

1922

- King Tut's tomb discovered
- Political conditions around Foochow are still unsettled.
- Flora leaves China for U.S. on the President Wilson in August never to return to China. She is 53.
- Mary remains in Tungchou, China. She is 40.
- Willard and Phebe are in Foochow, China.
- Ellen, Gould, Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 57, Ellen- 54, Phebe- 27, Gould- 26, Geraldine- 24, Dorothy- 21, Marjorie- 16, Kathleen- 14.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 5, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. The new school term is beginning and some students are ill while others are still on their way. Mary details her week of social events and Christmas. They will begin building the new school building thanks to the \$15,000 from the Russell Sage Foundation. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S. Jan 5, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

This is last Sunday's letter. I'll progress backwards and tell the news. Today is the first day of the new term. We start with six absent. One has had flu and is not yet strong. A second is having a relapse of flu. A third had a slight attack of Diphtheria. A fourth is coming in to get placed before the second semester and was not fully ready. Another went a long way and either is awaiting a boat or trying to get through snow on the mountains. With him comes a new girl. Whether we are two more short depends on whether the girl who was so ill last term gets well to come later or not and whether the girl who had small-pox gets well soon. The latter was a pupil in the Shanghai school and was transferring here because we are more accessible. Yesterday we had additions to the family both at noon and at night. I was in town for the afternoon to get nine trunks which belonged to the fourteen children who came on the late auto. They arrived at 1.00 A.M., three loads of them. The buildings have all been scrubbed and polished.

We are having a new bookcase built into my school-room. It is to be big enough so the books will not have to lie on their sides to get them all in. Flora has accessed over a thousand books already and expects to have about five hundred more. If all were up to date instead of so old they are castoffs it would be fine. I do not object to castoffs except in Dictionaries and Encyclopedias and such reference works. Miss Ullum, of the Dunkard Mission is helping catalogue.

We teachers all went up to the Fenn's for New Years day. We were nine to receive so were glad of the spaces between callers. Mrs. Steinbeck who lives next door and received with us was a pupil of Phebe's at Framingham. She has two boys about seven and nine. They are new people for the Presbyterian Mission. She said she was back last commencement for reunion and the girls were wondering where Miss Beard was but were not able to find out. You will appear on the records of her class once more, Phebe. But think how far the word will have traveled! She was Miss Dickson(?) before married. Not sure.

We teachers were swell and returned by auto Monday evening. Two of us had expected to stay all night and the others were to come on the afternoon train so we compromised and took an auto. It was cold but five in a Ford closed car fills it so full there is no room for cold. We had the front full of bags so the second man had to ride on the running board. It would not be a typical Chinese machine if that were not so. Real high officials have from two to four outriders on the running board. Luckily the roads here are such that they are fairly good or impossible for autos. Also there are no hills and only a few inclines so slight that they have to be surveyed to identify them.

Last week Monday was College club and I went up and stayed with Cleora Wannamaker. I had invited her to go with me but she was ill. Instead I took Mrs. Sheffield. The entertainment was the reading of the lines of "Enter Madam" one of the successes on the New York stage last winter. I had not seen it and was glad to hear it. There was no attempt to act.

I returned Tuesday noon and went up again on Wednesday to attend a wedding. It was a horrid windy day but the wedding was a pretty one, all pink and white. On Thursday I again took the train. This time for a Holyoke tea. We met with some Chinese English speaking women to talk over some of the potent questions of the day. It is an effort to get the real Chinese point of view of national and international questions. If we are always as frank as that time we will all benefit from the discussions. We took as a started for discussion the article in the Nov. Atlantic on "What Delays Disarmament?" It bears largely on the Chinese question as the key note to the difficulties. As to the results of the talk, I am like the girl in my class; I do not know enough to talk yet.

I think I wrote about our week-end in Peking as guests of the men. We girls sent them a huge box of candy for Christmas. One of them wrote that he did not know such candy could be made! How is that when one other girl and I made it all? I had a regular candy spree. Margaret Ann Smith and I got our hands in on that for the men so offered to make for the soldiers if the people here would furnish the material. The result was four messes of fudge, of four cups each and one of peanut brittle. Then F. and I were to give candy to all the men in the compound and that meant considerable as there are seven. I had thought to have some for the compound supper which we teachers were giving but my courage failed as it meant make it all alone. The only new kind I tried was caramels. Mrs. Martin had the responsibility of those but I helped with the elbow greece.

We decorated the dining rooms for the supper and had candles and flowers on the table. The Stelles had the Gilbert Ried family down for the holidays so they came too. He is the man who was so pro-German that he was given free transportation to the Philipines during the war. I fear their reception in Peking is not very cordial. She is a

dear but he is a boar. I used my new candle stick of which I wrote and burned one of the bayberry candles. In was the honered centerpiece. No-one at the table had ever seen one except F. and Miss Bostwick.

The Academy boys always give an entertainment the night before Christmas so we did not linger long at our supper. Eight of us had been practicing to sing some songs as part of the program. We made a hit as it always pleases the boys for us to take part in their fun. They gave a play, several gymnastic stunts, a pantomime, two series of Chinese songs and I know not what else as we were an hour late in arriving. Their big idea is to give one their moneys worth.

On Christmas morning Flora and I and the three members of the King family were guests at the Martins. We had sent all packages over the night before and the two boys had fixed the tree and hidden the gifts. It took a long time to find them all and get them opened. Mother I put your gift given last August among those I sent over and was careful that Flora not I found it. She was surprised! I got four pretty handkerchiefs, a string of beads, a vase, a bureau scarf, a tape measure, two books, a fern, a box of candy, a dress pattern (from F.), a box of writing paper (from Hattie Beard), and many cards. I left out two of the best, a bunch of pictures from Phebe K. and one from Cleora W. on the trip out. I sent snaps to them too.

At last the \$15,000 from the Russel Sage Foundation is assured. We got the word on Christmas day. The architect has gone to work anew on the plans and we hope to start digging by March at the latest.

I am sending a letter from Phebe K. which is full of bits of news you will like to read.

The girls are going to bed and it is my rule (now that I have neighbors with only a door between) not to use my machine after lights out. I insist on their being quiet. By what right do I disturb them?

Best wishes and a Happy Birthday to Mother on the 30th. I wonder if the tea cloth will grace the table on that day or the new one of which I have heard.

I have part of my curtains up. They are made of the ?? you gave me mother and are very pretty.

Lots of love to all,

Mary.

I do not know Mrs. Steinbeck's maiden name, Phebe, nor does Martha. It may be Dickson or Alden as those are her boys names.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 16, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She refers to a toilet being installed at the farm. Flora has been dizzy lately. Mary talks about her latest purchases of Chinese merchandise. She took her science class out to look through a telescope. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Tungchow

January 16, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Yesterday a grand surprise arrived, the new dress. It is a bit too large so will have to be refitted on the shoulder, but is just what I am needing. My old brown dress has been doing duty for everything. I like the style too, the long lines the military braid the buttons and every thing. Many thanks for all the trouble of getting it and sending.

On Saturday there was another surprise, a letter from Mother enclosed with Miss Bassett's. I was glad to hear that Father is better. What a joy the new toilet will be. I wonder that we, or you had not had it before. I can picture it on the house all right. But where do you have your bed now, Mother? The door must be back of where it used to stand.

Flora is better now. In the beginning of vacation she had a return of the dizziness she had that summer we were at Kuling [*not Kuliang*]. It lasted all vacation but she would not give up as she had her heart set on working on the library. When school opened it was no better so she has been taking a partial rest cure by going to bed early and getting up too late for breakfast. She came over about 8.15 for hers. She is now better, but not all right. Today she goes in to Peking to the LunFu Ssl as it is the last day we can get there before Chinese New Years. As all debts must be paid on that date it is a good time to get things reasonable at the Chinese fairs.

I received two of my luncheon sets from the Gung Chang this week. Would that I could send them so you could see them, for they are beauties. One goes to Edythe and the other to Joel and Grace [*cousin Joel Beard, b. July 3, 1859*]. I think I must get you one with the large individual doilies as they are pretty. The one in colors (not blue only) for Leolyn is not done yet. They got out of green so had to wait.

You must have been surprised at the engagement of David Booth. I wonder any woman has courage to accept one of those confirmed old bachelors. Lets hope she has the right hold on them and makes them less queer.

This morning came the photographs of Nancy and Stephen. We think them very good. The photographer must have been a good one to catch that full face one with those lights in both their eyes.

We would like a little of your rain, Mother. We had about half an inch of snow two weeks ago and that is all the moisture we have had since I arrived in September. That did not last long for the air was so dry. At first it evaporated before it reached the ground. The skating has been fine. Our pond was reflooding and now a sprinkling twice a week or so keeps it smooth and nice. I went last Saturday evening for the first time. Alas my left skate would not stay on well so I did not spend the whole evening. I am taking my shoes to the shoe maker to see if he can fix the soles a little heavier for the clamps to cling to.

Monday evening, after my trip to Peking.

Yes I did find things reasonable at Lun Fu Ssl. I bought two candle sticks. The base is a lily pad with a toad crawling up it. The standard is a stork with a branch of a lily in its mouth. A lily pad with a cup for a flower holds the candle. It is bronze and the stork has one wing flat to his side and the other raised.

Tues. P.M. when one gets in at 4.30, takes time for tea, puts away ones purchases, reads a letter and washes off the dirt of the city, it is nearly time for supper. Monday is my night in study hall and that means I do not get back till time for lights out. As four girls sleep next me and I insist on their being silent, I have to live up to the same rule. Today is our coldest day. The thermometer was only 2 above zero at 7.30 this morning. It had risen to 12 at 12.30.

If anyone admires your cross stitch piece and longs for one, I can get them one of that size with six oblong doilies, and six napkins to match for from ten to twenty dollars. The difference in price is determined by the pattern as some take more time and thread. If they want any color other than blue it will also be more. They make a fascinating pattern with a Peking cart, a man carrying two things on a pole, a donkey, a big pilo (arch) all in colors. Miss Harper paid 8.50 for the work only on some home linen she had.

Do you remember the high brown shoes I got at Hubble Brothers? I have just used them for a pattern and had another pair made. It is not so much cheaper getting them out here for I paid \$18.00 for them. For two days I have worn them all day and find them satisfactory. I am using the others for skating and have an extra heavy sole put on.

Stupid me! I have lived in the same compound for four months with Robert Shaw and just last night learned that he knew Phebe K. Gould and Geraldine at Oberlin. There are over 50 Oberlin graduates in China. All the Shansi work is supported by them and largely manned by them.

Last week I took my Science class out twice to observe the heavens. First we studied constellations and the last time the moon was too bright for that so we borrowed Mr. Martin's telescope and looked at the moon. The instrument is a small one but a very good one. It was made by a Mr. Brasear whose business was grinding lenses but who worked for the love of working and charged only enough to cover expenses. In fact on this instrument he was out something because it was a special order and it cost more to make a single one. It was sent Mr. M. by a Miss Hazen whom I knew slightly at college.

Last Friday night we had a Pastime Club meeting in the form of a country school. I played schoolmarm. You should have seen me! I wore that old black silk coat that was Aunt Louise's with huge puffy sleeves and a fit like a kid glove. For a skirt I borrowed from Mrs. Howard Smith as she is taller than I and very short waisted. Mrs. Gordon furnished a high lace collar as I had given you, Mother, my last one. For long sleeves I used a shirtwaist and put deep frills at the cuffs. My hair I did on top of my head in a tight psyche knot. The children were all very young to judge from dress and style of hair dress.

We have just gotten over a siege of flu. One day there were seven in bed. All those are out and one new case started today. This extremely cold weather calls for constant care to see that the children wear sufficient clothing.

I must get to studying my science lesson as I am leading the class for review instead of trusting it to the pupils. Next week is review till Thursday then examinations for three days.

[The following was handwritten:]

A Happy birthday to you Father. I do hope it finds you feeling better too.

With much love

Mary

Wed. P.M. Jan 18th 1922.

P.S. The committee is still working on the plan for our new dormitory.

Mary.

[This letter, dated **February 1, 1922**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folks. She met with other Holyoke grads and they discussed the political situation in China. The bricks have arrived for the new school building. She tells about the various people they socialize with. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tunghsien, Chihli. February 1, 1922. [*Tunghsien is the same as Tungchow/Tungchow according to the ABCFM. Looking at an old map, it appears that Tunghsien is an area in which Tungchow is located.*]

Dear Home Folks,

Someway my Sundays are too full to get in letters these days. Last Sunday I was in Peking. The Holyoke girls met for the second time with the Chinese ladies for discussions. We started with current events in China and had a very clear presentation of the situation. 'Liang Shir I' was originally invited because of his wealth. He has lost that as the present state of the Bank of Communications shows, he having been the power behind that. Altho he is southern, yet the northerners have not entirely lost faith in him. They are in the position of "watchful waiting". If he proves good all right, if not he goes as the others have. Wu Pei Fu is also being weighed in the balance and Chang Tso Lin has entirely lost out except as he has control of his army and is feared for that reason. Susan Stiller wanted me to stay till Monday so I did. She had Mrs. Porter in for dinner on Sunday and we talked till late to get my train anyway. Mr. and Mrs. Steinbeck were in for supper.

On Monday morning I had a good time with 20 months old Martha. She is not perfectly well yet not sick. But it makes her somewhat hard to get acquainted with. Billy, aged 5 is a dear, a bit quaint because his mother and father are so scholarly that he has a vocabulary of big long words one does not expect in such a little fellow.

Last week was examination week. Mine came on Thursday and Friday mornings so I was able with a little extra effort to get them all corrected before going to Peking. My grades, I finished yesterday. Two children are failures in my work and I am recommending them to go back.

A week ago last Thursday we had a very anxious time here. Bergen Stelle of whom you know had been ill with a slight attack of the flu. That night he was taken with a heart attack and nearly died. Once the heart missed twelve beats. His exceptionally good health during his fifteen years and Dr. Loves immediate presence pulled him through. He is improving steadily but slowly. This makes the second of our seniors to have to stop work. Both are full young, graduating before sixteen. Both had flue and after bad results.

On Monday, Jan. 23 the first bricks for the new school building arrived. Over 70,000 were here before Chinese New Years and many loads have arrived since. The piles begin to look imposing they are so big. A little sand is also here. But the plans are not yet complete. The architect told Flora last week that he would be down this week with them. They have had to be cut and cut to get a structure within our means. The first draft would have needed 60,000, or twice what we have.

Three times lately I have had a nice walk out the new road toward Tientsin. It is a nice place to walk because it is less dusty than the much used roads, and because it is comparatively free of traffic. Since it is incomplete and not open to traffic, only an occasional rickshaw or foot passenger uses it. Villages or boundary posts mark convenient distances for short, medium or long walks. I have yet to take the very long walk.

On Monday last we were gay here. Most of the mission schools are having holiday so all the ladies from Te Chow are in Peking. Five of them and two young men from Harbin, Y.M.C.A. were down for the afternoon. The men came to us with letters from the father of two of our girls and knew all the Harbin crowd. As the "crowd" are all girls and they wanted to show off the campus, I became chaperone and went to see the "round corner", the goats, the pigs, the dairy, and to climb the Academy tower for a view of the campus and surrounding country. Miss Huggins had a special tea so everyone would surely see the Te Chow people.

On Tuesday a party of seven ladies came down by pisa on the canal. They brought most of their lunch but Flora made soup and coffee for them. Then we gave them tea before train time. As they were not special friends of the people here we did not invite in extra guests.

Feb. 3. When I had finished the first sheet of this letter, I put on a sheet to make out my list of books I would like added to our library and that covered the whole sheet. We were to make a very full list.

Yesterday we had Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Stelle in for tea. That takes more time than when we are alone. Afterward Miss Fenn, Mrs. Hunter and I went for a walk as far as the gate. We did it rapidly so as to get good exercise altho but little of it. Mr. Hunter is in Peking and his wife does not like to stay alone so Martha and I went

over there to sleep last night. Then we stayed for breakfast too. It is nice occasionally to hear the bell and not heed it. Our bells ring so loud that they are heard all over the compound, even when rung inside.

I am sending a snap-shot of Flora. It is very good, especially of the new coat. I had mine taken at the same time to show off my stole that I knitted but though the stole is good, I am so awful that I shall try again.



Written in album: "Flora 1921"

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Among other things I have a multitude of feet. Mine are big enough without duplicating. The other picture is of the house in which I am living this year. The windows with the crosses over them are mine. They face south-west, by west. The upstairs porch of which you see the end is where ten girls sleep. The front windows are those of a room for four girls. All the downstairs windows belong to the dining rooms. In the rear are the kitchen and servants quarters.

Phebe, I talked of Mr. Sherk to Flora but she was not enthusiastic. I am, for I know the man and have faith in him. Just before your letter, came the one from the man who is marrying a girl all know and for her sake he has a big pull. Also a man out here is a possible candidate and his nearness is an asset. I know very little about the whole thing. I have been informed that someone has applied and that the application is highly pleasing to all. Naturally I felt a little queer under the circumstances. One thing, it relieves me of any feeling of responsibility. Now I hope to spend next summer with Willard and Phebe, since I am thus free.

I had a nice letter from Hattie telling of the fine trip Frank and Nellie had. I wonder if Nellie is not the better for it?

I wonder if you have succeeded in getting more men? Little Ethel seems to be making good as far as she goes. I remember the day she was "still doing dishes", and wonder that she sticks to the job. With nine to feed and clothe I should think her parents would be glad of what she can earn.

I am sending a letter of Phebe K. altho it is dated November. It gives some of her first impressions very graphically and I know you will enjoy it. If you have had the same thing already, just do not read it.

I am still hopeful that someday I can write accurately on my machine. You know the story of "Try, try, again." I did all my examination questions on it and it took less time to correct them than when I have done it at earlier dates. I go to the dentist Monday to get my broken tooth mended. Lots of love to you all Mary

[Tunghsien is pronounced toong'sien according to the ABCFM.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **February 12, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She suggests that the home folk could get a commission for selling her Chinese merchandise. They went to the Lantern Festival but because of the presence of soldiers not one lantern was lit. Some Chinese authorities did not want the missionaries to be disappointed over this, so they sent them a big box of fireworks with a promise to build a stage to shoot them off. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S. February 12, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

Last Monday I sent by 'sample post' a parcel to each of the three ladies. These are the contents;

Mother's : bureau scarf and tray cloth.
Phebe's : chain white carved beads,
 " white (glass?) beads
 " blue pressed beads.
Elizabeths : 6 bags and 1 bib.

If you are to be agent for selling and I for buying, you ought to get a commission. The girls out here are carrying on regular business at the following rates. After costs here at current exchange (buying price and postage) and costs at your end (possible duty) have been added then the buyer gets 40% of the gain and the seller 60%. That means, as is true, that the seller has the hardest job. Hence I will give my actual cost prices and you can charge what you judge things are worth. In some cases I may suggest prices, but please do not consider them binding. If you want anything for yourselves, they are at cost price. silver

Bureau scarf - \$1.75 @ 170 is 1.00 gold. Postage 20 cents
Tray cloth at 1.00 @ 170 is .60 gold. Postage 20 cents
White beads 3.50 @ 170 is 2.10
Blue beads 2.50 @ 170 is 1.50 postage 24 cents
White glass 2.50 @ 170 is 1.50
6 bags @ 40 cents each
 2.40 @ 170 is 1.50 postage 24 cents
Bib .35 @ 170 is .20

I should suggest charging at least the silver price; and double the gold for the linens anyway. I hope I wrapped the things securely and that they arrive safely. Phebe, please do take the money as you suggested and repay yourself for the \$20 for my dress. Miss Brewster will be sending \$6.03 someday also .90 cents for the tea Mr. Sanford had.

I also owe Father \$18.40 for life insurance which he paid in November. So if I go over please give the extra to him. I send a draft perhaps, but it is better to send things if you want them for it supplies your wants and pays my debts too.

A week ago last Sunday I was in Peking at Susan Stifler's. We had a second meeting of the Holyoke group and the Chinese ladies. Mrs. Read was our hostess. We admired her house and got an interesting story. The owner is very artistic and put much heart and soul into planning his home. It has foreign windows, a cellar, glassed porches to protect it from the north winds, double windows, the protection of servant quarters in the front and other things. When he got it done he entertained his chief and showed him all the fine points. Says the chief "It is very fine. Tomorrow you may move out and I will move in." He had to do it. Now he rents only to foreigners in order to keep the man out. We did not learn how he manouvered to get the man out at all.

On Tuesday I had tea with Mrs. Howard-Smith. We planned for a Mrs. Wiggs party to be given at her house, on Friday. Every one was asked to dress for a special part and we acted impromptu some of the most dramatic scenes. It was a jolly evening, but a long one. Mrs. Howard-Smith gave a first and second prize. I got first. It was a half dozen place cards. Do you remember the little dolls dressed in silk and with double fronts? They had been taken and split so both faces could be used. Then they were pasted on stiff paper with a butterfly cut to look as though it were held by the figure. That was for the name. If there are any left and you want to use them thus, please do. They would be darling for a childrens party.

Last Wednesday evening seven of us had a party in Miss King's room. Her brother had been ill and she had provided grape juice for him. But he recovered before it was gone. Hence she made some grape sponge to use it

before it could work. We had cake, apricot pits, crackers and cheese, and cocoa also, hence quite a feast. We read several chapters of Mrs. Wiggs aloud in preparation for Friday night.

I have been making a list of misspelled words from my science class. Writing the above sentence reminds me of it. One boy used "allowed" in a similar phrase. Did you ever use "sault" on your table? "Dose" the "due" fall or rise on a damp night? The wind "blue" very hard here one night, and "shoke" the house. I realize that I live in a glass house mother, but yet I chuckle over the above.

Saturday was "Lantern Festival" and in the evening all the boys went into the city to see the sights, also Mr. Martin and four of us teachers went in another party. There was not a single lantern. No ice lanterns had even been made and the shops had not lit the few lanterns they had hung inside. There was not a flower-pot but only a very few Roman candles and crackers. We were prepared for the disappointment, as the soldiers of Chang Tsao Lin who looted the city a year ago last August are still in possession and if a shop keeper had any money he is not parading the fact. Soldiers were every where, standing around or marching along the streets. They were rude and bumped one quite unnecessarily. There were a few people on the streets but no crowd. Evidently we were observed by some in authority, for yesterday came to Mr. Martin two huge boxes of fireworks and the promise of men to erect the stage necessary for putting them off properly any night we wish. The accompanying note said the doner understood that "several Little Preachers" went into the city to see and hear on Saturday and the giver did not want them to be disappointed so sent the fire works for us. The man is one who knew Dr. Sheffield very well and feels a keen interest in all us foreigners. The boxes are so big and heavy that it took \$2.00 to fee the men who carried them out.

Just at present all are well. We have had a few colds but nothing worse. Bergen is mending slowly. His heart is not right and the Doctor will not let him even feed himself yet, nor see any one. Gertrude Martin has had a very slight case of scarlet fever so is in quarantine. No one says the name out loud and the period for fear of more cases is getting near its end.

I must get a new ribbon [typewriter ribbon] for this is quite gone in spots. I wonder if they are the ones I used so hard when I first started? I surely do use this machine, for letters, tests, lists and every available chance I can.

Did I write that Bob Shaw who lives in the compound knows Phebe Kinney? He is an Oberlin man of recent date. Mr. Mior has been here over Sunday but did not remember any of the Beards. He knows two or three who graduated ahead of her.

If you want a good book, light but wholesome, read "Much ado about Peter" by Jean Webster. "The Children of the Whirlwind" by Leroy Scott is another good one. But it is not as good as "No 13 Washington Square" by the same author.

We teachers have taken some nice walks these last weeks. We are of one mind, that exercise is a necessity of life and there is always one who has energy to pull the rest out. The new road is a pleasant place to walk too and that helps.

Lots of love to every body.

Mary.

Finished Feb. 23.

Dr. Smith gave us a fine talk on the Moslems yesterday. He had maps to show how they had spread and told how it was done. "Every Mohammedan merchant is a missionary of his religion."

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 1, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. The flu has caused more serious sickness in a few people of the compound. They had a track meet celebration for their new school ground breaking. Mary participated in a meeting between the Holyoke girls alumni and Chinese women where they discussed the intermingling of western and Chinese customs. The unstable political situation has not disturbed their work. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

North China American School.
March 1, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Longer than I like has passed since my last letter. We are having a siege of colds again. I took a "knock out dose" last Saturday evening and got over mine without having it. Miss King is not so fortunate and has gone to bed today after fighting a cold for some days. Two of the girls are down too. Hearts or rheumatism are the favorite turns

for the flu now. Both mean a long siege and they seem to get confused and the patient to have one one day and the other the next.

We had a joyous occasion here last Wednesday, the 22nd when we broke ground for the new building. Flora called us all with the bell. We formed a huge semicircle and Dr. Smith stepped out and removed the first shovel-full of dirt. Then all of us took a turn. The sister classes made joint holes and there was great rivalry to see which would get the biggest one before the luncheon bell should ring. In the afternoon they had a mock track meet. We teachers had to run one race, a 100 yard dash so we ran it crab fashion. Every child wanted to enter every event so more numbers were cut out than run. I timed the relay race and it took 35 minutes. Flora had a teachers meeting for the late afternoon so we left early. I was glad of an excuse to go for it was a cold raw day and one got chilled standing around.

I must get a new ribbon [*typewriter ribbon*], but every time I have been in town lately there have been so many school errands that I have not done a thing for myself. I am helpless inasmuch as I may not get off except on Mondays.

Last Saturday I went in for another meeting of the Holyoke girls with the Chinese women. Mrs. Frame was with us for the first time. We talked of home costumes, marriage, and funeral costumes. The present mixture of Chinese and foreign make any statements only conditional. One unfortunate thing is that the non-Christian element is adopting the trivial and meaningless little things of our marriage ceremony and not the more serious. Our Chinese friends seemed to feel that was in danger of becoming a serious danger as the same ones tend to drop the serious part of the native costumes also. Of course the Christian element recognizes the better part and holds to it. These transition days are interesting. But if the people learn not to reverence their household gods but do not learn to reverence anything in its stead, one can hardly expect them to adopt anything but the superficial. It is the same with styles. The highest heels are on their shoes instead of the native flat soles; the ornate in furniture, not the simple lines. Just like the foreigners who come to America and whom you see so much.

