ferry and reached Mt.

Vernon Uncle Raymond's about 1:30. We just made a short call and I took a 2:19 train for Bridgeport and there I got a 5:20 car for Shelton. Mary was speaking in Orange today and mother and Phebe and Elizabeth had gone to New Haven taking Mary and leaving her in Orange, and picking me up on the way home.

Today we have been to church and Mary has come home. It has been very hot and very wet for over two weeks. Father cannot get his hay. The little [he] has put in the barn was in very poor condition.

A card from Gould to Mary tells us that he went from Cleveland to Detroit on a boat that was so crowded he could not get a berth. If he writes I hope you will send it on to me.

Next Sunday I speak in Shelton. I have heard nothing from Phebe. But her passport has come here so we think she is planning to come here soon. This I believe is all the news.

The weather is very bad for having [haying?]. I picked up some Red ? apples last night that were red, and tomorrow we will go huckleberrying.

Lovingly

Will and father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **July 24, 1921** was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Marjorie. Gould finds he must study harder after having been out of school for four years. He asks if she knows what Willard's travel plans to go West (and onward to China) are yet. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

805 E. Haron St.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
July 24, 1921

Dear Marjorie:-

I got your nice letter last week and should have answered long ago. Yes I have received everything you sent. The keys and the two books got here O.K.

I have not received many letters since I got here, I have written six or seven every week to friends and relatives, but for some reason they never reply. I'm going to write Dot and Geraldine tonight and see if I can get any word from them. Have you got Father's plans for going West yet? How are you doing with your ward? Is he giving you any trouble now or does he take things patiently like a good boy? I suppose you and Punk are having lots of fun taking early morning hikes and bike rides etc. You have the tennis court all to yourself now, don't you?

Tell Mother that I have been over to see Mrs. Ohlinger again and hear all her woes and stories of hard times. I don't see how a person lives who has such a woebegone outlook on life. Constance is a very modest young lady, very retiring, and not at all beautiful physically. I can't quite see what she hopes to do professionally in the line of vocal music unless she keeps up better appearances and a little more social demeanor.

I am doing little more than study these days. I am getting along in the lessons pretty well, but I have to bone down to work until twelve every night to get it. Staying out four years is not productive of study at all.

The one exception I do have in my days routine is a swim twice a week. There is a river here and a municipal bathing house. It gives me a bit of recreation for the week to spend a couple of hours down there twice in the week.

Everything is drying up around here. There is even talk of prayer meeting for rain. The roads are awfully dusty and the crops are all covered with dust along the road side. I guess the farmers will need a good deal of rain to repair damages and I guess the Government will have a good bit to do in tiding the farmers over until next fall financially.

I went today to look at a room for next fall. I have taken one that will cost \$3.00 a week. That is 25 cents better than I am paying for this one. Most rooms are about \$4, \$5 and \$6 a week and I count myself lucky. I could have had a room for \$2.50 but it was very poorly ventilated and very poorly furnished.

By the way Marjorie, there is one little thing more you could send me. I left that little clothes brush there somewhere. I used it last when I went to dust my trousers while I was pressing them. Could you send me that if you can find it?

Remember me to all the friends and give my love to all the family.

Lovingly your brother,

Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **August 1921**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He is in the middle of final exams and will not be able to visit until Christmas or Thanksgiving because of little odd jobs he has. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

805 E. Huron St.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.,  
Wednesday.  
[August 1921]

Dear Mother:-

Just a note to tell you all that everything is going as well as can be with me under the circumstances of final exams. I had Algebra this afternoon and think I came out O.K. but am not quite sure. Spanish and Trigonometry come tomorrow so here's where I hit them hard for the last nights study this term.

I will not be down this vacation as I have a position for my board and prospects of enough odd jobs to keep me partially occupied and in pocket money. I'm as sorry as you are about it, but what must be, must be and we have to meet it. I'll manage to get down for Christmas any way and perhaps for Thanksgiving.

Arthur wants to be remembered to you all. He is still on the Mongolia sailing between Hamberg and New York. He doesn't like Europe so well as he used to and not as well as America.

I got a letter from Jannetta from Berlin and one from Phebe on the train mailed at Geneseo, Ill. Father also enclosed a note.

I suppose you are getting ready to move into some special part of the house now. If you really need any help at it just tell me and I will come down any way, it won't make such an awful difference, and I would like much better to some home.

With love to the whole family,  
Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **August 25, 1921** was written from Pueblo, Colorado by Phebe to her mother. She writes from Pueblo, CO while waiting for their train. She talks about their visit with Cousin Carl Chamberlin and Addie Paul in Geneseo, Ill. She describes their tour of the Garden of the Gods and Cave of the Winds while in Colorado Springs. Original letter in is the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Putnam, Conn.  
[Actually Pueblo, CO]  
July 15, 1921  
[Actual date was 8/25/1921]

Dear Mother,

This is neither Putnam nor July. It is Geraldine's birthday [August 25] and we are at Pueblo, Colorado. And thereby hangs a tale. But I'll tell that in its order.

In my last letter I left our travels just before reaching Geneseo. Cousin Carl [Carl Chamberlin, a relative from Ellen's side of the family] met us in his horse auto, and we had a fine ride in. Cousin Addie [Addie Paul, from Ellen's side of the family. Addie and Carl are cousins to each other and also to Ellen. Addie is 55 years old in 1921 and Carl is 46.] didn't just know how to take me; but after I had buttoned myself into an apron and peeled the peaches for supper she thought I was at least not harmful. I had her room and I have an unpleasant suspicion that she didn't undress all the time we were there. She reposed on the couch in the sitting room. Our diet was largely vegetable, Tilden salad and some meat. Cousin Carl seem to be fairly well, and eats well. We said all we could to make cousin Addie comfortable and happy. She came in twice to talk, and on the last night stayed quite late. I assured her that you and the Putnam people were always ready to come at a moments call. What would be best for both would be another trip away, separately if possible.

Sunday P.M. we two and Cousin Carl drove in to town and heard a fine lecture from their Chautauqua platform. Geneseo has the only independent chautauqua near them- not connected with a circuit. Mr. Rathborne was the speaker- one of the sons of one of Lincoln's near friends. He gave us the choice of hearing the story of Lincoln's last days as seen by his father or an address on "America's Opportunities". We chose the latter and were not sorry. It dealt with all the important problems foreign and domestic in an idealistic and patriotic way.

On Monday we rode in, shopped and I was vaccinated. Tuesday we took the train. But on Monday I nearly finished my coat and the belt I did Tues. A.M. It wasn't a very big job and I did it as well as I could. I shall always remember that visit from the melons we had there. The finest Honeydew melons you ever saw. We are

taking seeds back with us, so you will have some. Cousin Addie to get one eaten cut it before supper and we ate it then. A rice pudding I hardly tasted in three successive meals because we had so much other stuff. We were glad we stopped, for it must have done her much good. Her trouble is anxiety over Cousin Carl's possible death. She isn't entirely over her change of life and that troubles her.

When we took the train on Tues. our party of five were all together. Miss Fenn Aunt Mary's new teacher is a new graduate of Vassar, a smart decided little body, very attractive yet not pretty. Miss Wannamaker you saw, then we three. We took lunch enough so we haven't had only two meals on a diner. Miss Wannamaker and I bunked together the first night. At about 12 yesterday, Wednesday, we stopped in the midst of the limitless fields of Kansas. A freight had been wrecked there and we waited an hour for it to be cleared away. When we reached Colorado Springs we found that the heavy rains they have been having around here had washed out the bed of the road so that no trains could run. That meant all night there. So we got a hotel and secured rooms, then took auto and started for the Garden of the Gods. You went there on your way out 27 years ago. The air was so clear we couldn't measure distance at all. One of the stones we saw looked so we could easily touch its top. When Father stood by it, he couldn't reach the top. The entrance gates, two huge jagged rocks very thin from front the back, one a brick red as are many rocks there. All thru the garden the rocks were washed so as to form the shapes of animals. There was a lion in a white deposit on one cliff, the seal and bear on another, kissing camels, the toads and mushrooms, the sleeping Indian, and many others. In one place there was a pueblo-like house built into a cliff called the Hidden Inn. Another curio shop contained a petrified Indian, very like the prehistoric men. He was wonderfully clear and outlined.

At the end of that park we debated as to rising at 2 A.M. for an auto ride to Pike's Peak and a sunrise for \$6 apiece, or going on the Manitou Mt. and the Cave of the Winds for \$8 the party. We took the latter, and saw first a large curio shop where they had a well preserved Indian Mummy. In the basement we drank from a natural soda spring. I didn't care for it any more than for soda water like which it is.

From there we went on up a one way very narrow gorge with rock formations in strata like Ausable Chasm and caves and holes. You can go by burros if you wish, and they had a lot of the dear little animals for hire. After the Williams gorge we climbed a steep zig-zag road to the top. A shower caught us halfway up.

The Cave of the Winds is a large natural cave like Mammoth Cave, Ky. Underground water has washed it out and there are the ribbon formations, stalactites, from the ceiling, stalagmites from the bottom, and crystals like star fish or chestnut burrs and frost. Three levels were there and they had the cave lighted to bring out the reds, greys, blues, greens etc. in the walk. Crystalline deposits in places had been rubbed so smooth by tourists they looked like marble. Some parts were still forming. Others were fixed. It is wonderful what water and chemicals can do. No water was in the cave but what was slowly dropping, the name Cave of the Winds came from the fact that at one time the wind blew a gale thru the cave thru a hole thru which two little boys discovered the cave. It is now stopped up. One room in the bridal chamber where several couples have been married on the novelty of it. One other place all unmarried women have left hairpins of all types-guaranteed marriage in a year. That is the old maid's kitchen. We walked  $\frac{3}{4}$  a mile thru the cave. Huge!

Coming down, we turned at least ten hairpin curves, with the road running in parallel zig zag down the hill.

After a fine sleep the sun rise this A.M. woke us at 5 with a wonderful pink, color all over the huge jagged range in which Pike's Peak stands. We can always see this in the city.

There were lots of Indians, negroes, and mixed people there. It was the last day of a ranch Wild West meet and cowboys and guests were everywhere.

The air is lovely. Now we are resting in a park near Pueblo which is not an attractive city, for our train. We tried to go by another to get the scenery and see Salt Lake City. But there were no berths, so we got off here. Miss Armstrong was on and we saw her a few minutes. All the rest are sleeping, so I guess I will. Wish you were along! Health and happiness to all. Very lovingly, Phebe.

\*\*\*\*\*

[Chautauqua- "The name 'Chautauqua' represented first a lake and a town in western New York State; then, an institution with religious and educational meetings there; then, the extension of cultural influences to a large number of people who spent vacations at Chautauqua, taking courses of study and listening to addresses and musical recitals, and then continued their study throughout the year in their own communities by correspondence and reading circles. Local 'Chautauquas' have successfully emulated the original on a lesser scale in a number of other places. More recently [1927] 'Chautauqua' has become the institutional name of many circuits of tent meetings throughout the country which bring to each town speakers and plays and musicians and magicians for programs of a week or less. Of that period each day's program is different, with the first day's 'talent' moving on to illuminate or entertain the first-day audience of the next town on the circuit, while the second day's performers

*come on from the preceding town to take their places." This has made it seem a carnival, but "Nevertheless the programs of the better circuits have been a real boon to the serious-minded members of Chautauqua communities who would other wise have had access to no such advantages."*

*Article from The Outlook, March 16, 1927, Volume 145, Number 11, page 325-6. Magazine from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **August 25, 1921** was written from Pueblo, CO by Willard to Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen. He tells about their visit to Geneseo, Ill., their tours in Colorado Springs and now their stay in Pueblo. A train derailed ahead of them and then flooding caused a washout causing their train delay. They expect to arrive in San Francisco a day late. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Pueblo, Colo. Thursday, Aug. 25, 1921

Dear Ellen, Marjorie and Kathleen:-

We are sort of "inching along" toward San Francisco. Everything went as planned at Geneseo. I think Phebe and I did both Carl and Addie good by stopping off with them for three days. Carl has gained nine pounds since last February. I suppose that says a good deal about his condition. Phebe and I and Carl did most of the dish washing and Carl prepared most of his own meals, and a good deal of the meals for the rest of us. He met us at the depot and took us into the Chautauqua Sunday afternoon and into town Monday afternoon and to the train Tuesday afternoon where we found Mary, Miss Wannamaker and Miss Fenn.

Last evening-or rather yesterday afternoon we reached Colorado Springs at a little after three. A freight car jumped the track as we came up to it about 11:00 a.m. We waited an hour for them to clear the track. When we tried to get our places on the train that left or was scheduled to leave at 6:38, we found that a wash out had taken place the day before near Grand Junction. The same train we were on had tried to cross the day before and had fallen thru a bridge. The engineer and a passenger were killed and 50+ were injured. Our train was "annulled" at Colorado Springs. So we had to go to a Hotel for the night. We were told one might go on at 11:58 a.m. today. We got on the train but found it overflowing and had to get off here. We will wait till 8:10 this evening to go on on the same train we left last evening. This will make us just one day late into San Francisco.

Yesterday afternoon we took in the "Garden of the Gods". Mama will remember seeing this twenty seven years ago, and the "Cave of the Winds". This is a cave 7000 ft. above sea level, and with curious formations of stalactites and stalagmites- the whole cave is lit with electricity. The drive up the winding steep road and down the spiral roadway- ten sharp curves was most interesting. I am afraid Mama would not have enjoyed it all. The Garden of the Gods has changed only in that people go to see it in autos instead of carriages as we did 27 years ago.

We got to bed early last night and had a long night of good rest. Our rooms looked out at Pike's Peak. The taxi driver wanted to take us up to Pikes Peak starting at 2 a.m. today and getting back at 7:30 but we did not go.

Pueblo is a large city of 43000+ but nothing of interest here. Phebe and I are writing while the other three are resting on the ground in the Park. The weather warms us at noon and in the afternoon but is cool at night. Cloud bursts are frequent all about here this year. At Pueblo the flood a few weeks ago did much damage. Coming in on the train we saw several small houses lying on their sides or on their roofs and one big steam boiler turned over. A family with a blind man and two women and two little children sat in their tent near the railroad, - they had lost all.

Dr. Barnard had not sent in his bill for the last work he did me. I hope he will not think I skipped off. I told him I would settle it when Phebe and I had finished. She paid for her work. Will you ask him how much mine was and pay it?

They are putting in a macadam road [*small stones bound with tar or asphalt*] from Geneseo to Davenport- right by Addies house so they will not worry about mud hereafter. The road is now closed and we had to go west up to the corner and follow around two sides of their farm to get to town. It was so wet that they could not work on the road while we were there.

Here's love to Kathleen and love to Marjorie and love to Mama

From Papa

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **August 26, 1921**, was written on the Denver and Rio Grand Rail Road near Grand Junction, Colorado by Willard to Mrs. Cyrus Dretcher. He thanks her and the Kings Daughters for their contribution to the*

*mission work in Foochow. He tells about the work there. A train accident in Colorado delayed their travel en route to San Francisco. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Denver and Rio Grande Rail Road  
Near Grand Junction, Colo.  
August 26, 1921

Mrs. Cyrus Dretcher  
Prospect St.  
Shelton  
Conn.

My dear Mrs. Dretcher:-

While at my father's in July my sister Elizabeth gave me \$25.00 from the Kings Daughters for the Christian work on Sang Gaing at Foochow. I was there for the Christmas exercises one year ago last Christmas= 1919, and just before I left Foochow= the last of June 1920 I was there. I could not help contrasting the school as I saw it then with what it was ten and more years ago. Then there were thirty or forty boys-possible one or two girls but I think none,- the teacher was like most of the mission day school teachers of those days,- a Christian of the old Chinese type of teacher who taught the Chinese Classics, the Chinese Bible and the Sunday School lesson.

A few years ago- about 1914 I put a graduate of Foochow College in charge, and in 1919 the school and the work had so grown that I sent over another graduate of Foochow College to help the first one. The two are working together well. In 1919 the first teacher was married. So there are now three Christian workers there. The people number about 75, with ten or more girls. Boys from other places in the country have asked to come and there were four boarders in 1920.

The pupils still study the Chinese Classics, but in addition they are doing sums in Arithmetic with chalk on a blackboard and are studying Geography and learning to sing,- and as one of the teachers knows a little English he is teaching the pupils a little. They study the Bible and the Sunday School lesson,- but not entirely by memorizing as former. They think for themselves.

Educationally the biggest contrast in this school of today with the one of ten and fifteen years ago is this. Then most of the pupils come for one or two or perhaps three years and left. Now each year finds three or four graduating from the four years course and some of them going on to higher schools= High Schools or Junior High Schools for further study. To those who have been instrumental in raising the standard for these schools. This desire on the part of the pupils to stay and graduate is very encouraging. It spells success. A graduate never forgets his Alma Mater, and is fitted to do something- even if he does not go on to a higher school.

Even more gratifying is the fact that some of the older pupils are learning Christians and uniting with the church. They have an Endeavor Society and the boys of 12 and 13 years conduct their own meetings.

When you began giving to this work your money was sufficient to meet the needs. But as the school grew and as the standard was raised it required much more money. For the past four years I have put into Sang Gaing from \$100. to \$112. mex. For the past four years I have put into Sang Gaing from \$100 to \$112 mex.= silver. Ordinarily that means from \$50 to \$56 gold. Until 1920 a man in Kansas City, Mo. has sent me enough to keep the work going with your gift. The past year he has not sent as much. But the work and the workers have so commended themselves to the mission that it is sure to go on.

As the quality of the workers become better the pupils also gave more, so that the pupils themselves are giving a little more than half the salaries of the two teachers- one of them married. I think you all know that this is the only Christian work carried on for the people on this small island in the Min river near Foochow. And I am sure you will pray often for the teachers and for the boys and girls.

Grand Junction, Colorado is a very important place just now. Two days ago there was a cloud burst a little east of here. The west bound train on the Denver and Rio Grande R.R.- the train that corresponds to the one we are on, only one day earlier went thru a bridge that the flood had weakened. The engineer and one passenger were killed and 52 passengers were injured- not seriously. All these passengers are here at Grand Junction,- four more trains from the East are held up here,- and these are long trains- one of 14 cars, so you see there is a crowd here. We passed the wreck this morning over the temporary bridge. Because of the wreck we had to stay one night in Colorado Springs.

Last night other heavy rains fell and other bridges have been weakened, so we are still here- but the promise to start us out to night.

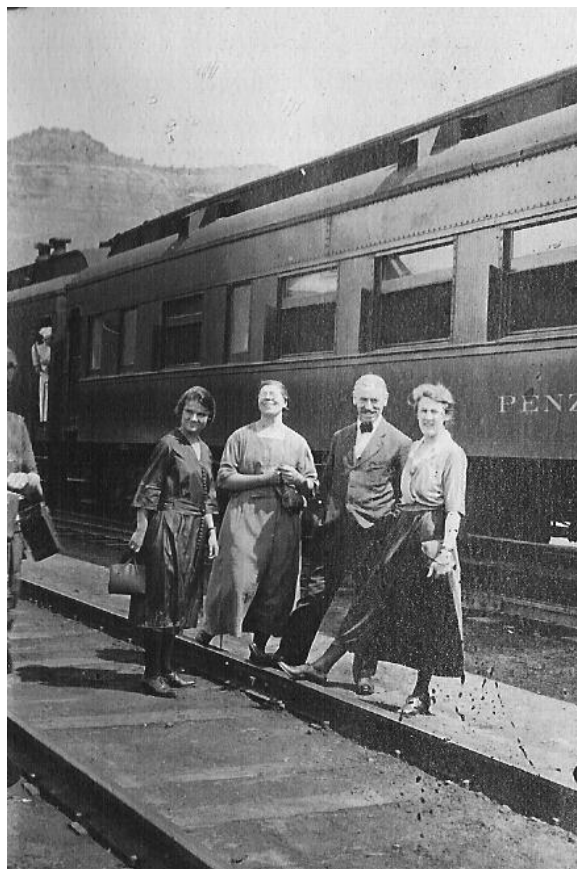
With thanks to the Kings Daughters for their gift and interest in the work on Sang Gaing.

I am Very Sincerely and Cordially Yours  
Willard L. Beard

P.S. Lest any one showed fear for our safety- Mary, my sister and Phebe my daughter are with me- I will just add that this wreck has made the railroad men extra careful.