I wish I could share my malt candy with you. I am munching some as I write. I had some made with peppermint in it to take to Susan Stifler last week. It is hard to get a little made so I had a whole dollars worth. Part I am saving to take to Mrs. Ingram next week. She has invited both Flora and me for the week-end. Dr. Nehemiah Boynton is out for three months and there are to be receptions for him on Saturday and Monday and a special service on Sunday at which he speaks. He spoke last Sunday for the first time but is to be here for three months. His daughter is teaching at Yen Ching college.

Mr. Josselyn, Jean Dudley Josselyn's husband has had to go to the Phillipines with the Minister and party as official interpreter. Jean and baby have moved to her sisters and Dr. Boynton and daughter have taken her house for the five or six weeks Mr. J. is to be away. The party have gone to the Islands for the wedding of one of the daughters. If they stayed here a big function would be expected and the bride did not want a big wedding. Of course it sounds well to say that one wants to be married on American soil. I do hope that our next representative has a family of whom we can be more proud. These girls have the name of being "game" for anything, drink, tobacco, etc.

Last Saturday was Flora's birthday. Yet I missed all the celebration by going to Peking. I had planned a tea with birthday cake, coffee candy and sandwiches. Meanwhile Mrs. Gordon without a word had a big dinner all planned with all the compound invited. It was to be a surprise for me too. But alas I had accepted an invitation for dinner in Peking that night so had to accept. I told her it was not wise in this busy world to try to surprise too many at once.

I have received two Sentinels recently. The first told of Mr. Hall's death and the last of the funeral. He will be a great loss to our church. The paper did not say the cause of death. The Mason funeral must have been impressive.

This week has brought letters from Gould and from Stanley. Also one from the matron of Monticello [*school in Godfrey, Ill. where Mary taught*] the last two years I was there. Her daughter has married an officer and he is being transferred to Peking. She would like to get a job out here and wrote me to see if I could help her out. I have recommended her to the board. That is all I can do.

Dr. Arthur Smith brought me an interesting letter to read today. It is from a woman who was teacher at Monticello when he was there as a boy. His father was pastor of the local church and the family lived in the school. She had read the account of the golden wedding in the Missionary Herald. She is 91 and three quarters years old, but writes a clear hand, in pencil of course.

We read much in the papers of political conditions but nothing of it all disturbs the peaceful routine of our work. As far as we can ascertain the premiership is still a mottled question. Everyone predicts that there will be a conflict of arms before the affair between Wu and Chang is settled. Like the armies of Caesar's day, the Chinese wait for warm weather before starting the conflict.

Friday afternoon. This has been another rainy day, that is it has been very damp and a fine mist has descended most of the time. It has been cold too. Tomorrow Flora and I go to Peking for Dr. Boynton's reception, and the week-end with Mrs. Ingram. Mrs. I. gets good reports from Robert who graduated here last June and is now in Oberlin College.

Stanley's letter said nothing of the little trinkets I sent the children and which ought to have arrived soon after Christmas. There has been considerable trouble about packages reaching their destinations and I wonder if they too are lost.

I am going to send this off lest it get stalled over Sunday. I'll have my new ribbon before I write again.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 20, 1922**, was written from Tunghsien (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folk. The teachers are planning their teacher's party. She includes a recipe for caramels. The workers have been digging for the cellar of their new building. She hopes to go with a group to visit the Western Tombs. Money has been given for an infirmary and electric lights. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

March 20, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

I have been so busy being advertising agent and also one of the "all-star" cast that my school work has had a hard time not getting neglected. Tomorrow is the great day, March the twentieth. "The Rajah's Revenge", a movie of surpassing interest, a masterpiece, a mile of smiles, would make a horse laugh, first production and only such like expressions I have clipped from advertisements or printed in colors, nine sheets in all. Perhaps you guess what is going to happen! The much anticipated Teacher's party is about to come off, but it is to be a mock movie instead of the usual evening of games. We start with a dinner at 6.45, extra courses, decorations, menu, pretty dresses, etc.

The doors to the theater are to open at 8.20, but the play not till 8.30. Flora is the Rajah of Bjaddjab and for a cigar has a flash light like your big one. It is delightfully funny when she takes a big puff and makes it light. I am the heroin and have a toy dog with which I play incessantly. The Vamp powders her nose every few minutes, especially just before she stabs herself because the hero is true to me. I elope with a second man because the vamp has tried to steal my lover. I give him my ring and when he is killed by the Rajah I hunt through his pocket and find the ring. You see we have taken a tragic plot and made it ridiculous. We had to auction off the two boxes at the theater because they were in such demand. One went for 1500 pins and the other for 1502. When all is over we are returning the pins.

After the play everyone adjourns to the room downstairs and we serve ice cream and cake. To keep up the movie illusion we are borrowing a victrola and some jazz and other light music.

Last time I wrote Flora and I had just been to Peking for the weekend if I remember rightly. It was a good time and a restful one too. We visited the Shaw baby, had lunch with Cleora Wannamaker, went to church and talked. On Monday I visited all the rug shops and then went to Mrs. Fette and ordered Leolyns rug. It will have a border of water waves and rocks and a big dragon sprawled all over the center. It is some different from what we talked of but her ideas were very hazy and she said to get what I thought pretty.

Last Sunday Cleora spent with me. She came on Friday night and had to return Sunday evening. We made caramels and they were good. This is her receipt [*recipe*]. The easy method appeals to me for I helped Rose Martin make some and it meant standing over the stove for over an hour and stirring constantly.

1 pound brown sugar

3 squares chocolate

½ cup milk (or more if you wish).

½ cup molasses or corn syrup

1 cup chopped nuts.

Cook all the ingredients together except vanilla and nuts, to temperature 254F or till it forms a hard ball in cold water. Add nuts and vanilla and pour out immediately. Do not stir while cooking.

It will be chewy when still somewhat warm and very hard when thoroughly cold. Mrs. Gordon said it needed a day off to eat it after it was cold. That was because I waited until it was hard before cutting it and it was such hard work I left it in big pieces. Regular all-day suckers.

The American Board had a joint meeting with the Peking station last week so we had a big crowd down. Then too our girls had a match in Indoor Baseball that afternoon and many came down to watch that. There were enough to fill a whole car going up. Our girls won 23 to 18. For awhile it was a tie and excitement ran high.

On Wednesday morning a gang of men came with picks and shovels and began work on the cellar of our building. We were getting jealous of Dr. Smith as the digging there began on Monday. Now ours is so deep we can not see the diggers as we pass. Mr. Martin opens ground for his building on this coming Saturday. Bricks, dirt and lime pits are every where with the three buildings.

About noon today the wind began to rise and the dust has been thick every since. Those here last year make believe they can not see it there is so little of it. The sunshine is now coming through but it is blue in color.

We have had a nice lot of papers recently and this week came a book "In Red and Gold" from Miss Brewster. I did enjoy the "Wang the Ninth" so much. I have some lace collars which I shall send next time I get into Peking, there is one for each of you. I do hope you have spring suits or dresses that need them. I have one of the Italian Filet ones on the black dress you sent and it dresses it up beautifully. I am glad it is black and just the style it is. It gets so many complements that if I took them to myself I should be to vain for endurance. I wear it for week-ends to town, for teas, to read a paper for the Mothers Club, for church etc. It is my one and only as the gown is too soiled to feel comfortable altho it does not look as badly as it feels.

I also will send a dozen hair nets of the kind I get for 50 cents a dozen. If you like them, better let me keep you supplied. I can get darker ones sometimes but these were the darkest they had the day I was in the Exchange. That industry was a part of the famine relief work. As it is still in demand they keep it up.

Yesterday we had the second recital of the year. Jean's violin pupils all played, and did exceptionally well. One girl especially got feeling out of her instrument. One of the girls expressed it nicely, "She looked out of the window and it was as though she got her music from the tree tops."

We are now wondering if we will not be preacherless today. Mr. Shwartz was to come down by auto and altho the wind has abated it is far from calm. A raised road across a plain is an ideal place to catch the wind, as I know from experience.

Phebe and Elizabeth, will you please write me what colors you would prefer in a silk dress. I will get your preference if I can. As I shall get them to send by Flora there is no great hurry altho I may need to look more than once to get what I and you want. (Please lay the awful error on word order to the effect of teaching Latin where the above would be correct.)

Evening. Mr. Shwartz did come and give us a fine sermon. The theme was visions of worth and worth of vision. He is a man with vision therefore a good one to give such a talk. They had a closed car so his wife and four year old son came too. They are leaving for America in June. The P.U.M.C. in letting him go and planning to put a Chinese in his place. Too bad. Mrs. Shwartz knew Mr. Williams who preached in Trumble [possibly Trumbull, CT] once.

All the girls are in their rooms tonight as Flora thought to save one trip through the dust for most of them by not having a song service. Mrs. Gordon has some in her room and the others are down in the dining room reading. Our room lights are not good enough to read by. Did Flora write you that we had \$2000 given especially for an infirmary and \$1000 for electric lights? Fortunately the gift came in time but we are to put them in and trust that the rest will be forth coming.

I do hope the next mail brings word that all is well with you all. It is long since we have heard but I dare not talk for it is two weeks since I have written and I fear longer since Flora did so. Vacation begins this coming Thursday. Some of us hope to get to the Western Tombs for a few days. I have been once but want to get away and the crowd is a good one to go with.

Much love to every one of you. If Stanley is around, extend birthday greetings.

Mary.

[This typewritten letter, dated **April 8, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks. There is a World Student Christian Federation Conference in Peking with over 800 delegates. She tells about her vacation and the visit to the Eastern Tombs. Preparations for the new school building progresses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

April 8, 1922.

Dear Folks,

I am surely absent minded to start this way. But you will forgive me I am sure. School reopened on the 6th. All are back except the Merrick

girls who are staying to get their tailoring and shoe making done so as not to have to leave until the last minute to get their boat for home on the 3rd of June; and the Dildine children, both of whom have been ill.

If I remember rightly I wrote last before vacation. I went to Peking on the morning train on Friday the 24th with the children, and did some necessary shopping and left a dress to be cleaned. The afternoon I spent in correcting papers as I had given three tests the last days and most of the papers were to be done after the children left. My marks were not all done when I left on the evening train Saturday for the meeting of the Holyoke girls and Chinese women. We met with the bride of eight weeks and there were eleven of us. The subject was the renaissance movement in China. The anti-religionists had just come out with their articles in the papers and it seems that the Chinese papers had been having them for some time. The movement started in Shanghai and has spread so that city, Tientsin and Peking are all big centers. Dr. Mott says it is a good thing to have them in the open, and he plans to have interviews with some of the most noted leaders. The head of one of the largest government schools in Peking is a strong anti-religionist, so are some of the literary men of note. The World Student Christian Federation Conference is the cause of the present outburst.

There are over 800 delegates to the said conference so no visitors are allowed. I hear there are 34 nationalities represented and all are in native costume. The negro, a man of fine physique and strong character is attracting much attention. The costumes are much talked of too. You see we are getting only the superficial setting yet, as the meetings last till tomorrow evening. On Monday they all go to Tientsin for a reception by Ex-president Li Yuan Hung.

To return to vacation. I came down on Monday by the noon train. Four of us were to go to the Hsi Ling, or Eastern Tombs, on Wednesday. That meant leaving here Tuesday night as the train leaves Peking at 7.30 in the morning. We had not all been together to complete plans so Alice Harper and I were to do it. Alas, I found she had gone to the city to see a friend who had telegraphed they were there for two days only. I gave the orders to the cook and got some of my things ready. Tuesday we packed food, dishes, bedding and personal things and were off on the night train. In the meanwhile I had been to a tea at Miss Ingrams and to call on Mrs. Howard-Smith. She had heard of her Father's death and Flora and I did not want to let the vacation go without calling.

We stayed at the Hostel of the Language School. If they have room they are glad to take people in for 75 cents a night and 50 cents per meal. I shall patronize them when I am to catch early trains and use a stopping place as a convenience with no time for any visiting. On the return, I was there from 8.30 P.M. till 5.30 A.M.

We had good weather, altho it was a little cold nights and mornings. The yamen has stone floors and no heating facilities. We wore our fur coats to eat in when at the rooms. I took my camera and got some fine views, 23 in all. One film got light struck so every one I took was good. The others took a few, about a dozen. It was good to go again for now I have a clear idea of the whole while before it was most confused. There is so much to see, it needs time to keep it straight. I'll send you some pictures with the description soon.

I got home from there on Saturday morning. Alas I got up for the 6.00 A.M. train and missed it by three minutes. I was cross with myself. The servant was not up when I got to the gate and I waited for him, instead of going on and letting him get the train if he could. I had to get here for a shampoo, pack, unpacking and repacking so came down by rickshaw. It was 9.30 when I arrived. The baggage was in town so I had my ebolutions [*ablutions-cleansing*] before lunch to save time. It was out of the question to go back on the noon train because the other girls had gone on to the wall and there was no one to see to the food and things we had brought back. Hence I got up for the early train on Sunday morning and was off for Tientsin to visit the Merricks. As it was Saturday, there was a tea at Mrs. Stelle's and I went. Mrs. Love invited me for supper and I accepted. At the Merrick's we had a nice quiet time. They could have no guests for meals as they had disposed of much china and could set a table for six only. We went to church that night and hear Dr. Darwent. On Monday I shopped with Flora all day. It was hard work but I like it. We looked for silk for you girls but found nothing so very fine we had to have it. Soon we will hear what to get and be on the lookout for it. Flora left early Monday but I stayed on till evening and came up with the children and down by auto. It was just midnight when we got here, a record trip. On Wednesday I was too sleepy and tired to amount to much. I was glad I had finished my grades before going off to Hsi Ling.

Today we have had a treat. Mrs. Dunlap, Mrs. Josselyn, Miss Stahl, and Dr. Detweiler came down and gave us a concert. All are excellent musicians, Contralto, violin, piano, and tenner [*tenor*]. They had asked if we teachers would join them for picnic lunch so we did. It was cool enough so we had to wear wraps but not too cool for comfort with them. All but Dr. Detweiler are well known to the children and were greeted with applause. He was too after his first number.

Tea was at the Love's and we had a goodly number as there are several week-end guests here. It is time for the girls to be in bed so I may not play this machine any more tonight.

Sunday, waiting for the breakfast bell. Mother's letter came yesterday and was most welcome. News of snow seems strange when we are in our summer clothes and the grass is getting green. This will be equally out of

season when you read it for things will be green. Violets are out but not yet thick enough to give the violet hue to the landscape. We found the Pasque flowers and the tiny forgetmenots at the tombs. Breakfast bell has rung! Miss Harper and I have been talking clothes for nearly an hour. We do not change in tastes you see nor in interests! I have just fixed an order for 139 prints to be made from my Hsi Ling prints and some school ones the children want. Hartung ought to be a friend of mine, do not you think?

The compound sports a dog these days. Mr. Kendall, our architect, had a hound and was forced to keep him most of the time in a small court yard. The dog was so frantic for exercise that he nearly devoured any visitors and people were afraid to go there. He is perfectly docile here where he has the run of the big compound. Formerly it was a rule that no pets were allowed, but the change in personnel has overlooked some of the old rules.

The flowering almonds, peaches and cherries are getting gone.

This morning came the Sentinel telling on Captain Durrschmidt's death. It is hard on his parents. I wonder what the investigation will bring out as to the cause of the trouble.

The excavation for the new building is nearly done. They are digging around the edges for the foundations now, and will begin to tamp it this week. Also the new tennis courts are ready for rolling. We are putting in four where there were only three before, by extending the space on both sides.

I sent the three collars, one for each of you. I did not label them for one of you may be in need of the longer one and I not know it. I just had a tatting collar made for my suit in an effort to have one thing different from every other woman out here. I love those filet collars but there were at least five at a gathering I attended recently. I was one of the five, too.

We read much of the political turmoil but continue on our way undisturbed.

With lots of love to everyone
Mary Beard.

[This letter, dated April 25, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She discusses the political situation between Chang Tsao Lin and Wu Pei Fu. The troop trains are delaying regular train service. The school is getting ready for the commencement play. There is chicken pox and scarlet fever within the school. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

April 25, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

I'll favor (?) you with a sample of my handwriting because I am writing in school. I forbid the pupils to play on the typewriter to disturb the people studying so must obey my own rules.

You'll be getting all sorts of reports about the political situation and the movements of Chang Tsao Lin's troops and Wu Pei Fu's position. To be sure we are periodically cut off, first from Hankow, then from Nanking, then from Tientsin and troop trains have the right of way so service is much delayed. But if there is any danger, it lies to the south of us nearer Paotingfu or TeChow. Not even the Chinese here are excited and we all go on with the even tenure of our ways. We read the papers, when trains run so we get them, with special interest. The latest reports seem to expect a peaceful settlement as Chang Tsao Lin was expected in Tientsin to talk things over. He is losing in reputation as all his movements are offensive while Wu Pei Fu is merely holding his troops to take what comes.

We have two sets of troops here, one in the city and semi-hostile ones all around. That saves us from danger of looting as neither will let the other do it; hence it doesn't get done.

Two girls who live in Tientsin and who sail for America June 3rd had expected to be with us till the end of May but have gone lest we be cut off and they can not get through. Troop trains are delaying the service so it takes six or eight hours from Peking instead of four or three.

Summer is upon us with a vengeance and it is hot. We have had no rain yet and the farmers are delaying putting in crops. No winter wheat was planted for lack of rain and a famine to exceed that of 1921 is predicted unless we get rain soon. In the south floods are inundating the fields so planting is impossible and drought here!

Our gardens are coming on because we irrigate. Strawberries and peas are doing finely. We have had asparagus and rhubarb already as well as horse-radish root.

The Seniors want us to give "The Rivals" by Sheridan for commencement so these last two weeks have been spent largely in getting it ready. We had to cut it badly then make typewritten copies as we can not get hold of the books in sufficient numbers for the cast to use. Instead of using every one as in former days, we had competitive try-outs. There were so many good ones it was not easy to decide but we made the announcements last Friday.

Most of the children who are proficient on the typewriter were busy getting the copy out for the annual, so I had to do a large share of the play copy. Finally three of the children came to the rescue and we finished yesterday afternoon. There are thirty sheets and we made from three to ten copies.

Last week end (Apr 15-17), Easter Sunday. I had Helen Russell, a Holyoke girl, down to stay with me. I had to be over here for the preliminary try-outs on Saturday evening so she came too. The boys gave a lot bit of a play first, which showed the type of original productions which have been popular this year.

On Sunday morning we walked into the city and saw the pagoda, the shop where the mud dishes are made, the chains and the ordinary city sights.

There was a big funeral of the wife of a military official which caused us to flatten ourselves against the walls for awhile as it took all the street. In one chair was carried her portrait, life sized; in another, a tablet for her spirit. There were paper flowers, paper scrolls of silk, paper men, a paper chair and other fancy things to be burned for her spirit. The catafalque was a most elaborate one with a huge paper wreath of flowers at the front. There were 32 bearers. 'Tis seldom a woman gets such glory.

Two weeks ago we had great excitement here. Miss Bostwick's cousin came down with scarlet fever the day after she had played for us in song service on her violin. The danger season is over and no more cares, so we breath easily. A week later one of the boys came down with Chicken-Pox. He is out in a tent in the yard and we are still on guard for the eleven who have not had it to come down. (Only 1 of the cast for the play has not had it.)

After church. The thermometer says 88 in the shade. I have been over and closed the blinds on my south windows of the school room to make it look cool at least. Flora has gone to Peking and I fear will have a hot afternoon.

Wed. A.M. We read the play through yesterday and it is still a trifle too long but whether we cut it more now I do not know. Mail came through from Shanghai yesterday for the first time since Thursday last and this morning a lot arrived. A paper, March 18, addressed by Phebe came among other things. I am glad to read that the Woman's Club is prospering. Mrs. Lathrop's report on her library work was interesting. You certainly will miss the Sherks. I did wish our Board would have sent them an offer. Mr. Mengiss[?] comes well recommended but is very young and inexperienced.

Must close and get this off.

Lots of love
Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **May 1, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. Trains have been taking troops out of Tungchou and the gates to Peking were to be closed. The Teng Shih Kou compound in Peking is full of refugees. It seems that Wu is beating up on Chang's troops. The situation is causing problems with the mail and exchange. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China.
May 1, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

I know you home folk and Will will both want to hear all about these exciting days, so to save time, I will duplicate that part of my letter. Exciting, did I say! 'tis a misnomer! We are going on about our work just as usual and only an occasional rumble or series of rumbles to the south reminds us that we are near the scene of battle.

It was Saturday morning that we awoke to the sound of distant firing. As a real thunder storm arose, I for one suspected nothing till the storm had disappeared and the thunder did not stop. Then too we began to have trains every two hours or so. They came empty and went full. That delighted us, as, if we were to be in any danger, it would be from the soldiers here. Hence the more we got rid of the safer we were. For days empty trains had been here awaiting the troops which were marching in from Je Hol, and we were glad to see them move right through. But it was a thoroughly orderly movement. We were not disturbed at all and unless we were listening hardly heard the deep chug chug of the loaded trains. The first reports said we would not be able to get into Peking as the gates would be closed at once. We had expected to have the Campfire Girls stay down for Saturday night, but sent them in lest they not be able to get in the next morning. The boys were to camp at the Prince's tomb, about three miles this side of Peking but stayed here and camped near the pond. The Legation had sent out orders for no one to go to the Western Hills for the week end. Chang Tsao Lin's troops were out there in large numbers.

Mrs. Corbett, who had come down for Sunday with Mrs. Martin was for going home lest she get stuck here. Finally she stayed. We had trains every two hours all night and all day yesterday, for transferring troops. But

we also had the regular three trains sandwiched in between them. This morning Flora, Miss Harper, Miss King, two of the girls and I all went to town, did our shopping and got back at noon. Peking is much more upset than we are. The Teng Shih Kou compound is full of refugees, seeking refuge from their fear as there is nothing else to flee from thus far. The streets are quite deserted and some of the shops will not wait on customers because of their fright. "No, no, they have nothing to sell". I did not meet that as I was told where not to go and was too limited in time to seek adventure.

Here in Tungchow, all is serene, but every train load of men that leave add to the feeling of security. We have had a few requests to take in refugees. But unless the real trouble comes we shall not. Then we will take people but not things under any circumstances. The Legation knows we are here and stand ready to send us up to twenty men as guard if we send for them. The compound committee is now in session, deciding what we shall consider near enough danger to require aid and protection. Looting is the only cause for worry and the looters do not want foreign stuff as it is too hard to get rid of afterward. Neither the Legation nor we anticipate any trouble here but in this land of surprises one prepares for every conceivable thing hoping to hit the right one.

We get the most confliction [*conflicting*] reports from the 'front'. For instance, this morning the first report was that Wu was retreating and Chang was persuing him. That meant that the firing line was moving south. On the train the report was that Chang was retiring and Wu persuing him. As in Peking the noise of canon was growing louder and as one of the Legation men was down at the battle front yesterday and had reported that Chang seemed to be getting the worst of it, we are inclined to believe the second report.

The most inconvenience is that mail is so interrupted. Today we got the April 23rd Shanghai paper. We were glad to get it for it means things are getting through, all tho slowly. Two people got through last week from Shanghai, but that was before any fighting had begun.

We are bothered too a little about money for the cooks find it hard to get change on the streets. We used to pay our cook in \$100.00 checks. Last week he asked for \$50.00 ones as the banks were not carrying enough funds to cash the larger one. Miss Huggins had her cook return a five dollar bill as the shops could not change it. Our train this morning had on what looked to me mighty like some bags of money. They were small, of the usual style, and evidently very heavy. Also they were cared for by several men.

Life is not all war rumours by any means. On last Saturday we had a fine treat in another recital. This time, Miss Olive, the music teacher at Tsing Hua came and sang some Schubert songs for us. She sings so easily it is pure joy to listen. Her voice was just as clear on the last song as the first altho she sang a dozen or more. The last was the Ehrl King. "Who is Sylvia", "The Peddler", "I must have a Husband" were others on the program. Miss Young of our own faculty played a group of MacDowell compositions also. She plays very well. I am glad to say that she has decided to stay another year. Her brother is sure of being here so she will still be able to be with him.

Last weekend we finished typing the play and on Tuesday we gave out the parts and had a reading of the whole play. It went well. We had one more rehearsal but it was not very valuable as the children had not had time to learn their parts. The next is Thursday and we hope for results.

Two books came from Miss Brewster on Friday, "Mr. Wu" and "The Bit of Benin". I have started the latter. It has an oriental flavor all right. The other I have not even looked at. A letter from her says she has given Phebe a check for \$8.50. Phebe also writes of receiving it. That left me more than paid up on the dress but I fear I owe something since the April life insurance had to be met. That is somewhere about \$9.00. Ask Mrs. B. if she did not add pay for the tea that was a gift. Her sum is more than mine.

We got Phebe's letter telling of Stanley's operation over a week ago. Of course the tie up of railroads has kept the last two mails from coming through so we have not gotten any further news. I sent to Myra last week a silk baby sack and shoes to match. I hope "Susie-John" wears them out. The tails of the pussies will appeal to big brother and sister I know. It will probably be a bit big for at first but I calculated on growth. I took one like it up to Adele Cross this morning. She was delighted. The silk may not be awfully practical but the babies are so dear in them I wanted Myra to have one for hers. I do hope that the next mail gets put off at Japan so we get it soon, for I would like news of Stanley.

We did have two tiny rains this week so the air is a bit damp but the soil still calls for rain. We had more dust that rain, as we had two dust storms also. The raining came near making another mud storm like two weeks ago, when rain not wind brought the dust down.

Today I got Leolyn's rug from Peking and am enjoying the use of it on my floor. I shall use it till Flora goes as it is safer from moths in use than wrapped up. Also it can then pass as a used rug and the duty will be less heavy. I like it and only hope that Leolyn and William will too. I have their luncheon set also so am nearly caught up on things I was to buy. I will look for another turquoise matrix chain some day. I love to do it but have but little time for so doing. I have the jade pendants but am waiting for something more bulky to send with them.

I enclose the hair nets I got for you girls sometime ago. Try them. I can get darker ones generally, if you need them darker. They do not come in separate packages unless we pay more than double and then it would not save you much. Let me know if you want more.

Lots of love. I hope Mother and Elizabeth are better and Phebe got to Pearl River if only for a day.
Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **May 8, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the family at Pearl River, Ruth and all. There is still fighting between Chang and Wu. Soldiers were sent to stay in the Tungchow compound for protection. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tungchow, Chihli, China
May 8, 1922.

Dear Family at Pearl River, Ruth and all,

I was so delighted that our trains began to run soon enough to not delay Harriet's and Mother's letters. I think Chang Tsao Lin and Wu Pei Fu must have known the important news that was en route and cleared the lines for it. The first mail in three days brought the announcement and it had not been unduly delayed either. The next brought Mother's and this morning came one from Phebe dated the 28th so it gave news of Stanley and Seaver and the Spaces but not of Ruth Blakeman.