WLB

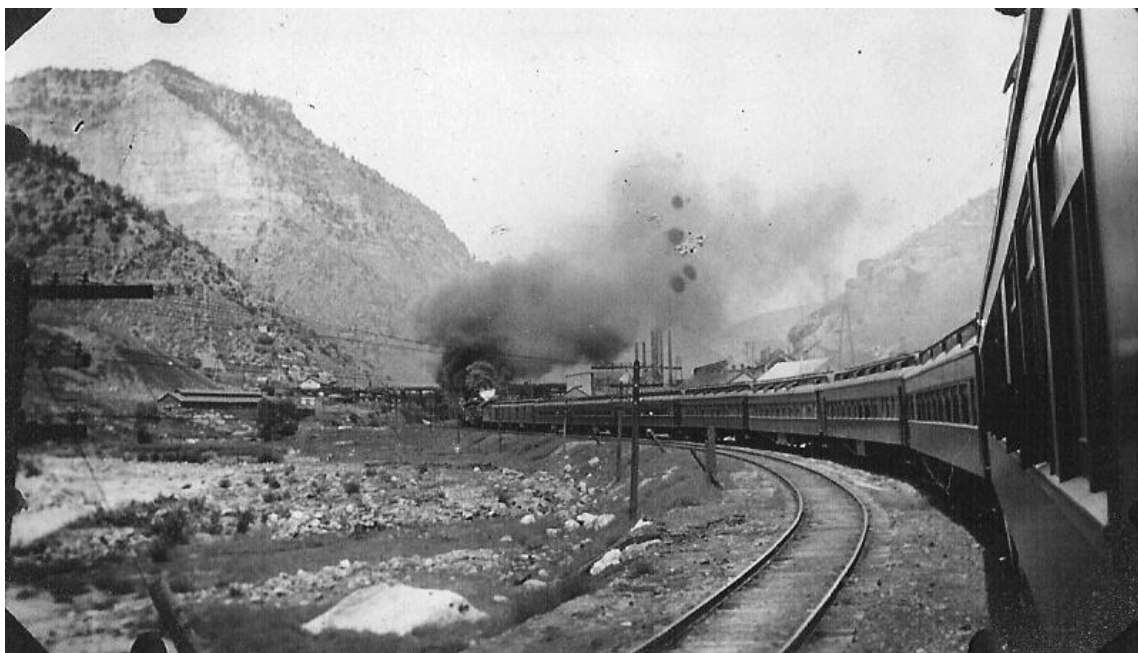
\*\*\*\*\*



Written in album: "Across the Continent via Denver and Rio Grande"

[Mary and Willard are the two in the middle of the bottom photo. Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]





Written in album: "Our train"  
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **August 29, 1921**, was written from Berkeley, California by Willard to the folks at home. He, Phebe K. and Mary have traveled across the U.S. to San Francisco via Ogden, Utah. Willard is taking twelve Rhode Island Red chickens back to China. Twenty four missionaries will be travelling on the ship, Golden State. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1693 La Loma Ave  
 Berkeley, Cal  
 Monday Aug- 29- 1921.

Dear folks at Home,-

Here we are at 4 p.m. all safely at Leolyn's. We saw danger all right, but God has brought us safely all the way with us inconvenience- except the thought of delay. We have been quite comfortable- in fact the breaking of the journey has kept us from feeling tired of travel. At Ogden we went to the movies. The longest single stretch we have had was from Ogden- San Francisco- Sat night 11:45- Monday morning 8:10.

We got breakfast this morning- went to the Board office, found a whole lot of others come in at the same time= hired a taxi and I took 8 girls to the Chinese Consulate then to the Japanese Consul then to the Income Revenue office then to the S.S. office. It took us just two hours and cost us \$6.00 or 66 2/3 cents each, and no hopping trolleys and doging across streets.

I have 12 R.I Red chicks somewhere here for me to take to China. Crate and all 60 lbs.

There are 24 A. B'd Missionaries sailing on the "Golden State." A luncheon is arranged for us at the 1<sup>st</sup> Church here. 173 are or were to sit down- more may be added. I understand Dr. Kelsey has sent a wireless to Honolulu that we are coming.

Leolyn is a fine young lady- a month older than Marjorie.- I did not know her- and Gwendolin and Elaine are fine healthy girls and the twins are contented healthy and happy- a fine family.

Our steamer is to sail Wed. at 2 p.m. We are in fine condition- not tired at all from the trip across the continent.

My brief case is a joy forever. Thank you Father for the gift you sent by Mary.

Very lovingly to all from us three

Will

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **August 31, 1921** was written from Berkeley, CA by Willard to Ellen. He sends a brief note stating that they arrived in California safely. He is taking a dozen chickens to China with him. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

1693 La Loma Ave.  
Berkeley, Cal  
Aug 31, 1921, 7:10 a.m.

Dear Ellen-

This is a last word before leaving the home land again. God has been very good to us all the way across the continent, and has brought us here in safety, has given us friends all along the way, and yesterday 17-18 outgoing missionaries of the Am. B'd with 7 or 8 children were bunked by people of the First Congregational Church here. It was a very interesting and pleasant time. The pastors from several churches in near cities were also here- Dr. VanHorn was here.

I saw my chickens yesterday. They were 12 fine looking birds.

We have lunch on board today at 1 p.m. and are to sail at 2:00 p.m.

May god be very real and dear to you and may you have his guidance in everything. May his place be yours.

I love you  
Will.

Here love to Marjorie and Kathleen and to Gould when he comes home and to Geraldine and Dorothy when they come

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **Sept. 3, 1921** was written 500 miles West of San Francisco by Willard to Ellen. He writes aboard ship after a delay leaving San Francisco because of engine trouble. He talks of their sleeping arrangements and the other missionaries on board. Willard's sister, Mary, is travelling with them. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

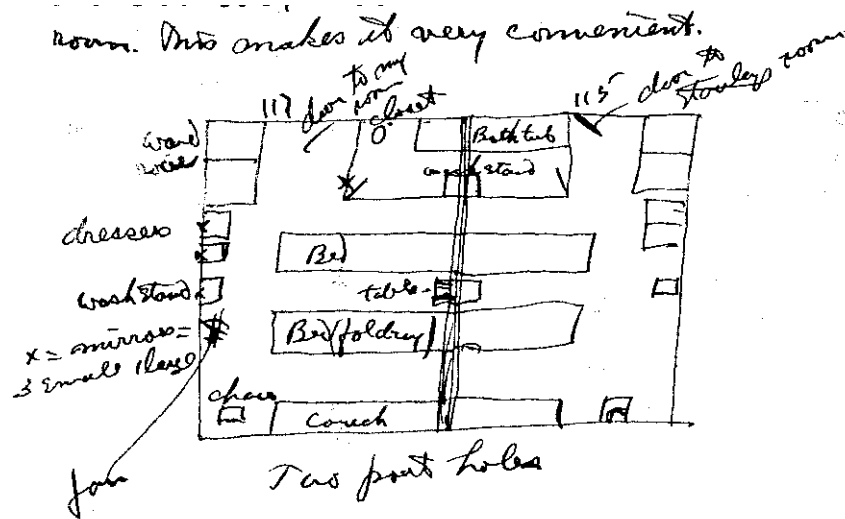
S.S. Pacific Mail Co.  
Managing Agents  
United State Shipping Board  
S.S. Golden State

500+ miles West from San Francisco.  
Saturday, Sept. 3, 1921

Dear Ellen;

As the last letter- the one containing the Passenger List- told you we left the dock at San Francisco at 2 pm Wed. Aug 8! but merely steamed out into the Bay and anchored with engine trouble! I hope the Passenger List got off with the Pilot boat all right Friday morning. We started at 5:57 a.m. Friday morning and went 99 miles up to noon and 412 from yesterday noon until today noon. The sea is, and has been very calm. Phebe and I have taken refreshments whenever they have been offered and I believe Phebe has called for something in the morning before getting up. Mary [*Willard's sister Mary is also going back to China*] has not been so fortunate, but she is up now and was at lunch all right.

The Stanley family and I occupy two rooms with a bath between. Mr. or rather Dr. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley and Billie are in one room and John, Alfred and I in the other. The rooms are fine large ones with two beds and a couch in each- no berths. Then there is a table, two wardrobes, two dressers and a washbowl in each room. This makes it very convenient.



We are very comfortably situated. The food is as good as on any steamer I ever traveled on and the service is good. The companions are good. Stanleys, Hugh Hubbard's family- and three Eltrichs, Rev. Mr. Nichols of St. John's Shanghai, Mr. Taylor whom we met in Oberlin, Y.M.C.A. Harvey and his family: are old acquaintances. Miss Fenn has for her room mate (in the room you and I were to have had) Miss Eltrich, Miss Huggins is also here = of our N.C. [probably North China] mission. There are 18 of our Board on board and 22 of the Christian Mission, several Presbyterians and some Baptists-some 30 more in all. Charlie Storrs and family are here also.

Tuesday Sept 6. I have learned since writing the above that there are 180 passengers of whom 120 are missionaries.

Your package was given me the day after we started by Mrs. Storrs. Thank you for the remembrance and for all the sentiment it brings. I shall carry it all the time, - as I do the locket you sent me when I was out alone before. Will you tell Geraldine that I found a 1922 diary in Colorado Springs- just what I wanted so I bought it. She will not need to get me one this year. The collars and the pen cap came all right. I am writing with that pen now.

We thought of Geraldine and Dorothy yesterday and spoke of how busy they were packing and getting ready to leave Silver Bay. I hope the summer brought to Dot as much pleasure and strength as did the summer of 1920 and that Geraldine got as much out of it as Dorothy did, and now they will have a few days with Aunt Etta and then a few days at home with you and the girlies and then College work begins. Here's wishing both of them a happy term and a successful term.

Dr. Kinnear is just about leaving and the Partridges are your neighbors now. I wonder if Monnie's job will continue during school time.

This is an oil burning ship. Gould could be Chief Engineer on her. They tell us that our delay was due to inefficiency of those in charge- Government owned and graft and lack of discipline.

Phebe is a good mixer- people like her. I'm proud to be her father. You would be proud to be her mother on board.

We are getting South where it is warmer but there is a fresh breeze and the electric fans in all parts of the ship make it comfortable. The bathing pool was put up this morning. But I have enjoyed the salt water bath each morning with the fresh water cool spray to wash the salt off. Phebe and Mary do not have the tub in their bathroom.

My next will be sent from Yokohama I suppose.

Kiss Marjorie and Kathleen for Papa

Lovingly

Will

Please give the enclosed testimonial to Mr. Lau. Tell both the boys I forgot how to spell their Mandarin names.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 4, 1921**, was written from the ship, *Golden State*, en route to China by Mary to the ones at home. She is on board ship with Phebe K. and Willard. They have had some seasickness. Other missionaries are on board including the new ambassador to Japan. Phebe types a few paragraphs in this letter

*while Mary goes to have her hair shampooed. They have seen flying fish. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Third Day out. Sept. 4, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

I suppose you want to know what kind of sailors we all are. Contrary to expectations Willard has been on deck all the time. Apparently without a qualm. Phebe and Miss Fenn have been on deck but not quite so happy. Miss Wanamaker made some hasty retreats from the dining room but took no pity on the poor hungry fishes. So you see it was up to me to look after them. The first day I gave up to that, see to the fishes. If only the steamer had the habit of frequent stops as our train had, it would have suited me finely. Even half an hour of quiet would have been sufficient.

This has been a beautiful day. We had service this morning at 11. Mr. Nichols, and Episcopal missionary, and Mr. (no Dr.) Stanley had the service. The only drawback was that we missed morning soup and crackers by attending.

We have 180 first class passengers, or, as someone put it 60 passengers and 120 missionaries. How is that for a chartered ship? A Mr. Tappen who went out on the Mongolia with us in 1914 is on board with his bride. The Stanley family, The Hubbard family, the Storrs, several young ladies, either new or returning, and our party were a very good nucleus for friends.

Willard interrupted here to take me to tea. He, Phebe, and I made up the group today. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs joined us with their two children. We have been walking the deck since. Would not you like to have to get exercise by deck sports or walking the deck? Here one longs for some real work. Yes, fixing vegetables for canning would be most welcome as a change.

Fourth Day. Last evening we had a very successful song service if one may judge from attendance. Mr. Hamilton of the Christian mission played for us, and one of the new men of the same mission acted as leader. Again the room was full and the singing was good. Willard sat in the chair and asked for desired hymns.

Today all the officers are out in white. They look very fine and cool. Our rugs are relegated to the use of cushions and coats are left below. Flying fishes are frequently reported. The sea is like glass so everyone is up. Only a very few continue to look wan and white.

Phebe and Cleora Wannamaker have washed their hair and are on the upper deck to finish the drying. They used the electick fan to start the process. I am going to be extravagant and have mine done at the barber shop after lunch. It is so very dirty I despaired of doing it myself.

Two cousins of Miss Bostwick are on board. Also there are two ladies who knew Miss Parsons and her people, at Ohio Wesleyan.

Gould wrote a steamer letter for each one of us. He is not going to Oberlin between terms as he has a job. Ellen was hoping he would as it was lonesome with Will and Phebe gone. I suppose the girls from Silver Bay would soon be there to help out.

On my way across the continent I gathered baggage. At Oberlin a Chinese asked me to take a folding camera to a friend. At San Francisco, Mr. Bostwick added two small packages and a book. I have read the book, "Sister Sue" already. Willard is so deep in "Main Street" that I have been unable to drag him away for any game this morning.

We have as fellow passengers the new ambassador to Japan, Mr. Warren. He is accompanied by his wife and three sons. His secretary, a tutor for the boys, and a governess for the youngest complete the party. He sits and reads books on the Orient most of the time. At table they all join in the conversation, even the eight or nine year old.

There are several Coronas on board and one small machine not a corona. It folds but not in the same way. So far I have used mine in my stateroom. It might disturb my neighbors on deck.

We get an extra meal on this ship. At ten o'clock apples and oranges are brought around. I call it the best meal of the day. Such oranges I have not seen since California days, big and yellow.

Phebe will continue while I go for a shampoo.

This is the first time in a long while that I have used a typewriter. For the last three days letters have grown slowly. Now that we are so near Honolulu we are getting them ready to mail there.

Two of us girls washed our hair before lunch and after drying it before the electric fan in our cabins finished the process on the upper deck in the sun. Just now we are seeing a good many flying fishes. At first I thought they were birds for they do look like swallows.

Today in honor of the approach to warmer regions all the officers came out in white duck suits. They do look very neat and cool.

For some reason I am forgetting my capitals. This has been fun to use the machine and now I think I'll use the pen on some other letters. Aunt Mary will continue when she returns with clean hair!

Continued- My hair feels fine after its washing, but I will probably wash it myself next time because it is too expensive to have it done. Just think, \$1.50 for a simple shampoo. Never mind, she got her moneys worth of dirt I am sure. I fairly feel light headed.

The Edith Wherry who wrote the book Miss Brewster gave me, is the daughter of old Dr. Wherry of the Presbyterian mission of Peking. Miss Fenn knew her. It is the book which Mrs. Ritchie loaned to me first. Miss Brewster told me on that last call that she had not let Mrs. R. give it, because she felt her unable to do so. Miss B. evidently paid her for it.

Thanks for sending the bathing cap. I thought to need it for our private shower but do not. It is the style with six sprays, but the two top ones do not work so our heads are not in any danger.

My poison responded to my drastic treatment and died. Only small places which are skinning give evidence of its former presence.

When we went for our steamer reservations several people found no such numbers as their tickets showed. The 11 days had been used to take out nearly half the staterooms. There were many very small inside rooms and the passengers complained so of the lack of air that it was thought best to remodel before another trip. I can feel with them because the hairdressing room is one of the old inside rooms and I surely would hate to sleep in one of them all the way across. Most of those who were thus deprived of space have dandy big rooms on the upper deck. At the office, two girls were asked if they would pay \$160 extra to be moved up. They said, "No", but they got the room just the same. Willard is up there too.

I am going on deck now and correct this. You will see evidence of much change.

Lots of love to you all

Mary.

Monday P.M.



Written in album: "S. S. Golden State 1921"

[Phebe, Willard and Mary. Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **September 5, 1921**, was written from The S.S. Golden State on the way to Honolulu, by Willard to his sister, Phebe M. Beard. They had a nice stay at sister-in-law, Leolyn's home in Berkeley, California. Willard has a nice room on the ship and shares it with two sons of another missionary. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

1400 miles from San Francisco toward Honolulu- Monday 6:40 p.m. Sept. 5, 1921.  
S.S. Pacific Mail Co.  
S.S. Golden State

Dear Phebe-

Mary and Phebe K. have announced that each has written you and I may put in a letter also. Of course they have told you of our very pleasant, tho brief visit at Leolyns. I was greatly and very pleasantly surprised at the great change in her whom we used to call "little Leolyn". She is taller than Phebe and heavier. She is a very well behaved, loving, lovable girl and very efficient in housekeeping. I visited with her Monday afternoon- a week ago tonight while she fixed potatoes- both white and sweet, and put them into the oven to bake. She washed and dried dishes= changed dishes between courses etc. etc. quietly and efficiently. I am proud of her.

It was the first time I really came to know Mr. Morgan and I like him. Gwendolyn and Elaine are sweet loving, lovable, little girls and the twins model babies. – The bell for dinner has rung and I suppose I had better go.

Tuesday afternoon= I was much interested in seeing the Unitarian Theol School. We learned that the Faculty consisted of two Professors- Mr. Morgan and one other man. There are two class rooms- each as large as our bath room at Century Farm- maybe a trifle larger. They are however building a new Library and have ground on which to erect other buildings. They are well located right near the big University- with its 10000 students.

I might spin out pages describing our fellow passengers. But I'll spare you. There [are] 180 of us, 120 "Church people"- mostly missionaries. Being an unattached male I am tucked in with two boys of Dr. Chas. A. Stanley of N. China= I'm not finding any fault tho. We have real rooms with wardrobes, dressers, wash stands, beds- not berths- and a fully equipped private bath room for each two rooms. The clock is turned back over half an hour each night so our rest time is long. The sky has been clear and peaceful and the sea the same ever since we started. This makes the cook work.

My 12 R.I. Reds are thriving on rice, cabbage, onions and left over bread. They have for companions a little puppy and a great large grey hound.

We think of you all often and much. You certainly have interest in China. Very lovingly to you all Will.

I miss the good times I had this spring and summer while shaving[?] in the kitchen as the maid was getting breakfast.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **September 6, 1921**, was written from the ship, Golden State near Honolulu by Willard to his sister, Elizabeth. They are having a pleasant voyage en route to Honolulu. Willard notes a couple of changes in ship travel since he and Ellen crossed in 1894. He reminisces of the recent summer on Century Farm and the Sunday family reunions on the front porch. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Within 300 miles of Honolulu  
Tuesday Sept. 6. 2:30 p.m. 1921

Dear Elizabeth-

That was an exceptionally good letter that met me in San Francisco from you as I got on the "Golden State" last were Wed. for some of its philosophy I shall preserve it with a very few that I have saved during the past years.

We had our troubles crossing the continent and getting out of San Francisco harbor but all has gone perfectly since, as far as we know. We are making a little better than 17 miles an hour. The sea is calm. The ship steady. The company congenial, the food plentiful and good and our appetites periodically recurrent. In the evening the sky sparkles with stars. The sea sparkles with phosphorescence and the four days old moon promises lovely nights.

It is hard to realize at times that we are on the water. Sitting in a long easy steamer chair, half reclining looking at moving pictures is very different from our = Ellen's and my experience 27 years ago when we first crossed. Travel on this little lake has undergone tremendous changes.

We should be in Honolulu early tomorrow a.m. It was whispered that Dr. Kelsey, Am B'd Sec'y in S.L. had sent a wireless ahead to the people in Honolulu telling them that 18 Am. B'd missionaries with 8 children were on the "Golden State". So we may have a time of it there. You know Honolulu is owned by the children and grandchildren of Am. B'd missionaries.

It's great to have a daughter and a sister along, - much more like real life than going all alone as I did 9 years ago. The other two members of our party, Miss Wannamaker and Miss Fenn, and we have added another= Miss Lanktree, going to Foochow for Ing Tai= are lively ones- Miss Lanktree is getting initiated. We wrote you, I think, that our Pullman conductor declared to a friend that was looking us up that he had no missionaries on his car- "no one that looked like a missionary." I guess we are keeping up the reputation.

How those few weeks in July on the farm stand out in my mind. The hours on the mowing machine- the hay wagon and then the spin in the overland at the close of the day- and the quiet talks in the sitting room or elsewhere and specially the family reunions on the front porch Sunday afternoons. What a lot of good times God has allowed us to have !! Very lovingly Will

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **September 6, 1921** was written just a day before arriving in Honolulu by Phebe to her mother. Phebe sends her congratulations to Ellen regarding her 27<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. She tells about their stay in California and preparing for the trip. She talks about going through the Golden Gate, life aboard ship and seeing the phosphorescence of the sea at night. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]*

Sept. 6, 1921  
One day from (before)  
Honolulu.

Dearest Mother,

You certainly come next, in my line, for I intended to write you yesterday in congratulations of your twenty-seventh wedding anniversary. Mrs. John B. Suietto has a letter just finished from me. And as there is only today left to write letters, we are all at work hard.

Father has probably told you more or less about our trip so far. We feared you might see the news of the washouts and worry about their being baneful to us. It only meant that we had the beautiful trip to the Garden of the Gods, and the Cave of the Winds; were delayed for two days in reading San Francisco, had an eight-hour wait in the park a few minutes by trolley from the station in Pueblo, and waited from six to eight hours at Woodside for a track to be laid. At Pueblo we saw the wreck of the train that first crossed the washout- the baggage, mail, date card either on end or side and ?? cushions scattered all about. The engine had run itself far into the ground, nearly half buried in the sand at the roadside. Then at Woodside we saw, the ends of the ties of the old track were just barely visible above the muddy water of the stream around which we crawled on a new track that was being watched even as we crossed it by the men who had built it. At Ogden we girls took Father to a movie, where there was a wild west show; and a funny and some fine current events pictures. I was very sorry not to be able to go into the Tabernacle and hear the organ.

The process of getting our passports was really an experience. At the board offices we found nearly all the outgoing missionaries and Mr. Hinman and Miss Blanchard. Then ten of us filed into an auto and went to the Japanese and Chinese Consulates for visas to the offices of the Internal Revenue office and the steamship agents for tickets. We found three agencies the Pacific Mail offices, Bennett's Travel Bureau which sold me mine, Cook's Agency that dealt in tickets. It took us almost two hours of waiting and working to get our rooms and tickets.

Aunt Leolyn has a very beautiful house and family. The twins are darling babies, the little boy as regular and perfect as can be, dark like his father. Pauline is as pink and white and fat as you could ask for a perfect baby, but she isn't quite so regular. Gwendolyn and Elaine took me all around the house, showed me everything, and told me all about their playhouse and the tiny taub in their back yard, and fed me blackberries. Leolyn thought they would tire me out, but I enjoyed it.

On Tuesday the new missionaries had a grand luncheon given them, and some spoke afterwards. It was a very pleasant occasion, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. At my right was Mrs. Nash the wife of the Dean of the Theological school in Berkeley and a self-satisfied woman- Dr. Nash is wonderfully consecrated, and he gave us the farewell from the church. One of his expressions in the fine address he gave was that we were "going out into the face of God"- such a beautiful, solemnizing expression, and one that is to be my watchword henceforth! When we finally had set sail, a little tug drew us about the harbor until dinner time. We waited and watched for the Golden Gate, till finally, we started from the middle of the harbor and, blowing our whistle joyously, sailed straight on the Gate. *[She is only referring here to the entrance to the Pacific Ocean. The bridge spanning this "Golden Gate" was not built until the 1930's.]* But it wasn't long before we slowly came back to the starting point, there to lie all that night, the next day and the following night. As a result we have been able to cool our engines, and go on increasing speed till now it is 17.3 K. an hour for yesterday.

For some reason I was not seasick. I took no medicine, and did nothing but eat when I was served and stay on deck. I've slept wonderfully, and eaten voluminously and am looking much better than I did when I left home.

We have met two ships every day but today since leaving on Sept 2. On the 3rd we met the "Wolverine State" and passed within three boat lengths. We gave flag signals and dipped our stern flags mutually on passing. Yesterday the "Buckeye State" passed just as close, and at night we saw another ship all alight. This morning the smoke of a ship was visible to the south east.

Two movies have graced our trip, neither of them high class, but "funny" as Miss Armstrong says tolerantly. The unique feature about them is that every once in a while, always just before the consummation of an exciting incident the film severs, and then is light followed by darkness for a season till the patch is made.

Last night we watched the Phosphorescence at the prow of the ship. I never saw it before come in great light flecked circles or wreathes or crescents. Sometimes these would be little bomb-explosions of light, and as the ship turned the water over in spray it could be all luminous with their light. Stars in the water and stars in the sky.

We have seen whales and flying fish. Our sunsets and cloud effects have been wonderful. I do nothing all day but eat, sleep, talk, walk, and play games when we can get them which is twice so far.

Before I forget I want to thank you just ever so much for all those things I left behind. The waist came in very handy already, for I have worn my green dress constantly for three days. It is very beautifully mended, and I am very glad of the iron rust remover. Thanks ever so much for the package.

As Father has probably told you the Ambassador to Japan and family and retinue are on board. They are an ideal family, and the little boys interest me greatly. They all went swimming in the pool today.

Tomorrow we land at Honolulu. I wonder what we'll do. Perhaps the Board has things arranged. For there was a wireless promised them from Dr. Kelsey.

There are other very nice and interesting people, especially a Mr. and Miss Gillies, an American N.Y. coffee merchant and his sister. He looks like a frog. Also like Washington Irving and is very nice. She is a stately lady, dressed in costume, coat, stockings, dress, hat all same color. She has cold blue eyes, but is very nice.

Give my love to the girls and Geraldine and Dot. More later.

Very much love,

Phebe.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1921 was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He tells about a money making business he and a friend have started hauling baggage of incoming students. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

508 Hill St.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Sept. 16, 1921

Dear Mother:-

Have been kept busy every minute of my stay here this vacation.

About two weeks ago my partner, Joachim Seilzer, and myself decided to take a chance and try to make more money than the usual 40 cents an hour paid for all college-men help about town. We lit upon the plan of pooling our little reserves and buying a couple of trucks and cart the baggage of the incoming students. This we did. Whereupon the Ann Arbor Taxi Company signed an agreement with the Railroad for the exclusive rights of soliciting for baggage on the station platform and on trains. We are meeting this by sending out 1000 circular letters to students asking them to give us the trade. We have got our names plastered up all over campus and our cards all around in the boarding and rooming houses so we don't look to be set back much. Anyhow I am getting good business experience as I am the one doing the engineering of this stunt. We intend to make it an all year affair. With about 11,000 students coming in and going out we ought to make it pay well.

I suppose Dot and Jerry will be pulling along home pretty quick now. I wish I could get home, but with this business I will be tied up until Xmas vacation.

Have you heard anything from Father or Phebe since they left for Frisco? Who have you got for house mates? When does Oberlin open session?

With love to all the family.

Your loving son,

Gould

\*\*\*\*\*



[This letter, dated **September 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Flora to the folks at home. Flora is frustrated because school has started and Mary and some other teachers have not yet arrived. Infantile paralysis, or polio, is prevalent among the Chinese and a few cases among the foreigners. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[September 1921]

Dear folks at home:-

These are days full of promise but when I have to sit with folded hands in the midst of fifty of the finest children the world can produce it gets my nerves. The opening of school has been a farce as far as a faculty is concerned. Miss King is the only one on hand. I am not expected to do much teaching this year as there is so much to be supervised that it will take pretty nearly the entire time of the principal to make all things run efficiently and smoothly. We are expecting a Miss Harper from the Philippines but for some reason or other she has not arrived. Mary has never written a thing about what Miss Fenn is to teach, so I can't plan a thing for the work of the school and it is almost unbearable to have all the children here and nothing for them to do. I am getting organizations started as far as possible, and the children have been adorable. I am afraid of homesickness and mischief creeping in during these days of enforced idleness, so it takes all my time to plan for the moment and then I have the real work to plan for at the time we should be all settled in the year's work. I have been back at work ever since Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>. During August I had our servants put up a bushel and a half of tomatoes every other day, besides 250 lbs. of apples, a lot of grapes, and besides had all our furniture done over, floors oiled, and walls decorated. We have had to squeeze in ten more pupils by fixing a room in the attic and spilling over into Miss Huggin's house.

During August I had three friends from Japan with me and we went sight seeing two days out of every three. The weather was unusually cool so that we had a most enjoyable time. I would spend that third day with my workmen so that we did accomplish a remarkable amount of work. I just wish you could see the rows and rows of cans filled with all sorts of concoctions that are based on apples, tomatoes, grapes, and peaches.

We are to have fifty six pupils this term and two more are to enter in the middle of the year. We have eliminated some pupils who have not been helpful to the school and this present group is one that should do a great deal towards the realization of our ideals for the school. When (and if) we ever get a faculty, we should accomplish happy results in character and work. I realize I should be going home and hope I can get away soon. I don't want to leave until a few more things are settled, but think they will be during this year. Things seem to point toward our new building being a reality, and that Peking is coming to her senses about that school. It is an interesting fact that three members of that board are keeping their own children home this year because there was so much illness last year, and we already have two families from the Rockefeller in our school with the promise of another in the middle of the year.

Infantile paralysis [*polio*] is quite prevalent among the Chinese and there have been four cases among the foreigners, one child (in the Rockefeller compound) one young lady among the Salvation Army people, and two mothers in the American Board. Three of these cases took place at Peitaiho. It just means that I shall do my utmost to keep these children's resistance up to the highest mark. It will do no good to worry. Thanks be, we have a marvel of a matron in the dining-room with a cook in the kitchen to match, so I hope we can keep the children well. In my mind that is the most important part of our school life, for all else is based on what kind of health the children have. Crops are wonderful all through this part of China, and fruit plentiful and of good quality, so we should have the right things to eat. Our doctor's examinations tell us what we must look out for and our regulations in eating, exercise, and sleep help much to keep folks fit.

This year we have a faculty of seven full time teachers and three part time teachers. We have eighteen servants on our pay roll, so you see there are quite a few people to be managed- about eighty in all, counting the children. We have boarding, the garden, the school, teaching, commuting (week-ends), sight seeing, special speakers, and other things that have to be attended to which takes time and planning to get them done.

To day I am telegraphing to Mary to have the word in Shanghai ready when she arrives- we hope on Monday and we hope she may reach Peking on Wednesday night. I shall meet her with an auto and come right out to Tunghsien. The American Legation has secured a "pass" for me so that we can get the city gates opened to come out at night.

It has been some time since I have written, for the days have been so full and things have been so topsy-turvy until now. Mary will be your "steady" correspondent, and perhaps I may improve.

Mother's letter written on Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> reached me this morning.

Lovingly yours-

Flora Beard.

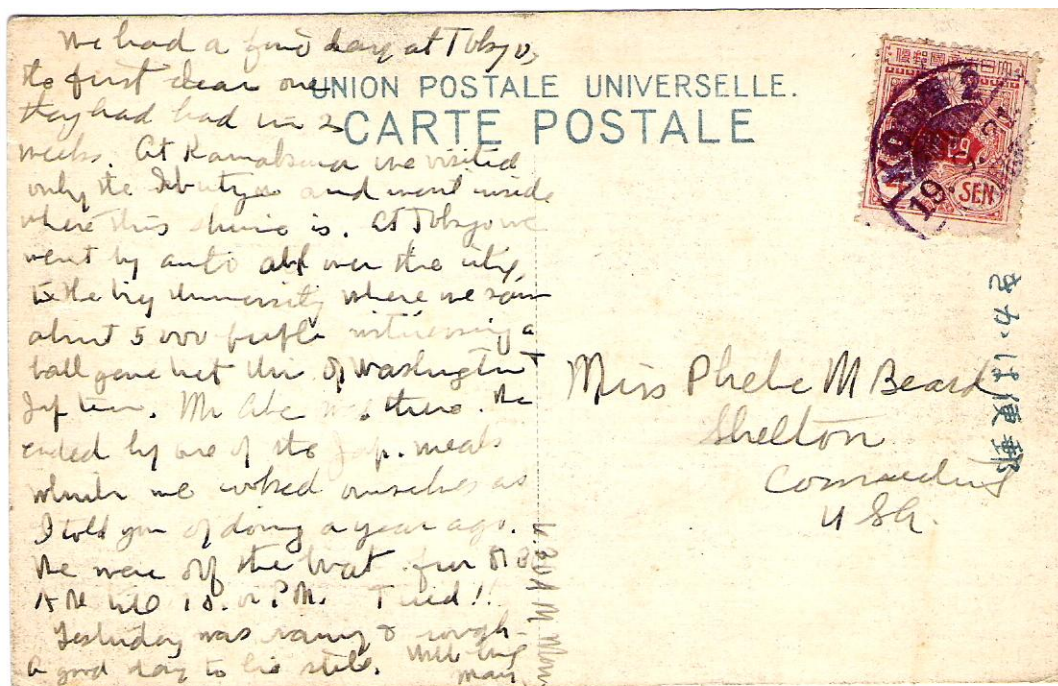
P.S.- Enclosed is a draft for father for the pencils, etc., which he paid for last year. This will put my indebtedness on the right side of my account at home. F. Beard  
Please pay the subscription for Mary's "Geographic" F.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This postcard postmarked **Sept. 19, 1921** was written from Japan by Mary to Miss Phebe M. Beard. She talks of her tours in the Tokyo area. Postcard is in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Miss Phebe M Beard  
Shelton  
Connecticut  
USA.

We had a fine day at Tokyo, the first clear one they had had in 2 weeks. At Kamakura we visited only the Daibutsu and went inside where this shrine is. At Tokyo we went by auto all over the city, to the big university where we saw about 5000 people viewing a ball game between Univ. of Washington and Japan. Mr. Abe was there. We ended by one of the Jap. meals which we worked ourselves as I told you of doing a year ago. We were off the boat four or 3 AM till 10:00 PM. Tired!! Yesterday was rainy and rough. A good day to be still. With love Mary 6:30 AM Mon



\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **before September 20, 1921**, was written on a ship nearing Japan by Mary to the dear ones at home. She and Phebe K. took a tour of the ship's engine rooms. They are entertained with shuffleboard, bathing, teas and musical skits. Since Honolulu they have slept out on deck. They went through the edge of a typhoon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Before September 20, 1921]  
Thursday Evening  
Nearing Japan.

My Dear Ones at Home,

I'll begin with today and progress backwards. To begin Phebe and I slept until the breakfast bell. Luckily there is no stigma attached to being late for meals. After breakfast I typed some songs which some of us were to sing tonight. At 10.00 a party of us went down into the engine rooms. We visited the dynamos which generate electricity to light us; the turbine engines; the boiler rooms; the refrigerator plant; the machine shop; the shaft which

turns the propeller; and the engineers rooms. In the first boiler room the temperature was between 138 and 140 degrees Fahrenheit. In the second it was nearly 160. A few of the party went up one flight of stairs in the first room and the thermometer read 180. As each room had grown a little warmer we were, in a way, prepared for the intense heat. Our propeller is 16.6 feet across and sends us forward 17 feet with each rotation. The guide said the high ratio meant high efficiency. All the men in the engine rooms were Americans, or at least had taken out their first papers.

The Turkish bath necessitated a bath and clean up before luncheon. After luncheon we had a rehearsal of our songs. We were not through when a call came for Phebe and me to play shuffle-board. It was a tournament game so the call was not to be ignored. We played and won IE [*mistype for 83*] to 47 in the nine innings. That makes us champions for this trip.

A practice game and tea took all the time till it was necessary to dress for dinner. There was a musical farce written by a fellow passenger to be presented this evening. That means a rush for seats because there are never enough for all.

The hits were on the delay at San Francisco, and the large number of missionaries on board. A Mrs. McCullum did some clever acting and the best singing. Mr. Nichols as the Captain was also good. The joke is that both are of the missionary band. In the second act, the pirate called for some entertainment and brought on a soloist, the rag doll which won first prize at the fancy dress ball, a solo on a "Peruvian Goolash", and a silly song by a group of us. The strange instrument is ordinarily known as a bicycle pump. By keeping good time and going up or down with his notes Mr. Hubbard makes his tunes recognizable. But it is a scream, with the funny little shrieks and squeaks.

Yesterday noon we got all excited because word came that we were to meet the "Empire State" at noon. We watched and waited but no ship. She passed so far south we could not see her. She sent us a wireless that she had met a typhoon just out of Yokahama which had seriously delayed her. We got the edge of it yesterday afternoon and today.

Friday morning. It got so late that I decided to leave this in the machine and go to bed last night. Wednesday was a full day too. Phebe and I played off the first of our shuffle board matches and of course won or we would not have played the next day. The end of the typhoon made some of us like the quiet of our deck chairs. Phebe and several others spend an hour or more out on the prow where the waves dashed high. They were wet when they came in but their spirits were not at all damped.

Tuesday was the day of the baby show and childrens entertainment. There are fourteen babies on board. Mrs. Warren had had a large frame made at the carpenter shop and the parents posed the babies as they pleased. Two were in fancy crepe paper costumes and the others in some of their own clothes, or their birthday ones supplemented by a crepe sash for a cupie or only a pair of stork panties.

The childrens entertainment was the dramatization of some Mother Goose rhymes. They were very cunning.

Since we left Honolulu, Phebe and I with four others have been sleeping out on the top deck. We have great fun getting up there. There is only one staircase leading from the "A" deck to the promenade deck, unless we pass through the end of the steerage deck. The latter is full of sleeping men so we prefer to brave our fellow passengers. One night we met someone at every turn. Mr. Gillies, a very proper bachelor well chaperoned by a guardian sister, was the first. He wished us good luck. On the next landing sat a group of several men and women. They asked if we were having dress parade for the fancy dress ball the next night. As we went through the dining room we remarked that it almost seemed as though it were raining outside. When we reached the roof we were no longer in doubt. The canvas was only a sieve which partially limited the downpour on the deck. We of course gathered up our things and returned the way we had come. We met the same people and announced that "this was the real thing." Soaked! O no! Drowned, rather!

The afternoon of the childrens play the sea was like glass. That is said to be a weather breeder and I guess it was. It is a little rough now but I have my sea legs back and have just had two good games of shuffleboard.

I like Miss Fenn very much. She wears well, is full of life and a good sport. She has been on one of the committees and I get the best of reports as to her ability to produce ideas as well as to carry them out. As a small boy [*said?*] last night, she was fine.

There is a lady from Mills college on board. I met her only yesterday. She gets off at Yokahama, but will visit Peking later. She is out in the interest of the college. I hope she calls at the N.C.A.S. There are several others who are specially interested in missions, some with money and some who have access to it.

My pet baby on board is Henry Storrs. He is a little younger than Stephen. He talks but little but loves to try any word one suggests and has a most adorable smile. One poor babe has had a terrible time. His mother wants a good time so she got a little girl from the steerage to tend the child. He rebelled and wept so the mother had the girl

bring him around to our deck. We had the wails all one day, then I could not stand it and took the baby. He was most grateful and cuddled and smiled adorably.

I hope for a letter from Flora at Yokahama and am going to send her one. Were it not for the baggage I should get off there and go overland. As we can not get a rebate on our ticket and the cost of travel is high I do not feel like putting the school to the extra expense.

We have eaten two of my boxes of candy only, so I may have some left to take to my destination.

One night on deck we had a wonderful rainbow by moonlight. It lasted a long time. The sunrises were worth the necessary early rising; as the boys had to have the deck to wash at six so they will be dry when we get out after eight.

We are to reach the next post office tomorrow. Probably we will be in port two days. Then two days in the inland sea, two days at Kobe, two en route for Shanghai and off for Peking as fast as we can.

Hope you are all well. We are.

With much love Mary



Written in album: "Watching the waves"



"View of front of ship from prow"

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written in album: "The promenade deck"  
 [Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **Sept. 20, 1921** was written on the S.S. Golden State just 30 hours from Shanghai by Willard to Gould. Willard relays the events of a Japanese ship hitting his ship and causing damage just a few doors down from his room. They arrived in Shanghai and his chickens have survived the trip. Mary left for Nanking and the rest of them are headed to Peking the next day. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]*

SS Pacific Mail Co.  
 Managing Agents  
 United States Shipping Board  
 S. S. Golden State

On the China Sea, within 30 hours of Shanghai  
 Tuesday evening Sept. 20, 1921

My dear Boy:-

Do you remember passing over these waters eleven years ago and watching the fishermen in their little sail boat, trying to catch fish and at the same time trying to keep out of the way of our leviathan of a ship? If so you know where we are now. And do you remember how you disgusted mama by saying that you were going to be a fisherman just like those men when you grew up? Well you have got a little beyond fishermen already, and you are still going.

As we were at lunch today we came very near having a serious accident. We were in the narrow channel just west of Moji. A small Japanese ship tried to pass us. The current was swift. A little farther on was a barge with some cars on her. The Japanese skip, to avoid sinking the barge, struck her nose into us and scraped our starboard side for nearly 100 feet, denting one of our plates in about 6 in., and cracking the panels in 121 state room. My room is 117. /117/119/121/ But as it was way above water line, the damage was not serious. It was close enough tho. One lady rushed up stairs after her baby and fainted on the landing. A man got on two life preservers.

Friday Sept 23

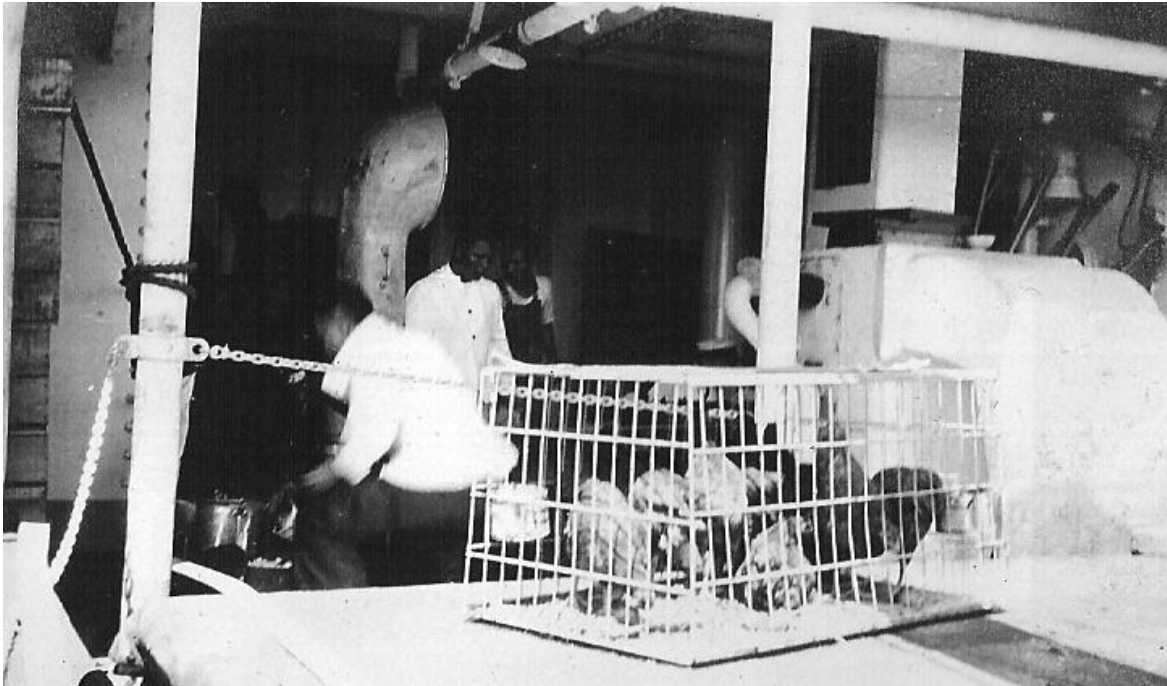
We reached Shanghai yesterday a.m. and got to the Missionary Home by noon day and baggage and chickens – all alive.