These have been interesting days but not dangerous ones by any stretch of the imagination. On Wednesday last, April 3rd, Flora wanted to go to Peking on the noon train but learned that there was to be none. There had been none on Tuesday either. We had heard no firing since Monday night. But it had been very heavy and steady all day Monday and Sunday. On Thursday morning there was no train and rumors kept coming in that Chang was in full retreat. In the afternoon Dr. Love tried to get the legation by telephone to see if they thought we should have our marine guard come down. There was difficulty because the legation was trying to get us to say that they were going to send them since things were in a very upset state. Finally connections were made and when we came back from our rehearsal where we had missed all the excitement I found ten beds all in a row on our front lawn and a cook installed in our domestic science rooms to cook for our guests to be. There was a table set up and coal was arriving as well as supplies of towels, soap, basins etc. About nine they arrived, delayed by a bad blowout in the city. We were ready for ten and seventeen had arrived and all must stay the night as it was a long job to fix the car. We hustled around and got beds and bedding enough. For the night they camped out down by the moat. It was thrilling to see the row of beds. The next morning Mr. Stelle got out his tents and Mr. Lund produced the one lent by the marines to the scouts.

The officers tent is just under our chapel window and the other two are on the level below as the terrace is too small for all. Thursday was taken with getting them settled. On Friday the men planned a base-ball game but it rained. The game came off on Saturday and the marines won 25 to 20. The watchers said it was interesting.

We ladies had a sewing bee that afternoon for Mrs. Love. The Amah who helps out on sewing has been ill so none of us have been able to get much done by her. It is harder on Carol than on the rest of us, for she expects a new little Love in June and it would mean having the two other ones short on clothes for someone else to care for.

Our speaker from Peking did not dare to come down yesterday altho we had our full quota of trains, and autos could get out of the city. We had our first visitors on Saturday when Mr. Gibb came down by auto to get his children. The gates were opened from nine till five to let people through but kept closed between times. Mr. Besel had tried to get a train for us Saturday night but Chang had taken all the engines and most of the cars to Tientsin and pulled up the tracks behind him. Wu and the government were busy trying to get the break fixed but had not completed the task. It was good to hear the train whistle altho it was a different engine.

Dr. Smith took the service and some of the marines came. Last evening we invited them all over to one of the houses to make candy and sing. One or two are quite musical and we had a good time. I made divinity and Alice Huggins made regular fudge. The plates were clean when we left. I heard more funny songs than I had heard for a long time. Yesterday morning I went to breakfast with Maude Hunter and Lieutenant Mills was also a guest. I had met him before and thought him a stick but he was a happy surprize. We had a very jolly breakfast. He thinks he knows the daughter of a friend of mine. Her mother wrote me that her daughter had married a marine officer and was en route for Peking. But she failed to mention the married name so I have been unable to locate her. I only know that her first name is Florence.

[The following is handwritten:]

May 11. Our marines left on Tuesday just after lunch. We gave them a rousing cheer as they departed and took their pictures in the big tents.

Mother's letter of the 11 is here. We're glad to get such good news of Stanley, Myra and Ruth. Still we are wondering what kind of a reception Nancy and Stephen gave Ruth.

If the rumor that we at Tungchow fled to Peking, deny it. We stayed home and worked as usual. Neither did we have 500 Japanese soldiers in the city. The city organized itself for protection of itself and had no outside help.

I must get this off. Please send home as I know the Long Hill folks will like to hear every particular and I am not sure I shall repeat all facts in another letter.

Love to all

Mary.

I mailed a package for Ruth Blakeman two weeks ago, care of her mother. Mary



Written in album: "Our marine protectors 1923 [probably means 1922]"
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **May 11, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Guards sent by the American Legation camped out at the compound for five days. The gates of Tungchow and Peking were closed for fear of looters from Chang's army. Train service is sporadic. Because Flora announced that it was safe, visitors came from Peking for the Mother's Club picnic. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tungchow, Chihli, China

May 11, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

A letter from Willard this morning shows us that reports are circulating which might make friends feel anxious about us. Place no faith in them. We have not been called into Peking, nor have we had 500 Japanese soldiers down here. When Chang Tsao Lin started to retreat somewhere in this direction and no one could tell where he was headed, the American Legation sent us a Lieutenant, a Sergeant and twelve Privates as guard. They came Thursday evening, May 4th and stayed till Tuesday noon, May 9th. From Thursday morning till Sunday morning we were without trains or any communication from Peking except by telephone or telegraph or by the Legation truck which was down twice. That was because the city gates of both Peking and Tungchow were closed and only official orders could get them open. Fugitives from Chang's army were coming in and there was fear that they would loot if opportunity were given. A few were admitted to Tungchow after being deprived of their arms. I understand that Peking did not admit any.

On Saturday the Peking gates were opened from nine till four to those who presented proper credentials and the father of two of our pupils came down in an auto for his children. We could have had a train except that Chang Tso Lin had taken all the rolling stock to Tientsin in transporting his troops and had pulled up the track

behind him. There was not an engine in Peking to pull the few freight cars left. Traffic between the capital and Tientsin is still irregular. We had three trains on Sunday and they have continued, very nearly on time too. We no longer keep the compound gates closed, neither does the city, but Peking still did yesterday.

Our guard was called on for no duty. Their presence seemed to be enough protection. They had two interesting baseball games with an all compound team. As each side had one game we rather hoped they could stay another day and play the rubber. We gave one evening to a candy and song party and the hostesses had just as good a time as the guests, I am sure.

As our houses are all full this year we could not take our guard into the homes as we would have liked. They wished to be all together so we loaned them tents and they camped just behind our school building. The domestic science kitchen provided them with the only real plumbing in the compound.

Our Corner-stone laying was set for the 8th of May and for a few days we thought we would have to celebrate alone, but Flora went to Peking on the noon train Sunday and saw the speakers to assure them that all was right to come and had it announced in the Union Church service. As a result we had several guests besides the speakers and those concerned in getting them here. Dr. Boynton, the preacher for the Union Church for three months gave the talk. Dr. Arthur Smith gave the dedicatory prayer. Mr. Howard-Smith read the scripture and Mr. Gleystone presided. That gave representatives of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and London Mission boards each a part of the program. Our marines were here so they attended too and gave the appearance of a goodly assembly.

Elizabeth, I thought of those lovely pussies many times this spring. We have nothing of the sort here. Our willows bear little inconspicuous pussies that one has to look twice to find. We have yellow roses and Wisteria in profusion and they are our crowning glory in the line of flowers. This year the violets are less beautiful because it has been so dry. The alfalfa is less than a foot high instead of nearing two feet. The gardens are doing well, thanks to being watered. The peas are beginning to look as though they would provide us with peas soon and the strawberries are well blossomed. A good thunder storm last Monday evening wet the deepest of any rain yet, a little over an inch.

I am sorry Mrs. Fratcher has forsaken you. She was at least convenient, even if she was undependable. Little Ethel must be getting bigger so it does not seem so incongruous to have her for helper. The phrase "robbing the cradle" was lurking in the fringe of my mind when she was there.

Mar. 14. Things are still quiet around us altho there are rumors that Chang is going to make another stand. If he does it will be to the north of us so we will be in the line of the victors not the defeated. Yesterday word came that we would be without trains again as they were being commandeered for moving troops, but we have had more than our number today. A pass gets easy access to the city, so to be trainless would be inconvenient only.

Yesterday was the Mothers club picnic and there were over a hundred down. The Camp Fire girls gave a typical ceremonial and received their ranks. They had learned several new and appropriate songs, and the fire with the costumes made a very pretty picture. The scouts pitched their tents, gave several complicated drills, piled up in a pyramid, took down their tents and stood at attention. Everyone did very well. The whole was not so long but that we had ample time for tea, which was served at Mrs. Martin's. For that tea all the members of the club contribute so it is not all on one household. One of the cutest things was the crowd of children that Jim Hunter took to see the four baby goats born that morning. He looked like the Pide Piper of Hamelin. Babies of all ages from two to high school age went.

Monday. This morning I went into town and mailed a package to Leolyn. I also bought a square which I will send to fill the order of Miss Brewster. I could not buy much as I paid for Leolyn's rug and shall be hard up till I get the money back. I have asked for that to be sent to me lest I get too hard up this summer. Miss Brewster's large square like the doily I brought out is at last here. The pattern is one no longer made so there was delay in hunting up a woman who knew how to do it. Then the package got held up in the railroad blockage of the "war". When at Mrs. Lowry's a few weeks ago I got a smaller piece as I knew it was no longer made and I like it well enough to want a sample for my own.

Peking was perfectly quiet. The only suggestion of any trouble is the baracading of the gates still. The sand bags are still there and each train must wait for them to be removed. Then the soldiers are still encamped just inside the gates, and on the walls. Stores are all open and doing business as usual. We have not been deprived of our trains again. There were only three engines in sight in Peking though.

We have been so glad to get frequent letters telling of Stanley's steady improvement. 'Twas too bad to have the pus form but I hope it soon cleared up. I like to think of Stanley back home and Myra up and around with baby Ruth the center of attraction and the 'big boy' and Nancy happy with a little sister.

I hope you have some desirable neighbors in the Space house. You will miss them altho you and they were too busy for much visiting. It was nice though to have one real civilized neighbor.

I'll get a sample of the dog toothed edge for mother next time I am in town. I thought of it today and saw a beauty but lacked money enough to get it. I have to go in soon for properties for the play and can take cash enough then. A cloth of the home spun with that edge will be a beauty.

I hope Seaver Smith and Aunt Ella both continue to improve. You did have a lot of hospital items in the last letters.

Flora and I are at present very well. F is very tired and worries greatly over things. Are Mother, Elizabeth and Phebe all well and rested again. I hope so with all my heart.

Lots of love

Mary

May 11, 1922

Lay Corner Stone of New American School Building; Tungchow
[Newspaper from the Tungchow area]

The North China American School has for years been too large in numbers to be accommodated in its own quarters, so that it has been housed in American Board residence in the compound. This year the school has enrolled 63 students, of which 38 have [been] pursuing college preparatory studies. The others are enrolled in the Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Grades.

During this last year the money arrived which had been given by the Russell Sage Foundation, so that a large new building is now in process of erection, which, when finished, will contain a dormitory for girls, a large dining-room, a play ??, besides a suite of rooms for an infirmary. The new building just west of the present school building, and at the south of the four-acre campus.

On Monday, May 8th, 1922, the corner stone for the new building was to be laid. The following is the order of exercises.

Rev. W.H. Gleysteen, Presiding.

Part 1 Our of doors

1. Salute to the Flag

2. Hymn – Our Native Land.

3. Laying of the Corner Stone- High School Senior and Junior Boys Filling of the Corner Stone. High School Senior and Reading of the list of contents – Miss Flora Beard.

4. Song N.C.A.S. Students

5. Dedicatory Prayer Dr. A.H. Smith

6. Reading of Scripture Rev. T. Howard Smith

7. Hymn- Laying the Corner Stone

8. Tribute to the donors – Rev. Wm. H. Gleysteen

9. Address Dr. Nehemiah Boynton

10. Benediction Dr. A.H. Smith.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter, dated **May 28, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. They attended the discussion group again and they heard about Chinese men who had started businesses only to have them taken over by force by officials once they became successful. Dr. Arthur Smith has not been feeling well because of dizziness. Mary is making costumes for the commencement play. She is hoping to go somewhere different from Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tungchow, Chihli, China.

May 28, 1922

Dear Home Folks,

Phebe's nice long letter came on the morning of my birthday. It was an ordinary busy day till the evening. Flora had invited in several people for dinner and we had a very gay time till about 10.30. It was delightful out on

the porch because it was hot. I received three handkerchiefs two white ones and one with a green border. The home letter was the best of all for it told of all the sick people being better.

Yesterday I went into Peking at noon. The College club was giving two plays in the afternoon at 5.00. One was "Suppressed Desires" a delightful take off on psychoanalysis, and the other "Alice-sits-by-the-fire." Both are very funny so we had a jolly time. Afterward I went for dinner with Mrs. Frame who was entertaining the Discussion group of which I have written before. We had a most interesting time trying to settle the question of how soon China can dispense with the services of the foreigner in her industries. I did not realize before how the government thwarts every attempt to advance in that line. Miss Zee told of one return student who started a silk worm industry out at the Western Hills. Just as it was getting where it was paying and promising to yield good returns, an official called and announced that he would take over the business. Another man who was an engineer got the necessary papers which would permit him to work some gold mines in Mongolia. He invested a considerable sum in machinery and got it out here. Some little kink arose with a petty official and he was not allowed to take the machinery beyond the petty official's station. It is there getting rusty as there is no redress, without a central government which can enforce its access. There are some fine laws on paper for the Republic but they have no one able to enforce them. Some hope that Wu will be able to do so. An article in the paper today says the Christian Science Monitor has no faith in either Chang or Wu but looks to Sun Yat Sen as the Man of the Hour. The North is far from agreeing there. "The climate of the north does not agree with Sun".

We are feeling anxious these days over Dr. Smith. He and Mrs. Smith went to Te Chow the 19th. Dr. Smith complained of feeling dizzy when he arrived and had been ill ever since. Monday A.M. Yesterday the latest word was that he was slightly better, fever down to 99.

Miss King leaves for home today because her mother had Typhus fever. The latest telegram said, "Serious, not hopeless, come." She and her brother spent all day yesterday packing so they can have this afternoon for errands in town and leave on the early train tomorrow. Fortunately a doctor was visiting Dr. King at the time she was taken ill and has stayed right with her. Otherwise it would have been at least two days before a doctor could have reached there, as they live far from the railroad.

I was in Peking for the play and when I returned I found out last chicken-pox patient out of quarantine. That means that we are all out and in health once more. The little children of the compound have Whoopingcough, but we are keeping away from them. Only two or three are candidates so we are not fearing much from it.

You ought to see my room! I am using it for the work shop in which to make costumes. Costumes in blue, red, yellow, purple, pink, green, etc. are scattered over everything. At night I clear the bed and one chair for me and my clothes and forget the mess. When a costume is complete I put it away in a chest of drawers in the hall. Three are there, and two others most ready. They number twelve.

Thanks for the account, of things sold, Phebe. I'll note it when I get the letter from Flora again. I'll get the chains when I get into town, probably after commencement as costumes and properties hold me here except on Sundays and that is not a good day for a missionary to shop. The stores which carry curios are open all right! Next Sunday is the beginning of commencement so I could not go if I did wish. Dr. Furgerson is giving us the Baccalaureate sermon.

In my diary I noted the other day that a year ago the 21st of May I had my last exam and hustled after it to get a train home that night. How well I remember it! It was hot too. A year ago yesterday we gathered the first strawberries. We had our first on Friday for decoration on my birthday cake, here this year.

When I go into town, I realize how little rain we have had. Not more than an inch of rain at once since I arrived last September! The fields are still brown, and only a few even plowed. There is no use wasting seed putting it into dry ground! A few small truck gardens, where irrigation is possible, are tended with exceeding care and are green and flourishing. Our gardens are good, thanks to the wells from which we irrigate. The lawns are brown and I have had the greatest difficulty getting wild flowers for the botany class.

Two of the Chinese girls who have been in our discussion group this year are starting for America in July. One, Miss Zee, is to be at Columbia next year. You would enjoy her if you were able to have her up. She is well up on everything Chinese, and has a wonderfully clear understanding of conditions. I am sure she would make a good speaker for some meeting if you want her. Her English is very good and her accent only slight so she would be pleasant to listen to. The way in which she has entered into the spirit of our group has pleased us all. I will give her your address. You could reach her by addressing Miss H. Zee, Teachers College, New York City.

It is good to think of Stanley able to be back at work again. I hope Aunt Ella continues to improve. The winters are hard on her. Does the warm weather help Mother and Elizabeth too? I wish I were there to help as I did last year. I really think I would rather get breakfast and pick strawberries than make costumes and search for properties. The teaching I love. But I would rather make my own clothes than a lot of things for the boys and girls.

Tut, Tut, what a growl that is! Don't mind it, it is just to let off steam and not to be taken seriously. Altho I would like first rate to be home.

Not yet do I know where I shall be for the summer. Letters addressed to me here will be forwarded wherever I am. I would like to go to Shansi, but do not know if I can get a room. Neither do I know if I could get out early if heavy rains should fall. But I have been to Pei Tai Ho three summers and would like to try a new place. Further more the train service is not yet started through Pei Tai Ho and no one knows when it will be. At present the only access is by water. That is expensive and a bother as it means several changes, from train to boat, back to boat and perhaps a long trip by donkey as per olden days before the train ran to the beach.

I must stop and get at costumes. I'll write again before commencement if I can. Please all keep well for I am most seriously considering coming home after my three years for a visit at least. I can not get a furlough salary for the short term, but I do not care. I'll live cheaply till then so I won't have to worry about that. If I sell enough jewelry I can do as I please.

With lots of love
Mary Beard

*[This typewritten letter, probably dated **June 10, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. All went well with commencement and the children are on their way back to their families. There were some personality conflicts with Mrs. Gordon, Flora and Miss Bostwick. Mary will go to Pei Tai Ho for the summer. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

June 1p, Q92W.
[Probably June 10, 1922]

Dear Home Folk,

I found a lovely item in the Spice of Life in a recent Literary Digest. Perhaps with that as key you can interpret my epistles more easily in the future. Having practiced on me, I think you can decipher the song.

Commencement is over, the children are all flew except four. Two Harbin girls instead of going early as anticipated have had to wait over for sailings. Train service is not yet established beyond Shan Hai Kuan at all and only official trains run that far. The girls go to Dairen by boat and from there by train. They leave on Thursday. The other two are the Tucker children whose parents came up for William's commencement and who are now waiting for a train to take them to the shore. Report says that a train leaves tomorrow, another Tuesday and a third on Wednesday. When another goes is not promised. These are supposed to get the crowd up there. Some are wondering how supplies are to be gotten. No freight train is promised yet.

Commencement went off finely, even better than usual. I am so glad since it is Flora's last one here. The seniors did unusually well and had interesting topics; Ants, The History of Shansi, and The Red Cross Famine Relief Work in Shantung. Consul Fuller gave an inspiring talk. He first told in brief the story of Alexander Hamilton's life, that showed the sterling qualities of the man that assure his success. Thoroughness and care of detail were two he emphasized. The idea that success is won by hard labor not a gift of the gods was preeminent.

"The Rivals" in the afternoon went off with a finish not attained before by our plays. We were more than happy to have it so since it more truly than ever represented the work of the school. We had literally made all the costumes, as we had to start with the goods in the piece. This is to be the start of our "green room" and thereafter the costumes of any worth will be kept for state occasions only. We did not have as big a crowd as sometimes but it was an enthusiastic company. No one of the class is from Peking.

I was asked to sit in Trustee meeting on Wednesday, so was away all that day. Since Flora will not be here to carry out any of the new measures it was thought advisable to ask me to be present. I was a mere listener except for an occasional remark.

Mrs. Gordon departed with the children of Friday morning. I never saw a better example of the "logic tight compartment" theory of the mind than she is. Every thing to be moved, but it is none of her business since the item is not mentioned in her contract. She had trouble sleeping the last few days in the rush, so did the rest of us. I am glad she went though. (Do not ever tell Flora that!) She and Flora and Miss Bostwick get on each others nerves till it is almost unlivable in the house with them. Tis a gamble as to which gets most unreasonable. It is more physical work but less friction.

We have had a letter from Mother since I last wrote. It is good to hear often. Little Caroline Love arrived last Monday. She and her mother are both fine, so says the Doctor father. The five older children and little Ruth Martin have the whooping cough, the railroad is not comfortable for travel, hence Mrs. Love is wondering what to do when she leaves the hospital.

It is after ten and cool enough to go to sleep on the porch, so I think I will go to bed.

I shall be here in Tungchow about three weeks longer, then to Pei Tai Ho probably. Mrs. Martin was most enthusiastic about my coming to Shansi but has grown cool. Hence I shall take the still enthusiastic roommate, Martha Fenn.

With lots of love

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **June 26, 1922**, was written from Tunghsein (Tungchow), China by Mary to the home folks. School has closed but Mary is keeping busy with the various things. Mrs. Wickes one year old daughter died from illness. The building continues to progress. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Tunghsien, Chihli, China.

June 26, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

Have just read a letter from William Morgan [*husband of Leolyn Seaver Beard*]. He sends me the money for the rug I am sending by Flora and for the luncheon set I got made for them. They are all well, Gwen has had the chicken-pox. Billy creeps but Polly is happy to say "dada-dada". I can now really consider starting for the summer. Really I had not enough money to get me to Pei Tai Ho, to say nothing of paying board and room rent in advance. This and my June check will put me on "easy street" for awhile. I will now hunt for the chains Cora wishes.

Since school closed I have been working on the new prospectus, helping Bergen with his Virgil, outlining the work for Betty Scott who is inspired with a desire to complete her years work and get Flora's signature on her diploma also, helped some in moving to make room for the Whittakers etc. The Tuckers were all here for two weeks waiting for a train to the shore. They left last Friday. Mrs. Arthur Smith was the most relieved as she had the parents and two small boys with her. We kept the two who had been in school.

The Whittakers came last Wednesday. They have four children, aged from eight to six months. They are real children and keep this house alive from top to bottom where the keys are available. The baby is a dear.

A week ago last Saturday, little Francis Wickes died. She had been ill with something like dysentery but not entirely like it. Of that she was better but she lay very quiet and listless. Dr. Love saw her the last thing before going to Peking Friday night and both he and Dr. Tucker thought her better. She was worse twice in the night and at 7.30 had a convulsion. Still there was no great alarm till about 10.00 and at twelve she died. It was meningitis, probably cerebral. We spent that evening covering and lining the little box the carpenter made for the coffin. It was dainty soft and white when we finished. The funeral was the next morning at 9.00. Several of the Peking friends came down either by train or by auto. I helped the children who live here to fix the grave that morning. We had to get up early to gather the material so that it would be fresh. Mrs. Wickes was wonderfully brave and composed and wrote a beautiful note to send around. It was her wish that no one see the baby on Sunday so that we remember her as she was in her well happy days, for she was a wonderfully bright happy child, though only a little over a year.

This week end Flora and I spent in Peking with Mrs. Young. We were to have gone in for shopping in the Chinese city but it rained all the time. I went to the movies on Saturday night and we had to wait nearly an hour for a letup in a severe thunder shower. We got more than our moneys worth for they started up the music and films again for our entertainment.

The rains started on Friday with a thunder storm which lasted less than two hours but wet down five inches. The moat rose about five feet. The sunken road was a river while the storm lasted. It rained Saturday evening as I said and all Sunday morning. Then it cleared for the afternoon and evening. On Monday we were outside the city for shopping but got caught in a severe shower, so had a cup of chocolate at the Bakery and went home again. Today is glorious, cool, clear.

The building is growing apace. The slates are here at last and the roof is fast approaching the place where it needs them. All the lath are on the walls. The men did that while waiting for the slate. The war held up the delivery of the slate because it was purchased to be delivered here whole. That meant getting proper transportation, and Chang Tsao Lin had everything, proper and otherwise for a long time.

On Sunday morning I went with Mrs. Young to see the Porters off for America. They had been down for a farewell visit to Tungchow the Sunday before. They will be in New York as Mr. Porter is to fill a professorship at Columbia for two years.

Last night Mrs. Gordon returned to get her things for the shore. She is taking her meals with Mrs. Whittaker. She evidently feels the lack of hospitality at our house. Having done all her after school work both Flora and Miss Bostwick are ready to blow her up. I am provoked with her but a little relieved that she has not been here

because she and Miss B are at cross purposes all the time and I was dreading the days when they would have to be at the same table. Flora is far from friendly but has been able to speak without a sharp tone some of the time. Miss B. can not. I was ready to take the train back to Peking when I saw Mrs. G. get off. She has not been near the school and evidently does not intend to go there. I hope she does not for it makes F about ill to have to interview her.

This week sees our servants thinned out a little, Mrs. G. takes one, Mr. Shaw's party take two and Mrs. Whittaker takes one for a month or more. Three are to get their walking tickets. That will leave us three cooks, a table boy two coolies, one washerman, a house boy, and amah. Do you think we ought to have all the service we need?

Dr. Smith is here and slowly getting stronger. He had a set back in the shape of a carbuncle, which had to be lanced.

This long letter and I have not mentioned the heat. The thermometer had fallen from 103, the highest, to 84 today. It is quite livable now.

This morning I helped Bergen with the last 100 lines of the last book of Virgil. He has the test on that tomorrow and the final on Saturday.

Tis time for an afternoon nap if such is to be indulged in. The children are napping out loud most joyously. Perhaps I will get to sleep and perhaps not. My floor is my napping place as the porch is too hot in the afternoon. It faces west.

My summer address will be , Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn,

East Cliff,

Pei Tai Ho.

This will probably be too late for you to use, but letters sent here will be forwarded.

Have been reading some papers sent to Flora recently. I wonder if you talked with Mrs. Ewing. She was not far from here, but has not been out much since we have been here. Miss Bostwick knows her and her husband.

Would you like me to send some small things for a church sale sometime? I would send a limited amount as my contribution and you could have all you can get. When do the sales generally come? I can send ahead when I see something appropriate, unless you think of something you know would sell.

*[This partial letter dated **about June 26, 1922** was written from Oberlin, OH by Ellen to Marjorie. Monnie is at a camp for some kind of conference. Ellen tells Monnie what her other siblings are doing. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[to Marjorie from Mama]

[About June 26, 1922]

....Gould's being here and getting off early Thursday morning and Kathleen's going Thursday afternoon and Dorothy Wednesday. I hope it was delivered Saturday evening so you could have a fresh dress for Sunday. You must have taken the organdie sash to that yellow dress of Geraldine's for I cannot find it anywhere.

Did you know there is a big Y.W. Conference here in Oberlin? I did not know it till today but heard the Chapel bell ring all day Saturday and once Sunday. I thought it was for the summer school.

I went to Elyria with Kathleen and bought her a proper traveling dress for none of hers were suitable to travel in. It was dark blue silky material, light weight and cool and she put it right on immediately- perfect fit. Then I put her on the train 5:43 from Oberlin, which Lydia Perry and her party had taken at Oberlin.

We found her easily, and I had a card from Kathleen written at the Shredded Wheat Co's factory which I'll send and you may bring home.