Aunt Mary was off for Nanking last night. Others of the Peking party left this morning. We will be together tonight and go on to Peking together. We docked about 6:30 yesterday morning. One family got off and caught the 9:30 am train for Peking. How's that for hustling?

Phebe is living over her days in China. It is interesting to her father to watch her. She even got up last night and chased rats. She is one fine girl.

May you have all success in your work this term

Very lovingly,  
Father



Written in album: "Will's chickens"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **September 20, 1921**, was written from a ship by Mary to the ones at home. They arrived in Yokohama, Japan and did some touring there and also in Tokyo and Kobe. They visited Mr. Abe Tso while in Tokyo. While approaching Kobe aboard ship they were hit by a Japanese steamer and sustained damage. Willard had to tend to one of his sick chickens while in Kobe. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Last day out, Sept. 20, 1921.

Dear Ones at home.

We had a wonderful day at Yokohama. Mr. Gresset, who with his family was on the steamer with me last year met the steamer. I went up to his home just for a short call and then met the rest of the party at the Sakurakgo station to go to Kamakura. We could not find an auto so we walked up to the Diabutzu. It was very interesting to stroll through the streets at leisure and gaze our fill at the shops. We were so hungry that we hunted up an eating place there in spite of the scarcity of language on our part. The menu was both in English and Japanese. One interesting item was "pouding", another, "chicken rice". There were several other omissions of that sort. We had some very good chicken and Spanish rice with tea to drink.

From there we took the train to Tokyo. There were just ten of us so we filled two motor cars. We drove all over the city. At the university we saw Mr. Abe. We had to call him out from a ball game between the Wachida boys and a team from Washington University. The Japs were ahead one point when we were there. We could look over the fence and see the crowd. One part of the city was having a celebration for its special shrine and the streets were decorated with lanterns and flags. At frequent intervals were small open theaters. The actors were dressed in long flowing robes and had wigs with hair to their knees and long bangs. Such faces! One man had a nose several inches long, another a beaked nose. All wore some grotesque mask. They were sparring with huge swords or merely going through strange gyrations. Occasionally we saw groups of children carrying small shrines, each striving to get the better place to hold on. There was one parade of grown men all in elaborate costumes, and one group of men carrying what looked like a coffin shrouded with a white cloth. That night we went to a Japanese restaurant and got



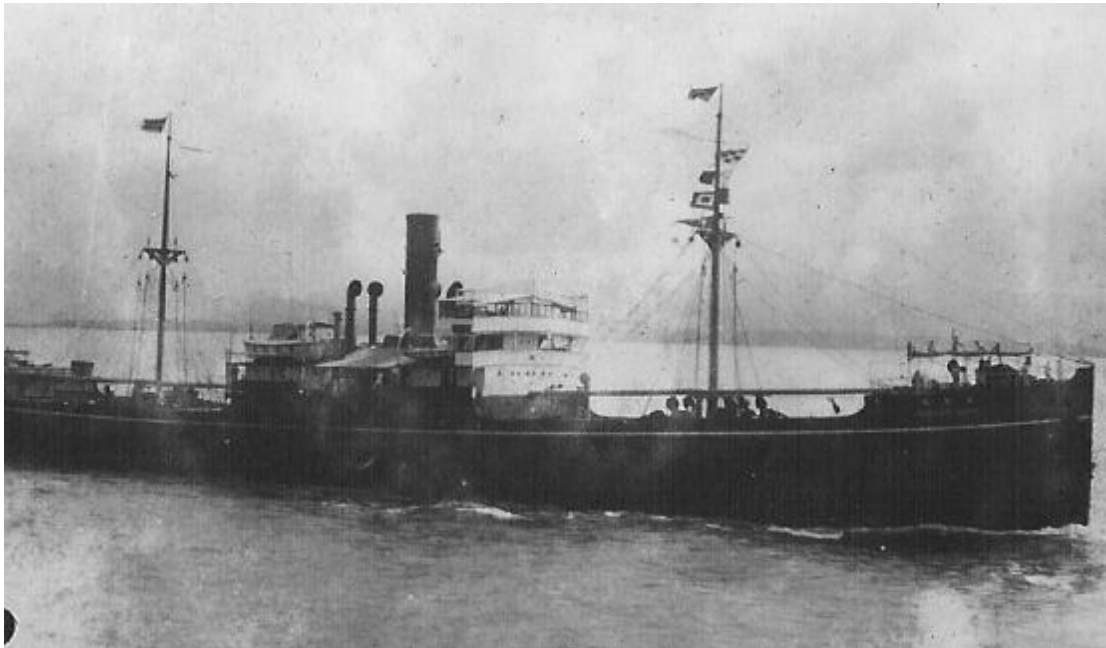
a “kunabe”. That is the dinner one cooks for ones self. We had meat cut in very thin slices and one green vegetable besides the rice. It was good and we had huge appetites to add flavor. We got back to the boat at 10.00 P.M. and we were tired.

We had the roughest sea yet enroute to Kobe. It was very comfortable to sit still in our chairs. On the other hand there was much to see as we were passing islands continually. One looked at the scenery but did not read or write much.

At Kobe we walked about and spent money. Phebe got a tea set. The rest of us got lesser things but all spent considerable Yen. I got a silk waist for only 6 Yen. As a dollar changed for one Yen and two Sen that was cheap. I also got a cotton kimona for three Yen and a half. It is blue with chrysanthemums embroidered on it. We were so enamoured with the native food that we had another dinner. That time it was even better. They gave us more vegetables; onions a green food typical of the orient, something that looks like scallops, sliced mushrooms and the thin cut meat. We could not exchange a word, so nodded “yes” to every suggestion the little maid made. As a result we had two tall bottles of Lager Beer brought out. There is a new style in the feasts now. We were each given a raw egg, and supposed to dip the hot food in that before putting it on the rice. We did that properly, then put the extra egg in the pan and scramble it. The maids were a little amused but most courteous.

We went up to Kobe College to call. There are two Holyoke girls there and an Oberlin girl whom Phebe knew. We were fortunate in finding Miss DeForest there too.

Yesterday we came through the Inland Sea. It was beautiful. We got so near some of the islands it is a marvel we do not hit. At Kobe we took on a Japanese pilot to guide us through. At Moji, the end on the Inland Sea, we stopped without anchoring. Some of us had gone down to luncheon. Suddenly there was a bump and a rasping, grating sound. Of course we jumped from our chairs. A Japanese steamer had tried to pass too close and had hit us and scraped the whole length of our side. One woman fainted and one man donned two life preservers. We finished our lunch and got on deck as quickly as we could. The Straights were too narrow at that point to stop. Both ships steamed to a more roomy point then stopped. A launch came out to take the pilot off and the 1<sup>st</sup> Officer got into the launch and took a ride around to the wounded side. He shouted to the captain on the bridge that the scrape was too high to be dangerous but extended two thirds the length of the ship. In cabin 121 the side is so stove in that the woodwork is injured. We can see the scratch by leaning over the side so we knew even before the Officer made report that it was way above water line.



Written in album: “Moji The boat that bumped us”  
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Miss Wannamaker has been taking the children from three to six for kindergarten every morning since the first two days out. The parents showed their appreciation by giving her a ten dollar bill the morning we were at Kobe. Another passenger gave her a tea set. I tell her I am going to learn a trade so I can earn my passage next time.

How the children have loved it! Another girl tried to help with the older ones but there was not the need and she was useful only to umpire a few deck sports.

We lost the Japanese Ambassador at Yokohama. The Secretary proved he was really human before they got off. He had held himself very much aloof from the dancing, card playing and gay times. The last day a bunch of us started a Virginia Reel on the deck. Our music was the clapping of our hands and we were having a regular frolic. We had an odd number and he happened along. Without any ado he offered himself to fill out. How he did whirl us!

I think I wrote we were sleeping out on deck. We kept it up until we reached Japan. There is no awning on the upper deck now, so we have to stay down. The first night it was terribly hot but last night it was not bad.

In Kobe harbor one of the chickens got sick so Willard had to spend a long time doctoring it. He thinks it got put too near the steam exhaust. Last night we had hard work telling which it was so it must be all right. The coolies struck for higher pay in the midst of unloading at Kobe and it took two hours to get them back to work. Hence we left at eleven instead of nine. A bunch of us stood on the top deck and watched the unloading then the putting together of the hatches, and tying down of the cranes. Afterward Miss Gillies invited us down to her room to eat candied fruits. Her brother opened up the tea set they were giving Miss Wannamaker so all the party could see it. We were in bed by two AM. How is that for a party of staid missionaries? Miss G. and her brother are on a trip to visit India especially. The delay cuts Peking out of their trip this time.

Phebe and I got ivory shoe horns with carved handles for prizes because we won out in shuffle board. Hers has a dragon and mine a phoenix.

There will be a party of sixteen of us to go up to Peking together. We can not tell when we start until we get there, but it will be either Thursday or Friday morning.

Miss Fenn is getting quite excited for it means home to her. She had a letter from her mother at Honolulu and again at Yokohama. I expected one at the latter place from Flora but did not get it. Miss Huggins had one from Alice who was at Tungchow with Flora, and going over to sleep with her nights. I expect Flora was there to oversee repairs. I wrote to Tunghsien from Yokohama hoping the letter would arrive before we do. From Shanghai I shall telegraph the date and hour of our arrival.

The Chinese have a new scheme where by we have to make out a declaration slip. We are all wondering if it means we have any duty to pay. I am taking a tea set to a lady in Shansi. It was purchased by one of the Kobe College teachers to be sent by the first messenger. I hope to get it through but can not be sure. If the new rule means duty on packages for others it will put a stop to the free and easy way of getting someone to carry packages around so much.

Did I write that I finally succeeded in getting a game of Rook at Oberlin? I have not yet opened it. We were so many that we could use up the extra time in talk or sleeping. On the steamer I played "500" one night. The trouble is that games mean going in side as the breeze is so strong out side. I really prefer more activity on shipboard. The deck tennis is real exercise, and requires a bath and redressing each time.

Yesterday afternoon Phebe and I did a large share of our packing so we are not so rushed as those who left it all till the last minute. My trunk was so broken when it got here that I am taking my Corona out to lighten it. Now that we are getting to the land of coolies I am not so desirous to keeping a limited amount of handbaggage. I have declared six pieces so you know I have added some. The packages for others are responsible.

We have made a record trip for speed in spite of the fact that three of the four blowers to supply oxygen to the engines broke. For two days we made 17.5 or 17.9 knots an hour. Our greatest run was 428 miles in a little over 23 hours. At Yokohama we got new blowers so have speeded up again. For a little we were making only 16.2 knots.

We have had such a fine trip and such a good time that we are all going to be sorry to have it end. Then too there are the friends one makes and wonders if they will ever see again.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[Added in Willard's handwriting:]*

Dear folks at Century farm:

Mary says I may add a few words. She has doubtless told you all about the journey- continued clear skies- smooth sea-pleasant and congenial companions- polite Captain and officers and crew- good food well served and good service, a very pleasant day in Tokio- saw Mr. Abe Tso (my classmate in Hartford) at a base ball game with 10,000 spectators- another good day in Kobe- got bumped by a Japanese steamer in Moji- due to be in Shanghai tomorrow morning.

The bell for lunch is ringing, so here's good bye and love to all-

Will



\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Sept. 21, 1921 was written nearing Shanghai by Phebe to Gould. They have had an easy voyage across the Pacific. She describes the Captain's dinner with balloons that everyone played with. She describes their stop in Japan and of shopping and eating at restaurants. Phebe is a bit nervous of what is expected of her in her new job as a missionary. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Nearing Shanghai  
Sept. 21, 1921

Dear Gould,

During this last week the girls have started their college work, and you have been preparing to do the same in the next week. I hope that this year will grow easier for you as the weeks go by, and that you may find the work practical.

Your steamer letter was very interesting. Your ambition relative to Father and Mother is very fine and I'm glad there is someone in the family who can do it. Daniel wrote me a letter on the same paper as one to Father and one to Aunt Mary, a very kind one and an invitation to write him, which I shall not fail to do. He was an inspiration to me in my sixth grade year of teaching!

As Father has told you we have had a wonderful voyage. It has really been too smooth for excitement, but I have not had the heart to wish for rougher weather when just a swell had put some of the ladies miserable to bed. Three times we went bathing in their dinky little tank that slopped over at every roll and replenished the sea and swamped the steerage deck. One afternoon five of us played puss in the corner, and such duckings as we gave each other!

On the last night out came the Captain's dinner at which the Captain was conspicuously about since we reached Yokahama at 9 P.M. Like the other two big dinners we had, we were given balloons to blow up and bonbons. The saloon was decorated with flags and lanterns and all renewed their youth with the playthings. The Ambassador's table and the dignified people all around the Stanley's included, blew up their balloons just to break them and we all played ball with them. Explosions were quite in order and frequent!

The night before this some of the passengers gave a musical comedy written by two of the men on board, and it was very good. I have the airs to some of the choruses. We as a group had to sing a song when a pirate had taken the ship and ordered an entertainment. We sang this:

Some folks jump up and down all night,  
And d-a-n-c-e,  
And then they go to church to show  
This brand new h-a-t.  
They hide their fare beneath the clouds  
Of p-a-i-n-t,  
And then they laugh at us  
Because we're s-a-v-e-d.  
Allelulia.  
G-l-o-r-y to know I'm f-r-double-e,  
I'm h-a-p-p-y- to know I'm f-r-double-e,  
Once I was b-o-u-n-d- in the chains of s-i-n,  
But v-i-c-t-o-r-y to know there's peace within!

Isn't that rich? Miss Wannamaker taught us that!

At Yokahama we did a little buying, but went to the Daibutsu, at Kamakura. After getting souvenirs and cards we got chocolate made in Japan! Little did I ever dream of doing that! For dinner we went to a foreign looking restaurant behind a bamboo fence where the woman spoke no English. With the help of charades and the men, and catching words that we used with motioning we got a very good dinner of rice and chicken served with chopsticks. Some of us rode to the station in rickshas and some walked.

From there we went to Tokyo. Three of us were thirsty so in great thotfulness I piloted them up to the dining room above the waiting room of the station and we ordered drinks. We waited and waited, and finally got something thin with ice but no ice cream in it for soda. When we had it about half gone some cakes came on, and then some one called us to go for an auto ride around the city. So we swallowed the rest whole and asked for our bill. The Jap that came said "Krank you very much" as he scattered off to get it. You can't imagine our chagrin to find that it cost us 1.00 for the drink and \$ .50 for cakes!

We had a fine ride thru many of the streets of Tokyo, the horn honking all the way. We always turned to the left as in Canada.

It happened to be a festival day in a part of the city and the streets were decorated with gay paper lanterns and sprays of pink and white flowers. We passed troops of boys carrying paper temples with a gilded bird surmounting them, and men carrying cataphalts. On several of the street corners there were temporary stage with plays going on just such as we saw in China. The costumes were gay, the music was of drum and pipe and the action pantomime.

At Wasida University we had to go out to the ball field to find Prof. Iso a classmate of Father's. There was a big game on between Washington University at Seattle and Wasida, and the ten-thousand spectators were cheering in good American style. The score was ninth inning 1-0 at the time, and I have an idea Wasida won. Then we rode thru Hibaya Park, a lovely spot broad and well laid out, and passed a moat around one of the forts. After a call at a Y.M. and a Y.W. we went to a restaurant where we took off our shoes and had a "gunabi". The pretty maid brought in brass frying pans and lighted the gas plate in our low tables. Then after pouring in some sie in she put in meat in thin strips, onions and bean curd. After it was done, we dipped it into our raw egg and ate. The rice was awfully good. Three of the girls had never used chop sticks and they did very well.

We walked around in the stores for a time and they took what seemed a long ride back to Yokohama. From the train we took rickshas to the boat and it was a lovely ride, all of us together there, riding thru the dark silent streets in the moonlight with our silent coolies trotting ahead.

From there we came to Kobe over the roughest area so far. We had a long day there shopping and a gunabi dinner. I got a traset and a cut velvet picture, but the rest of the things couldn't find.

We went into the engine room one day and saw all the 56 burners that make the ship go. Only ten blowers were working so it was hot there, 140 degrees in the aft room 160 degrees in the fore. I went up onto a ladder where it was 180 degrees and I nearly burned up. We have a 16.5 ft. ?? screw, and we go about 17.5 knots an hour.

Tomorrow we dock at Shanghai. We hate to break up the party, but so it must be. We have about 10 people going to Foochow and we hope to get a boat out soon. Somehow I can't get it into my head that I'm almost there. I'm half thrilled over it, and then when I think of all that is expected of me I wonder! There will be many changes I know, but it won't be long before I shall be thrilled with seeing the old city again.

I wish you might have been with us. You would have enjoyed the trip so much and I thot of you when we went up onto the prow in the gale and stood wet in the spray of the dancing waves.

We have many interesting people on board, and they have been very nice to us missionaries.

As we went thru the straits at Moji Yesterday at the end of the Inland Sea a Jap. boat scraped against us and gouged our side a bit. I took several pictures which I hope will come out well.

All good wishes to you for this year. We'll both be working at a more or less new job, and we're both going to succeed!

Much love from

Phebe.

Write me often!

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 27, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has arrived in Tungchou and started school ten days after it opened. She tells about their stay in Shanghai en route to Tungchou. Mary describes some of the changes while she was gone. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Sept. 27, 1921  
Tunghsien, Chihli, China

Dear Ones at Home,

Today is the first day of school for us newcomers. We reached Peking Saturday night at eleven thirty. Flora, Mr. Fenn, Mrs. Fenn, Henry Fenn and Miss Bertha Reed were on the platform to meet us. The Fenns of course took charge of Martha. Miss Reed took Cleora. Flora and I went to Mrs. Josselyn's for the night. Every one was in bed so we crept in as silently as we could. It was too exciting to go to sleep at once and we talked for a long time. Breakfast was not till nine the next morning so we slept late.

I had missed a reception on Saturday afternoon (a Holyoke luncheon) and the joy of meeting the members of the educational commission. President Woolley is one of the members here. Flora went and had made an appointment for me to see Miss Woolley on Sunday morning at nine thirty so I did not linger long at breakfast.

Friday P.M.

This has been a busy week as you might guess. School had been going ten days when we arrived. Mrs. Martin had my Latin classes well started, perhaps better than I could have done. Miss King had the science class on its way. All I had to do was to review and find out they were all right. But! The poor girls in this house had had no bath schedule and some of them no bath. The high school pupils were happily perusing the subjects they desired, regardless of a scheme for their whole course. Only today have I gotten them straightened out. Flora had purposely left them for me as I had always done that when here.

Today I had to attend meetings of the Household league and of the T.A.A.A. Those A's mean Tunghsien American Athletic Association. The children made some very good changes in the athletic work the last year.

Last evening I had supper with Mrs. Martin. It was their night for waffles and ice cream. Trudy and Stratt were allowed to sit up in honor of my being there. Tonight both Flora and I are to have supper with the Hunters. Mrs. H. has the domestic science for the girls, and we will probably talk business.

We have four new young teachers. Miss King is a southerner with a delightful accent. Her young brother is one of the first year pupils. Miss Harper is a little older and has some experience. She helps in the high school work. Miss Young is the music teacher and is here only four days a week. We have 58 children in session and two more on the way. Nearly forty of these are in the high school.

To go back and finish the journey. We found Shanghai very full. Willard took the Foochow party to the Missionary Home. Mr. Stanley and the party for the north went to the Burlington hotel. That is very far out so we spend most of our time going out and back. I did go to see the American school. Rather than spend the night there seeing nothing, Cleora, Martha and I took the night train to Nanking and had the day there. We took a carriage for the day. In that, we went to Ginling College first, and received an invitation to return from lunch. The buildings are Chinese style with the courts and many scattered buildings. Two of the buildings are two storied the others only one. We attended chapel which was very formal with all the faculty on the platform. From there we drove to the south gate to see a Chinese school at the head of which is Miss Kellogg whom we met at Kuling. She was away so we saw nought. After lunch we visited the examination halls. The only ones now left in China are there. One groans to think of spending days on those tiny spaces. Over one thousand still stand and several rows have been pulled down. Evidently the other buildings are to be used for some kind of exhibit; for show cases were being built. Next we were off to find a shop to purchase some cookies and chocolate and then to another school. We were lucky and found Miss McCullum home so went all over the grounds.

At the college we added two to our party. The parents of one of the teachers was there and they were waiting for some one to travel with to the north. They are the most dependent people I ever saw, with no idea of what to do. It was like chaperoning two babes in the woods.

At Peking, we were met as I have told. When we got on the train for Tungchow we found Dr. Barton, and Mrs. and Dr. Young with their small boy. Dr. Barton was to give us a talk that afternoon at service. He told of the work of the commission to the Far East with which he was connected. It was very vivid. Also Flora and he talked American School at length. He had attended a meeting of the Rockefeller School committee and was posted on their attitude so wished to glean facts about us.