I telegraphed Aunt Molly to see if she could entertain K. over Sunday so as to make it easier for Lydia, than to put her on to the Pearl river train. An answer by telegraph said "Out of town for two weeks." So it was fortunate we did not send her on, simply sending a special delivery announcement of her coming.

Gould started early Thursday morning and expected to arrive Saturday evening. Hokhalter went with him, as far as his home, somewhere in the east.

Dorothy got off Wednesday evening all right and I have had two cards from her since, both strictly business. But Ruth Garland let me read a letter from Betty which told a lot of their experiences which I'll tell you when you get home.

The Bankhardts are very busy packing and moving today. They may be gone when you get home. They have found a house in Cleveland.

If possible, write Marian Hahn a letter from the camp. She will appreciate it. You know you did not answer that long letter she wrote you last winter vacation.

I have done nothing toward moving yet, as I have been so busy getting people and their clothes off. I have sent a box to you, one to Kathleen this morning which it took all Saturday to prepare and one to Dorothy Thursday. I shall have to get one more off to Kathleen and one to Silver Bay before I can do anything to moving. Geraldine sent a telegram this morning asking me to send her cello at once. So now I must close this to go down to the office to see about that.

Enclosed it \$1.00 and hope you get along all right and enjoy all the conference as much as you have enjoyed thus far. Be careful of boating and swimming. Very lovingly Mama.

*[This letter dated **June 27, 1922** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen. Kathleen tells of her travels through Niagara Falls on the way to Pearl River, NY to stay with Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra. She is there to take care of cousin Nancy while her cousin Stephen has Diphtheria and cousin Ruth is only 11 weeks old. Kathleen finds that Nancy is a challenge to take care of. While in Niagara, she visited the Shredded Wheat Factory, the Falls and Cave of the Winds. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Pearl River N.Y.

June 27th [1922-Ruth is mentioned as being
11 weeks old. She was born in
1922]

Dear Mamma,

This is the first time I have had a chance to write you a real letter. I just bought this stationary this morning. Do you mind very much if I don't send you all of my leftover money right now because I may need it. I will send one dollar now as far as I have estimated it costed me about \$28.50 for traveling and about two dollars on extras. I bought two ice-cream cones and a 20 cent chocolate bar on the way and a pair of socks, whiting and stationary this morning.

Now I'll tell you all about my trip. After we got to Cleveland we went straight to the boat and Lidia and I took Miss Suliver's cabin. Fortunately it was an outer. We sat on deck until the boat got quite a ways out. That was until two. I got slightly sick but not to speak of. I woke up very early in the morning and Lidia said we had not sighted land so went back to sleep. Lidia woke me up and we could see land then. My lunch lasted me for both supper and breakfast but was not quite satisfied so got a 14 cent breakfast in Buffelow. Cornflakes and cream. We got a ten thirty train to Niagria [*Niagara*] and two of the girls took the gorge trip but three of us Lidia, Rubby somebody and went to the Shredded Wheat Plant. They weren't taking visitors around then so we got a 40 cent lunch and then went back again.

First we went into the reseption hall which was very nice and cool and waited for the party to start around. The next place which he took us to was a sixth floor veranda where we could see the river and a little of the city. Then we were shown the prossess of making the boxes and sealing them and then we had a part of a biscuit with bananas and cream and sugar and a flat biscuit with butter. This was in a very nice room with a lot of little white topped tables. Next came the prossess of shredding the wheat and making and baking the biscuit which was hot (from the ovens) as well as very interesting. Then he showed us auditorium where the employees could dance, hear lectures and see movies and a rest room with magazines for them to read and two nurses to tend to them and then their toilets and baths which were immaculately clean. The guide said that they were given fifteen minutes twice a day to rest and read. The whole building was just a picture it was so clean and everything was white.

After we left the Shredded Wheat Plant we went to the falls where we walked around and got wet. We went down in an elevator to the base of the cliff and Rubby took some pictures. Then we went over on (as far as I could make out) Goat Island. That's across the bridge where we didn't go before when you were there. We saw there, the Cave of the Wind's (where you go under the falls) and the horse-show falls. We saw a party that had just come from the Cave of the Winds, in their rain proof clothes. I got a little barrel with pictures of the falls in it for fifty cents.

We got into Buffelow and I got another 40 cent supper there we got onto the train. We got into New York at 11 and after getting help from the travelers aid we Lidia and I came across to Jersey City got some dinner and after a wait of two hours got a train to Pearl River. Uncle Stanley met me at the train and then it was that I found out that Stephen was sick. June 29 Dr. Clark or rather clock gave us all the shick test [*The Shick test is a skin test for Diphtheria*] that I told you about. I felt quite faint after it but was all right after supper. I did not get a chance to go to church Sunday and it doesn't look much as if I would at all. I lay down and took a nap with Nancy but she didn't go to sleep. She is a very naughty little girl and has a very decided mind of her own. Monday when she was going to bed for her nap she didn't like something and flew into a tantrum. Her mother whipped her but it didn't do

any good. She did the same thing at dinner today. She wanted her meat just so and she couldn't have it that way so away from the table she went. She came back after a while and was good. This morning she wanted to put her feet in my lap and get my dress dirty and I told her she couldn't so she slapped and kicked me and finally bit me so hard that it made me cry. That made me homesick and it has been hard to keep from crying since then. I certainly do not like her at all. Once in a great while she is a little cute but I will be glad when Stephen gets well. Its getting pretty stale here now just playing with Nancy all day.



Kathleen and Nancy became close cousins in later years- this photo taken about year 2000.

[Photograph from Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ruth is a darling baby. I have held her twice. She is eleven weeks old and sleeps about all day. They don't pay much attention to her and I wish they would.

Stephen is a good deal better and wants to get up but he has to stay in bed. My shick test is getting all red, which shows that I am not immune but Uncle Stanley says that he doesn't think I need to take any anti toxin yet until I feel symptoms of diphiria. That doesn't mean that I will though.

They have lovely food here and aplenty but I always get hungry before meals. I have been late to breakfast once already but I'll try not to again.

My duties are first to dress Nancy in the morning to clear off the table, to make all beds to play with Nancy, to get her ready for meals and to put her to bed for nap and get her up and play with her again in the afternoon and to put her to bed at night. Besides that I do all kinds of errands for Aunt Myra that she wants. They have a collared maid named Parthena that gets meals, washes dishes, washes clothes etc.

Gould isn't painting the house yet but is working in the garden and fixing the chicken house. I feel a little more at home with him here.

Mamma please send me clothes. They only do washing once a week and everything of mine is dirty in the line of dresses except my traveling dress. I'll have to have some more socks or stockings and nightgowns. Please hurry quick. I got Gould's camra here all right.

Lots of love Kathleen.

[This partial letter dated **about July 1922** was written from Silver Bay, NY by Dorothy to Ellen and Monnie. Gerry and Dorothy are working at Silver Bay for the summer. Dorothy is glad to hear that Uncle Elbert will be taking Ellen and Monnie to Putnam for most of the summer. She requests that Ellen send her a new swimsuit. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Send to Gould please,
and Gould send to Phebe in his letter.

The Silver Bay Association
For
Christian Conferences and Training

Silver Bay, N.Y.
Box #47
[About July 1922]

Dear Mamma and Mony:-

I was shelling peas on the porch rail when one of the girls bro't Mamma's card to me. I was so surprised and so thrilled that I nearly fell off the rail. Jerry was down on the tennis courts. I couldn't let her wait a minute longer, so I sent for her, and she too let up a howl of excitement. Well, we have been hoping and praying that you two would find something to get you out of Oberlin this summer. Tell Uncle Elbert that he came along as an answer to our prayers. Now the whole family is having a real jolly time this summer. I can enjoy my vacation ten times more now that you are out of Oberlin.

I'm glad you were all moved before you left. How long did you stay at Aunt Etta's? Who all was there? I suppose you plan to shop all day Wed. in Albany, don't you. Now it would be a mean shame to come so near to Silver Bay and miss coming up, unless business calls too urgently. I do wish you could come up Thurs. to see us. If you don't on the way to Putnam, you will on the way back, won't you. Now that you are out East, don't miss the chance.

Yes indeed, I have been wanting things terribly that I wanted to go to Ticonderoga for, but lack of time and money prevented. First of all- my bathing- suit. I haven't had one. I have been using Jerry's when she doesn't use it. I don't know what size to tell you. I guess you get them by the bust measure. Get about a 38 or 40 bust. Be sure and get it long enough and big enough thro' the hips to allow for shrinkage. Please don't get a cloth one - one like Jerry's is best- a one piece wool or part wool suit. Please don't get one with sleeves - a wide strap over the shoulder like Jerry's. In fact, if you remember Jerry's- one almost exactly like hers will suit [*remaining letter is missing*]

[Dot]



Swimsuits of the 1920's

[This is actually Jana's ancestors - her father is the youngest in the photo. Photo taken in Ohio about 1922]

[This letter dated **July 16, 1922** was written from Pearl River, NY by Kathleen to Ellen and Marjorie. She talks about riding in the car to see a deep swimming hole. Cousin Stephen is feeling better from diphtheria and she and cousin Nancy had to take anti toxin to keep from contracting it themselves. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Pearl River N.Y.
July 16, 1922

Dear Mamma and Marjorie,

Neither the parcel nor the letter that I was expecting came. You see I only have three dresses to wear at all so I really need some more seeing that I can't have them washed and ironed any time I want to. I finished my lavenled sweater and bought a set of collar and cuffs and cleaned my belt and shoes and wore them today. Aunt Myra said she thought it was very pretty and I do too. It fits me very well and the whole suit look very natty I think.

We went for a ride this morning in the car. We went to the forty foot swimming hole that Jerry spoke about but not to go in just to see it, there were some men in bathing suits and one without any sitting around on the bridge. One dived off the diving board while we were there and one went off a swing that was over the water. It was just a little place where a little stream ran but it is very deep forty feet they say and Gould said it dropped right off from the bank. He went there once with Mr. Green. We saw on our ride a very old place where a movie was being staged about a week or two ago. I really took a nap today and Nancy didn't. She said she had to hold her doll so she couldn't lie down.

Stephen is up now and downstairs. We have to be careful still about touching things that have been in his mouth but we are all so glad that he is down. He seems to like me pretty well and I just love him. He will talk to me for the longest time in his funny way. He has quite a hard time talking and sometimes screws his little face all up doing it. He calls me "Hapaleen" and never says any s'es. He calls himself "Tephen" and Nancy "Nanty".

I went over to Miss Pope's tennis court the other night and played with three other ladies. One of them could not play any better than I can and the other two are good players so each of the good ones took one of us worse ones and we had lots of fun. I don't believe I have laughed so hard in a long time. The ladies were so funny and so many queer things happened that it made me laugh so hard that I couldn't play sometimes. We played until we couldn't see, till nine o'clock.

I am having a very nice time here on the whole though at times I have my hands full with the children. We have ice-cream about twice a week on the average and I have all the milk I want. I have gained a pound a week since I have been here and now weigh 98 lb. including clothes.

8:00 P.M. We went out riding again this afternoon over in New Jersey. That sounds far away but it isn't only about ten miles. Just this evening Nancy and I took toxin anti toxin for diphtheria. That is so I will never get it after about two months. It didn't hurt at all and it only itches a little now.

Lots and lots of love Kathleen

[This letter dated **July 30, 1922** was written from Putnam, CT by Monnie to Kathleen and Gould. Monnie was excited that Miss Gertrude Warner asked her to sing in the junior choir at church. She has seen may friends and old classmates since being in Putnam. Monnie took a car trip in Uncle Elbert's car with Aunt Emma, Aunt Etta, Fulton, the twins and Ellen. She tells about the trip from North Tonawanda to Putnam. Original letter is in the archives at Oberlin College.]

32 Center St.
Putnam, Conn.
July 30, 1922

Dear Punk [Kathleen] and Gould,

(I got this ink downstairs in the book cupboard and filled my pen with it. I don't know what it'll do to the pen!)

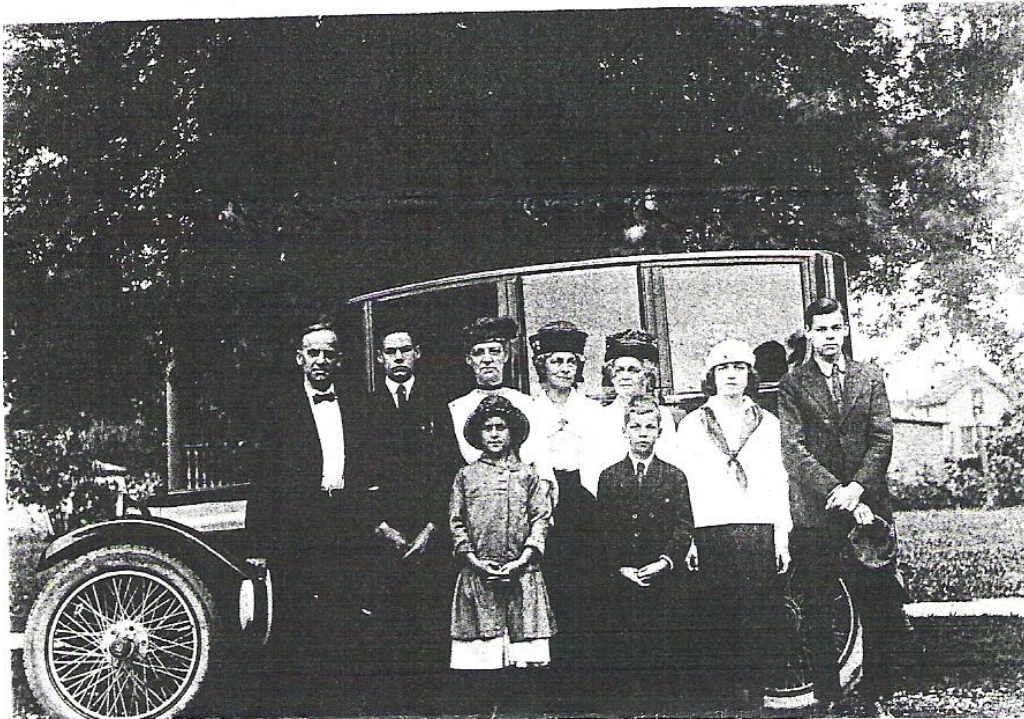
I'll begin with today. This morning I sung in the junior choir! Miss Gertrude Warner [Gertrude Chandler Warner, who was 32 years old in 1922, became the famous author of the popular children's book series The Boxcar Children. She was a lifetime resident of Putnam, CT.] called up yesterday or the day before and asked if I would be willing to help them out in that way. So I told her I would be glad to. There were several girls in the choir whom I knew. Flora White, Mary Child, Edith Child, Ruth Child, Silvia and Elizabeth Wheelock and do you remember that

little Helen Morse who used to be in your class, Punk? Well, she was in it. She looks exactly the same. Did she use to wear glasses then? She does now. And she wears her hair bobbed.

Last night Uncle E., Fulton and I went downtown to get some eatables and Aunt Emma over at the library.) (My pen didn't fill with the purple ink so I went downstairs again and found this.) While downtown we saw a lot of people that I knew. On the street we met Hazel Geeson, and we saw her in church again this morning. She is so grown up. But she is real pretty. Then of course we saw the Bartletts. I have only seen Ruth but have spoken to Dorcas twice. They both wear earrings and look vampish generally. I also saw Ina Aldrich but did not speak to her. (This pen is acting awful.)

Edith Pease, Florence Danforth and Lib Rafferty, Bertha Child and Clara Keller ('member her) all have their hair bobbed. Edith looks very good. It has improved her looks wonderfully. She is really pretty now. Oh, one person more. I saw Miss Dingwall my S.S. teacher today too. Now, I will write something that Gould will understand!!

Billy Dodge [*Uncle Elbert's car*] started from N. Tonawanda [*New York*] last Monday morning chuck full. There were Uncle E., Aunt Emma, Aunt Etta, Fulton, the twins, mamma and me. We left Uncle Willis and Myron alone. At N. Bergen we left Aunt Etta and the twins for a visit with one of Uncle Willis' former parishioners. Then the car was just comfortably full- two on the front and three on the back seat, and a lot of suitcases of course. Uncle Elbert had taken me out alone and given me a lesson in driving the Sat. before, because he wanted me to spell him on the long drive home. This was before he asked Fulton to come. Then Sunday he asked Fulton. And all the three days I didn't drive a speck! Fulton drove when Uncle E. didn't.



I believe that from left to right we see Elbert, Fulton, Ellen, Etta, Emma, Marjorie, Myron and standing in front, the Hume twins, Millicent and Harry Stewart. Willis Hume, Etta's husband, may have been taking the photo. This photo may have been taken on the trip that Monnie describes in this letter.

[Original photo is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Well, we made Auburn that night and as we came into the town we passed Auburn prison which is a mammoth gray stone building. It reminded me of the Men's Building, only all the windows were iron-barred and there was a high wall around it. We could see only the highest floors, but the lights were on (as it was almost dark) and it gave me such a queer feeling to think that the men in those lighted rooms were prisoners and not students. We women slept in the Women's Union Building that night and the men in a Hotel.

We started on at about seven thirty the next morning and slept at Schenectady that night. The third day we stopped for about an hour in the morning at Albany. While the two women shopped Uncle E. stayed with the car

and Fulton and I went up the hill to the Capitol and went through it with a party under a guide. Fulton had been there before so he had seen most of it. At the end the guide went around to back of the men and asked fifty cents and I was so afraid that Fulton had no money, and I hadn't. But fortunately he did.

That afternoon we went over the Mohawk Trail. The scenery was wonderful. And there were no less than six souvenir shops along the trail, if there weren't more! And, Punkineenie, in the first one of those shops that we came to I bought your birthday present! It isn't much, so don't get your hopes too high.

Just before we got into Springfield that night we had our supper, (we had all our meals by the roadside) and after we got out of Springfield it was a straight run, so to speak, to Putnam and Uncle Elbert knew the way. Fulton and I tried our best to get to sleep but did not succeed until we had reached Woodstock or some place like that near Putnam. But we woke up before we reached Putnam. We arrived at the house somewhere around one o'clock a.m. Thurs. morning. We had to throw stones up at Hattie's window to wake her up! Just before we went to bed Uncle Elbert played "The End of a Perfect Day" on the Sonora.

Since Thursday we have done little besides rest up.

Sat. I went over and saw Edith for the first time. She is going to have some of the girls that I know, at her house Monday afternoon to see me!

It is so funny, all our letters these days have three addresses on them. First Oberlin; that is crossed out by the Garlands and the N. Tonawanda address put on. That is crossed out by the Humes and Putnam put on! Our letters have to run around quite a bit to find us!

Do write! We received Punk's good letter yesterday and read it aloud at dinner! Love to both of you, Monnie.

*[This partial letter dated **about July or August of 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Kathleen. Phebe inquires as to how Kathleen liked her job at Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra's. She tells about some of her social activities and a hike to Kushan and the Monastery. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

[to Kathleen]

[About July or August 1922]

...as chaperone and had a fine time. The water was fine and clean, but I found I was out of breath and out of practice. I played two tournaments with Nan Woods, Mr. Wood's daughter; won the first and got knocked out of the second. We both did poor playing then.

Father and I went into mixed doubles, and came up against Dr. Montgomery and Miss Walsham, a fine English player, for first game. We got 1 game out of two sets with some hard playing but we got fine practice.

Rena Nutting of Diongloh came up for Annual Meeting a [and] brought five friends of hers with her. We entertained them one night at our first dinner party. On the next Tuesday they went with us and four Y.W. girls to Kushan. We walked to the top and got the superb view of all the lower Min Valley, fields and villages. Then we dragged down to the Monastery, had dinner, a rest, and a trip around the buildings. Rena's party then went to Kushan point to a houseboat that took them to the Peak and we, home. The Monastery was very natural, all but the new paint and decorations they had just added. I have forgotten my way around, but as I came to each turn it all came back to me. The priests seem more used to foreigners and not so devout as I remember them. I want to go back again and look it over at more leisure. Eunice got a basket full of botanical specimens some of which I pressed, others we analyzed. Both she and the baby are well, growing rosier and fatter every day. Ellen fell down and cut herself twice one day not long ago. She and Billy make such a noise we can't see sometimes, but they are cute and we love to have them in the house.

I have been writing the Annual Letter for the Mission this summer, and have at last finished composing it. Now I am copying it and using my Corona to do it.

Last Saturday night we had a concert at which Eunice and I played a violin duet. As there was no rack for our music, Father and Mr. McConnell held it for us. They seemed to make as much fun as any of our work. Isn't it great how these men get in on things?

A good deal of my time has been spent in helping a green washerman with the ironing, and teaching him how to do it. He is very nice and I'd like to keep him; but our big washes have tired him out and scared him away.

The St. Clairs have been up to supper, and we have entertained Miss Bement and a Y.W. lady to dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Storrs came tonight. Mrs. Bedient has been sick so much I couldn't ask people as I have wanted to. Now she is better and I hope to have several groups. We are planning a picnic party for next week and the Wood's are coming over next Tuesday, so we aren't badly out of it. Calling I have done none of.

Last week we had several extra practices for the cantata the Forty-Sixth Psalm by Buck to be given next Tuesday night. It is very pretty and not very difficult, but we seem to be taking a good deal of time and trouble getting it. Did you sing the last summer you were here? Annie Smith, Margaret Bissonette, and Margaret West are in it this year with a lot of Chinese girls.

Tennis finals come off soon- next week, so I am keeping those afternoons free. Today Mrs. Bedient and I go down into the bromie[?] for tea with Stella Cook and her family. This is the first time I have been.

I hope you liked your nursemaid work at Pearl River. What subjects are you taking in school and what is your new home like? What is Jerry doing, and where is Dot's room? There are so many things we want to know and all of you were so busy in June you didn't write. Just as I haven't written for some time! What did Marjorie do all summer? How did you find the people in Conn.?

Did you get your package with the fan for you that I sent some time ago? I hope so.

Mail time is here. Lots of love to you all, keep well, and do write soon.

Your sister Phebe.

[This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 6, 1922, was written from Peitaiho, China by Mary to the home folks. She talks about sailing, swimming and playing tennis at Peitaiho. They are all glad to hear that Flora will work at the Tientsin school when she comes back. There are many engagements in Peitaiho. There is an Italian gun boat off of Rocky Point in Peitaiho so they feel safe from Chang Tsao Lin's soldiers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Aug. 6, 1922]
East Cliff, Peitaiho
Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn.

Dear Home Folks,

Mother's letter found me at Peitaiho. Flora was already on the high seas, I got in the sea every day, and have been on it once.

On last Wednesday a party of ten of us went to Ching Wan Tao in sail boats. It took two and a half hours to get over. There was a fair breeze only. Only one of the girls was seasick, and it was not I. We climbed over the cliff to the bathing beech and had a fine swim. Then we dressed and ate our supper out on the rocks. It was passed the first quarter of the moon so we had a fine moon. At eight we started back. The wind was all gone so the men had to row all the way back. We were out for the moonlight sail so made the men row slowly to prolong the fun. Even so it took only three and a half hours. The sea was like glass.

Do you remember that gay bathing suit of blue and green and yellow stripes, that I bought last summer? I wore it for the first time on the sailing trip. We wore our suits under our bloomers and middies and the skirt of my other was too bungling for comfort. Perhaps I was not easily visible! when I took off the outer layer! I have since been wearing it on the regular bathing beech, just for fun. No joking, it is fine to swim in.

I have gotten more tennis than ever before when off for the summer. Generally I have figured that I pay nearly a dollar a set. Already it is less than that, and only a third of the ice[?] gone. I played both mixed doubles and ladies singles in the first tournament and am in for singles in the August one. Henry goes with a party to Je Hol before the end of the week so we did not enter for doubles again. There are a lot of new people here, especially a large group from Mukden who were too late for the tournament. For them especially a new canvas was made. A Mrs. Bullard, husband [wife] of the man out to help the Deans in their business, is our star player among the ladies. Flora will appreciate the fact that she beat Miss Waller fairly easily, getting the first two sets so the third did not have to be played. A new lady, Mrs. Austin, is likely to be a close second if she does not win. Most of us were glad to see Miss Waller's defeat for she was so sure of victory and spoke so scornfully of "all the chaff one must wade through to get a real game".

There is great rejoicing every where over Flora's decision to return for the Tientsin school. The Tientsin people feel it spells success for their venture and the Tungchow that it means good fellowship between the two schools. I first heard of it at Dr. and Mrs. Tucker's silver wedding from Dr. Tucker. The wedding was a great success. It was a rainy day but the porch was crowded all the afternoon. I saw nearly everyone I know at Peitaiho and met a lot of new people besides.

We have had two applications from people for work in the grades. Both have been turned over to the Tientsin committee. One is that Miss Smith who wrote from Honolulu some time ago. She is in Shanghai now. The other is a lady who wrote from somewhere in New Jersey. Mrs. Evans has the letter so I can not tell any more about her.

Mr. Corbett writes that he has secured Miss Burgess and Miss Muir from Tsing Tao has accepted so our staff is full. Miss Carlisle is somewhere in Japan or China. I have letters sprinkled over the country to meet her but have had no word, altho she came on a boat which landed in Shanghai the 29th of July.

Two weeks ago there was an epidemic of engagements here. At a big party given at the Lieper house two engagements were announced. One was Max Lieper's. That same week we had letters telling that Francis King and Mr. Joe Lee were engaged. Francis insisted on carrying out her plans and completing her college course so sailed for home just the same. She returns next July to be married at once. The folks at the King Cottage had a party the next week and of course all wondered if there were "a reason". A house party on young people like that is a good place to generate romance. But we were doomed to disappointment. A conjurer produced the excitement, together with a fake announcement for the swallows who had built over the front door.

We have a unique party here. It was a cafeteria supper, Club sandwiches were the only article of food, but the variety of materials to be put in were many. For desert we had a soda-water and ice-cream counter, and served drinks and sundaes. Afterward we played games. Martha and Henry had worried a bit lest the guests be bored for they dance at all their parties and Dr. and Mrs. Fenn do not allow it here. I think it was a relief to most of them to have a change. At least it was a sincere appreciation that we got for our hard work.

On Monday last I went over for the night with Cleora Wannamaker. It was the birth day of Miss Kentfield, a Holyoke girl up from Foochow. There were thirteen of us, Pa, Ma and eleven children. Mary McClure who is taller and broader than I were the twins. We dressed in nightgowns as babies. The others were boys and girls. If the pictures are good enough I will send you one to show what "a dear baby" I can make. We went calling afterward on the Stelles, Mrs. Sheffield and the Stanleys. 'Twas great fun.

Alice Frame had the Holyoke reunion this year. There were seven of us and Mrs. Mather did not get here. Miss Kentfield gave a touch with other centers. All the rest were Peking or Tientsin.

Last night our whole family went for a picnic over to Light house Point with our neighbors. The neighbors are English and served us a regular dinner with plates, knives, forks, etc. Yes even after dinner coffee, and a wee bit of icecream. It was a good dinner though. Afterward we came home and had a moonlight swim. Another beech party did likewise so the shore looked as though we had mistaken the hour for that before lunch. Dr. and Mrs. Smiley were of the party. They have a baby boy only four weeks old, and got down this last week.

Mrs. Lieper has been ill ever since she came down. The doctors dispared of her getting well here because that is such a lively household, so her husband had gone to Peking to the hospital with her. Both the parties who announced their engagements wanted to be married from that house near the end of the summer. The excitement was great and not conducive to rest and quiet.

This is the first Sunday that I have not been down to see Caroline Love have her bath. It is also our first really rainy day since I came up. It feels and acts like a North-easter. We are all in the house as there is not a dry corner of the porch except where Martha's and my beds are. We are not so certain of that being perfectly dry so have spread oil skins over the beds. Also it is cooler. That is a relief for the day and nights have been very hot for two weeks. It has taken three sets of underwear to keep comfortable, one till swimming time, one till after tennis, and a third for the evening. All were wet when removed, especially the tennis ones.

As Dr. Fenn can use his eyes for only two hours a day, we do a lot of reading aloud in the household. Martha and Henry are off for parties more than the rest of us so Mrs. and Dr. Fenn and I spend our evenings that way quite often. Mrs. Fenn is much worn out nervously but has not the ability to relax. It makes it somewhat hard for the rest of us at times. But Flora will tell you that Martha and I are not all that is to be desired when it comes to living with us. On the whole we are a happy family with much in common and enough not so, to provide material for conversation. We can gather bits of gossip and anecdotes for each others edification.

Tonight I am going to supper with the Burgesses. They have a new house built Chinese style. Tomorrow there is an all Congregational picnic, and the next day a N.C.A.S. picnic. Also on Tuesday I am to go over to Rocky Point for lunch with the Hugh Hubbards. I must call on the Stanleys then too, as well as on the McCanns.

The CampFire girls have been camping out at the Lotus Hills and come in tomorrow unless they have decided to prolong their stay. Yesterday was their at home day. I should have gone out to call had I know earlier. But there were sports on for the afternoon and the picnic at 6.30.

Rumor has it that Chang Tsao Lin is investigation [*investigating?*] Ching Wan Tao and regathering his force beyond Mukden. At least Wu dares not go south of Lo Yang to settle the trouble there. He has sent trusty generals instead. With six American destroyers at Ching Wan Tao and one Italian gun boat at Rocky Point we have nothing to fear. It is probably only a bluff on the part of Chang to get his official title which has been denied him.

Parliament has convened and had a stormy session in which no business was transacted except the vote to adjourn. They did get a quorum which was something. Twice we have looked in vain for the air-plane on a Friday afternoon. This week they sent posters down to announce their arrival. No airplane and no explanation!

I hope that Father did get Gould to help with the farm this summer. It would be good for both parties I am sure. What is Kathleen doing on east? Or is she just on a visit. I wonder if the older girls are at Silver Bay again. Does Ellen stay west or has she come on too.

Mother I tried to get some other edges for you. Francis King promised them. Then her mother was ill and she went home. That and getting engaged evidently drove it out of her head. The one I sent is the most common and the only one I have been able to get so far. It is pretty only I wanted you to have a choice.

Your tales of cherries make my mouth water. I had not even a taste this year. The Chinese ones are better than nothing but no more can be said for them. The one tree of foreign cherries died this summer so we will not get even one cherry each as we have sometimes.

I was glad to hear that Stephen was over the worst of the diphtheria. It was hard to have him sick with a new baby in the house too. Thanks for sending on Leolyn's letter. It was interesting. She too had a siege with sickness.

Mother says nothing of Anna, so I suppose there is no change. Oliver is much in my thoughts these days. I hear the jingle bells of the postman. The trains are pretty near on time these days so the mail is fairly regular in the hour of arrival. I got a registered letter from Mr. McKnight with regard to his daughter, nothing else.

I shall be interested to hear about the new neighbors when they do call. I hope they prove nice for you need nice ones next door.

Heres best wishes that the weather did allow Father to get the hay without too much further wetting. I'd like to be there. I'd give up the parties, picnics, swimming and all for a chance to see you all.

With best wishes for good health and happiness.

And with lots of love,

Mary

Aug 6, 1922

*[This partial letter dated **August 10, 1922** was written from Kuliang, China by Phebe to Kathleen. Phebe writes on Kathleen's 14th birthday and gives her advice about being a good person. She tells of the typhoon that hit Swatow, China and the devastation and deaths it caused. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Kuliang,

August tenth. [1922]

Dear Kathleen,

We have been looking forward for some time to this day, Father and I, tho we haven't written you for it. For you are fourteen years old, aren't you? Today, I can imagine you feel about equal to your task of being Aunt Myra's helper, now you are fourteen! Mother wrote us two Sundays ago about your going East for the summer. I'm so glad you had a chance to go and see the new little cousin, Ruth. You must write and tell us all about her for we haven't heard anything since her announcement card came. And how are Stephen and Nancy? Probably growing as fast as they can.

Well, I started to wish you many happy returns of the day, and I hope you had a really happy day. Perhaps you had a cake and a sort of party with the little cousins and Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra and Gould. I hope too that every birthday is helping you to judge what is right and best and truest in all you do, and think and say, so that as you grow older you may find it easier to do the things that are yours to do, and to check all unkind and unworthy thots and words. We sometimes think that when we're grown up we'll be perfect and like the nicest people we ever knew, just because we are grown up. But we must begin to be like what we want to be right away, or will always be a little behind. That's the way with me now! So you start early.

I've got heaps of things to tell you about Kuliang; but it's late, and the mosquitos are trying to eat me up, so I think I'd better stop and go to bed if anything is left of me to send you this letter tomorrow. Lots of love and good night.

Since Wednesday the biggest news of this region is that about the Swatow typhoon. It started on Wed. night a week ago, laid all the native houses flat, tore down great portions of hich and other strong business houses, and a great wall of water 12 ft. high washed over the city and the surrounding country for 40 miles people say. Not till the next Sun. A.M. when a boat came in did they get word out to the outside world. The dead are numbered from 10,000 up, and relief is being sent from Shanghai. When we heard our American Red Cross held a meeting decided to send \$200 and volunteer medical helpers, and then took it to the Evangelistic meeting then in session. Before we left the church yesterday, \$2000 had been pledged, and this A.M. before noon more was paid in check

than was pledged! Several are planning to go down as soon as boats will and can take them to help care for sick, wounded and dead.

We have only had two tail ends of typhoons that stopped tennis for a while. The weather has been cool and pleasant most of the time.

What will you think of your sister when I tell you that I've been into the tank just once all summer? I went with the Smith girls and Harold Brewster and Margaret West. [*Remainder of the letter is missing*]



Written on back: Union Theol. Seminary – Foochow. 1922.

Graduating Class with Faculty and the Board.

Seated left- Rev. U Sik Sing, Bishop John Hind, Rev. Ding Nguk Ming, Rev. Ling Tia Cu, Rev. W.L. Beard, D.D.,
Rev. Sam Leger Ph.D., Rev. Ling Buo Gi, Bishop Ding Ing Ang.

Graduate Len Suoi Ling, Su Hie Huang, Christopher Chen – American Board.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This typewritten letter dated **August 10, 1922** was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He writes on Kathleen's birthday and recalls her birth fourteen years before. He tells about the Swatau (Swatow) typhoon and the devastation and death caused by it. He talks about the family and their activities in many places. Willard and Phebe are currently living on Kuliang. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

August 10, 1922

Dear Kathleen;-

Do you see anything suggestive about the date at the head of this sheet? Phebe and I have been talking about it for several days. And I have promised myself not to let the day go by without writing you to make sure that you knew we thought of you on this day. You do not remember it but I very well remember fourteen years ago this afternoon when you first made a noise with your mouth. And that was the first time you ever sucked your fist. How fast the time has flown! You are a big girl going to New York to help take care of three little cousins. I was surprised and delighted to read in Mamma's letter that she thought you were entirely capable of getting out of New York and up to Pearl River alone, but of course she would prefer that someone older should be with you. Here are my very best congratulations, and I hope you have a happy birthday and that many more will follow.

Phebe and I frequently meet conditions that make us think of you all here when we were all together. We have not had a typhoon this year yet. News came a day or so ago that they had had a very bad one at Swatau. This morning a lady from Hong Kong told us that it struck Swatau a week ago Wednesday. It blew very hard for four or five hours then there was a calm and the wind blew from the other direction as hard for several hours. Then the water in the river rose and swept away all the buildings on the river for forty miles up the river. The city of Swatau is built on the river and is all low. The business blocks were destroyed and it is estimated that 40,000 or 50,000 people were killed. The dead were lying in the streets and all about so that none of the passengers were allowed to go ashore lest they should be quarantined. It was four days after the storm before the first steamer got to the place. They are entirely destitute of food and in want of doctors and horses. In ten minutes the foreigners assembled in Conference on Evangelism subscribed \$2000 and telegraphed it to Hong Kong. The wires are all down in Swatau so we must communicate to Hong Kong. To aggravate the situation the Longshoremen in Shanghai are out on strike and no steamers running between here and Shanghai.

Your last letter told about your being shut up with the measles. Mamma's last told about your going to Pearl River. Marjorie had gone off to some encampment for a week. Geraldine and Dorothy were in Silver Bay. I am sorry that I have not had the energy to write any of you so that you would get the letters at your summer homes. Perhaps you and Gould will get the letter I sent to Uncle Stanley before you leave Pearl River. Both Phebe and I will look eagerly for letters from you and Gould to see how you are enjoying the summer and to see what kind of a new little cousin you have found in Uncle Stanley's home.

Kuliang is much the same as when you were here. Tennis, bathing, walks to tipping rock, Moon Temple and Kushan are just the same. We went to Kushan Monastery two weeks ago, with Miss Nutting and her friends from St. Louis, and the Y.W.C.A. ladies. Phebe is just now getting up a party to go to tipping rock.

This week is Convention week and next is Educational Ass'n week. Then I hope there will be a hold up in meetings. We want to know very much where you have moved to. There will be only three of you in the home.

By the time this reaches you I suppose you will be in Oberlin. Lots of love to you all. May the Heavenly Father keep us all loving and kind and good and useful and let us all see each other again in good times.

Father or as you say Papa

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR
IMMIGRATION SERVICE

Record on this blank United States citizens and citizens of insular possessions of the United States arriving at a port of continental United States from a foreign port or a port of the insular possessions of the United States, and such citizens arriving at a port of said insular possessions from a foreign port, a port of continental United States, or a port of another insular possession.

LIST OF UNITED STATES CITIZENS
(FOR THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES)

8. S. -----President Wilson-----sailing from -----Kobe, Japan----- Aug 1st-----, 1922, Arriving at Port of San Francisco Cal.---- Aug. 17th - 1922

No. on List.	NAME IN FULL.		AGE.	Sex.	Married or Single.	IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES INSULAR POSSESSION OR IF NATIVE OF UNITED STATES, GIVE DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH (CITY OR TOWN AND STATE).	IF NATURALIZED, GIVE NAME AND LOCATION OF COURT WHICH ISSUED NATURALIZATION PAPERS, AND DATE OF PAPERS.	ADDRESS IN UNITED STATES.
	FAMILY NAME.	GIVEN NAME.	Yrs. Mos.					
1	Bostwick	Emily S.	52	F	S	Medina, Ohio. Nov. 15th 1870		Mill Valley, Calif.
2	Beard	Flora	53	F	S	Huntington, Conn. Feb. 25th 1869		Shelton, Conn.
3	Campbell	Maile	51	F	S	Maquokita, Ia. Aug. 25th 1870		819 5th St. Laurel, Mass.
4								

[Passenger list from Ancestry.com showing Flora Beard traveling from Kobe, Japan to San Francisco in August of 1922 aboard the S.S. President Wilson.]

[This typewritten letter, dated August 13, 1922, was written from Peitaiho, China by Mary to Willard and Phebe (K). She is enjoying her vacation at Peitaiho visiting, playing tennis, sailing, and spending time on the beach. She feels that Chinese politics are in a mess. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Please return to F. B

East Cliff, Care of Dr. C.H. Fenn,
Peitaiho,

August 13, 1922.

Dear Willard and Phebe,

When I received the papers addressed to me at Tungchow, I was reminded of the long time since I had written you. Flora wrote just before I came up here, which was on the 18th of July. Flora and Miss B, were in Tungchow till the Monday after that. I have had letters from Tientsin and Yokohama so know they are well on their way.

These are days full of many good things. I was over to Gould Cottage for Anna Kentfield's birthday. We had a children's party and a right good time. It has been good for the girls there to have the friends from the south as it introduced a new element and kept them all interested. Miss Louise Mebold and Cleora have been kindred spirits and made fun for them all. They were Jack and Jill at the party, Anna was big brother Tom. Mary McClure and I were the babies. The others were Ma, Pa, and the big brothers and sisters. The pictures are good. I will enclose one to show what a dear baby I make.

I have been strong on tennis this summer and play nearly every day. There are two courts very near when one can get partners. The crowd is down on the hill top where the two best courts are. I went into both tournaments but got knocked out in the first round. The last time I had to meet the lady who promises to be next to champion. She is very sure but not a swift player. I got two games in the first set and one in the next. Hence I do not feel so bad. Henry and I played doubles in the first, but he was off on a trip to Je Hol for the next.

This beach in from of the Fenns is a good one. We have a raft when the wind has not driven it in shore. We put it out the day I got here. The storm last Sunday drove it far up on the beach and it was Thursday before it was possible to get it out again. Yesterday there was an east wind again and in came the raft. During the moonlight evenings we had several swims. There has been almost no phosphorescence so far, and the jelly fish have not been so bad as some years.

One day we went over to Ching Wan Tao by sail boat. As we entered the harbor the jelly fish were thicker than I had ever seen them. They almost touched each other as they swam about. We wondered about swimming but met nary a one on the swimming beach. It was nearly full moon and not a ripple when we came back so the men had to row all the way.

This has been a regular matrimonial bureau this year. This morning I heard of two new engagements and there have already been three. It seems to be in the air. Some are summer products and some the culmination of a winter's siege. All have given joy to the friends so far. I am wondering what is going to happen as a result of the Je Hol trip. There are some parties on that about whom there has been considerable talk.

Our new building was well on its way to getting ready for us on the 13th when I left. Not a word have I heard of it since except indirectly. I expect to have to go back the last of the month to see to the moving. Mr. Wolfe is to send me word when I can get to work. The Whittakers have one of our houses. I stayed with them till I came down, and hope to be accommodated when I go back if they are still there. I grew very fond of them, especially the baby. The Foochow friends are to spend part of a day with them and see the Tungchow station. They leave this week so I can not help do the honors.

Last week I spent the day with the Hugh Hubbards over at Rocky Point. Emma Rose is a husky much tanned little girl, hardly recognizable. Miss Ullham was there. She had recently had a letter from Phebe, she said. She was such a trump last winter in helping us with our library. Flora and I finished it up this summer before I came up here. It took two days hard work and some of the third.

I will send Mother's last letter and one received from Flora en route. Flora has probably written you that she returns next year to help start the Tientsin American School. That advertises as a feeder for the Tungchow school. They will start this year with the lower grades, perhaps through the fourth or fifth and wait for Flora to organize the others. We have had two teachers apply for lower grade work and have handed the letters over to them. Why could not the Peking school have started with this feeling of fellowship! Or rather, why could it not have continued to be in a state of good feeling, for it started that way!

This has been a hard year for babies here. Mrs. R.K. Evans lost both her twins, aged about one year. Last week, Dr. Love came to ask a favor of me. A family by the name of Boynton had just lost their only child, a little girl of two. They were strangers and had only one woman to do for them. Mrs. Fenn and I made the little coffin all in white. I went over to the funeral next day too. Dr. and Mrs. Love and I were the only ones there. Mr. Ballour took the service and did it well.

Last week we had a N.C.A.S. picnic over at the Scott's. 27 of us sat down for supper. It was a rainy day so we had to picnic on the porch. Baseball and a swim had been the program arranged for. Each one brought certain things. It so happened that all but one of the sandwich people stayed away, so did all the cake people. Mrs. Scott could make up the bread and pie and icecream made an excellent desert so we had enough. There are about 28 or 30 N.C.A.S. people here if all had appeared. The campfire girls were out camping for two weeks. They invited the new girls to join them, so they will be acquainted with some of the rules of the organization before they join us.

I have the first installment of the "N.C.A." here. The printers are waiting for the corrected list of subscribers before sending out the orders. This has been the worst year yet in delays. Mr. McCann says he has found these publishers impossible because of their proneness to never get anything out on time. I fear they have lost themselves a job for next year! The bulletin had to wait for the annual because it needed some of the plates.

What do you think of Chinese politics? Was there ever a worse mess. The weekly review of events in the Peking paper tried awfully hard to say something, but with poor success. There was nothing but a wrangle to report.

It is Monday morning and I am waiting for one of the boys to come for some help on the Algebra work he is doing this summer. He has been over every Monday for an hour of help. Aside from that my time is mostly my own. I have made a dress and some underwear. Mrs. Fenn brought up a hand sewing machine and kindly lets me use it. It is almost an East Cliff affair for so many friends come in to use it. One of the brides to be is making her wedding dress and comes up here to stitch.

If you want to send this on home it may give them some bits of gossip not included in my other letters. I hope you are having a good summer. Phebe's letter to Flora gave a jolly household. Mrs. Christian tells me Phebe was to spend a fortnight at Sharp Peak. I hope it was a cool time. We have had terrific heat here. We get reports of much sickness at Kuling and Foochow.

With love

Mary Beard.

Have mislaid Mothers letter and the photo of myself as baby. Will send later. Mary.

[This letter, dated Aug. 13, 1922, was probably written by Stanley and Myra to folks. She talks about Gould helping paint the house. Traffic is getting heavier. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Pearl River, N.Y.

Aug. 13 1922.

Dear Folks:-

Myra says we did not write at all last week so we must be very very good this week. Gould has had a very good week and Mr. Edgrist has painted with him so they have the first coat on the house about half on. There are lots of things to do on the first coat that won't turn up on the second so that is quite some headway. The children have not gotten badly into it yet. I think the color will be pleasing when the second coat is on.

May [*probably May Palmer, Myra's sister*] came Thursday evening and to-day we all went over to Bessie's for dinner. Ester Sutton was there. We had a fine time and got back so supper was over and the three early to beds tucked in. Myra, Gould, Ruth and I are sitting up yet 9.30 P.M. Traffic across the river gets heavier all the time. To-day going over it was all right but coming back we had to wait for the third boat about an hour, and there were hundreds of cars on this side waiting to cross. I feel sure they would have to wait three hours. There was a double line west for two blocks and south as far as we could see.

Our dahlias are coming nicely but not any better than last year. One root that I divided for Dr. Clock, Bessie and myself died with me and Dr. Clock, but Bessie has a fine one. This is where I filled my pen. Our own corn is ripe and we have all the vegetables we can eat. I am sending some old letters from China. I wonder where Flora is. How good it will be to see her.

[*The above was probably written by Stanley and the following by Myra:*]

Thank you very much for the corn and apples which Gould brought. We have enjoyed them very much.

Miss Cooper writes that she will try to be here sometime the middle or last of Sept. to let us take a trip. She can't tell just when just yet. The invitation to Phebe to go to still holds if she can make it. We have no idea where we are going but that wouldn't matter, would it?

Lovingly from
All of us

[*This typewritten letter, dated Aug. 27, 1922, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. The school building is getting the finishing touches but still has no plumbing or electricity. New people are arriving. She took a trip to Shanhaikuan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Tungchow, Chihli, Aug. 27, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

I got back here on the noon train Thursday. Mr. Wolfe wrote me that there were questions about closets, shelves, etc. that he would like advice on. It is good I came. I find that there were no closets at all planned for any of the teachers rooms except that of the nurse. Now the only thing to do is to put in plain board ones for the walls are all done. It will mean small space, but it is infinitely better than none. It is strange we did not notice it before. I asked Mrs. Gordon to come to see about the pantry but she could not, so I have gone ahead. We are putting in enough shelves to start on and leaving room for more later if they are desired.

The building looks fine, and as though it would be comfortable to live in. The woodwork and floors are getting paint and oil, two coats each. The screens are partly in. Alas there is no plumbing nor electricity. Mr. Wolfe is making an estimate of costs for both and Mrs. Corbett is going to appeal to Mrs. Schell to see if the Russell Sage money is able to help us out. That will necessitate a makeshift for the year.

I finally got the book list that Flora left me to finish off to the publishers. Mr. Scott is going to see about the correction of proof, etc. He has very definite ideas about what he wants and thinks it would be easier to do the rest himself.

I had word yesterday that the Menzis landed on Friday. The paper says they got in at midnight, so I do not look for the Menzis before Tuesday or Wednesday. I do not just know what to do with them. I thought to have Alice Huggins take them in, but she has the decorators coming to do her upstairs walls on Monday. It will probably be the Whitakers who make room. They go on Friday so it will not be for long. I shall set up my dining room on Thursday if not before. So far the only work the servants have had is to open about 40 packages of books for me. I expect another lot by the Empress of Asia in on Friday.

Please let Stanley know that the Scribners started with the July number all right. My second number has just come. I waited for the second this time for last time I got fooled by the one copy. I had a nice letter from Stanley and Myra shortly before I left Peitaiho. The pictures of the children were good too.

I came up on the train with Mr. Gage, of Chang Sha as section companion. He is very interesting. Evidently he knows many people, for there were several men who came in the car to talk with him. One was a son-in-law of a Mr. Little who has the finest summer residence on Kuling, and the biggest estate if not the best house at Peitaiho. He was delightfully English. [*According to the book, Near to Heaven, by Tess Johnston and Deke Erh, "Mr. Little's only daughter married a Mr. Hawkings and had five girls..."*] Another sat on the arm of the seat,

talked soto voice so I should not hear. I had the Scribners and a good book, so I was happy. I might even have withdrawn for him had there been any where to go. Alas the diner was full of Chinese and so were all the seats in our car.

Just think, I got my name in the paper! I played in the tournament at East Cliff and all the matches were reported. I got three games from the woman who got only four off the champion. Yet I lost three straight sets to Mr. Martin yesterday and only one game in them all. My racket went bad at the end of the season and the strings are so loose I can bend them back and forth. It has no twang at all, and needs a very hard stroke to get the ball anywhere. I shall take Flora's and plan to pay her when she returns. I shall also get mine restrung for it is, or has been, a good one. Genevieve and I have vowed that we will keep up our tennis. It makes one feel so good to get the few games every day. It is the quickest way to get the needed exercise that I know of. The long part is the need of special dressing before and after.

Have just been interrupted by a call from Miss Carlisle on the telephone. She and some friends are going to motor out this afternoon or tomorrow. I liked her voice. She has several letters here from home and she is eager to get them. Mail is also coming for Mr. Menzi.

I enclose two letters for Flora which need no explanation. The one from Nicholas Fittinghoff, I have answered. To Mrs. Newton I am sending a card saying that her letter has been sent on to America.

We are having service today. There will be just eight of us. Miss Mary Andrews leads. She is getting restless to get back to work. I really think she envys us who are on the job. We are not so envious of ourselves. I had lunch with Miss Andrews yesterday because Alice was in Peking all day and she does not like to be left alone. We played her favorite letter game for an hour after lunch. It was my busy day. Mrs. Whittaker found that the baby cried out every time anything touched her left ear. Hence she took her to the doctor in Peking by the noon train. I was in charge of the two children left. That was easy for they went to sleep and slept till nearly four. I make a daily round of the building so took them with me. Then it was nearly time to send them to meet their parents.

The sleeping porch looks less promising than the building. It was not under cover so had to be badly delayed by the heavy rains. It has been the wettest summer in many years here but the driest at Peitaiho. Mr. Martins big hall had not grown at all. The dining room is getting on nicely. There was trouble because of rain but worse yet there was no brick. Our building, Dr. Smiths house and the dining hall took up the brick even faster than it could be burnt.

'Tis time to go over to wash for lunch. I have provisionally promised the children a little time for a story after lunch and may have the call mentioned so will close and not trust to time this afternoon.

I hope soon to hear that the last packages arrived safely. I find three here that evidently Flora wishes mailed. When I get into town I can see about them. I shall plan to go so as to come with the Menzis if I can find out when to go. Miss Muir is in town and I want her out some day this week.

I hope you have all gotten rested and well this summer. Alas, summer is not a restful time on the farm, I know it. I think of you all when I am having the joy of needing tennis for exercise, and having swims, picnics, tramps too, and wish I could divide up with you.

Did I write of our trip to Shanhaikuan? We went just for the day. It was a strenuous day but much fun. 4.30 A.M. till 12.30 the next morning and hard going all the time is conducive to long hours of sleep and some stiff muscles. We had the latter and took the former.

Lots of love,

Mary Beard.

[This typewritten letter, dated Sept. 3, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. School has started and she describes some of the teachers and new people. She lists the engagements and weddings of the summer. She and Mr. Menzi make sure they get daily exercise. She hopes that Flora makes it home on time to see their ill niece, Anna. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Please return to F. Beard

N.C.A.S. Sept, 3, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

My second Sunday back at the scene of my job. First I will give the school news. On Monday Miss Carlisle came down and had lunch with me. She had telephoned on Sunday afternoon but was not certain when she would come, so I was not at the station to meet her. Alice Huggins was on the train so she was cared for. She is very nice, small dark and rather vivacious. She appears very young. But I think is about 30. She has bobbed her hair and that inclines to make one seem young. On Wednesday, Miss Muir came down on the noon train. Mr. Menzi had arrived

the night before in Peking and I looked for him. He and Mr. Hutchings missed it, as I found out later. Miss Muir is tall rather dignified very good looking. I noted that her third finger wears a solitaire. I was very well impressed with her. She seemed very sincere and solid, as though one could depend on her through thick and thin. She had good ideas but was not effusive at all. She is to be married next June or earlier so one year is all we get. I consider the man lucky.