Alice Huggins was having a house party last week and I came in for supper the last night. Many had gone home so I did not meet the new people. It was nice to see old friends.

Sunday A.M. Mrs. Stelle returned last night and her welcome was worth returning for. The Wickes also arrived from PeiTaiHo. The older child has been ill with dysentery.

Last Sunday all the children were at the front gate to greet us. I may say to greet me. They sang the school song as we came through the gate and waved the school banner. Then I met the new teachers individually and the children collectively. Mrs. Martin and Trudy and Stratt, Mrs. Love with Junior and Betty were there too. Before night I had seen everyone on the compound including baby Ruth Martin. It was very thrilling to be the object of so much attention. Dr. Barton said laughingly that he felt honored to have a share in the royal welcome. The children were sorry it was Sunday because they could not give the school yell and shout. Luckily Miss Fenn stayed with her family in Peking till Monday noon so the yells only had to wait over a day. Mrs. Fenn came with her so she too had someone to share the ovation. We teachers went onto the platform while the children climbed on the walls to wave as the train came in then hastened to from lines at the gate to sing and yell. It is pretty to see the fence and wall draped with girls and boys and it gives a thrill to feel it is for oneself.

Yesterday Flora was in Peking and Dr. Love brought over to see the school Dr. Armitage of the Rockefeller. Also Dr. Smiley and his father Sir Walter Smiley to see the school. Dr. A. said he always had to answer the question of school facilities when he asked for recruits. The English school is very expensive for those children there even with the Rockefeller salaries. He spoke very enthusiastically of our plant.

Flora is greatly pleased with the eversharp pencil especially. It went into immediate use. She had had an "orphan" one that was broken so it needed careful usage. The slippers were also most gladly received as I knew they

would be as hers wore out before I left for home. The names she needed too. Her sheets she says are getting low so the extra one will see her through. Now she says she will not leave before next June. She is not teaching at all but trying to get the records, the laundry, the plans for the new building, etc. up to date so as to leave everything ready for her successor to take up.

I have found surprisingly few changes. A tree gone, a new swing and extra flower bed, two new babies, one new single man for the Chinese academy, a new automobile road from the front gate (which few use as they prefer the old one), are the most conspicuous. The dining room is very full with five tables in one room and three in the other. That is not room enough when all are here so we have one in the hall too. Mrs. Gordon has charge of the kitchen and dining rooms only and keeps them right up to the scratch. We do not use them for any purpose but eating. Afternoon tea is a regular institution, but we have to be out of the diningroom by 4.45 to let the boys start setting the tables. Such care pleases me greatly but I note that it frets both Flora and Miss Bostwick. It means no sorting of laundry in the diningroom where the big tables are so handy to spread out the piles for each pupil. But there are no flies and a minimum of dust. Maybe Mrs. G. and Mr. Lund will get on my nerves later but not yet. I do hope my philosophy and psychology will stand me in good stead. I do not want to fret others nor let others fret me.

Yesterday we had word that President Woolley is to be in Peking until Oct. 10, so I wrote at once to see if the longer stay would enable her to visit Tunghsien. I understand part of her reason for staying longer is to see more of the place. We think we are worth at least a half day. Some of the educational commission were down this week but did not deign to look at the NCAS. Alice said she was glad for most people spend the major part of their time with us. As I think of it, she is right.

This morning I took up one of my oldtime pleasant tasks. I gathered the monthly roses and other flowers and arranged bouquets for church. The gardener has some fine asters, cosmos, snapdragons, snow-on-the-mountain and other things so I had a choice. The cosmos are very slow and only a few are yet out. We are to have some fine plants for the winter and this new man is already taking them up to get them started and used to the pots before they must go in the house.

I found everything O.K., even a bottle of toothpaste half used was on my washstand as though I had left the day before. Tomorrow I hope to get my pictures hung and then I will be settled.

Flora wonders why I did not get a typewriter with the elite type. Had I thought of it a month or so earlier I might have but I am thoroughly satisfied with this, so who cares! The school has a Corona so has Miss Bostwick. I suppose the idea is that I might have been distinctive with a different type.

It seems like a long time since a word from home but I know that a letter before this would have had little news as it would have followed my departure so closely. From every stop I sent a card at least and hope they got through all right. We had a letter from Willard yesterday. He and Phebe were still in Shanghai waiting for a boat.

I have just washed the last of boat and train dust off. Work had to come first, exercise next so a shampoo waited till Sunday morn. The tennis courts are in fine shape and all the new teachers play so I anticipate some good games. Alice Huggins and Mrs. Hunter also play.

Two days before we got here a thief got into the store room and took a new box of butter and one of crisco. The crisco tins had been soiled so had been washed and all labels removed. Evidently the thief realized their worthlessness for he left them a little way down the back road. F. and Mrs. G. have been on the warpath to seek the butter. On Friday Mrs. Ingram was down. She remarked on her joy in finding some two pound tins of butter in Peking early in the week. F. went up to the store at once and bought some of the cans. On searching she found more in a second place. As ordinarily these stores do not keep the two pound cans and can not tell a straight story of how they came to depart from their custom we are very certain it is our butter we are buying. If only we can find the man! As one of the servants left very suddenly on very slight pretext and a man of doubtful reputation was around the place the night of the theft we are inclined to think those two the guilty parties. The police of both Peking and Tunghsien are on the job.

My National Geographic Magazines are coming all right. I hope the Literary Digests start soon. Miss King is to have it till Nov. 1. If mine is here by that time it will be fine. Hurrah! I do not have the Current Events any longer. The History teacher takes it, as is proper.

Flora says she has already sent a draft home for \$27.19. That was to pay for the Peckham Little bill. I realize I never gave you an account of money spent for her so enclose one. I had just \$50.00 from father for Flora and gave him the Liberty bond for \$50.00 that she sent home by me.

I have discovered another new thing. The compound had invested in some pigs. The piggery is over under the city wall well out of the way with its smells and noise. Also the Jefferson Academy has a herd of goats which graze over the campus. We have a rare white barked pine which had grown small in the year of my absence. Today I discovered three of the goats eating as fast as they could off the lower branches.

Mother you will not get your thanks from Flora just yet for I have saved the envelope till Christmas. If exchange were good I should relent but it is only about 1.78 or 180 so we can hope for better times. The envelope is safe in my trunk.

I took two of the new teachers to the top of the Academy tower this afternoon. It was too misty to see far. The pagoda was just visible and the far wall of the city not at all.

[Handwritten:]

I hope all is well with you at home. I'd like to run home for the week-end. Yes, even if it meant a speech to prepare too. And I'd like a peek at Stanley and his family, Ben and Oliver too.

With much love,

Mary.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **September 30, 1921**, was written from Shanghai, China by Willard to his mother. After returning to China he remained in Shanghai for meetings and sent Phebe K. and other missionaries on to Foochow. Willard heard John D. Rockefeller, Jr. speak and met and talked to him. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Missionary Home  
Shanghai, China

Sept 30- 1921

Dear Mother:-

This morning I mailed a parcel post package in Phebe M's name containing a pongee table cloth. Its for the family and it's a cheap thing. Put it on and use it- so you will not have to wash and iron the set between breakfast and dinner any more. I could not find just what I wanted but I thought this would answer. I shall mail to Phebe another table cloth or something that will go on a table of grass linen- white. This I should like given to Helen Peck. I am enclosing here \$3.00 in stamps which I hope will cover whatever duty there may be on both cloths. We had a few dollars of American silver left and as it is very cheap here if we try to exchange it for Mexican dollars. I have bought U.S. stamps with it and will send them home. In this way we lose nothing on exchange.

Later I shall send to you one dozen grass linen white napkins. I plan to take these to Foochow and have a B embroidered in the corner of each and send them one or two at a time. I am sending the table cloth to Helen because Fred sent me no bill for the glasses and I can get partly even with him in this way.

Last evening I put Phebe, Miss Armstrong, Miss Langtree [*Lanktree*] and Miss Blanchard on the steamer for Foochow. They had a very pleasant party. The Meth. Bishop his wife and two young couples and an osteopath Dr. = Miss Johnson= more than a dozen in all. I hope the weather continues as fine as it has been for the past week here. It was tough to give up the pleasure of going into Foochow with Phebe= back to her birthplace = but there are to be important committee meetings here next week to prepare for the big all China Mission Conference to be held in Shanghai next May. They have not succeeded in getting anyone to come up from Foochow and one week more of delay for we will soon be forgotten. I can help the interest in the next year's conference in Foochow by staying and perhaps be of use in the committee meetings.

Mary wrote a postal just before she got to Peking. She left Shanghai the evening of the day we arrived.

Last evening I heard Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr. speak before a select crowd of about 800- mostly Chinese. The address was good- markedly Christian,- altruistic- missionary-simple- and based on the Golden Rule in business and in all the relations of life. His clean face and bright eye and simple manner gave weight to his message. After his address he stepped from the platform and shook hands with and chatted with all who came forward. I shook hands with him and chatted a brief time with him.

Wednesday evening Phebe and I took dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Raven. Mrs. Raven was Elsie Sites- a little girl in Foochow- daughter of a Meth. missionary when we went to Foochow 27 years ago. Mr. Raven is head of the Raven Trust Co. here and of the American-Oriental Banking Corporation. This is the Bank with which I do business= my Shanghai business. They came after us and took us back to the Missionary Home in his auto. We were one evening at dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Marin[?] of whom you have heard us speak and at tea with Mr. and Mrs. McLachlin. So we were not lonely. Yes and one evening at supper with Dr. and Mrs. Huntley. They were in Oberlin last year. I am not sure whether Phebe met them when she was there.

At I Chang 600 miles up the Yangste there is very heavy fighting. The Szechuenese are fighting the Peking government. There were 6 or 7 people on the Golden State who planned to go into Szechuen. They are held here and face the probability of spending the winter here- owing to the closing of all traffic on the Yangste above I Chang. Steamers go all the way from Shanghai to Chung King in Szechuen in about 12 days.

You are picking winter apple now and husking corn. I must wait another ten days at least before I hear from you or the dear ones in Oberlin.

My best love to all  
Will.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **October 8, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. She has been back in Tungchow for about two weeks and tells the news of the school. Some of the children of the Rockefeller Foundation are now going to N.C.A.S. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China.  
October 8, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

Two weeks ago at this hour I was just leaving Tientsin. Yet it already seems as though I had been here always. Such is the result of landing in the midst of work. Not having any beginning, how can it be otherwise than that it always was?

I have given two tests. In Latin 1 the class did its two teachers proud. In 15 there is one failure and that lad is not yet awake in anything. The science papers are yet to be looked over.

This week brought two home letters, one from mother on Sunday the 2<sup>nd</sup>, and written the 7<sup>th</sup> of September. Is not that good time? Phebe's came yesterday, the 7<sup>th</sup> although it was written the 3<sup>rd</sup> of September. I was reading it without looking at the date and found the reference to Mrs. Buchner's visit to be, not as past, as Mother spoke of it. Such is the trick of the mails. A letter takes the first steamer out. If it is northern route it can beat one on the southern route by many days.

I am so sorry to hear of Uncle Dan's accident and hope the next letter gives more favorable reports. A bruise plus a blister must be most painful.

Miss Gordon was not on my steamer. I know the mother and sister who have been in Peking for two years at least. Flora says another sister arrived recently, so we think that is surely the friend of Florences. I shall surely see them soon and will make sure. The Englishman whose name Mr. Lynch gave Stanley was not on either. Probably he got an earlier sailing when our boat was postponed. We lost several passengers who got to the coast and were able to get quick passage.

The Dantons were out today. They were feeling regretful that I had not been with them. Their boat was ten days late because of trouble with her crew. The mutinous crew had scared many passengers so there were many empty cabins instead of the crowd first booked.

Last week I went to Peking and paid 20 cents for four small apples. It was painful after the beauties we had at home and Mothers letter telling that they were not yet all gone.

Yesterday Miss Ingram gave me some nasturtium slips. She has a pot of beauties. There were none in our garden nor the neighbors for me to beg. I told you of my splendid luck with them in the house in the past. I am so glad Mother that you have such variety of colors in your dahlias.

Does the ad for a man mean that the one you had when I left was another misfit? He couldn't be any funnier than the one who wanted to make us count our mercies and talked all the time. The help question has not been an easy one here. One man broke the dishes so fast we could not afford to keep him, another decided to leave without being sent. Just now we have a full quota and they are doing well. Mrs. Gordon is very nice with the men and tries to help them to make good.

I warrant Aunt May had a circus with those children. Nancy I note is still loyal to her notions about her baby brother. How I would like to hear "Tevan" [Stephen] in his further efforts to talk. I thought of them on the steamer when we had so many fine balloons and mostly grown ups to play with them. Just think, three at once for four times.

My invitation to President Woolley to visit me could not be accepted because she is too busy. I had hoped she could come when she had to stay over. Next Saturday I go to Peking to the opening luncheon of the college club. Probably Miss Fenn goes with me. I was a member before I went home and a furlough does not sever membership.

Last evening I was over to the Love's for a birthday diner for Dr. Love. We had roast goat meat and it was delicious. Mr. Hunter has started a herd of goats as a business proposition for the compound, also some pigs. We will probably have roast pig for Thanksgiving dinner and roast it in the big school oven.

"Do not use but one side of the paper", says the booklet, I am going to try doing it and see how it works.

Elizabeth, the jelly drops are just being eaten. They are delicious. We had so much to eat on the steamer that I deliberately saved some of my candy for days of less bounty. Now I am glad I did. Flora had a box from the

parents of two of the girls and the one from Miss Brewster so I waited for those to be gone and thus prolong the goodies.

I must stop because the girls are in bed and this noise may be disturbing them.

Sunday morning. This has been a busy morning. I had to go over to the school to get such pieces of laundry as did not come to me. Then I hurried back to take the bath for which the water was ordered at 9.30. Then I manicured my nails, cleaned two pair of white shoes, and polished a pair of black and a pair of brown shoes. It is eleven o'clock and I am ready for the days tasks.

Last night the second year high school pupils gave a little play which one of their number wrote. It was clever and the children did it with vim and enthusiasm. Next weekend I am on duty and the old students are to entertain the new. Probably we will have a picnic supper and games afterward. There is a fine picnic spot, with large open space for sports in the compound.

Did I write that the week I arrived all the children were here. There were several cases of scarlet fever in Peking and the parents telephoned down and asked to have the children stay. The school in Peking was closed on account of the fever. Dr. Barton thought the event one great argument in favor of the country for the foreign school. As a result we gained one small boy for the sixth grade. Before I went home the Rockefeller Foundation offered \$40,000 to the Peking school if they would raise \$60,000 before next July. So far they have only \$20,000 and have scoured the country pretty well. Now the Rockefeller people are beginning to send to us, as they are feeling with the missionary that the better air, bigger play ground, quiet life, etc. is, for the older children of sufficient advantage to pay for having to send them away to school. We have five of their children this year, all who are old enough for us to accept them. I judge that they have an excellent Principal this year. He is an elderly man, father of a Mr. Dean who has been out for three years teaching in one of the government school and after a year at home has just returned.

Last Wednesday six of us teachers went to Peking on the last train to attend a reception given by Minister Schurmann for all Americans. Five of the members of the compound also went up so we had a jolly time coming back. We met at Jean Dudley Joselyn's house instead of trying to get together at the legation. A new ruling at the legation gate did not allow the rickshaws to go inside the compound. It made it much more quiet and peaceful within, and I wonder it was not done before.

The Sentinels telling of the new bank, with Mr. Palmer at the head were very interesting. Myra and Stanley are coming out much better than we feared with 90 cents on the dollar. I rejoice for them and the others too. I note that there are many depositors not yet found.

Flora was asking about Mrs. Wilkinson who was so badly burned. The papers said nothing so I judge her condition remains unchanged.

I had from Tientsin papers telling of the shipment of my box from Boston on September 3<sup>rd</sup> so I can hope for it to arrive in about 6 weeks. I'll be glad to welcome my things.

If Berman or any of the stores which are handy have a sale of woollen dresses at any time please get me one, size 42 or 44, preferable the latter. I ought to have gotten one before leaving as I shall need it before the winter is over. Except for that, I find my needs pretty well met.

I am finding this machine very useful. I have typed my questions for tests, using carbon paper so I made six copies at once. Store bills are more impressive typed than written off by hand. Incidentally they get into less space.

I began "Creative Chemistry" yesterday and I wonder that I delayed so long. It is fascinating. Professor Slosson uses some most original comparisons. Apparently he retains all he reads and he used familiar quotations freely, the Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson, modern statesmen, daily papers, contemporary writers, etc. Yet with all there is nothing irreverent nor distasteful in the usage. The style reminds me a little of Dr. Arthur Smith.

Exchange is still low. Last Monday I got only 1.60 silver for a gold dollar. It was up to 1.80 in the middle of the week. I hope it is there tomorrow. I go to Mrs. Edwards to lunch and to give the order for Edythe's luncheon set, probably. If I am sufficiently pleased I may order the one Leolyn wants also. Leolyn has given me a commission to get a rug too, but not to hurry as they do not want the bill too soon.

Tomorrow is Lun Fo Ssl day and I am going up. I may fill part of Miss Brewster's order. Nearly all of us are planning to go. If the foreigners are too numerous prices will soar and I may not be able to get things as cheaply as I like.

Yesterday I had a scare. Seeing Mrs. Stelle wear her amber beads made me think of mine and I could not find them. I looked every where I could think of and no beads appeared. I was wishing I had left them home where they would have been safe at least. In the night I woke with a start with the thought that I had put them in the case with my white fur coat so they could not roll out and get lost. Sure enough I found them there when I looked after breakfast.

This noon my pictures which I took en route came from the photographers. Out of 18 films, 17 are good. The ones I took of Myra and Stanley and the children are excellent.

By the way. Of the films I left home with Stanley, there are a few I would like prints from.

The two Phebes - - Myself, Phebe K, Ellen.

The three group pictures - - - Leolyn.

I know Leolyn would appreciate the three which show all who were present on that day.

I am going to take a nap. The house is delightfully quiet and suggestive of rest.

Lots of love to all. I hope to hear that Father is better after taking a rest.

Mary

Monday A.M. I just thought of something funny. Alfred Corbett wrote his mother that Miss Mary Beard was back and that she blended into the life of the school just as well as ever. I wonder if I am a perfume or a blend of tobacco. It is in connection with those that the word is generally used.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **October 18, 1921**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. Willard has returned to work in Foochow easily after his furlough and is now President of Foochow College. Some disease killed eight of his chickens that he brought from the U.S. Phebe K. is doing well in China. Willard tells of the death of two young women missionaries. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow China

Oct. 18, 1921

Dear folks at Home-

At last I am in Foochow and it is good to get back. As I spoke in response to a welcome given us last Wednesday morning I felt as if I had perhaps been to Shanghai for a couple of weeks instead of to America for 15 months. You see when I came back after our first furlough I had been away two years and came back for Y.M.C.A. work- entirely a new work. After the second furlough I came back after three years in the U.S. to the College Presidency- a new work. Now I return after 15 months and slip into the same grooves that I left so short a time ago. Much the same people are here in much the same places. I began teaching Wed. morning at 8:15- arrived Monday about dark and Friday I took over the Presidency. The mission voted that I should be President and Mr. Neff acting in my place while I was away.

Dr. James L. Barton and Mrs. Barton reached Shanghai a week before I left and they came down to Foochow with me. It was of course very pleasant to be in their company so much. They left this morning for Canton.

Some disease struck my chicks and 8 are dead- I hope the ravage is over. I should like to keep enough to raise some here. I had sold 4 = 3 hens and 1 rooster and had a check for \$50.00 silver in my pocket. I have had to return it.

Work piles up already 18 periods of teaching a week. I have made one address before in Chinese before the Y.M.C.A. and I preached in the city church here this a.m. Next Friday I address the Anti Cobweb Society on Conditions in the U.S. in English. But I do not have 50 or 75 compositions to correct this term which is much relief.

Phebe is commanding the admiration and respect of all. You would be proud if you could hear what people say of her. It was very clear to both her and me that it would not be best for us to ever ask to live together. The young ladies at Ponasang need her much more than I do. She appears very happy. It is interesting to see how she slips into everything as naturally as if she had not been away from Foochow for almost 12 years. The language comes back very naturally to her. She "takes" to the Chinese and the Chinese to her.

Yesterday morning we attended the funeral of Alice Lay- born in Foochow a very few years before Phebe. She returned about 3 years ago to work in the kindergarten. The language came back to her as it does to Phebe and she was getting to be a very helpful young woman in many places. A week ago she was taken ill. Last Thursday she became much worse. The doctors operated and found appendicitis and peritonitis. She passed away Friday. Last evening a telegram from Shanghai told us that Miss Grace Coppock, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. for China had died of pneumonia. No young woman and possible no young man had become so useful to the Christian work in China as had Miss Coppock. She combined business sagacity, a sweet spirit, and the ability to work with others to a very remarkable degree. We shall deeply miss both these young women.

Apples are mostly gathered- how I wish we had some.

Love to all

Will.



\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **October 23, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the ones at home. She tells about a picnic she took with the children. She mentions the special issue of the stamps that she is putting on the envelope of the letter. They are working on plans for the new school building. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Tunghsien, China. Oct. 23, 1921.