Mr. Menzi arrived Wednesday evening so he and Miss Muir met as we were going to the train. On Thursday we spent all day in the office. I had to go to Peking on Friday for money to pay the servants so he went too. We got the money and some things for the store but were crowded for time. It rained hard all night and till nine o'clock. For some reason we were very late leaving here. It was the morning the Whitakers were leaving. They had breakfast with us so it was at 6.15 because of the children. We got to the station in time to get the train to the river and did so to get out of the rain. It was 7.45 before we left the river and it was nearly nine when we reached Peking.

The bulletins are here at last. I have not sent the ones to America. The prints are on a little stiffer paper and it makes it difficult to get them into the envelopes when folded. I am to get some of larger size for those I send home, especially if more than one are to go into an envelope. Mr. Grant has made the size a trifle larger than before. I wonder if it was done purposely. The prospectus of the Peking school is exactly the size of our old ones. Theirs has a cover slightly lighter than ours and smoother. The Shanghai announcement has a wonderful mottled cover. Did I write that Miss Burgess is sister to Mrs. King, mother of Frances King of our faculty last year? She will be along soon as Dr. King wrote she was leaving last Monday, Aug. 28th to meet her.

Have I written the list of engagements and weddings of the summer?

Mr. Lieper and Miss Harbinger, Engaged and married.

Mr. Fuller and Miss Straith, “ “ “

Mr. Sam Dean and ? “ “ “

Mr. David Dean and Miss Lehman, “ “ “

Mr. Bob Shaw and Miss Hawes, “ only. (What about poor Miss Fenn?) [*penciled in*]

Dr. Wilson and Miss Lane , “ only.

The David Dean wedding came off yesterday out at the Temple of Heaven and was very private. The Lieper-Harbinger wedding was a big affair but the Fuller-Straith was very small and Sam just went to Shanghai and no one knew what for. From what I hear, he was not certain of the outcome of the trip.

The building grows perceptible in interior finish every day. I visit it at least once a day and often twice to show that I am interested in getting the thing completed. Our men began on cleaning windows yesterday. The top floor is ready for the floors to be oiled. All the floors are scraped. Part of the walls are tinted on the second floor. Mrs. Gordon is worrying herself lest the place be so damp that we all die off in a hurry. I can not get excited for we suffered no harm when we went into this building under similar conditions and then we had to live here 24 hours of the day. Thank goodness Mr. Menzi has common sense and does not take Mrs. Gordon's worrying too seriously. Both she and Mrs. Smith are praying hard for us under the trying conditions, so we must come out all right. That is not sacrilege as it sounds perhaps. Only I can not pray unless I work too and just at present it seems as though the Lord needed my time for work, more than for several hours a day at prayer.

Both Mr. Menzi and I are used to a somewhat strenuous physical life. Hence we swear off about five and get tennis or a hike. We omitted to do so the first day and he had bad dreams to tell of the next morning and I had walked for a long time in the night. That does not pay for me, I know. Margaret Wilder is coming with her father and lands in Shanghai the 8th. It will be quick work to get the wedding off before school opens, but we plan to do so. Probably it will be in Tientsin at the Stanley's and we will have to welcome the pupils without the first Principal. If there is delay, we plan for the Martins to give the wedding on the Friday after school opens. The children would love the latter I know.

The teachers are coming on the 9th for staff meeting. That will give a chance to detail duties so we can manage if Mr. M has to be away.

Major Stillwell and family called yesterday. The boy aged 10 and a half is coming to school. He has a reputation of being one of the most spoiled boys ever known but one of good stuff. His father had taught him at home as he was afraid of sending him through the streets of the city to school. I have heard nothing more from Commander Warner so fear that some of the Peking people got hold of him and he is lost to us.

Books are coming in well. Six big packages came yesterday. Most of the music is in. No supplies are yet here. I hope for some pencils so I shall not have to buy here. I am getting all paper from Henry Fenn. He will make up anything we want, pads, notebooks, etc.

I sent my home letters all to Willard. I was so glad to hear that Stephen had recovered from the Diphtheria and was on the high road to recovery. I only wish the same might be true of Anna. I do hope that Flora gets there in time to see her. Why must it be that Oliver has this to bear! *[Oliver has already lost 2 other daughters.]*

It is nearly lunch time. Do I always end my letters with a call to eat? It seems to me that I am prone to do so. Phebe would end hers with a call to get something to eat for the family. I would like to try that for awhile. I hope to hear a favorable report of the health of the family. I do hope that the summer has brought more ups than downs for the winter seemed to bring otherwise. Uncle Dan and Aunt Ella are doing well to get along as they do. I do mean to write them. But I have been most neglectful of all correspondence for myself. I will find my friends all leaving me if I do not look out. I will try to hold the family by frequent letters. Even the school may suffer for them

I have found someone who can not keep up with me on the typewriter. Mr. Menzi is the one. He has not done any for a long time. "Chih Fan," says the boy.

With love

Mary.

From an article in The Bridgeport Telegram, Bridgeport, CT dated **September 14, 1922**: "Miss Flora Beard of Pekin, China is spending a vacation with her parents on Long Hill avenue. Miss Beard expects to spend some time in Shelton before taking up her duties as teacher of English in China."

[This typewritten letter, dated Sept. 25, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. All of the teachers have arrived. Mary heard from Flora before she was to cross the U.S. on her way back home from China. Mr. Menzi was just married. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

N.C.A.S., Sept. 25, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

Some folks made good resolves and break them. I seem to be of that class, for it is three weeks since I have written. Much has happened as you may surmise. I think that Mr. Menzi had arrived when I last wrote. We spent every day in the office and got a lot done in the way of letting him learn the routine. On the 9th all the teachers arrived and we conferred all the afternoon. The dormitory was not ready so we camped in the Wickes house to be. It was fun but trying since one of our objects in early arrival had been to get ourselves settled and ready to receive the children. We are not yet settled as the teachers closets are just getting their last coat of varnish today.

Sept. 27 We are having the strangest weather. This morning we were wakened by a hard thunder storm about 6.00 A.M. It has been showery all day and has thundered occasionally. I ordered the furnace started a week ago last Sunday in the new hall and have not dated to let it go out because it has been so cold and the house is still damp.

All of the teachers are now here. Miss Wilkinson arrived on Thursday of last week. She has been in bed so far this week with Ague, but in expectation to be out tomorrow. Mrs. Gordon has been in bed all the week. The cook is running the dining room alone and doing it well. He does not pass as cook this year but as "boss". (I guess that would be the translation.) Hsu Hai is back and apparently doing well. One complaint came in and I reported it at once to him. Nothing more has developed. He agreed not to run his private establishment.

I had a letter from Flora written before she had formed plans for crossing the continent. The strike seems to be over, so I hope the delay for that was not long. Phebe's letter told that you were still in doubt as to the date of F's arrival. We were in the throes of opening when P's letter arrived. We are still there because the carpenters are still with us.

Please remember me to Dr. Tracy when you see him. I like to think of the Huntington church under his care, since both he and the people seem happy together.

I was so sorry to hear of the death of Zina. *[Zina Chatfield Beard, cousin of Willard, Mary and Flora. Born May 23, 1863 to Theodore Edward Beard and Julia Ann Wheeler Beard.]* He will be missed so much by the girls at the mill. I wonder what May and the boys will do? Will they keep the house and take boarders as before, or will May go to be with one of the boys where his work is?

I have not written to Oliver. I can not seem to do so. I do wish you would tell him that I think of him often and send much love.

You have the bulletins ere this. The two teachers to be appointed are Miss Muir and Miss Wilkinson. Both seem efficient. Wonderful to tell everyone, although chosen so haphazard apparently, has fitted into just the thing we needed. We had everything cared for except Math, Geog, and History. Those are the preferred subjects of the

last two to arrive. Miss Burgess is one of the kind that I have to look out for lest she give up too much for the others. She is too self sacrificing, for her own good.

Last Friday Mrs. Ingram gave a big reception, for Miriam who leaves for America soon, for Isabel and her friend who have just come, and the Menzies and Dr. Ingram's brother. I went from the school. There were six of us to come back by auto. The College Club has its first meeting this Saturday and I plan for Martha to go if she will. It is a meeting to discuss finances and will decide whether we are to get the \$300 or not. Mrs. MacMillan is making things unpleasant a bit, so I am wondering what will be the outcome.

The Smiths are in their new house. They were moving the same time we were. I have not called yet. The Howard-Smiths leave their house this week but will be with the Martins for a week before going into Peking for sometime. The Wickes are slowly settling. Mrs. Gordon is in my old room. She keeps it till the new house gets dried out somewhat.

Our guest room was christened last night. Lottie Lane Hildreth, a college classmate of mine came for the night. Tonight Mrs. Lewis is there. She had written Mrs. Stelle to take her in, but Mrs. Stelle is off in the country on a trip with her husband.

I think I did not write about the welcome to the bride and groom. Mr. Menzi left here off the noon train Monday, the 11th. Margaret was due in Tientsin that night and the wedding was to be the next afternoon. They returned to Peking on the late train but stayed at the hotel, and came down third class with the children the next day. We had gotten a lot of colored paper and cut it in small bits for confetti and hired two rickshaws which the boys decorated with old shoes, strips of colored paper, flags, and flowers. Two of the boys acted as coolies and brought them in style to the house. Mr. Menzi had nothing with which to beautify the rooms so we teachers had loaned table covers, pillows, rugs etc. and fixed things up very homelike. The room Miss Bostwick had is their room. So far Dr. Wilder has occupied it over Sunday. They would like to have him continue to do so. It may be used by anyone for a gentleman if empty. They do enjoy their sky parlors and Margaret does not seem to mind the stairs thus far. It is interesting to see how little the children seem to take notice of the fact that the new Principal is a newly wed. Perhaps it is because they are not at all sentimental in public, but most business like.

I must close and let this get off to keep it from being four weeks between letters. Tomorrows lessons are still to be looked over. The book bills are here already so I am trying to get those on the first bills. Did I note that Miss Muir has had much experience in keeping books and we have given her a light schedule so she can keep them? She has a system much like that Mrs. Corbett uses so we hope to have the books up to date.

Margaret and John McCann were late for the opening as they stayed to see Robert who arrived the Saturday after school opened. They brought the books and papers entrusted to Robert. We were glad to get them.

Lots of love till next time. No more promises for I did not keep the last one.

Love to all

Mary.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 14, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folks. She gives an update on various people there. She has read that Foochow is having troubled times. They have been having furnace problems in the school. She expresses concern over her niece, Anna Beard's health. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Oct. 14, 1922.

Dear Home Folks,

This is my week end on duty and today I had to spend considerable time entertaining the parent of our little Polish girl. The mother speaks English very brokenly, but better than I suspected when she brought her voluble son to talk for her. She is most grateful for all that is being done for Raya. She brought the substantial proof in the shape of some "Easter bread" which she had made herself. They are not very well off but seem like good wholesome people.

This week we have had a sad case of a nervous break down. Isabel Hemingway has gone all to pieces. Her left side is especially affected. She is in bed most of the time, but gets up for a good sunning while the children are in school. Our infirmary is useful at once, you see. So far we have only one bedstead for it so the second sick person has to stay at home. Mrs. Sheffield and Mrs. Stelle have given \$500.00 for fitting up the infirmary and the plans are started but not near completion.

At last Miss Bailey has been able to get away for a night here. She got plans on foot yesterday for the old girls and for training the new ones as well. They all had supper outside by the moat, corn chowder. The scouts were away last week end so everyone has had some outing.

I went to Peking last week Friday evening for the first of our Holyoke meetings. I did enjoy them so much last year that I shall make an effort to go again this year. We were five, Mrs. Reed (where I stayed), Mrs. Frame, Mrs. Sweet, and Dr. Vincent, just out for the P.U.M.C. Mrs. Willner was out at the hills. Her husband is ill with a return of tubercular trouble which he had some years ago. I was in again on Monday for the Mothers Club. Jean Josselyn was entertaining and I stayed there too. It is just inside the city gate so most convenient for catching the early train, which leaves from the station just outside. Mrs. Dean of the Anderson Meyer Co. gave a good paper on the Junior Red Cross for which she worked when at home. She is also much interested in Camp fire and has been a guardian at home.

Jean is coming down every week for lessons for awhile. She is studying at the Language School and her class meets on Monday mornings so she can not get the pupils in. There are seven taking this year, so she has a busy afternoon. She says, "Yes I do this so as to see my friends in part, but it does not seem as though I should see them much."

Mr. Wolfe has looked in on us twice since school began and is expected this week. Meanwhile I have gone ahead and ordered the built in dressers in the two east rooms. We are short two since we must supply for one extra teacher and for Mrs. Menzi. The fixed furniture in the hall will give more space than an ordinary chest of drawers.

I expect the last girl in tomorrow, Edith Mae MacKnight. She had a sickness soon after her return from Scotland and has only just gotten the doctors consent to come.

I read from the papers that Foochow is having as troublous times as Peking is subject to. The newspaper accounts remind me of those here last year. Miss Wilkinson came with wide eyes the other [day] because the cabinet had resigned en mass. I only wish I had counted the times that has happened! There are reports that after the Chinese government take over the Post offices, we will have to pay 15 cents for foreign postage, four for domestic, and some considerable on package, papers, registered mail, etc. I wonder if they think that will pay!

The LuHe Academy dining room is done. Warner hall is now growing fast after the rest of the summer. It reminds me of the way our hall went up last spring. I think they are racing with time to see if they can get it covered before work must stop. The weather is better for work for the unprecedented rains seem to be over. We have not been able to let the fire go out at all since the first Sunday. Fortunately we can burn the coal powder so the bills will not be quite so big. The boys of course felt cold when we had a fire so started one of their furnaces. We had a fire in the school building till the furnace burnt out. "Big Li" is fixing it so took the part in to be cast. The boiler over at the school sprung a leak too. We had it soldered and it seems to be holding. The new cook stove is about six inches shorter than the old one. That is just enough so that there is not room for enough brick between the two fire boxes. After using the stove for three weeks it burnt out, so we had an iron plate put in. That has held for a week at least. I thought it was a noisy job to have the brick stove built over during the night. But there is more made in fitting a large piece of iron.

The carpenters put the partition between the dining room and the chapel in tight, so I made them pull it all out and make it removable. That partition and the raised platform for the speaker and the piano, make the new chapel most pleasant. The first Sunday, everyone was most unhappy and bemoaning the fact that we had no better place to meet. It is pleasant to have them change their minds as they are doing. I am interested to have them ask for the pictures on the walls. I put pictures in the guest room yesterday and the next is to get to the chapel.

Martha Fenn fell over a pair of stilts in coming for supper last Friday night and sprained her ankle. She is spending the week-end with the Hunters. She was out to church today on crutches. On Saturday the teachers sitting room was used enough to make up for all the days it has been unused. Martha held her classes there and we had the compound tea there. As per usual, most of the teachers were ready to help but not on hand to do so. Miss Carlisle shines in a case like that. She says nothing but when the time comes appears and asks what she may do. It is a continual surprise as she appears so superficial and frivolous. I doubt if she stays long as she craves excitement. She is off to Peking every week so are Miss Muir and Miss Young. Miss Wilkinson started this week. I hope she does not get that habit too. I think Miss Muir is planning to leave at Christmas time, from a chance remark dropped by Miss Carlisle. Of course it depends on the plans of her fiancé.

I am thinking seriously of taking up the camp-fire work, to insure my getting the proper amount of exercise. If it were a school duty, I should hold myself to it. As it is, I let servants, children, papers, all interfere.

Dr. Arthur Smith gave us our Founders Day speech and was very good. He was at his best but has been out but little since. They are enjoying their new house and are more settled than we. Mrs. Smith kept up her trips to the hospital so the settling progressed slowly.

The Howard-Smiths have made their farewell visit to Tungchow, as they leave for furlough this week Friday. She was down for lunch with me yesterday. He has gone to the P.U.M.C. for an "overhauling" before his departure. Mrs. Fenn and a college friend were also down for the afternoon. Luckily for us there were four people in bed, also I would have had to accept the offer to send out some pupils when our dining room got overcrowded.

I will make sketches of the arrangement in the dining room. That is full to its capacity now; no room for growth there. Everywhere else there is plenty of space. We could put up 8 more girls easily, but not more than one or two boys. If we take the Howard-Smith house that will fix that.

I have had two big packages of papers lately, one from you and one from Willard. Also one from Miss Brewster, not so large. I was interested in the new Shelton Post Office. I see that the block dances are still in vogue. Does Dr. Phillips go to Hartford again this year? Please give Mrs. Philips and Dr. Philips my best regards. I recall with pleasure the fine ride into New Haven the day I went up for commencement.

The latest engagement came out last week and Carrington Goodrich and Ann Swan. They became engaged at PeiTai Ho but thought Cupid was being too lightly treated up there so kept it till the storm blew over and surprised everyone, even those who had been fellow guests at Alices houseparty, the week before.

Please send \$1.28 to the American Book Company, New York, and ask them to send me "The Trend in American Education" by James Earl Russell. It is just off the press and according to the notices contains some most readable matter for a teacher. I invested nothing in such literature last year because I had gotten so much the previous year, but must keep up this year. Please state that I am a teacher in the North China American School as the price is for teachers only.

Miss Lathrop's exhibit of work of the foreign born sounds interesting. She is still a keen minded woman, sure enough. If you see or have occasion to telephone her, please give her my love. I have neglected all my friends, not that I love them less, but that this new building requires a guardian most of the time and I am it.

I await your letters with joy and fear both. Each tells of Anna as failing. The last where they would not allow you to see her, is the most ominous. Poor Oliver! Why must he have all this to bear. Is it as Will writes that the Lord knows he can bear it! and still keep smiling!

It is so warm today that I am writing before an open window. Not many days have been that comfortable. The heat is down too, altho it was on for an hour this morning. I am beginning to think that our servants eat Standard Oil tins, they can use them up so fast.

This week-end Mr. Menzi has taken off and loafed. It is the first time he has done that since his arrival. It does me good to have him do so, for he was getting very tired. A few days with Margaret will set him up for the week. I must be off to meet the train lest I allow the new girl and her mother to arrive ungreeted. All the girls are to be on the wall to wave.

With lots of love and an uncorrected letter. I'll send your last on to Will, both Phebes and Mothers.

Mary.

[Handwritten on the back of the letter:]

I enclose a few nets too dark for me for you.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **Oct. 22, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the ones at home. Postage is increasing 50%. The school faculty is enjoying the use of typewriters this year. Swatow has had a flood. The school building is still being worked on. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

N.C.A.S., Oct. 22, 1922.

Dear Ones at Home,

I have been reading again some of the Sentinels recently arrived. This last mail brought a nice letter from Leolyn telling about Flora's stay there. Mrs. Corbett has had three applications also, as a result of her stay. The possible matron sounds good to me. We do not yet know all of the teachers who may stay, but it seems doubtful if any of the short term ones do.

I ought to send all my years letters off these next two weeks, for the increased rates of postage go into effect on the 1st of November. I am off to Peking tomorrow to buy a few Christmas gifts and try to get them off by the lower rate. An increase of 50 % will make a big difference. We got the poster with the full announcement this week.

Everyone is full excited, for Brewer Eddy is scheduled to visit Tungchow this Wednesday. He lunches at the American School, and is here till 2.15. In the evening there is a compound supper at Miss Huggin's house. In

between he has to see the hospital, the girls school, the Academy and take a trip into the city to see the city church. I imagine that the goats and the pigs and chickens also get looked at.

Isabel Hemingway is a trifle better, but is awaiting the arrival of her father to escort her home. She is in the farthest room of the infirmary where she gets the least possible noise and it seems to help a bit. She seemed fairly quiet this evening.

Cleora Wannamaker has been down for the week end. She came by the noon train Saturday as she had to leave tonight. We had a fine visit and a good rest. She read a whole book and yet got in a nap today. I finished my book but did not get the nap. It was one of Tungchow's popular week ends. Mrs. Young was at the Martins, Mrs. Scott at the Stelles, Henry Fenn and Mr. Robinson at the Hunters, and Miss Leuders and Miss Craig at Alice's. Cleora and I called at Alice's several times. Miss Leuders brought down a two pound box of chocolates. They were good!

I just found out today that the carpenters took all the wire netting ordered for both our house and the Smith house and put it all in our buildings. They, poor things are entirely without any kind of screens till they get some out from America again. Our carpenters were desperate apparently. At last Warner Hall is growing rapidly. It is almost as mushroom like as our building was last spring. I went all over it and the Lu He dining hall with Harry Martin yesterday afternoon. The dining hall is fine with lots of room for growth. They have about 260- now and can feed over twice that number.

Leonard had gone to the Ming tombs and Great wall, with Dr. Young and Dr. Wilder. Margaret and Mrs. Young were to have gone too but Margaret has a bad cold and is running a slight fever so since she could not go, Mrs. Young came down here.

We had a bit of excitement on Friday night, when the engine ran off the track. It was switching and someone had neglected to turn one of the switches. The whole engine was off. Luckily it was on the empty track so no one was hurt or even jared. The passengers sat and watched it happen beside them. Mrs. Young stayed the night but the load of Chinese stayed patiently on the train till it pulled out about ten that evening.

Just had a letter from Mrs. Josselyn tonight that she will be detained at home for a week at least since the baby has the measles. She has been down twice only.

Typewriters are all the style with the faculty this year. Miss Burgess runs an Oliver and Miss Wilkinson a Corona. We make quite a bit of noise when we all play at once. Mr. Menzi thinks my machine a better one than the school one. I think it has been used more carefully and by fewer people. My examinations are the hardest task it does.

I read in the paper that Foochow has been taken. Also that no damage was done to the foreigners. The extra marines were not needed for active service. I await with eagerness some word from Willard. First hand information is so different from newspaper tales.

Lottie Hildreth told me somewhat of the Swatow floods. It seemed that the reports had been almost mild in stead of exaggerated. Her pictures were also those of absolute devastation. Her own house was injured but among the best ones left. A new sleeping porch hardly more than christened, was blown off, as was part of the roof. The Chinese city was leveled.

I never knew the "smelly sisters" to be so thick as they are now. They get into this house even though every window is screened full length. They seem to be able to eliminate the third dimention entirely.

Tuesday. Yesterday I spent the morning in town and the afternoon here doing up packages. I got the beads, or some. The blue ones were not in stock made up as I wanted. He will have some next week for me. Those I got are green with jade rings. Here are the prices for the last lot sent also for the new ones. A letter must have been lost for I am sure I sent the prices.

Miss Brewster's tray cloth -----	\$7.00
Blue pressed bead chain-----	4.00
Brown bead chain-----	3.50
Linen square (small)-----	1.00
“ “ -----	2.00
“ “ (fancy)-----	4.50

Articles sent now:

2 green chains @ 4.50 each-----	9.00
turquoise matrix-----	8.00
white carved beads-----	2.50

2 white jade pendants @ 1.50 each---3.00

green pendant, carved----- 1.50
pink pendant----- 1.25
2 carved peach stones @ 10 cents---- .20

If you girls want the blue pressed chain, please keep it. I am having to give from 50% to 100% more for all the beads. For the blue pressed ones it is about 80% more.

I have no clear idea as to how I stand on money at home. I hope it is enough to pay my Nov. life insurance.

Pardon the change of paper. My blue is locked in my desk and the key is at the school house.

Dr. Watson is here to have William examined by the specialists of the P.U.M.C. He feared a mastoid operation but the doctor says not. But there is to be a removal of tonsils soon. Dr. wants to leave the boy here, and has telegraphed to his wife for permission to do so. I am wondering if there has been a desire on the fathers part for the boy to come all along! William is eager to stay. He knows several of the boys already so will have a nucleus of friends.

Dr. Watson will probably take Isabel Hemingway home instead of having her father come out on purpose. He says he will undertake the job, but is not eager for it. It will be a task for she has such poor control. The excitement of the journey is liable to make her worse while the excitement lasts. She eats and sleeps well and yesterday seemed decidedly quieter. Not so today.

The little Scotch maid, May MacKnight is finding her own. She is naturally quiet and coming in late was a bit hard. She is still on a diet without meat but gets enough to eat all right. I have written her mother one reassuring letter.

My latest duties are to be having sleeping bags made for the boys. I have been asked for two and several others have spoken of them. I think next year there will have to be a note on the prospectus for the parents to provide for them. The "Whirlwind" is busy so it is not easy to get her. I have her making bloomers. Some of the old girls deliberately came back without bloomers, "because it was so easy to get them made here. Miss Bostwick always did it". I let them do the job themselves. All I would do was to send for the "Whirlwind" for them. They talk so much better than I that it is the easiest way.

We had the plumbing in the school building thoroughly renovated and the bill of \$50.00 has just come in. Luckily we had the old tank soldered instead of purchasing a new one. The Peking tinker assured us the grate broke. It was just in place when the grates in the domestic science stove dropped out. Also the pipes in the heating system next the furnace leaked badly. I think now we are ready to go ahead. I am taking a look occasionally to see if the ashes are kept cleaned out so as not to overheat the grates.

I got a line on oil shortly. The patent lock has lost the nut on the underside and all that was necessary to get oil, all one wished, was to lift up padlock, catch and all, and the oil flowed fluently. A wire holds it fairly well and the boy knows it is there and that I try it every day to see if it is holding. The same amount lasted us three days longer after I made that discovery.

Enough duty notes. We have the nicest afternoon teas in our new teacher's sitting room. It is cozy and we do not have to hurry off to let the tables be set. "Four Chickens" waits on us and feels most important. Now he wears a white gown and looks the part. We are using my tea set instead of having the school ones brought up. I have hung some of my extra pictures on the walls too to relieve the barrenness. Chairs are what we are most lacking in. That lack is everywhere. Miss Fenn is going to furnish the students room for them, so that is quite bare as yet. Did I write that she is paying her own salary this year? Mrs. Corbett pays her board only. She had planned to do so when she joins the mission and so gives us the benefit of the help too.

Miss Young goes to Tientsin Thursday to meet her Mother. She comes out for a year. Mrs. Fisker has a second boy, so Genevieve has to go to meet the mother.

Lots of love to everyone.

Mary.

*[This letter dated **October 22, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Marjorie. Chinese Independence Day was uneventful but the girls put on a political play. There has been kidnapping of many of the missionary's Chinese workers for use as soldiers. During the night of Oct. 12, there was much fighting and firing by their East Gate. Southerners are now in control of Foochow led by Sak Ding Bing. They have had some anxiety and loss of sleep because of the fighting although they feel safe. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]*

Today Monday I got a letter from Father to him from Ralph. We got a few good suggestions and are glad to know you are well.