Dear Ones at Home,

I have been the gay lady these days. I have dined at Alice's, at Mrs. Love's, at the Howard-Smiths, at the Arthur Smiths and twice at the Martin Home since my return. Tonight I start of the return invitations and am having Alice in for supper. Margaret is off in the country so I take this time to save Alice having one meal all alone.

Last Monday I chaperoned the children on a picnic to the Pei Hai and to Coal Hill. It was a cool day so the discomfort from thirst was not as bad as usual. We had five hours at the Pei Hai so took our time on the long walk around the lake. We were most fortunate in getting a good guide who knew the place, was interested in showing and willing to take us everywhere. I think Mother has a snapshot of the Porcelain screen with the nine dragons on it. That is one of the things we saw. There is an artificial mountain of wood protected by a fancy roof, too. The very winding path that leads to the top ends under a dome through which one sees a gilded dragon. There is an artificial hill made from the dirt dug to make the lake. On the back are underground passages from the Dagoba (a kind of Mohamedan tomb) to the foot of the hill. The children had great sport playing "Hide and go Seek" in those tunnels. In front and leading to the Dagoba is a series of temples reached by long flights of steps. Under the lower flight and the landing above are more tunnels, a network of them. That was a second scene for "Hide and go seek". I sat on the coats, cameras and lunch boxes while they played. The old goddess with the thousand arms, thousand legs and thousand heads burned in 1918. She was about 50 feet high. There is a small goddess there with about twenty of the appendages. One enclosure was for the raising of silk worms and the preparation of the silk. A few Mulbury trees are still standing. In a building near are two looms, one large and one small. Big hand machines, strong enough to last through the ages, even if hard used. A King (bed) of teakwood was in another room. The decorations were carved phoenix so we knew it was the bed of a royal woman.

This week we are to have a meeting of the Pastime club. There are 12 who do not belong so it will be initiation night. I am chairman of the entertainment committee with Dr. Love and Mrs. Howard-Smith to help. We have the program all made. The individuals will get off easier than Flora and I did because there are so many. One stunt each will take all the time. We are taking in two of the children in the compound, one a graduate of last year and one a senior now. It is a trial but we do it to give them a years experience socially before they have to go home.

I am putting on this letter one of the new stamps. It is a limited issue and this may be the only one I can get to send. The central head is that of the president of China, at his left is the Minister of Coin and on the right the Premier. The stamps are to be issued for three weeks only. It was some days before I succeeded in getting them for my school store. Now I give out one set only to each child, hence one set only to myself. Three are four denominations, the one, three six and ten. I'll put the other three on a later letter.

Our Founders Day Oct 12 was a successful one. Dr. Shurmann gave a fine talk and showed a great interest in the school. His wife and two daughters came down with him. There were no guests from Peking and that was a little disappointing as we generally have a few.

The opening meeting of the Peking Womens College Club was last week Saturday. Miss Fenn and I went up to the luncheon and entertainment afterward. It was an opportunity to meet many old friends. Now I have seen nearly everyone as well as meet many of the new comers.

Yesterday was Mrs. Arthur Smith's birthday. Mrs. Stelle had the weekly tea in her honor. She is 74 I think. Both she and Dr. Smith seem very well considering how ill they were last winter.

We have started the architect on plans for the new building. Word seems quite authentic that it is a question of months only before we get the money from the Russel-Sage Foundation for the building. Dr. Barton takes home word that we are a permanent institution for sure. Mrs. Schell said that was what the committee were waiting for.

Mr. Stanley surprised us by arriving this noon. He was in Peking on business so took this free time to run down to see his son. His wife was here a week ago. They are slowly unpacking and each trip bring a package of books to sell or give to the school.

Last Sunday the Hunters had Bobby baptized. Dr. Goodrich, the oldest member of the American Board Mission baptized him. It was impressive to have the tiny babe just starting lifes journey and old man of 85 nearing the end, together. Dr. Goodrich had failed much and seems very old. His body and mind are both weak, and his voice quavers as he speaks. The Hunters lived with the Goodriches when at language school so invited him to christen the baby.

We have had some cold weather but no bad killing frost yet. The tomatoes and eggplant are gone but the flowers are safe. The cauliflower, cabbages, celery are still in the ground. Last week came the winter supply of potatoes, 7,000 cabbies. (A cabbie equals 1 1/3 pound) Part of that goes to the others in the compound as it is cheaper to all order at once and have everything come in one name. We have two huge root cellars to store those and the garden produce later. A big cold frame shelters lettuce sufficient to keep us all winter. Some plants are three inches high and some less than one. Yet we are using that out of doors.

I am working on my little scheme for a student participation government. This week the girls organize for dormitory care. At the Household League meeting on Thursday I hope to prepare for the dissolving of that organization and the formation of the new. The students so far seem enthusiastic in the plan.

Poor Miss Bostwick has been having a siege of boils and they still continue to come. Dr. has now begun to use serum and hopes for results.

I hope you all keep well and that the winter is a comfortable one. I shall take joy in thinking of my year at home. I only wish it had been longer and I could have been right with you more. I do and did begrudge the days spent away but I feel every day the value of the work I did. The degree in itself is not so valuable, but the helpful knowledge and suggestions are priceless. I know the greater knowledge of human nature will stand me in good stead when I have to take up the reins of control. The faculty are only human and each has his or her peculiarities, so do I. Whether I shall be able to deal wisely with all remains to be seen.

Lots of love

Mary.

I enclose some snapshots you may want for the home album.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated **October 23, 1921**, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother. He talks about the Michigan, Ohio and Oberlin football games and about his part time job. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

508 Hill St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

October 23, 1921

Dear Mother:-

Received your long letter. Yes, it was good to see your own writing on paper. You folks in Oberlin have outdone yourselves in writing lately. Today I got the suit case O.K. Will not need the sweater at all as I have another like it with me. I was glad of the coats because it has been getting awfully cold up here of late. The region about here is aglow with autumn color and as we have hills here we can see it better than you in Oberlin can on your flat plains.

Oberlin seems to be making the most of her luck in beating Ohio State. Up here they don't think much of it, because that week the whole State team had been shifted around and the head coach was trying out more men in preparation for harder games. The defeat that Michigan took was not deserved. Michigan outplayed O.S.U. most of the game. The first touchdown was made on a fluke and was luck for State. Michigan had her five best men out of the game as casualties from the Mich Agricultural game. Three of them will be laid up for the rest of the season.

For the past two weeks I have been working 3 hrs in the afternoon as asst. cook in a boarding house, but as that arraignment is too confining, I am changing to a dish washer job in a restaurant where I can wash during meals and have most of my afternoon off to study in.

I have taken in very few activities outside my regular work so far. I hav'nt had time for them. My Sunday mornings have been occupied with my work, namely, preparing the Sunday dinner and I hav'nt been able to get to church yet. My room serves as a good place to study and sleep in; beyond that I hardly see it for the whole day. My trucking business has completely stopped and I am selling both trucks one of them is almost sold now.

Geraldine writes that Oberlin had quite a surprise in its first Artist Recital. I should have liked to have been there then to hear the comment then to see the act.

Wishing everyone the best of good cheer and with love to all.

Your loving son,

Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **Oct. 29, 1921** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould. Willard arrived in Foochow on Oct. 10. He must now write more letters than previous stays in China because as the family members grow up, they move out on their own and are scattered. Nine of his twelve chickens died after reaching Foochow]*

*from some unknown illness. Foochow College has a record enrollment of 437. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

October 29, 1921

My Only Son;-

It's back in Foochow I am and struggling hard to get a letter to some of my own dear ones back in the home land at least once a week. It seems as if more letters were called for each time I come out. When I returned alone in 1912 and in 1916 with Mama and the girls I could send one letter to Putnam or to Oberlin and it went to the whole family. Now you are separate. But it's a pleasure to write. I wish I could do more of it.

You are much in my thoughts for several reasons. I know how hard it is for you to buckle down again to study. I went thru the same experience after four years of hard work on the farm. And the first term of three months was one big fight to see whether Ceasear's Gaellin wars in Latin would come out on top or whether I should master them. Every morning when I put on my necktie clasp I am reminded of you and the same is true every time I put in the necktie pin you left me for the damiosine one. Your photograph talks to me from my mantle. And of course every morning and evening and at other times I talk with God about you. This is the next best to talking with your own self.

It was a great privilege to be so much with you in March and April and to see a little of you in July and again in August. I can feel much closer to you. Someway all thru the summer of 1920 you seemed a long way off- almost a myth. It's all different now.

On Monday Oct. 10 I reached Foochow just at dark. Wednesday at 8 a.m. I was in the class room- with a schedule of 18  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr. periods a week. It is good to find that I am wanted. The teaching is only a small part of the work that takes my time. Preaching every Sunday and once or twice during the week- committee meetings etc. Just getting back there are many things I must do that are sort of extra. - I must go to bed now to prepare for tomorrow = Sunday. I can't express the joy it is to have Phebe here.

Sunday evening - This has been a day full of pleasure. This morning I had my regular normal class of a dozen boys who teach a Sunday School class in the afternoon. After this I went at once to a church over near the river- a church that has been going down hill for ten years under the heavy burden of a pastor who gave more attention to law suits and the money he made out of them than he did to his parish. The old man left a year ago - 72 years old - and went home to the country and a young man took the church. It is a different place entirely. A fine congregation, good order, with some twenty young men in to service. They were observing Children's Day which one preacher said Mama was instrumental in starting along with Mother's Day. I spoke for 10 min. Then to Ponasang for dinner with Phebe a nap on her bed. Then to Vesper Service on South Side at Tai Main at which I preached. Then home to Ponasang with Phebe for supper, a little chat with her and a walk into my own room here. All the other ladies were away today so Phebe and I had the compound to ourselves.

We had one letter from Mama at San Francisco and I have had a letter from Shelton- otherwise neither Phebe or I have heard a word from any one in the U.S. of our family.

A big Educational Commission from the U.S. has been going all over China investigating schools. They are due here this week- tomorrow or next day. Barton and his daughter of Chicago- Russell-Butterfield Mass. Agriculture are some of the names I recall.

Did I write you about my dozen Rhode Island Reds that I brought out? Three are still with me. About a week after I got them to Foochow something struck them and they died like rats. These three are a cock and two hens. I hope they will stick till I can get some chicks. I had four sold thru d'Almeida for \$50. and the check in my pocket. I returned the check.

Foochow College has the largest enrollment in its history 437, a good spirit among the students and good work being done by both teachers and students. We are to have a full week of athletics for all schools in Foochow next month. The Military General is giving it.

We are watching the news for all items re the Pacific Conference at Washington Nov. 11. I hope something will be done there to indicate the method of disarmament and to lay some foundation for world peace.

May God give you all the best things and teach you how to use them to help men and glorify him  
Lovingly Father.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **October 30, 1921** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy. Willard and Phebe do not live together in China but are able to spend time together otherwise. He tells about some of the people there. Out of the original dozen chickens that Willard brought to China, only three remain alive. The others died of a disease after arriving in China. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

October 30, 1921

Dear Dorothy:-

It must be your turn to get the letter this week. There is none to answer from any of you yet. All goes on very nicely here. I am teaching eighteen periods a week and doing a lot of other things. Circumstances have given Phebe and me the privilege of seeing much of one another altho we do not keep house. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair with whom I am staying were away at Diong Loh. Phebe came in Sat. evening and stayed till Monday morning. Sunday we walked out to Cieng Bang- Mama and the girlies will remember where it is. It was a beautiful day- just as lovely as the day mama, the girlies and I went out two or three years ago. We came back by the North gate and stopped to see Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Dr. Taylor is laid up with a lame leg, and Mrs. Taylor still has erysypyles [*erysipelas*?] or neuritis or something of that sort. But they were both looking as well as I expected to see them. They are rather shut in and were glad to see us. The Medical College is closing up. But Dr. Taylor has the satisfaction of looking on some twenty four graduates all doing good work and most of them in mission work.

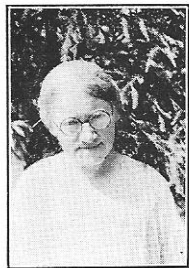
During the week I am able to get my usual number of Chinese meals – three or four. Phebe and I had a fine dinner at Cieng Bang last Sunday. I had one with pastors, preachers, teachers, etc at Quarterly meeting Tuesday and another at a funeral Friday.

Today I taught a normal S.S. class of teachers and boys at 9, walked to Ciu long Die for service and found them observing Children's Day. The preacher told them that Mama started this together with Mother's Day. Then I walked back to Ponasang and lunched with Phebe. All the other ladies were away so we had it all to ourselves. After a nap and a little reading we went to Tai Main to Vesper Services. I preached. Then home with Phebe to supper and then a walk in to my home here.

Ask Mama to tell Mr. Lau that I have sent his suit case home by Dr. and Mrs. Barton. They will take it to Boston and send it to Mama. They leave Hong Kong today I think. So Mr. Lau may look for his suit case about Dec. 15 or a little before.

How Marjorie and Kathleen would enjoy Betty St. Clair. She is just toddling about and a wee mite. The other day she got into my room and found my ink bottle and she made good use of her pinkeys as her whole face- two hands- dress, the floor, the paint and the wall testified. She was not in the least phased. She looked as much to say, I did it. What are you going to do about it? Billie Leger is all right- lies on his back in the carriage as does the Reumann baby. These three families are all that have babies or children in the compound.

Miss Armstrong and Dr. Dyer are in our old home. I have the study still. They are using our dining room furniture and some of our chairs. I had rather they would be in use there than lying up in the Hospital attic.



*L. Gene Dyer, M. D.*

HER skill and poise as a doctor; her keen mind and gift of literary expression; her musical talent and understanding of people – make her a valued member of our circle.



*Susan E. Armstrong*

HER devotion for boys finds full expression in her work at Foochow College. She is indefatigable as a teacher, unshaken as a friend and unstinting as a hostess.



*Roderick Scott*

THE mission ship need fear no storm with such an anchor. As individuals we have empiric proof of the abiding values of having a philosopher as friend. He steadies our efforts at clear thinking as our chairman par excellence who in the words of our Irish friends is known all over the world and many other places besides.



*Mrs. R. Scott*

THE musical sprite of Fukien Christian University entices the students to soar with her into realms of music with great delight to them and us.



*Fred P. Beach*

PROFESSOR of psychology and tennis who makes his rocky hillside at Fukien Christian University blossom like the rose.

The Scotts and the Beach's are going home in 1922 -The Beach's in Jan. The Scott's in June.  
Three of my chickens are still alive. Some disease struck them a week after they got here and they died like rats. Mr. d'Almeida had given me a check of \$50 for four. I returned the check. One rooster and two hens are still here. I hope they will pull thru so I can get some chicks.

May God bless and keep and guide you all and give you each the best things and then help you to use them to help men and glorify him.

Tell Kathleen I took supper with John Davies in Shanghai.

With lots of my best love to all.

Father.

Tell Gould I am addressing his letters  
508 Hill St.  
Ann Arbor

I am sending Willards Review to Shelton and  
asking them to send it to Mama.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **October 30, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to Gould. She mentions Gould's return to college and tells him the news of her school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

October 30, 1921.

Dear Gould,

That was a meager little note I sent from the steamer, for the nice one you sent me. One of my other letters told of an acquaintance who has taken a position in Ann Harbor [Ann Arbor]. Dr. Preston Slosson, who has been on the editorial staff of the Outlook, has engaged to teach in the University of Michigan this year. You would enjoy meeting him. He is very much of a scholar and student. It was with his Aunt Sadie, Mrs. Spaulding, that I lived in New York part of last year. She was a dear to me and I did enjoy meeting Dr. Preston and his parents too. The parents are not in New York now, as Dr. Edwin Slosson has a government position in Washington, D.C.

I do hope that every day is showing you the right of going back to studying, and that the summer helped to make the readjustment easier. I was sorry not to see more of you. We will have to make up by writing a letter once in a while. I want to know what you are studying and what famous men you are privileged to work under. The man does make a difference! When I think of that seriously, I marvel that I have the courage to teach.

We have 60 pupils in session, the greatest number by about eight. If we had the room to take more we could nearly if not quite reach the hundred mark. This year we have nothing below the 6<sup>th</sup> grade and had to refuse 8 applicants for the 5<sup>th</sup>. The first year High School class has 15 in it. The other H.S. classes together are 18. Hence you see the upper grades have the largest numbers.

I am in the dormitory with the older girls. There are 16 girls, three teachers and the Matron sleeping here. The four 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> year girls are next door. Our neighbors, the unmarried ladies, have rented to us three rooms and the girls and two teachers have those. The girls all sleep out on the porch so use one room only. In this house we have six girls in one room so they will have to sleep out all winter as the room would not hold the beds even.



Written in album: "Girls' Dormitory 1919-1920"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Our last word is that we may go ahead and plan our new building. That will be the girls dormitory. For the present the boys have fair accommodations in Wisteria Cottage. There are 25 living there but no more than four boys to a room.

Our trip out was a most enjoyable one, because we had such good company. One of the greatest of the joys was being with your father and Phebe. Some days we had little chance to see each other but we had the feeling that the others were around. The five of us that started from Chicago together had a table together on the steamer with one girl added. We felt acquainted before we got here.

The ladies of the compound had helped out, so classes were all running smoothly when Miss Fenn and I got here. That meant plunge into the midst of work before we even took time to unpack. I felt as though I were running a race the first week and was always a little behind everyone. We were ten days late.

This last week we had a Pastime Club meeting and took in ten new members. I was chairman of the initiation committee so of course had a good time. The people had not a single meeting last year. This year I imagine we will be more gay as we have four young teachers and the Academy one young unattached man. We made a new ruling by which we take in children living here when Seniors, so had one student to initiate. It is to give them a chance to see what the society of their elders is when not restrained by being teacher, parent or other in authority.

Dr. Sailer of Teachers College was down here this week and we teachers had a good talk with him one night. Dr. Schurman, the new American Minister to China, gave us our Founders Day address. His wife and two daughters came down with him.

Already the dam is nearly ready for our skating pond as soon as it gets cold enough. Two weeks ago we thought that day not far off but it has warmed up somewhat. Still we have our furnace fires all going. The gardens are not all gone, but the more tender vegetables were nipped the first frost, on October the tenth.

I have been writing home every two weeks as of yore and today is not the day. If you are writing to Shelton and would send this it may have some things in it that Aunt Flora and I have not written home.

At last I am getting to where I can write on this machine nearly if not quite as rapidly as by hand. Surely I write more legibly.

Yours with much love

Aunt Mary.

P.S. Note the stamp on this letter. It is a very limited issue.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter, dated **November 7, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She tells about a farewell for a student and about a Holyoke dinner she attended. Flora took a trip to the Western Hills. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.

November 7, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

Last week I wrote to Gould and suggested that he send on the letter to you so perhaps you got a letter from him and me. A week ago Saturday we had a farewell tea for Joyce Howard-Smith. She was leaving on Monday for Australia. She was one of our last years graduates and though a quiet girl very popular with everyone. The Campfire girls, a few others and the grown ups of the compound wrote her letters so she had at least one for each of the 35 days which she will have alone after her father leaves her at Kobe. The things filled two small bags and included letters books candy gifts, and all kinds of things. She was starting as I did in 1920 without knowing anyone on her steamer. I hope she has better luck. I had a few very good friends but the rest of the passengers either I could not converse with because of differences of language or did not care to.

Our first reports came out on Wednesday last. There *[were]* some tears and a few smiles. We get these out early to give plenty of time for redemption if such is needed. It is a good time to talk over difficulties and suggest methods of improvement. Two Mothers have been here to visit this last week. Several helpful suggestions have come from the talks with them.

On Friday I went to Peking to a Holyoke dinner at Helen Russel's. We had a most interesting meal. I can not call it a feast as I feel like as we were assured it was home food not a feast. We started with tinned clams, the kind with fluted shells. We had little Chinese forks to pick them up with and dip them in the ginger sauce which stood by our plate. Third was rice with shrimps cooked with water chestnuts, eggplant, and a sauce like Worcestershire. Next was Chrysanthemum soup. It was made on the table. The stock was poured into the Chinese Chaffing dish and bits of hard cooked flour pastry, rice flakes, chopped parsley and the petals of white Chrysanthemum added. It was

delicious. Lastly we had fruit, apples, pears, persimmons, grapes, and then tea with Chinese candy and sweetened dates. This differed from other meals I have had in having so little meat and such a variety of vegetables. Always had I heard that the Chinese are not a meat eating people, yet always did meat predominate the meal. Dr. Kin explained it by giving this as a typical meal when there are no guests. Of course it is the food of the higher class, not the poor people.

We had a most interesting meeting after dinner. The girls have been sending home things to sell for the Holyoke Endowment fund and had just had letters telling the results. They sell for considerable profit. After deducting the cost at this end and the duties at that end, the buyer gets 40% and the seller 60% of the profit. It is considered more trouble and bookkeeping to sell than to buy. Some of the girls have gotten the buying to a science.

Flora and Mrs. Gordon went to the Western Hills on Saturday and expected to stay till tomorrow, Tuesday. I am so glad Flora had this chance to visit the hills as she has never been out there and some of the most interesting temples are out there. It has been a beautiful week end here. That may not signify anything as a few weeks ago a party got soaked out there and we had not had a drop of rain here.