Foochow, China
Oct. 22, 1922

Dear Marjorie,

In Dot's letter two weeks ago, I acknowledged your good one written on birch bark. It makes very pretty paper. Father and I were glad to get news of you for we have had almost no letters from the family all summer. Even the Farm people have forgotten us, for three U.S. mails have come with no letters for us from anyone in the States.

Yes, I found the little Chinese combs with a lot of other odds and ends in the box I sent the jade in to Jerry. Did you and Fulton finally take the drive to Pearl's that you planned? All this summer I thought of blueberries and blackberries. The cluie-bo-bo have been very scarce. We had them only once, and they were poor. When is Mother going to send the blackberry seeds for me to plant? I am going to try some slips from Nanking next spring. Already I have lettuce transplanted, and several kinds of flowers started. Thru losing our washerman we have had to press into house service my gardener who was my washerman last summer, so the garden is going to ruin until we can find another boy. Gan-Gan is too slow to keep here regularly as houseboy.

In Dot's letter I told you of the soldiers from the S.S. Regals who were not allowed to stay. The Bank of Fukien was able to pay enough on its notes to keep peace so we have heard nothing more from soldiers.

On the 15th of Oct. came the Chinese Independence Day. Because of the upheaval in the city nothing happened- no parades, no public meetings; but our girls made excitement here all right. We had vacation and they spent the time preparing for a play at night. It was introduced as a dream that one girl representing a student had. She had read of all the oppression and danger of the people in 1909 and hoping students could do something she fell asleep. Then came a students Conspiracy, the student revolutionary army, and a battle. For that, the girls had covered their umbrellas with brown paper, and put little silver paper bayonets on- excellent likenesses of guns and the battle was so sharp and realistic that it was quite startling. Then came the Red Cross nurses, and all was very true to life. They closed by singing "Long live China, Long Live the Republic" to a lively Chinese tune. Early in the morning they had sung the same thing in procession to firecrackers before we ladies got up.

Father has probably written you how the city people had to give personal cards to their cooks to go on the street with to prevent their being kidnapped for soldiers and army cooks. One gardener was caught, but came back. We kept our men close. Mr. Christian, chaperoned his cook and Miss Atwood's when he went shopping, so they wouldn't be taken. For a few days about Oct. 11, there were practically no rickshas on the streets and the men that were there were old or weak.

During the night of Oct. 12 there was firing and fighting at the East Gate from 1-7 A.M. Our girls were fairly quiet till, about 8:20 some men being chased to be taken as soldiers or army assistants ran into our gate for safety. That started the fright and we had some crying girls. My teacher didn't come, so I had nothing to do till Father came out about 12 to tell us of the battle. Francis Brewster (he is here in the new American Oriental Bank just opened by Mr. Raven of Shanghai, Elsie Sites husband) also came from South Side, and told us that Gov. Li had fled from the city about 7 and gone to all the consulates for help and protection. As he crossed the bridge on foot, his escort fired to clear the bridge for him and surprised our U.S. sailors going to breakfast. They were about to fire back but were prevented as the shots were general, not for them, fortunately. Then, the story goes, Li and his brother each grabbed two of our sailors by the arms and tried to take them as body guards. Li, as we finally heard later took refuge in the Japanese Bank, whence he was taken to Admiral Sak's prison ship at Pagoda Anchorage. Since then (about Friday Oct. 13) he has not disturbed the city. We thought he showed himself a very brave soldier. Li fled because his soldiers lost, and the Southerners had possession of the city from then on. Father told these things to the girls in their dining room and made them quite calm and happy.

The next day, Friday the 13th, while Father was telling me how the yamen had been left open for the people to take what they wished, because the Southern soldiers thought there might be bombs there, in walked Mr. Peet so trembling, and hot that he did everything I told him to though he said he'd do none of them. He sat down and took tea, and tried to control both breaths and trembling enough to tell us that troops were expected that night, since Li's men up river, not knowing of the battle here, had been defeated and were on the run to Foochow.

We had scarcely got his message clearly in mind when in walked Mr. McConnell, Consul Price and the Captain of the gunboat with four officers. They were indirectly trying to scare us into "sensible" precaution. They tried to persuade us to go with our 150 girls to South Side as soldiers could not be sent here. Eunice Thomas was ill, so I came up and consulted with her. We decided to stay as we could see no possible danger here, between the two places where soldiers were- South Side and the city. Well, Mr. Goertz better come and stay with us then, the soldiers said. We were to hang our flags and send messages if anything happened. Yet they all said we were safe!

At 10:30 we heard a great commotion on the horse road in front of the house which lasted for half an hour. There were lanterns and yelling and we thought it was a fire or looting! But we were rather apprehensive. At about 11:30 Mr. Parker the new Y.M.C.A. boys work secy' came in to stay all night. We were very glad and relieved to see him.

But while I made his bed and prepared his room, he went all over the compound with Helen Carter and Mary Pike, up into the roofs of both buildings and roused some of the students. When he finally went to bed, we changed his room in order that he might have a front one commanding the scene of the trouble. We thought a watch was unnecessary and told him so, then he sat up all night!

In the A.M. Helen found him in the tower pistol loaded in hand, a sheet over the parapets, two or three towels on poles which he had been using to signal the consulate. It was too funny for words, because we really felt no anxiety, and he was making it a matter of life and death. All of us nearly injured ourselves laughing at his antics, though we appreciated the care for our safety.

At 10 that day Mr. Kelley of Mr. Newell's school came to relieve him. We don't like him and didn't feel the need for a day-time guard; but the Nantai people were all so worried about our willful disobedience of orders that we put up with it. He had our gates all blockaded, and went to investigate a group of 55 soldiers who had moved into the temple near Gek-Siong pang. He thought things were serious. But Mr. St. Clair had gone to see the consul and had told the folks there how we felt so Mr. Kelley was withdrawn that night and we could sleep in peace- from conducting our protectors about the place. On Sat. A.M. there was a battle that lasted until about 2 P.M. at West gate.

Sunday, the next day our girls all went to Gin Cio Dong across the street.

On Monday things were so quiet that Helen Carter started temporary work at Hai Gie at the university. She is filling in for two profs. delayed on their way from home. Father came out and took Mary and me in to see the hospital with 160 patients, three with legs off and one unconscious.

Tuesday afternoon three of us went to the consulate to meet Admiral Anderson the head of the Pacific Fleet. He is a kindly elderly man, but we saw little of the soldiers. To me it was a treat to see the people I haven't seen since I came from Kuliang. That was my first time on Nantai since Kuliang, and only about the first time in two weeks out of the compound. We found that Vernon Parker was feeling very badly about having intruded so on our privacy in trying to protect us, and we tried to make it right with all South Side.

I never was in a place where the ideas and feelings of one half the community were so little considered and believed as here. The South Side people think we in the city are about to be killed and they are nearly dying of fear for us. We know we are as safe here as anywhere and don't want them to trouble about us.)

Though we have had all sorts of rumors about Wu Be Fu's coming with a big army, and about looting, all has been quiet, except for a big fire over near the river one night. It burned over 200 houses and got us all up until we knew it was not near enough to hurt us. One of our school girls has recently died, and Ding Bing Ngieng, Miss Hartwell's manager died of cancer of the stomach last Thurs. Four girls have been sick, and gone to the hospital, and yesterday, due to more rumors, 28 of our girls left school. Our first exodus. Some are going to Anam, some to Amoy and Shanghai. People are still moving away, but most the stores are open and doing business.

Helen Carter and Mary Pike were in the city last night to help nurse the soldiers. I expected to go tonight, but they don't need me. In half an hour last night almost 40 girls made from cloth by the yard 202 bandages for the hospital. We folded it in 5 yd. lengths, then the lengths in 11 breadths for the widths of the bandages, and giving alternate ends to two girls we tore them down, 11 at one pull. Then the rolling took very little time.

At present Sak Ding Bing (or as it is in your papers Admiral Sak) is the controller of the city. Wong is the military head and Hu Ciong de, and a man named Li are under him. Sak is a fine old man, unselfish, not looking for money, and respected by the people, also a Foochow man. The others are outsiders, of very questionable character, young, not inclined to be friendly among themselves or to work for the good of the people. Foochow may have hard days ahead, but as my teacher says, since the Southerners are here, it is nio buak. Li is more or less independent with a picked-up army. Wong and Li are supposedly answerable to Canton, though the whole thing is very loose.

We have been wondering what the papers at home have been giving you - (Since Mother knows how brave and aggressive Chinese soldiers are) we have believed that you would not be worried. Absolutely nothing of an alarming nature has come anywhere within a mile of us yet. Father has repeatedly gone to the battlefields to get the wounded, and I have been on the streets alone several times in perfect safety.

The Consul has sent us directions as to our action if anything happens in the future. We are gently advised to go to Tai Main, but as they have no underground dining room as we have in case of firing, we feel justified in and safe in staying here. Food and bedding being a necessity we would have to take, we feel that we are right in not going to that bother. Since the bridge is a point around which fighting may occur, we don't feel like exposing our

girls to fire by marching over the bridge. We don't feel that the time will come soon when we have to make a choice of staying or going and hope not at all.

Meanwhile I have been doing my language study and teaching. I have given a Christian endeavor talk in Chinese, and I have made my first prayer in Chinese- in chapel! It was quite a wreck but I managed just a short one.

We expect Miss Perkins about Nov. 15 and we shall all be glad to have her here.

I am enclosing a note from Mrs. Sherret-Rogers. She was very friendly to us this summer, and loaned me a number of English women's papers, call the "Queen" that corresponds to our "Ladies Home Journal". I got fed up on the doings and pictures of royalty, and learned a good deal about Scotland. She has spoken of sending more, but I don't quite expect them.

A while ago I read "Ramma". Have you read it? It is a very pretty story tho sad; and the picture it gives of the treatment of the Indians by the U.S. Government is very grilling. I think just at your age it would be most thrilling, but it seemed a bit over done to me. Now I am reading "The Virginians" by Thackeray, and the Emergency in China by Pott.

We are thinking that you were getting home and settled in Sept. so we are hoping for letters soon. Do tell us where you are living, what you are studying, where Jerry is, and how all the Conn. folks are. I have just got 3 new pairs of rubbers from Jean Neete, and a book on Etiquette from Aunt Emma- both things that I ordered. We trust that you are all well and happy and getting on well in your work! There has been almost no entertaining in Foochow this fall. We went to dinner today at the Goertz's, the first thing I have been to since Kuliang except the tea at the consulate all due to the trouble here.

Write soon. Very much love to you and to all the others. Please send this to all the members of the family and to Putnam and Shelton without the first and last pages. Also Aunt Etta. Love Phebe.

Missionary Preparation Committee's
Language Examination Slip.

Name... Phebe K. Beard

Date... Jan. 21, 1922

Subject	Hour	Examiner	Grade
Eng. Quik. ing I	9am.	Mr. Christian	A+
" " II	"	Mr. Agos	A+
Classical Reading	"	Mr. Dong	B
" " II	"	"	A+
2. 6 Proverbs	"	Mr. Agos	A+
Gen Comm. and history	"	Mr. Christian	A+
Comments			

N. B. Student will kindly bring
this slip to examiner.

Missionary Preparation Committee's
Language Examination Slip.

Name... Phebe Beard

Date... April 2, 1923

Subject	Hour	Examiner	Grade
Script. S. S. names	7	Mr. Hubbard	
Eng. Quik. ing II	3-30	Dr. Beard	A
Hebrews	4	Mr. Perkins	A
Psalm	4		A+
Apoc. and Gen	4-30	Mr. Christian	A++
Comments			

N. B. Student will kindly bring
this slip to examiner.

An example of two of Phebe's Language Examination Slips.
[From Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Oct. 29, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Ellen. Because of recent events, they are treating soldiers in the hospital. School has been running again but attendance is low because of families moving away. Willard refers to recent news from his daughters. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

Oct. 29, 1922

Dearest Ellen;-

It is 6 p.m. and I have just come in from Ma Ang two miles outside North Gate- where we have a nice church. I'm tired for I've been going since 6:20 a.m. But I must start this to make sure it will get off in the next boat. I know all of you at home must think often of us here these days. It will be very interesting to get the home papers a month hence and read just what happened to us. I suppose we shall really not know until some one in America or England tells us for most of us have gone on with our work as usual- only we have added a lot of extra work by taking a share in the care of 550 wounded soldiers in the hospital. 160 of them have been in patients who require much care in many ways. There are still some 50 here. Until a few days ago we had a force of doctors and nurses in the day time of ten and at night of six. The South Side people- missionaries of both missions and some of the business men have been very good to come in and take much of the night work.

Monday- Our job now is to get the money to pay the bills we have contracted for the soldiers. Last week one official Hu Ciong De sent in \$500 in paper money issued by the Japanese Bank of Foochow. This brought us \$471+. Another Li Hok Ling sent in \$400. in dimes. This was worth about \$365. in Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank checks. Another official Uong Dai Ui sent in \$30 in dimes, one soldier gave us \$9.00 in dimes, and another \$10.00 in dimes so we have about \$875.00 toward an estimate expenditure of \$1500. I plan to go to see Uong Dai Ui tomorrow to try for \$500. We have thus far lost only 18 of the 160 that have been very seriously wounded. Until within the past few days Dr. Gebhardt has not had time to do any but the most pressing amputations. It took all his time to care for the cases as they came in and to look after the most pressing needs. During the past few days he has been searching for bullets in various parts of several men's anatomys. He finds lead pointed bullets and bullets encased in brass sheaths. One of these he found in a man's knee joint. It had struck the knee pan and split and part went down and part went sideways,- shattering the bones badly. These are very bad bullets and are inhuman. But so is most everything connected with this war. It is said that the Polio Commissioner under Gen'l Li promised his men on Saturday Oct. 14 that if they could defeat the Southerners and get into Foochow City, he would allow them the freedom of the city for three days. I.E. They can loot, burn and kill and rape as they chose. I must say that thus far the southerners have been quite decent. There has been very little looting- except of the official residences and offices of the officers who ran away. Mr. Nga told me this morning that his father went back to Lo-Nguong after the battles (he was in Smith Hall the Thursday of the first battle, and Mr. Nga's mother and his wife and little boy were also there). When the Southerners arrived they arrested the LoNguong magistrate and his three secretaries of whom Mr. Nga's father was one. They told him that they knew he had been upright and fair in all of his work as a secretary, and they would let him go free. They kept the magistrate and the other two secretaries, so occasionally honesty is rewarded even in China.

School has been running as usual for over a week now- perhaps 40 boys have left- their families have moved to Hupeh province,- to Amoy, to Che Kiong and other places. Two of our boys, students in the 5th year are captains in the Southern army. They know nothing about a captain's duties but they know a little about books. Business is slowly coming to normalcy.

Will you please buy me a diary- you know what kind I use - a vest pocket diary-leather cover-one that will last a whole year. I meant to write for it a month ago, so as to have it for Jan.1st

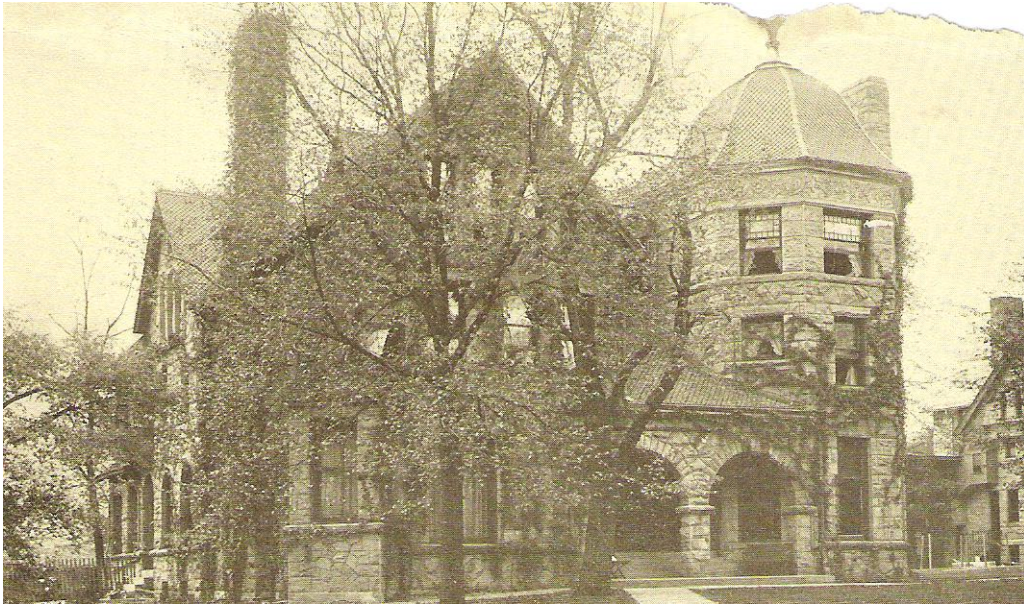
The last mail brought Kathleen's most interesting letter. This is the first that we knew anything about where you had moved to. Dorothy's sprightly account of the 500 mile hike which was really only a 50 mile hike came also in the last mail and a good letter from Gould telling of his interesting summer. Ozora Davis had a very lovely letter in this mail that Phebe has already read two or three times. It is full of a simple faith in Jesus that grips one- and is most refreshing in this age when people are given so much to materialism and questioning the reality of the comfort and aid of Christ's presence. Ozora has tested Christ's power to help in several ways. He has been ill with a serious disease and only by strict dieting is he living today. He has been surrounded by selfish, egotistical men who did not help him in his endeavor to build up a strong Theol. Seminary- and he has felt very keenly the lack of a simple faith in Jesus on the part of many of his collaborators. He has also had a hard financial struggle to get money for the Seminary.

We have just had a brief visit from a Dr. Mrs. Richards- representing the Am. Board. They left the States in 1919. He was the medical head of the Near East Relief Expedition that went to Turkey. They were in Turkey

until last June- sailing from Smyrna just before that city was taken from the Greeks by the Turks and burned. They went to Ing Hok last and got back Sat. and went to Anchorage today to take the steamer tomorrow for Shanghai.

Phebe and I want to know more about you and about Geraldine. Dot seems to feel very pleasantly located in Baldwin. When I was a student in Oberlin I looked on Baldwin as sort of a Delmonico- the classy women's boarding place of all Oberlin. Board was \$3.00 per week- the very top motel.- It was where Madam Johnson lived,- and I boarded at Stewart Hall that stood at the "end of the lane" and where board was \$2.00 per week. I'm glad Dot is there in Baldwin.

With love to all Will



Baldwin dormitory at Oberlin College

[This letter dated Nov. 5, 1922 was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to Kathleen. She talks about how Kathleen and Marjorie are both in high school. She fills them in on various people and visitors and of her latest purchases. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Wen Shan Girls School
Foochow, China

Nov. 5, 1922

Dearest Kathleen,

I suppose now, since you are in the Freshman Class in High School, and write such nice dignified letters as the one we received about three weeks ago, I don't dare to call you by such a childish epithet as Krack. I can picture you and Marjorie as you start off each morning to school together, and come home at noon together, too. You must both be glad that you have each other's company, for one of you spoke of it. I remember before I left, that you always had to go alone.

You didn't tell us anything about your Grammar School Graduation last June. Don't they have any? I hope you did. Don't you like Algebra? When you get the idea of how to do the examples they all just roll off as easy as falling off a log. I used to do them in the study period that came right after Algebra class and I usually got them done then, with no trouble. I like Latin, too, and English with stories and comps I loved. I hope you will like your science, for that is such an important part of the learning of the present day. Write and tell me what you are doing and how you like H.S. methods etc.

By the time you get this you will probably have been invited to the football banquet! Who took you and did you have a good time? Or don't Freshmen go?

Marjorie is a Junior! Before long I'll have to be sending her a graduation present. What college is she thinking of?

These last two weeks have been so quiet and commonplace after the highness of our association with naval officers etc. that it hardly seems worth writing to a Freshman about. But on Oct. 25 we got a letter from "The Secretary of the Army" telling us we were within the boundary of the battle area, and must move at once unless we wished to be involved in fighting. As there was no official seal, and as it came from South Side we thought it false. But as a safeguard Eunice took it to the Consulate to be looked up. Since we have heard nothing from it we have decided it was a fake.

Some friends of the Smiths came to see Foochow, Dr. and Mrs. Richards of Fall River. They came here to tea, went to Ingtau the next day Wed. and were back here by Sat. 4 P.M. How's that for speedy travel?

Mrs. Bedient's baby has come, a dear little boy. Philip Edward. I went over to see them one day in the M.E. hospital, and as I came home I had to pass under a bar in a gate at the far end of the big bridge. It was held up for me to pass. That is a safeguard to the people from thieves and fire bugs. We have the gates all thru on streets.

Last Friday night I went into the hospital to be night nurse, but as none was needed I came back next A.M. with a full night's sleep at St. Clair's to my credit.

Katherine Ling's baby was born 8 days ago. She was due last of last China New Year's brides from our school and faculty. Yesterday the baby died of acute indigestion, and the parents feel very lonely.

One of Mr. Smith's boys is to be married during annual meeting and has asked me to be bridesmaid. This is the first time here as bridesmaid, and this is to be a big church wedding. At that time too, the school girls are to sing two pieces at the concert, and I have to lead them, I suppose. It terrifies me to have to stand up before a church full of people and beat time. I hope there will be a piano, and I can play myself.

Mr. McLachlin has sent for Mr. Leake's violin which I used this summer for Helen to take lessons on. As I have not been able yet to send my own to Shanghai to be fixed I have none to play. Edith Goertz is taking lessons of me, so far she has come twice. She started as a very promising pupil, tho she seems not to have much stick-to-it-iveness.

Mrs. Williams asked me some time ago to buy her some Jasmine tea. Last Thurs. I went with Father to a big tea shop on South Street and ordered the tea, 180 lbs. for \$159.24. They gave me four bags to address for the outside wrapping and in all we had 20 tin boxes containing 9 lbs. each. It took us over an hour the next day to get them off- stamped, thru customs and ready to go.

Yesterday I bought \$26 worth of silver chains with catseyes, spoons, cuff links, etc. for her to sell. I love to buy when I am not using my own money! You see the things and get them, but don't have either the expense nor the trouble of care of the things.

Helen Carter has been teaching at the university for three weeks to substitute for two English professors who had to turn back to Vancouver for some boat trouble. They are expected on the next boat, so she will be released by next week they think. I fear life will be rather slow for her after so much traveling, so much reading of interesting papers, and doing bigger things.

Our new dormitory is nearly done. It was set back two weeks by a mistake in the placing of the partitions which all had to be moved. Upstairs they had all been muddled so that had all to be done over again.

To be ready for Miss Perkins arrival, I am moving into my new room over the kitchen and over looking the back yard, in the shade of the camphor tree tomorrow. I sleep there tonight for the first time, but my things all go in tomorrow. A wardrobe and table from Father's furniture are going to complete the set of bed bureau etc. for my room till I find out whether we finally go into the other house to live or not.

Thanksgiving will be over when you get this. I wonder if you will go to Baldwin this year! Don't miss an opportunity if you get one! Greetings to all!

As postage is up to 15 cents a letter since Nov. 1 I am going to add a note to Dot. Lots of love to all, and loving graduation congratulations to you my littlest sister.

Phebe

Nov. 5, 1922

DIED

BEARD—In this city Nov. 5, 1922, Anna Gilbert daughter of Oliver G. and Grace Beard, in the 27th year of her age.

Funeral private from her late home, No. 135 Beechwood avenue, on Wednesday Nov. 8th at 1 o'clock.

Interment at Long Hill cemetery Shelton, Conn.

Anna Gilbert Beard.

The funeral of Anna Gilbert Beard will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of her parents, 135 Beechwood avenue. She was the daughter of Oliver G. and Grace Beard, and she died Sunday, at the home of her parents. Burial will be in Long Hill cemetery, Shelton.

From The Bridgeport Telegram November 6 and 7, 1922

[According to her death certificate, Anna died of Chronic Pulmonary Tuberculosis with a duration of three years. Anna's sisters, Olive and Grace, died in 1915 and 1919 both at the age of 17.]



Left to right: Grace, Anna and Olive Beard, daughters of Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. and Grace Gilbert Beard
Probably taken between 1907-1911. Sadly, all three were dead by 1922.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated Nov. 9, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the folks at home. Mary is making sleeping bags for the boys. She enjoys purchasing Chinese items and sending them back to the U.S. Mary likes the new school building. The Peking American School is putting up a new building also. She hopes that Mrs. Schell can get the Tungchou school money for water and electricity. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]

Nov. 9, 1922.

Dear Folks at Home,

I have a new job! My latest is ordering goods for the making of sleeping bags for the boys. Mrs. Stelle has the women working in her house and just now while she is away her Amah is superintending there. Some are made of new material and sometimes of comforters that the boys have. I am having two outing flannel bags made to fit each. Those tie in and can be removed for washing. Before this cold snap, the boys said they were too hot if they used any bedding over the bag yet the bag is the thickness of a fairly thin comforter. (only three pounds of cotton to a bag).

Two days ago the thermometer took a sudden drop and yesterday at three P.M. it was only 32 on our front porch. I had sent for the man to fix the storm windows and he had not appeared. A new rather peremptory summons brought him inside of two hours. Before night the school house was enclosed in its winter windows and doors. Your room, Flora is a regular barn. I am going to try an extra window on one of the west windows and see if it makes it usable. I gasp at the coal bills we will have, but no one else does, so I forget it.

This letter progresses slowly. Here are a few of the interruptions.

I. "Miss Beard, have you a hot water bottle. Dorothy Dodd has a pain in her back." I get the bottle.

II. "Pardon the interruption, but the girl who is supposed to take a bath at 8.10 has not appeared and soon it will be too late for the next girl to get hers." I go call the girl as it is one of those on my floor.

III. I think of the comfort which is for sale and which Miss Burgess has said she would like. It is cold and I fear she needs it, so go and take it to her. She is grateful, so I am repaid.

IV. I was cold myself last night, so get out one of my extra pieces of bedding.

V. "Miss Beard, have you a book review?" I do not have one up my sleeve, but hunt up one in a magazine. Before it is done, a second girl comes with the same request. It was a time saver as I had the things out.

VI. A great noise on the next floor down (Marjorie and Margaret live there) which no one seems to quell, so I go down. A word sends the girls scuttling to their rooms.

Today Mrs. Dildine and Mary were down for the afternoon. This cold weather made them think of the trunk of bedding that had been left here. They also took the rugs and the couch. One of the rugs was on the reception room floor as it was the only unmarked thing I found. Last week I found Glen's rug like it so had known it must be theirs. We had a fine visit. They have been moved to Peking and Glen is attending the Peking school. Mary is not able to go anywhere and has only just gotten so she can study at all. She looks and acts better than she did last summer.