On Saturday afternoon Cleora Wannamaker came down unexpectedly and was my guest for the night. I had considered inviting her and had put it off till I should be more at liberty as I was taking Flora's weekend duties for her and having charge of giving out supplies for Mrs. Gordon. Since it was a surprise visit I could do all the other things and not feel neglectful whereas I could not if I had planned the visit.

Dr. Smith spoke at service yesterday, on the book of Jude. He suggested a comparison of that book with the 2<sup>nd</sup> chapter of 2<sup>nd</sup> Peter. There is a great difference of opinion as to which copied from the other. The great use of triplets was one thing he spoke of in Jude's writing.

There is a strong wind blowing today so I hope the people at the [word left out] will not try to come in. Mrs. Gordon's son is living out there and it is he they are visiting.

I tried to get some of Miss Brewster's things at Lun Fo Ssl a few weeks ago but prices were soaring so I made no purchases. I will try again when there are not so many extra foreigners in town.

Is Miss Brewster sending the Saturday Evening Post, or who is it? It is postmarked either Shelton or Derby so comes from some kind friend there. I would like to send thanks to the person for I do appreciate it I assure you. Three copies have come so far. My Literary Digest has not started yet but Miss King's has not ceased either so we are not inconvenienced. Today the first copy of the Teachers College Bulletin arrived, so I know that is all right too. All the extra numbers of the National Geographic are here too. If the school does not decide to take the School Review I shall do so as it is the best magazine on the Project Method that I am eager to get to reading.

I purchased yarn in Peking for a knitted scarf such as was so stylish last year. My dresses with the loose sleeves are a nuisance with sweaters as these sleeves will not go in easily. A scarf belted in will give the warmth across my back where I need it as my desk is back to the window.

The people are soon off to the noon train so I will pick up my things go over to my room get a stamp and envelope and let this start on its journey.

With love to each and all.

Mary.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated November 13, 1921, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. He and Phebe K. are not living together in Foochow but they see each other often and he is happy to have her with him in China. Willard talks about the athletics in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

President's Office

Foochow College

November 13, 1921

Dear folks at Home:-

Christmas is in the mind of all here. Christmas letters must be ready to mail this week. I have been sending a part of my Christmas gifts to you at the farm. Before this reaches you, you should have received three "Weekly Reviews". In each should have been a napkin. I will continue to send till twelve have gone. Will you please forward this "Weekly" to Ellen at Oberlin. I am enclosing in this a linen handkerchief for father. O no. I want his surname put in one corner so I must wait till another mail.

I cannot tell how I enjoy Phebe's being here. We are not keeping house together but we see each other almost every day. She has spent two or three nights at Mrs. St. Clair's where I live this week, and I have been at her



home in Ponasang for several meals. It is interesting to see how we cross and recross each others paths. Yesterday Mrs. Leger said she had asked Bishop Hind to dinner today. He was to preach at our church here this morning. Mrs. Leger wanted me to come to dinner also. I accepted. Phebe was at my place at Mrs. St. Clairs. But I had a good visit with her. She is receiving the respect and confidence of everyone and I hear many good things said of her. The language comes back to her in a very gratifying way.

For more than a week now an Educational Commission of five has been in Foochow. They are a part of a larger number who for over two months have been investigating education in both government and mission schools in Japan and China. Dean Russell head of Education in Iowa State University was one of those who was with us. They have been very helpful.

This is the season for athletic sports in Foochow as well as in the U.S. Our boys are getting defeated right along. But it is good for them. Last year they won in Volley Ball and some of them confessed that it was the big head that caused their defeat this year. Yesterday in the cross country runs they got not a point. They came out first in 1920 and in 1919.

Next Friday the big provincial athletic meet start and Nov. 18, 19, 21, 22, 23 all of our schools are to be present and participate.- This is the first time anything so large has been attempted. The expenses are to be borne by the Military Governor General.

Last Tuesday the Annual Meeting of the Chinese Congregational Church began. The spirit in this meeting has given many of us great concern for six or seven years. This year thus far the spirit is good, and I trust it may continue so to the end.

Two good letters came from Geraldine this last week. She writes that Oberlin beat Ohio State University in football. Of course I am greatly pleased that the Bankhardt family are in the house with Ellen. It will so lighten the expenses of rent etc. and then she will not have to care for the furnace. The coal bill will be no more for two families than for one.

You are having frosts and perhaps frozen ground- I remember how cold it was a year ago Nov. 14. We are having most delightful weather,- just cool enough so one can wear full thin union suits and an ordinary suit of clothes. We have had little fire two or three times for fun.

The Pacific Conference in Washington which opened yesterday is much in the minds of the Chinese Christians and of us as well. We pray much that God may bring out of this Conference something that will help the world to live in peace and the nations to be mutually helpful.

May God give you all, the best things                      Lovingly    Will.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated Nov. 20, 1921, was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Kathleen. He tells about the antics between the freshman and sophomore class at University of Michigan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

508 Hill St.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
Nov. 20, 1921

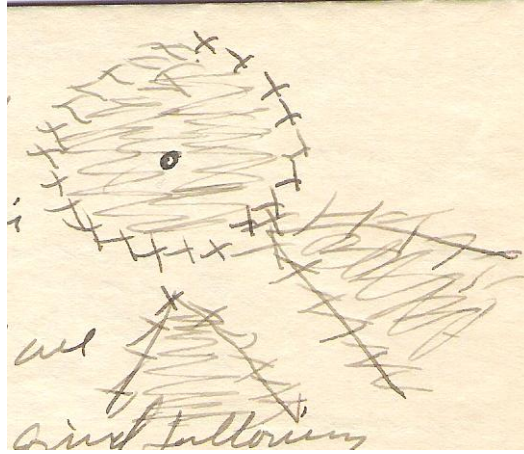
Dear Kathleen:-

I got your fine letter and intended to answer it before now. Also I have mother's and Geraldine's and Dot's yet unanswered. So I will have to kill four birds with one stone and answer all of them at once.

For the University in general this has been a lively week. There are so many lectures, concerts, club meetings, dances, etc going on that I have cut them all out in an endeavor to get ready for mid semester tests.

Yesterday Morning the Frosh and Sophs had their fall scraps every evening this week either one or the other class has held a pep meeting to rouse spirit for the contests. At 8 a.m. Saturday the Sophs gathered in hands in various parts of the city and marched to the library where our meeting place was. On the way we caught any unlucky Frosh who was on his way to his meeting joint, and we painted him red all over. All the Sophs painted their faces red and the Frosh were painted green. They outnumbered us about two to one but we were better organized.

The scrap consisted in capturing three flags at the tops of three 20 foot poles. The Frosh had to guard the poles and if they held each flag for ten minutes they won. They massed themselves around the pole and locked arms. The Sophs formed two wedges in Phalanx formation and drove into them something as the sketch shows.



As we charged them I could see them get white under their green paint and their eyes bulged out, but they held until we hit them. The impact and the grind following sounded like mashing potatoes and meat going through a grinder. We went about 20 feet into their mass. Then they went straight up in the middle from the pressure. The center must have risen a foot and a half. We reached the pole, which had bent over almost 45 degrees from the pressure, and locked arms about it then the fellows in the rear hoisted some light men up onto the mass and they stomped or crawled over our heads to the pole. We took each pole in less than four minutes. The Frosh were so scared that they did not fight hard and only a couple of men got badly hurt.

Yesterday afternoon Michigan wound up her foot ball season by walking away from Minnesota to the tune of 38-0. I doubt if there is a conference eleven that could have beaten our team yesterday. We have lost only one game and tied one and save for the first two games we have played the biggest teams of the West. The stadium was not filled to capacity, only about 38,000 being present. At the Ohio State game we had 41,000 spectators.

I'll have to thank you all for those fine socks you sent me. I completely forgot until Tuesday that I had a birthday last Sunday.

Mother wrote me the week before about it, but I forgot it in the rush of events. I can't quite become reconciled to the fact that I am 25. I feel more like a college lad. Perhaps that is because I am doing just what I was back in 1916 and '17, washing dishes for an education. Well, I hope in some future year to finish college, but it looks a long way off.

Grandma sent me a box of apples with my bath robe that the girls gave me in Oberlin. I had forgotten that I had it. It will be just the thing now.

It's only about three weeks now until I will be home for Xmas. When does Oberlin vacation commence?

Thanks again for the birthday gift.

With love to all,

Brother and son Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated November 27, 1921, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks at home. There was an athletic meet in Foochow and Willard was one of the judges. There was a Congregational Church Annual meeting in Foochow. He and Phebe spent Thanksgiving with a few other missionaries. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

President's Office

Foochow College

Nov. 27 - 1921

Dear folks at Home:-

Two weeks ago I wrote you enclosing in the letter a napkin. I will put another in this letter. This one makes six in all, if my count is correct.

This past two weeks have been broken into badly by our Chinese Annual Meeting and by the Provincial Athletic Meet. This was held in Foochow and quite near our homes. There were contestants and participants from all parts of the province- both from government and from mission schools- over 700 entries. Last Monday was the big day. I was one of five "judges at the finish." It was my job in all the running events to spot the second man in and give his number to the head judge. Monday last we were on the ground at noon and on our feet constantly till

5:30. I was not the only one whose knees ached. Tuesday the work was not as hard. Last evening a feast was given by the Military Governor to the heads of the Athletic Meet. I was already engaged to spend the night last night with Mr. and Mrs. Newell- at Sie Buo- on South Side about four miles from here,- so I sent my regrets.



This may be where the track meet was held. We know the missionary compound is across from the white pagoda. Foochow's white pagoda can be seen to the left. Willard said the meet was held "quite near our homes."

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

Our Annual Meeting of the Congregational Church of Foochow closed a week ago Wednesday. It was the best meeting we have had since 1914. There was a good spirit and a desire to be mutually helpful. Since 1913 we have not ordained a pastor. A clique of Chinese pastors got together and so managed that no one could get ordinations. The matter sort of settled itself this year. The ring leader of these pastors has become more and more dictatorial each year. The result is that he has been put out of all offices in the Cong'l Church here and is left on only one committee- that a Union Committee of little real power. The meeting voted to ordain six men.

Phebe and I took Thanksgiving dinner with Miss Armstrong. Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood. Miss Armstrong came out with us and is to teach in Foochow College. She is now studying the language. Dr. Dyer is a Doctor of the W.B. and going home on her first furlough next year. Miss Atwood is a nurse just arrived. They are keeping house in our old house that we left a year ago last June. It was a very pleasant occasion and a good dinner. The turkey was fish but the pie was real pumpkin. In the evening Phebe and I went to the Consulate for the Reception given by the American Association and from there to the Y.M.C.A. building to the Thanksgiving dinner given under the auspices of the American Red Cross.

Friday a Dr. Stifler was with Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair and myself for lunch. They brought 15 pounds of millet from the girls in the north. We simply put it in a double boiler and cook it as you do oatmeal, and eat it in the same way. I do not know why we do not use it in America. I tried to get some in Oberlin last year. I found a few pounds that had been saved for seed. The price was 13 cents a pound.

We think much, speak often and pray much about the Pacific Conference. The Chinese are very much interested in it and they hope for much from it. Others of them are pessimistic. It looks to me as if there would not be very much done,- but as if something would be done to make it possible for the nations to reduce the terrible burden that all nations feel increasingly each year of keeping up our building new battle ships and in other ways preparing for war. May God have his own way with the men now in Washington discussing the problems so vital to the world's well being.

The 10 o'clock bell has rung so good night. I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and I hope this will be in time for my Happy New Year- pass it on to Oliver, Ben and Stanley and all the members of their families. May our Father be very gracious to you all

Lovingly Will

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter, dated November 28, 1921, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She tells about their Thanksgiving and the fun afterward. Their skating pond is beginning to freeze. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.

Nov. 28, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

The Christmas cards came this week. They are beauties, and we do thank you for all your trouble. We have opened them to take a peep and that is all. For sending to America I bought some out here. Mr. Fenn, brother of Martha, has started a printing shop and makes Christmas cards. His patterns are all copies of cards from the states and they are very good. They are also very cheap. I'll send you one to see.

Our Thanksgiving day was a busy one. I did not have a minute to think of the good time of last year. Mrs. Martin had a bad cold so we of the decorating committee had to help set the tables for the dinner as well as to decorate them afterward and make out the seating list. Setting tables mean borrowing tables, chairs, linen, silver, dishes, glassware, etc. as well as arranging it after it arrives. There were only 32 of us because several sent last minute regrets and Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Lund stayed away without even sending regrets. The fun afterward was great. The committee had practiced up for an Ultra-Bolshevic Band and had a program all duplicated for us. We started with a band selection then Folly 1, then band selection, etc. The band had a drum, a horn, several combs, and clappers and cymbals which occasionally were heard. It was most entertaining. We were divided into four groups and each had to present a ten minute play. We had Eliza crossing the river on the ice. The ice was Mr. Howard-Smith wrapped in a sheet. Another was that old pantomime of the girl receiving a succession of callers and making them into a table, chair, hat rack. A third was the story of Aeneas in three scenes. I was Dido. The fourth was Pyramus and Thisby. We ended with the Virginia Reel as usual. But one of the men guests played and as we whirled the partners down the line he played faster and faster till we could hardly stop. It kept things lively.

At school we had a duck dinner at noon. Flora and I carved the six ducks before we sat down so as to have pieces of more uniform size. Also we wanted to have them carved American style not Chinese. The Chinese hack birds to pieces regardless of joints. There were 49 of us at that dinner. Our boys went to Peking in the morning to play the boys of the Peking American School in Basket Ball and beat 27 to 7. They would have kept their opponents from scoring at all but they put their second team in for the second half. "It was too easy to be fun," They say. They wanted to send the second team only as the boys up there are smaller but we requested to send their best. Today our girls go up to play the Yenging college girls. I fear they will not meet with such easy success as several of the best girls are not playing, for health or scholastic reasons. Our rule is that a team must be made up of students whose rank is 85 or the colors may not be awarded for success.

I have had my muff made over and the worn parts removed. Not yet have I had my wool dresses out, but if it gets much colder I shall have to. It has been cold enough to freeze ice three inches thick. Our skating pond started to freeze with all the leaves in the ice and the boys have had a great time getting the bad ice out. It all had to be broken up and pushed through a narrow opening about two feet wide. They worked hard every minute of their play time for three nights. As they got it out it would freeze a little more at night because they could not finish.

I have my scarf over half done. It is 101 stitches wide so does not go as fast as I would like. The wool is English make and a mixture which goes well with that sport skirt I bought at Howard and Barber's with Phebe. Phebe that knife gets good usage these days. The little scissors got the hardest use on the train, when I cut out paper dolls with them, for a small neighbor who was making life unhappy for us all.

We are having a good local dust storm this afternoon, after a glorious morning. Already my window sills desk and other furniture are dull lead color.

I have a most interesting book to read. It is Easy Lessons in Einstein by Edwin Slosson, the nephew of Mrs. Spaulding who has gone to Washington for government work.

I had a nice letter from Miss Brewster this last week. The book she spoke of sending to Flora arrived some days before and Flora has it most read. "Wang the 9<sup>th</sup>" is a book I have heard of much but not yet have I had the chance to read it. I am asking Mrs. Stelle to read my "Wanderer on a Thousand Hills." She is a native born and better able to judge of its merits. It has received very severe criticisms, she says. One would expect that as it pictures such a dark side of life here.

A week or so ago I had a chance to send a package to Foochow by personal messenger so F. and I sent 15 catties of millet for him to grind for cereal. That in pounds would be about 20. As a "cumshaw" I sent Dr. Stifler

some of the malt candy. I do wish I could get some of that candy to you. But it is like molasses candy in that it gets soft if warmed.

Two weeks ago I sent some Chinese postcards to Mr. Horesce with a Christmas greeting to show him I did not forget my promise made the day we tried the Dodge. My gift for Joel and Grace has not yet arrived but I sent a card for Christmas.

I wonder if the request for a repeating of the Pageant came again. Phebes tale of the vall [*call?*] of the Sherks and Sylvia's stay made me think of it. Please give my regards to the Sherks when you get a chance. Has he no job yet?

Today I received my address list of Holyoke alumnae with a request to send a dollar to the secretary for pay. Please send on (\$1.00) to Miss Florence Clement, Alumnae Secretary, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass. for Address List, 1921, sent to me.

I shall send shortly a box of little bags. If you want any they are 50 cents. If you sell them elsewhere they are \$1.00. If you have to pay duty as seems to be the custom now, please deduct the duty before crediting me with the value. If the duty is too high make the prices 60 cents and \$1.25, for I am not making much. I shall put on the price in silver here. Every thing has gone up in the year I was absent. Not yet have I found the things Miss Brewster wanted but I will try in vacation when there is time to linger. Today was Lun Fo Ssl day but I was too lazy to go up as there were duties here for me to do. Mrs. Lowry is back so I think I can surely get the large cloth like the small doily.

I have agreed to play tennis at 4.30. It has been many a day since I have been out on the courts. My Round Robin came yesterday and today the starter of a hurry up Robin of the Holyoke girls of China. We are to send our pictures so we will feel better acquainted.

Here is the best of love for each and all of you.

Mary B.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter, dated **December 4, 1921**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She has received her shipment of books and her Literary Digests are arriving. Mary talks about a variety of subjects – coolies, shopping, tooth powder, ice skating. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

December 4, 1921.

Dear Home Folks,

I must write today because my box of books came Friday and I know you will be glad with me that everything came through safely. The mud plaques are sound after their trip to America and back. I shall have them framed at once. Evidently the box was opened at customs for the top was all loose. Father remembers how well it was nailed and I am sure will say with me that it could not have gotten off without aid. At once I ordered my bigger bookcase as already I had a row of books in the closet on the shelf.

The Literary Digests have begun to come. The first number was October 22. November 5 is already here. It is almost in time to fill in after Miss King's subscription. I never did get the Independent from Dr. Preston Slosson. He has left their staff so now I fear I will not. 'Tis sad as one does not subscribe for two papers which fill so near the same need. I am sending tomorrow some tea to Miss Brewster. Prices have gone up a bit. To get the same grade of tea I paid more. I think I charged 85 cents a box for the other. This will have to be 10 more or 95 cents.

I will try to get the little bags off also. Once more we may send packages by sample post. That does not mean a days work to mail anything. I was waiting till I had everything ready because when it was a question of going to the customs it meant an hour to do it and one could save time only by accumulating errands and going seldom.

The Japanese Post Office still would send sample post so were getting a large amount of the trade. Either that or the movement to do away with the foreign Post Offices have caused this return to old accommodations. They are desirous of being extra helpful now and volunteer the suggestion that sample post is again allowed. In fact they were eager for Mr. Martin to send his package that way the other day.

Phebe, I wonder if you still keep up your morning exercises? I mean to but with only half an hour to dress, I get left occasionally if I take an extra few minutes in bed. I must average about five mornings a week. Often when I get left in the morning I take them at night, unless a game of tennis or basket ball has made me feel no need of so doing.

This week Martha Fenn had a birthday and we had quite a celebration. Her mother and father had sent down a cake so we had that for afternoon tea, together with candy, and fruit from the same source. In the evening

some of us made divinity fudge, cocoa and cheese crackers over in Miss Young's room. We were very circumspect and were home soon after ten. Today one of my girls has a birthday and her mother sent her a cake. All the girls in this house and I have just been eating a cake which her mother sent. There was candy, nuts and fruit to go with it so I am thinking of cutting tea at four.

Dec. 6. I went down stairs to go over to the school for some stamps on Sunday and found a caller. Mr. Anguston, the Salvation Army man who has been in the city, was here to bid up goodbye. He is transferred and we get a young woman again. He stayed for tea and talked a lot. Then it was a hustle to get to church.

On Saturday last, Flora had to dismiss the coolie who has been with us since the school started. He wanted more money but could not see why he needed to be more efficient to get it. I think he thought the school so dependent on him that we could not let him go. He got a surprise. Mrs. Stelle had had to dismiss two servants because they could not agree, in spite of the fact that both were good men. We took one of those on and he was installed that very night. Choe He was one baffled man. He has always been of the variety of who Dr. Smith says, 'One is torn between the conflicting desires, either to raise their wages or dismiss them.' We had raised the man's pay from \$6.00 to \$7.50 per month. That may seem small, but a cook gets only \$9.50 or 10.00.

Yesterday I was in Peking all day. It is the first day I have done that. Flora and I went to some interesting stores outside the city. I have several chains. I will send some to you. If you can sell them. I'll send price lists when I get them off. If beads are as stylish as last year these ought to be easily gotten rid of. I have the beads Miss Brewster specially ordered too. We went to a Chinese restaurant for lunch. We had rice, fried chicken giblets, egg soup, omelet, and another dish made up of bits of meat, onion, celery and a green vegetable I have never seen at home. After eating we were given towels wrung out in boiling water to wipe our hands on.

I have not made up my mind what to do with Mrs. Nettleton's \$3.00 yet. Flora had it spent before I even read the letter, in her mind. I may put it with some other and help out the library. We have a woman coming in vacation to catalogue the library, or rather finish up the job begun several years ago. Flora goes to Tientsin the day after school closes for dressmaking. The only trips I have in mind are a possible week end at the Hills and New Years Day at Mrs. Fenn's if the decision is to receive on Monday.

I sent on Monday two packages of tea to Miss Brewster, one for Mr. Sanford and one for herself. I did have to go to customs after all. There I was guilty of taking my turn out of turn. There were a number of Chinese servants ahead of me, but I went in at once in spite of that fact. It is strange, but they stood back as though they expected me to go ahead. Do you wonder we are spoiled when we come home? That we expect deference and favors? It is a bad habit we form.

This morning I made use of some of my last year's notes in chapel. I shall use them right along now, the ones of Dr. Fosdick's lectures. Some day I must take a compound prayer meeting for some of the people are saying it is not fair to keep any new ideas for the children only. I do not agree but - - -.

Elizabeth, could you send me the prescription for your tooth powder? I forgot to bring any and the little powder left here is getting low. If I could get yours I would like it for I prefer it to any other. I would try getting a full prescription filled and am sure I could add it to my store supplies with profit unless the druggist charges too much to fill it. I have tooth brushes, soap and shoe strings beside school materials already. We will have to enlarge as we grow because it grows increasingly harder to look over each child's supplies. I failed to mention hand lotion which Dr. Love makes.

The ice is safe and the children are having glorious times on our school pond. The boys did some good work in clearing the sticks and leaves off.

It is nearly time for my 2.15 class and I have to look over part of my lesson so I will stop. If I leave this to write more, no telling when it will get off. It has been here three days you see already.

I hope this finds everyone well. It may be in time for a Happy New Year but a little late probably. One letter lately written on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of November I received on the 26<sup>th</sup>, and answered on the 28<sup>th</sup>. How is that for speed? One week more of school and then vacation.

Mothers letter tells of the warm fall. Our killing frosts held off well too. I have not put on any warmer clothes except tight kneed union suits yet. Most of the children have though.

May God bless you all.

With lots of love

Mary Beard.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1921 was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to Monnie. He thanks Monnie for sending him a box of goodies for Thanksgiving and for his birthday. He is busy studying but will be with the family for Christmas. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

University of Michigan  
1837

508 Hill St.,  
Ann Arbor, Mich.,  
Dec. 5, 1921.

Dear Monny;-

I guess it is about time I scribbled the family a line and I guess it is fully your turn to get the letter.

That Thanksgiving and birthday box was a wonder. I had two feeds off of it and saved a piece of cake to munch on before going to bed every night. If I had such goodies very much I shure [sure] would get sick. The box made Thanksgiving seem more real. The rest of the day I did my regular work at the restaurant and studied. This is the first Thanksgiving I have eaten home cooking since the Army. I may be 25 years old, but I hardly feel it.

I just wrote out a mid semester test in Chemical Engineering I. I think I did pretty well on it. I ought to have because I studied hard enough for it, began reviewing a whole week before.

I'm coming home either Saturday the 16<sup>th</sup> or Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup>. This will be my first Xmas since 1917 with any of the family. When does vacation begin in Oberlin?

We had a good snow last night. When I went to bed at 2 a.m. it was snowing hard and continued snowing until nearly noon. I would like to see one of those regular old blizzards again. We'd have fun in the snowdrift Xmas time then.

I must get to studying again for a test in math and one in Spanish.

Sorry I could'nt write more.

With love to all  
Gould.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter, dated **December 12, 1921**, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe K. to her Aunt Mary and Aunt Flora. Phebe and Willard spent Thanksgiving with three other women missionaries. She holds a figure head position as foreign secretary to the Union C.E. Society. She and Willard visited Diong Loh. Foochow held a large track meet in November. Their mission Christmas party will be soon. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

American Board Mission  
Foochow, China

Phoebe K. Beard

Foochow, Fukien  
Dec. 12, 1921.

Dear Aunt Mary and Aunt Flora,

Aunt Mary's letter with the handkerchief and Thanksgiving greetings reached us some time ago and we were glad to hear how you were doing. With as live a group as you have, a student council would be a grand success I should think. It must be fun starting it. I am enclosing a fine letter from Aunt Elizabeth that Father sent to me some days ago. She would make an interesting essayist on the philosophy of life, don't you think? I am also sending your pictures. Some are good, especially those of the steamer. The one of the group at Helper[?] is delightfully characteristic of each, I think. Isn't the one of you and Martha Tow on the deck fun? I'm glad I tried it! My teacher has come so I'll finish this later.

Dr. Russell is the son, I believe, of the one at Columbia. He gave us a very humorous address on the scientific method in spelling and experimented on us much to the chagrin of most of us! My Geographics have begun to come and are a joy.

Father has probably told you that Dr. Dyer, Misses Armstrong and Atwood had us to Thanksgiving dinner at noon that day. It seemed good to sit down with a small group and feel like a family. We did not any of us go to the baseball game in the afternoon, but heard it was good. The Consul's reception was really enjoyable- we used to dislike receptions at college so much. Then came the big Red Cross dinner at the Y.M.C.A. with four huge U.S. flags as decoration and patriotic songs between courses. For entertainment the committee gave us an uncensored film that drew a big audience and didn't disappoint anyone.

This is four days later. The week has been delightfully full of a variety of things. On Monday and Wednesday evening Miss Carter and I saw the last two divisions of a serial film at the Y.M.C.A. entitled

"Vanishing Trails". Tho there was not much plot the horses and riding and the Western scenery was beautiful. The Chinese audiences were large, and several missionaries were very regular attendants.

On Wednesday four new pastors were ordained. Father was at the feast and all the ceremonies in the A.M. and I was much interested in the ordination in the P.M., the first I have ever seen. Already I have official duties in a Chinese organization as foreign secretary to the Union C.E. Society- - a mere figure-head. Their first meeting came this week. In between times Eunice Kinnear Boger and I have practiced violin duets for the Christmas Concert of the Anti-Cobweb Society, which came off last night. A choir sang carols, there were vocal and violin and piano solos, and a reading of one of Stevenson's Christmas letters to a friend in Canton having very fitting thots and sentiments. Eunice Boger is going to be a great addition to the community with her violin, and the Methodists have a new lady who is a fine pianist. The program was of fine quality all thru, not at all like the general idea of missionary entertainments. It was held in the house that was the French consulate when you were here, Aunt Flora, and later Mrs. Vintzner the fine pianist lived there.

Foochow students are going to make demonstration of protest against the way things are going in Washington this afternoon, I hear. Ever since the Pacific Conference began, the theme of our school chapel-talks, of sermons, and of prayers everywhere has been this conference. I fear China has expected too great things of it. Professor Munroe of Columbia who was here for three days in Nov., said China had not progressed at all since his last visit some years ago. He tried to show them that China's elements needed a binder before she would find herself as a nation. Things look rather sad for her don't they?

Last Sunday week Father and I spent at Diongloh. Father took a ten mile walk and horseback ride with Mr. Topping and Miss Nutting and I climbed a high hill back of their house. Coming down we were overtaken by the dark while scrambling down the stream bed and had the excitement of finding our path with the knowledge that tigers were not unknown in those parts. But I can recommend Diongloh for scenery and hiking possibility.

About the middle of Nov., Foochow had an epoch-making provincial track meet of ten days. She carried off first and third prizes against Amoy, but the mission schools have got some work to do to get and keep the athletic leadership as against the government schools, that took highest place this time. The most important day in the girl's world was the girls' exhibition and meet in the P.M. of one day. Dr. Grey of Shanghai who was umpire for the meet, said that no girls could have done better than the three hundred under our Wenshan physical instructor did - - - tho none of our girls were in the group. He also said that that was about the first time that girls have appeared in public in athletics in all China.

Our Christmas boxes for the girls here at school have come and it has been a happy surprise to Eunice to find the things so appropriate. Christmas is only a week off and celebrations in the churches begin tomorrow. The weather is so balmy still that I can't make the season real. You will be having a vacation soon. I hope you will find it restful. Merry Christmas to both!

In my language study I am starting to read Mark in character. The feeling for it is only just beginning to make itself felt, but it is fun. This last week the festival for helping the spirits of the dead over the Chinese River Stix have furnished much material for conversation with the teachers. One night some of us went into the city and saw a few of the shops arranged as booths and decorated with the richest heavy gold embroideries I ever saw. The crowds were large but on the whole very quiet.

My latest diversion is a bowl of four gold fish. They are pretty and I like to watch their mild antics.

Our mission Christmas party comes next Sat. night in the city. Being a lone lady with no family unit for the celebration of the day is a new feeling, and I can sympathize with Father in his four years here alone now. But we shall have so much to see about for the girls and the church doings that we sha'nt miss ours I guess.

We are both well and manage to see a good deal of each other at parties and meetings. I am now going in to unpack another box of family things with him.

This brings all good wishes for your health and the success of the school. We shall be very glad to see the photos when they come - we are waiting eagerly for them. If you want any more of mine I have the films and you can get them - - - the duplicate prints - - any time.

Very much love to you both,

Phebe K. Beard.

Lucy Lanktree left me her typewriter, and electric iron, so I am making the most of my opportunities! I still need practice!





This may be the ordination of four pastors that Phebe refers to in the previous letter. Willard stands in the back middle with Phebe K. Beard sitting in front of him. Willard writes on the back: First Class of Pastors trained in the Theological Seminary, Foochow, China. This was prior to the Union Theological Seminary. Giu Ging Nieng, Ung Huai Iu, Bi Ek Di, Ma Liong Ing.

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

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter, dated **December 18, 1921**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about the school and various social and entertainment activities. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.  
December 18, 1921

Dear Home Folk,

If I make mistakes, please lay them to the dark, for I am writing in poor light where I can see my keys but not my paper. The furnace in this house is out, because there was a part broken and there must be a new casting made. Two grate fires each with a register for the room above keep us fairly comfortably warm. We hope for the new parts by Friday.

Last week-end I spent in town with Cleora Wannamaker. It was the afternoon for College club but I could not get away so went up by the evening train. Cleora and I went to the movies at the Peking Union Medical College (commonly called the P.U.M.C.) It was an especially good film that night, Dorothy Gish in "Battling Jane". We chuckled all the way through. On Sunday morning we went to the P.U.M.C. again. This time for church, in the same auditorium. The British Legation rector spoke and gave his usual excellent, polished sermon. Mrs. Dunlap sang and was never in better voice. The day was fine and we two walked home in fine spirits. That afternoon we went to Miss Craig's for tea. That was at the P.U.M.C. too but at the nurses home. Then we were off to the Peking Hotel for the orchestra music. That would have been perfect if the audience had not contaminated the atmosphere with so much cigarette smoke. There were no flaws on the music. The Death Dance by Sibelius and Il Trovatore were my favorites on the program. That evening at the house we had some more music treat. Miss Lum and Dr. Farnum gave us some duets on the piano. Both are excellent musicians.

On Monday morning I received a note from Flora asking me to cease playing and chaperone some children who had to have their eyes tested. One boy was to have tests to determine whether an operation on his eyes were needed. I was at the hospital from 11.00 A.M. till time for the train. I did get in one piece of fun. I went to Language School for the first class.

Another week-end trip!! The men who were down for Thanksgiving wanted us (7) to come up two weeks ago for some fun at their expense. Unfortunately only two of us were free that week. We sent regrets and a suggestion that our vacation would be a good time for us to be away in large numbers, and the 17<sup>th</sup> was free if they wished to have us then. We went up at noon. It was Lun Fo Ssl day so we were lucky. I went and spent all my spare cash and some that I fear was not spare. I got a vase like that one I always called the Mohamedan one, shaped like this. *[sketch]* I also replaced the brass kettle which Grace took. My new one is not quite as large and is decorated. Nevertheless I got it cheaper. Some way the men wanted to sell and were ready to make prices reasonable. As we said, the Rockefeller crowd had inflated prices the last time I was there. Now Chinese New Years is not many moons away. The choicest purchase was a candle stick. At the bottom is a turtle (do not say it aloud, remember). Resting on that is a long legged stork. In his bill is a stalk of water lily, I guess, and for a flower is the holder for the candle. I have wanted one or two of those but have never seen one there before. It comes apart in three pieces so is handy to carry about.

We went to the Dean [ 's] house for dinner. Mr. Sam Dean out here when we first arrived in 1914 and was one of the Peking folk I saw in New York last winter. His Younger brother and his father are now here. His father is principal of the much talked of Peking School. With them there are three other men, Mr. Glickoff who is Sam's assistant Dr. Bailey (I also saw him in N.Y. last winter) and Mr. Eshalmann. Mr. Crosby, Britisher, Bob Shaw from here (Tungchows only single man) and Carrington Goodrich were the men. There were Alice Huggins, Alice Harper, Frances King, Genevieve Young and myself from here. Martha Fenn was ill so could not come. Mable Craig a P.U.M.C. nurse was the only other girl. We judged that the chaperones were "Daddy Dean" and Dr. Bailey as they are both widowers.



Written in album: "Carrington Goodrich"



"Mable Craig and Bob Shaw"

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

Dec. 21. The folks came in for supper the other night and I went over with Flora and we addressed all those cards which you sent out. Those for the south had to be off to arrive on time.

To go on with the house party! We had a six course dinner so when we were through it was too late for the P.U.M.C. movies. But the men had promised movies so took us to the Pavilion where the opening is at 9.15 instead of 8.15 as at the other place. We missed the preliminary pictures but were in time for the serial film, "The Heart of a Child". It was good but showed a picture of high society life with which I am not familiar. I wondered with one of the other girls if people ever did act that way off the screen. We parted with the agreement to meet the next morning at 9.15 for a walk around the wall. Alice Huggins and I were together at Mrs. Cross's and thought we were late when we left the house at 9.30 but we were the first girls to arrive. It was 10.30 before we were off. The men had sent the lunch ahead by their boys to the Pin An Men (one of the city gates). We were glad to get to it, I tell you. It

was so late that we took a cross city route home instead of finishing the wall. One of the men knew an interesting Temple near that gate so we visited that. It was the place where there are tablets to all the emperors back to mythical times. The huge size decorated and the columns which support it are tremendous. Along the back are alcoves with the tablets to the emperors. Anyone can worship there and the messages are supposed to get sorted somewhere and reach the right ancestor. One old hunchbacked attendant is in charge. If Mr. Dean sends me a print of myself which he took as I was sitting on one of the old turtles I will send you one.

We got back from the walk just in time to get the afternoon train for home. As Flora had left for Tientsin with the children and we had not a single plan made for Christmas, I was eager to get here so we could get busy early Monday morning. Mrs. Love had the regular service and read a charming story by Van Dyke.

Now for the school history. We had quite a siege of colds the last three weeks. One of the boys had a return of the cold after a two weeks of being up and came nearer to pneumonia than we liked. He came down so late that he is still here. Being a boy we sent him to the hospital and he was there till yesterday. Since two people, one a trained nurse, are going to his home on Friday for Christmas, they are to take him.

I have been making candy galore. We girls who were at the mens parties are sending them a huge box of candy for Christmas. It fell to the lot of two of us to do the work. Besides that Flora and I plan to give candy to some of the men in the compound. Today Margaret Smith and I made three batches of fudge and one of peanut brittle forth soldiers. Different ladies in the compound furnished the materials. The Y.M.C.A. ladies send around every year and solicit candy for these Marines. Tungchow is feeling grateful to them for the protection they gave when the looting was done. Some of the ladies are making their own, so you can picture a number of boxes of good size going up from here.

The Academy boys are having an entertainment on Saturday evening and today we Foreigners began to practice for a double quartette. We ten teachers who are to be here are giving the Christmas supper here. We are making it a Christmas Eve supper since the real day is a Sunday. All the above entertainments is on that evening and is scheduled to open at 6.00 we are supping at 5.00.

With much love to each of you and a birthday greeting for Mother.

Mary.

Dr. Farnum, mentioned above, is from New Haven. She has long been interested in missions. She asked at once if I were one of the Shelton Beards. It seems that once she was out at Shelton to speak at a Mission meeting at Ruth's invitation. I think from what she said it was for the girls mission class she once had. Do you remember her?

We had Millet bread and milk for supper last night. It was so much like the corn bread at home that it made me homesick. The school gets only six quarts of milk for our big family. We do not dare to cut the amount during vacation for we did it once and the dairyman took on an extra customer. When we wanted the milk again we could not have it. Hence the luxury of bread and milk. What would happen if you, Father, did such a thing?

The Christmas parcels are here. Thanks later when opened. Mary

Dr. Farnum, mentioned above, is from New Haven. She has long been interested in missions. She asked at once if I were one of the Shelton Beards. It seems that once she was out at Shelton to speak at a mission meeting at Ruth's invitation. I think from what she said it was for the girls mission class she once had. Do you remember her?

We had Millet bread and milk for supper last night. It was so much like the corn bread at home that it made me homesick. The school gets only six quarts of milk for our big family. We do not dare to cut the amount during vacation for we did it once and the dairyman took on an extra customer. When we wanted the milk again we could not have it. Hence the luxury of bread and milk, What would happen if you, Father, did such a thing?

The Christmas parcels are here. Thanks later when opened. Mary



Written in album: "December 19, 1921 A Chinese courtyard from Peking city wall."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter, dated **December 21, 1921**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Gould to his grandma. He writes her a thank you for a check. He drove to Oberlin from Ann Arbor in a Ford Touring car. Gould will be with Dorothy, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen for Christmas. Ellen adds a note of thanks onto Gould's letter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

University of Michigan  
Department of Engineering

120 E. College St.  
Oberlin, Ohio.  
Dec. 21, 1921.

Dear Grandma:-

We received your nice letter with the check, and the family want me to thank you all for it. They will write individually soon.

I drove down here in a Ford Touring car. I exchanged my truck for a touring car and considerable money and hope to sell the car down here. Anyway I am giving the folks here a few rides while I have the car.

It has turned cold here also, not as cold as you speak of, but enough so to make fine skating and to make people glad of their warm houses.

Dot and Geraldine finished school yesterday and Kathleen and Monny will tomorrow so we will all be home for a week together anyway. We are very glad to hear that Grandfather is getting better, and hope he will be able to enjoy Xmas day in good health.

While driving down from Ann Arbor I had only one stretch of bad road.

Here's wishing you all a Merry Xmas and a happy New Year from the Oberlinites,

With love to all

Gould.

[The following is written in Ellen's handwriting:]

Dear Father,

Gould is letting me fill the space he left on his letter, to say a very sincere thank you, for the very generous gift you sent in that check which is very timely and greatly appreciated; only I feel it is more than we deserve. The parcel marked, "Not to be opened till Christmas", and indicated as coming from you people at Century Farm, Phebe

and Elizabeth if I remember correctly, and addressed to me, arrived safely about a week ago. One very genuine thanks for that too, as a preliminary and more after Christmas; when visualization has made a more intelligent impression possible. Yours with the season's heartiest greetings to all, - Ellen.

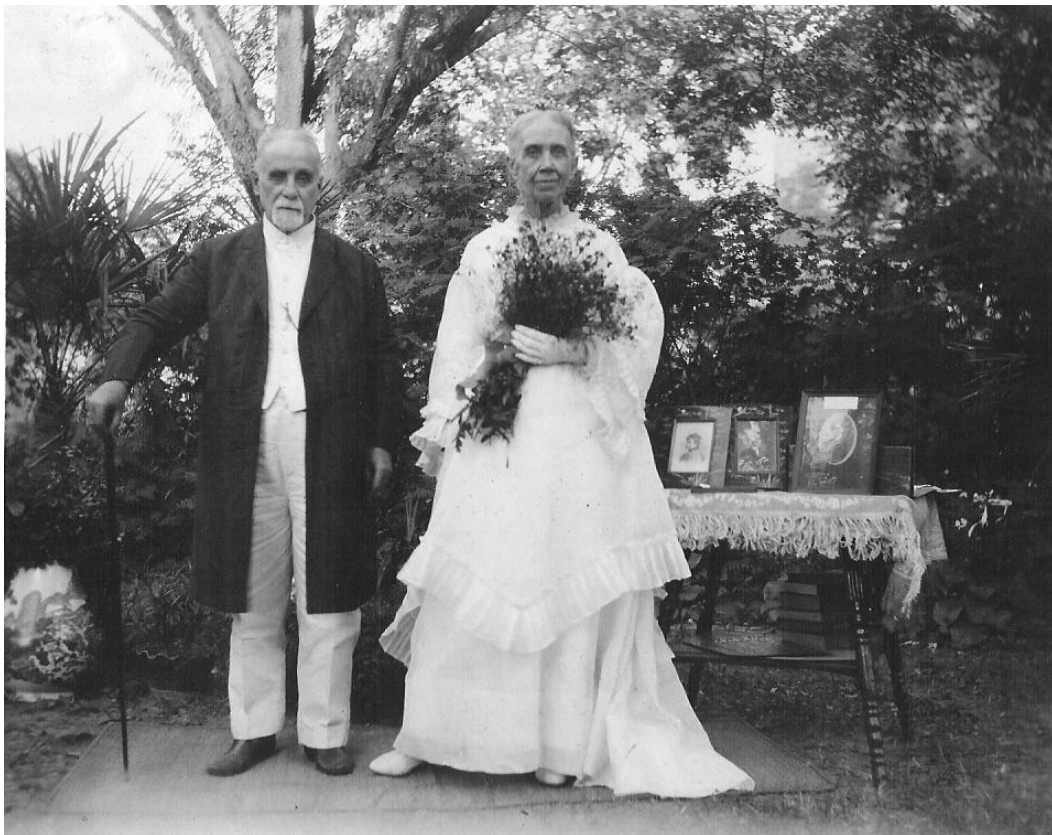
\*\*\*\*\*



Geraldine Beard, possibly taken about the time of her graduation from Oberlin – 1921  
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

\*\*\*\*\*





September 1921  
50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith  
*[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*