I have had three letters from Miss Bostwick. When I give up teaching I think I will take up purchasing for other people. Does Flora have all the things you all want? Perhaps it is that you have not seen the luncheon set and rug that I got for Leolyn. Mrs. Bostwick would like them both practically duplicated. Tis sad, but the Exchange takes no more special orders. I fear I will have to ask Leolyn to use the set only in the busom of the family and roll up the rug when she has guests. I have already bought two of those embroidered table cloths with napkins to match with some money Miss B. sent. They exhausted the \$50.00 gold which she sent. She got a draft on Peking so I was able to collect at once.

I got a luncheon set at the Exchange which was marked down because of spots. I am sending it to Mother. If you like it better than the one containing the card, please change. If not sell for \$8.00 or 9.00.

Mrs. Menzi has been ill for nearly three weeks with a bad cold. She thought she was over it and got up one day, came over for lunch and stayed up about half an hour afterward.

Miss Bostwick writes that I owe \$1.50 for a strap that Flora bought for the rug. I gave you \$3.00 with which to buy a strap, was it not enough? Phebe asks what I sent to Mother. It was the pin made of the blue glass of the lienzas out at the Temple of Heaven. We had it made when in Peking last spring vacation.

I am sorry, but when I was about to move over here, I cleared out permanently as many things as I could. Among them, I mailed the packages to Phebe. It was an expensive job, over three dollars. Also the gardener came and had a tale of woe. All the other servants had \$1.00 from Miss Beard, and he had not. Mrs. Smith had written me about it earlier so I gave him one for you. \$.40 cents came back from \$1.00 given Mrs. Smith to pay coolies, rickshaw men etc.

Smily Li, the tinker and carpenter Tsao have been here helping lately. Both express deep regret that "Big Miss Beard" is not returning to Tungchow.

My life insurance is due about now. I hope that I had enough money home to pay it. If not, use what comes from the stuff sent last week. I have lost all track of where I stand. I mailed some things, not for sale as silk petticoats for the girls, the lunch set (the other to be substituted if you prefer). Do you know if Joel and Grace Beard ever received a package from me? I sent one the same day that I first started Edith's on its way, but have never heard a word. I wrote also that I was sending it, so that it would be expected and there be less possibility of loss. I am taking such solid pleasure from the blanket they gave me, that I hope they are enjoying the lunch set.

Fanny Wickes had a box from Honolulu recently. In it was a winter coat. I have bought it for \$9.00. It is somewhat worn but will do very well to wear around every day. I have just had my fur one done over, the outside turned and the fur cleaned. It looks like new. So I shall not get a coat as I had planned for dress up wear. I have also resurrected my brown velvets suit and had that fixed. I am quite dressed up in my old finery. I thought I was getting a piece of silk from Ching King but there was a slip and so I am having to wait. Meanwhile I had my two silk dresses cleaned and they are much improved.

Friday evening. I was impressed anew today with the wonders of this building. It is so compact and is so usable, every inch of it. We have had permanent dressers with cupboards over them built in in both dressing rooms on the second floor and on the first. In the infirmary, behind the door is a cabinet with drawers in the bottom, and enclosed shelves running to the ceiling. The carpenters did not build in the big hall cupboard on the plans, and this is an attempt to meet the need. We have had someone in the infirmary ever since we opened it. Miss Carlisle is no fool. Terril Adams heard of the fine food served so immediately took a bad cold and had to move to the infirmary. He could not get up any temperature, nor other outward symptom of illness but professed to feel very bad. He had to stay two whole days and live on a soup diet and nothing else. I doubt if we get any more fake patients. He is reported to have remarked on never having been so hollow before.

Alice Frame was down with the Loves last week end. She took dinner with me on Sunday. I had a fine visit with her. She is such a busty lady that it is hard to get more than a look at her. She has been relieved of her Bridgeman work but is Dean of the Womans college.

The Peking American School laid the corner stone for their new building two weeks ago. Mr. Tuttle sent invitations to Mr. Menzi and me. Unfortunately Mrs. Menzi was not so well that day and I was in town with the understanding that he was coming in. Hence no one represented us. There is to be a big reception for the faculty of Yen Ching next Wednesday evening at 9.15 P.M. at the Legation. I think all the American community are invited. I would like to go but fear I have not the right thing to wear.

Mrs. Earnest Shaw has been down for a week with Mrs. Wickes. Baby Eleanor is a darling. She is most friendly to a certain point, but beyond that very wary. I did not get time to really make friends. Mrs. Burgess was down for a day with both children. I knew it not till she had seen the family off on the evening train and came to hunt me up to take a walk. The boys are both very well but she is very tired and nervous. She would like to put David in kindergarten but the class is all Chinese and Eurasian and she does not like it.

We have just had word that the China Council is to give us 500 this year and the China Medical 5000. Those gifts pull us out of the woods as far as travel money and salaries go. Now if only Mrs. Schell gets the 5000 gold for water and electricity!

Mr. Lund has fixed up the back room at the boys house for a sitting room and it is most attractive. Martha Fenn is fixing up the girls room. So we are getting the social rooms ready slowly but surely.

Mr. Wolfe has ordered an iron ladder which will be put on the west end as a fire escape. The funds did not guarantee getting a real one till other things were assured. The latest report is that we may be able to get it after all.

Mrs. McCann was up for several days last week. Also Mrs. Tucker was at the Smiths. Mrs. Mitchell is due for the day tomorrow. She is to take home all the extra unused things with which Lucy is encumbered. Her room mates are desparate over her 'truck'. Our three 'foreigners' seem to be working in well. Sadie and Raya were the greenest of the green.

The parents had, and still have, a streak of sending food to the children. Candy was so common that it was no luxury and the children were about to bankrupt the school buying castor oil and salts. Now all packages are delivered to me. If food is in them, I take the goods. The child may have it in small quantities after meals and at 4 p.m. but only then. Friends may be treated if desired. I am surprised at the little treating that is done. I am the one who had to practice self control with boxes of candy and bags of nuts and boxes of wafers in my care but not to be eaten. I even practice refusing every time I am offered as this might be construed to be a ruse to get candy.

Mr. Bessell says he can get reduced rates for our children. I have a nearly completed list of where each child is to go for vacation and hope to get the reduction. I can only send in the requisition and try. If we get it, it means we can buy the round trip tickets here on special forms sent for the purpose. The Chinese boys do it, why not we?

It is bed time. Lots of love to all.

Mary.

P.S. Dr. Smith had a letter from Mr. Revell acknowledging the receipt of the scroll Flora delivered. Dr. Smith send regards to Flora so did Mr. McCann and Mrs. Mitchell, Dr. Lewis, Mr. Martin, Dr. Wilder, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Stelle, Caroline Porter, Mrs. Tucker are among those recently enquiring and wishing to be remembered.

[This letter dated Nov. 12, 1922 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The political situation changes daily and Willard feels it is for the better now. Soldiers are taking ricksha men and farmers to carry the loads for them. The Annual Meeting had to be postponed because of the uncertain situation at Ing Tai. The schools have low attendance now but Willard expects the next term to be full because of the closed government schools. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow, China

Nov. 12, 1922

Dear Geraldine;-

For various reasons I have been addressing letters home to other members of the family for several months. This one goes to you altho you are not likely to be in Oberlin to get it.

I wonder if the hair nets I sent last May got to you and Dorothy all right and if you could make any use of them. I do not remember to have had any word from either of you about them.

Dorothy's letter describing the trip from Silver Bay to Oberlin was most interesting. It must have been instinctive as well- for you get a much more thorough knowledge of the country if you travel slowly than when you whiz thru on an express train.

The political situation is changing every day,- as far as I can see changing for the better. The man whom the papers call Little Hsu came to Foochow and outlined his plan of campaign for bringing all China under his sway. The Foochow people do not care for his scheme and at once right in his presence – so it is said- began to pull his plan to pieces. Then they began to talk publicly against the plan, then posters appeared against it on the streets and the day before he left posters were posted all along the streets urging the people to rise and put Little Hsu out. He left the night following the appearance of this poster.

Then the people elected their own Civil Governor, - a man whose home is in a village not far from Pagoda. He has students in the Anglo Chinese College. His name is Ling Seng. The man next in authority in his yamen is a student, Pang by name, 4 years in Foochow College- a fine, clean looking man of 40 years + . The head of the Bureau of Industries is Li Ung Bing a Foochow City man- as is Pang- and a graduate of Cornell University. This makes three young men with modern education- knowing Christianity, in the highest civil magistrate office.

The military situation does not clear up much. There are four military generals in Foochow in the Military General's office Uong Ing Ciong.

Under him Hu Cung De

Uong Dai Ui

Li Hok Ling

These three say they will leave Foochow shortly. Their soldiers are everywhere. They are impressing ricksha men and farmers and any one who can carry a load or pull a cart to carry ammunition and guns to various places where they plan to fight and also to carry their rice and furniture. One church member from outside East Gate was impressed and compelled to work 10 days and then let go. Looting is going on all the time- not very bad- both in the city and in the country. There are very few rickshas on the streets and those drawn by weak men not wanted by the army. It makes travelling tedious. The busses are jammed and the people rush for them and crowd into them just as they do into the street cars in New York City.

Miss Perkins arrived last Friday and Miss Allen with her. Both are looking well. Miss Perkins informed me that she had fallen in love with Phebe. The Girls School at Ponasang is pretty well off now-They have five young women on the job for 110 girls. Phebe was in for lunch Sunday. Mrs. St. Clair had asked Miss Allen and Miss Armstrong in also. I walked home with Phebe in the afternoon- instead of finishing this letter.

The U.S. "Ashville" is still here- at Ma Muai and there are still some five or six other men of war there. It is reported that Shaowu has been retaken by the North and again lost by the North. The county districts are very much disturbed. Conditions are so uncertain in Ing Tai that no one dared to leave for Annual Meeting so we are postponing it indefinitely.

College is now going on as usual. We have lost about 50 boys on account of the war and the conditions it produced. Miss Armstrong came back ten days ago and is getting into the teaching. This relieves me of four or five classes a week that I was trying to take for her. Mr. Nga told me the other day that we were likely to have a fuller school next term than this, because every building of the government schools is occupied by soldiers and also the whole Educational Board – Presidents, teachers and all- has changed with the change in government. Just now there is not a vestige of a government school in Foochow that I know of.

The churches are doing their work also under difficulties- as several of the members have moved away. The day schools are affected in different degrees according to their location. The one at Iong Gio Haeng is nearly empty. Most of the pupils there came from well to do families all of whom have moved away. But people still come to church and there is plenty to do. God is still on His throne and is still guiding men as best he can - seeing men are what they are. May he give to you all the best things because you use them well. With love to all Father.

[This letter, dated Nov. 13, 1922, was written from Foochow, China by Phebe to her brother, Gould. Phebe writes Gould on his 26th birthday on paper decorated by Mr. Christian's boys. She talks about a church service she and Willard attended at Au Seu. Mrs. Gillette invited her to help entertain 8 officers from the Gunboat Asheville. Phebe led her first prayer meeting in Chinese. There are three former mission school students in the new government. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Foochow, China.
Nov. 13, 1922.

Dear Brother Gould,

For some time I have been looking forward to this day with the thought of writing you on it. Today- and you are just about getting up to your work now as I write, - is your birthday, and you are past the quarter-century mark. How does it feel?

For you the years have already brought much of philosophy in connection with your work- for you have had many problems. I know from your letters and other things that you have asked the question that keeps coming to me- what am I going to do in this world? For you as for myself, a life only of self-entertainment and pleasure would be obnoxious, and from your summer and your offer to take the girls home in your auto, I know that you, too, find the greatest satisfaction in doing the little everyday things that help people.

Somehow as a milestone like a twenty-sixth birthday one stops to breathe and look around, to look forward and see that his time is, that he can't look ahead as a child and say, when I am grown up I will do so-and-so but he must say, What is at hand? This I must do now.

Both you and I are still in our preparation period, tho; you studying for your work, and I in apprenticeship for mine in language and methods. I find I still like to play pretty well, and sometimes it doesn't seem as if I really did anything. Yet I am carrying eleven music lessons, eight periods of singing and an English class, a week all as afternoon work. My mornings are given to language study, and I know I work then!

Before I go to bed I want to give you my very best birthday greetings and congratulations on the use you have put your years to already. And I also send my best love by the funny little Chinaman on the front page. Don't you think he is cute? Mr. Christian showed me this paper that his boys are making for Christmas use here, and I was so taken that I took a lot then and there. This is the first letter I have written on it.

I hope your birthday will be a very happy one for you, and that you will get some messages on or near it from the family. Good night for now, I'll finish later.

Nov. 19. You can see how busy I am by the time it takes me to take up my letter again!

I wish you could have gone with Father and me to the Au Seu church near the foot of Kuliang. We walked out and got there just in time to see the school boys charging around a corner and down the street into the church. Not much religious dignity there! We sat on wide backless benches and Father and I sang the hymns to the obligato of several other tunes and voices generally. The only brake to a perpetual smile on my face was the fact that the pastor or preacher rather continually glanced in my direction. The wee tike that took up the collection shot the box into each pew even if he didn't expect a contribution, and at the end he just gave it a preemptory shove in front of some little girls on the way- not even stopping. One girl capered all over the church and played peek-a-boo with the audience between the palings of the stair rail in front of the audience. I wish we could push on the village work as fast as the city work. But you will still have old China when you come to visit us.

Miss Perkins is back and at work again. She arrived nine days ago at 2 A.M. and two of us got up to greet Miss L??as and her. They had got stuck in the river on a sand bar and just had to sit and wait. I think we are both happy to be working in the same school, and I really enjoy her very much.

Yesterday, Sat. we all went in to tea at the new Kindergarten Training School. It is built in Chinese style and has carved paneled windows, grey round-tile roof, with eaves and beds painted, and the lions and dragons on corners and ridge pole beds. The Chinese pretend not to like it, but if they don't start right in to copy the architecture in their own plans, I miss my guess. The temple architecture here is the most distinctive and unique in China; and I hope the Chinese will come to use it and associate their best in house art with the best in education and religion. Tea was served on the little stone false garden at one side with unending steps up to towers or into caves, and little seats and bushes over all. I like the building and the place very much and I hope their work will prosper.

At the Methodist College last night we had a real American Red Cross supper. Our party used the new auto lunch-suit case with plates and cutlery that Miss Perkins brought us. As we ate we sang songs and cheered the note??. Miss Chittenden and Miss Wells were there and it seemed so good to see them again.

Do you remember seeing Miss Lamberts drill where the girls marched, used dumbbells and wands? She has a big playground now, where she has three sets of games at once, tennis, volley ball, and basketball. Here we saw a long drill and games last Fri. P.M. in full sight of the river and Kushan. Everything shrinks as I see it after so many years, but tho the thrill and grandeur of this exhibit wasn't as great, they did just as well, and it was all in charge of Chinese teachers. Our exercise was representative of boxing and fisty-cuffs, the notions all being taken from pushing strokes. The kindergarteners did the May-pole dance and were too cute for anything their short-legged little boys, and knee-high goose-steps marching. Ah, you must come back to renew old times in China!

I must dress for tea now at the Y.W.C.A. on Black Rock Hill.

Since I put this down I have been down to Pagoda [*Pagoda Anchorage*] for a dinner party and stayed over night. Mrs. Gillette was entertaining eight officers of the gunboat Asheville which is protecting us here, and she asked me to go down. Miss Blanchard and I missed all the launches, so took a sampan and rowed ourselves part way down. We beat the 3-hour record by doing the trip in 2 ¼ hours.

For dinner we had a Chinese feast and the men enjoyed it hugely. One was pretty good at the chopsticks and patted himself on the back after each of the 23 courses. Afterwards they wanted to dance, but we being missionaries didn't feel right to do it. They were pleasant and I think we all had a good time.

Miss Blanchard and I were planning to come back on her horse, taking turns at riding. But she didn't come over from Diongloh so we came by river and stopped at the University. I saw Mrs. Bedient and Billy, and the baby. Their new house is very pretty in quite Chinesey style with dragons and lions and dogs perched all over it.

Tomorrow we are going to have Mr. and Mrs. Skerrit-Rogers to dinner at Mrs. St. Clair's. Father wants to entertain them in the city so we are doing it tomorrow night.

I have led my first prayer meeting in Chinese. One of our girl teachers gave the talk so my part was small, tho it took special phrases to put it thru.

About two weeks ago at our first Anti Cob meeting Mr. Christian waxed humorous on his trip to Manilla and Borneo this summer. He said that Jap and Chinese consuls were asked to decorate their passports and asked several dollars for the signatures. They could scarcely see their little boat, and took it only because they had no rubbers that were adequate protection from the little puddle they had to cross. In spite of his funniness he gave a good account of Borneo. It is governed by a company like the East India Co. of history that tried to find the East Indies under Drake. Mr. Neff later told about the condition of Manilla where he taught for some time.

Sometimes I wonder if gay parties are worth the trouble. You have to skip work that ought to be done; you have to do extra work later; you get greatly excited and have an inflated idea of yourself, then suddenly when all is done you thump down hard on the level of fact and work again. I suppose that is because you don't get it often?

This will get to you almost in time for Christmas. I hope you will have a jolly holiday season, and go back to college all the more ready for study. What are you taking?

Mr. Goddard is planning to come to Foochow next year they say. It will be nice to see him again.

What do you think of U.S. labor conditions and business now? Are prices coming down? Ours are constantly going higher here. All curios, foods, labor of all sort and materials are going up.

No trouble is anticipated from the soldiers now. Our new government with three former mission school students, but not graduates, is getting things started and we hope will get the idea of justice into working order.

My eleven music pupils and six music classes are doing fairly well. It takes lots of time, but it is satisfying and interesting.

On Thursday I am to be bridesmaid for one of the Chinese boys at father's school. I don't know yet what I am to do.

Do write and tell us what you are doing and how you are. An American mail came today with not a letter for either of us.

Christmas and birthday greetings and much love from sister Phebe.

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1922 was written from Ann Arbor, Michigan by Gould to his mother and sisters. He thanks them for sending him a package of goodies to eat. Dot and Gerry visited him at the university. He hopes to come home for Christmas.]

508 Hill St.,
Ann Arbor, Mich.
Nov. 22, 1922

Dear Mother and Sisters;-

Your big package arrived last Friday morning and you can't imagine how surprised and glad I was to open it and see all the luscious things to eat in it. I'm sorry I did not have time to write my thanks to you before, but I can do better justice to my feelings about it, now that all the things are inside me and my mouth is still wattering from the memories. I ate the last of the cake today. The rest of the "upper Story Frat", join with me in thanking you.

I suppose Dot has told you most of the doings here during the three days they were here. I was sorry I could'nt have been a better host; but I could'nt get a substitute for my job because there wasnt any one who knew it. I had to let the girls get to the house as best they could and they had to get to and from the game themselves also.

Time was so short and events so crowded that I did'nt get a chance to show the girls $\frac{1}{4}$ of what I wanted to. We took "first things first" and the rest will have to wait till next time if there is a next time.

Dot's letter asked me (for you) to leave the paint on the car. I am afraid I better not because that would be running a clever thing into the ground and possible cause a bit of comment, not favorable of "those Michigan Boys". For the Ohio game that was a real stunt, but to carry it much longer would be placing the name of Michigan "in public places" like fools names and monkeys faces. [See photo below.]

Now that the football season has finished I have until after Xmas before winter track commences and I hope to be able to land a job to fill in the time or that will be enough better to keep all year. I will probably be down Xmas time. Anyway for Xmas day, for I may be able to do pretty well on a job during vacation.

Thank you again for the cookies and that pretty birthday cake.

With all my love to you all,

Your loving son and brother,
Gould.



Gould's specially painted car.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **November 26, 1922** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his one loved one (Ellen). Foochow is full of soldiers. His gardener was taken and held for five days and robbed of his money and clothes. It has gotten cold and Willard is having trouble writing because of it. Original letter is in the archives of Oberlin College.]

Foochow China
November 26, 1922.

My One Loved One;-

Today has been a perfect day in Autumn.- The coldest day yet- 36 degrees on the west side of our house this morning and 44 degrees in my bedroom. That's a drop of over ten degrees since yesterday. But it is very dry, with a strong west wind blowing, so it makes one feel good. I am writing in my old study and its pretty cold so that my hand aches but with plenty of clothes on it's all right.

I could not get a special letter to you, my dear, in the last home letter mailed Nov. 23. But that one addressed to Kathleen had in it a lot of love for you just the same.

This morning I preached here and conducted communion. Eighteen united with the church,- One woman and seventeen students. The people all looked cold. As I went into the church a lot of boys stood outside near the door as you go in where the sun was shining very brightly and where it was warm. It seemed almost too bad to call them in out of the cheery, warm sun. Pastor Li has had another slight hemorrhage, and is not at all strong. He has definitely given up the work of the church and is likely to be a sort of Secretary or helper to Mr. Goertz who has charge of the churches of the whole station now.

Li Gong was married in the church last Thursday. I sent the wedding invitation in Kathleen's letter. The lower part of the church was full of spectators. Phebe made a very pretty bridesmaid. I had Chinese dinner at noon and a feast at night out of it. And Phebe stuck to the bride till after 9 p.m. I was there from 8 to after 9 and then walked home with her. Phebe said she was very fearful of the Nau Bung. But all went off very happily.



This is probably the wedding in which Phebe was a bridesmaid. Phebe is standing next to the bride. Willard is just behind the groom.

[Photo from Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

We expect Brewer Eddy here before next Sunday to be here a week. We will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Christian,- according to the present plans.

Did I write that Mrs. Siek Ding Gai = Katherine Ling who taught in the Ponosang Girls School and played so well, had a little boy? It lived only about a week and died suddenly. I think it was not perfect.

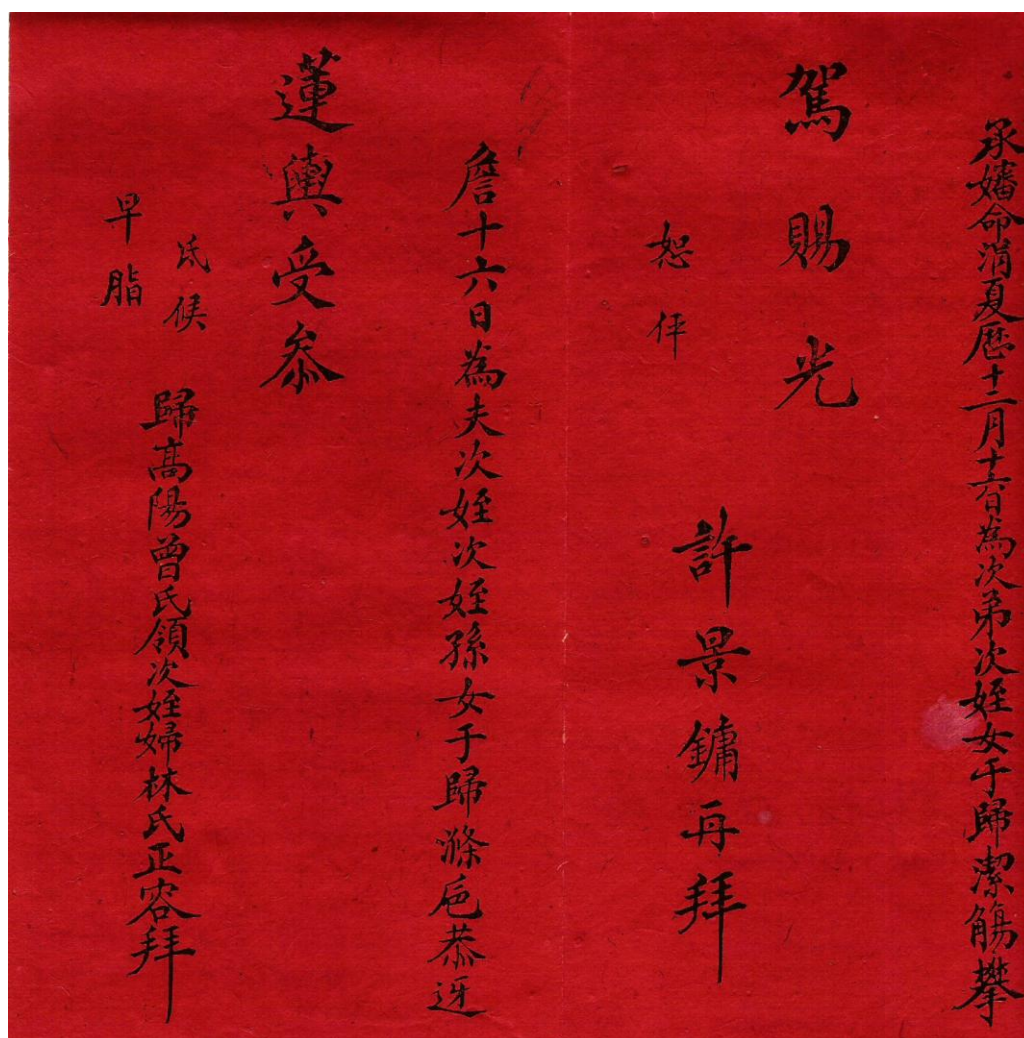
Conditions among the Chinese are very hard. The city is full of soldiers. There are four generals. Each with a few thousand of them. Every government school temple and some of the Guild Halls are full of them. I may have written that our gardner was seized, shut for 5 days and relieved of all his money and extra clothes. That was really a hold up and these hold ups are not infrequent. These four generals are hard up for money. General Li has

been squeezing the people of the whole province for five years, and the business of the city has been at a standstill for nearly two months now- supplies cut off from all sources and nothing going out. Prices are high. Pork is 30 cents a lb. Beef has gone from 112 to 176 cash a lb. in the past six months, rice is \$9.00 a dong. Wood is very high. Some few people of course are making money.-Those on South Side with houses to rent. But there is sure to be lots of suffering here and in many parts of China this winter I keep thinking. What very thrifty people the Chinese are- They work and get a little ahead and then a grasping official takes it from them and we think they will give up but no. In a few days they are at work again and seem to forget their bad fortune. Poppy is being planted in the southern part of the province in large quantities. This will bring much money to the planters, but they will be deprived of it for the army is protecting them in planting it and they will surely get their pay!

It's so cold I cannot guide my pen properly and its time for supper so I will say good bye till after C.E. meeting and try to finish this then.

The last two mails have brought nothing from home for Phebe or me. She almost felt homesick the other evening when Miss Rubins and Mrs. Thomas and Miss Carter and Miss Rike were reading theirs and she had nothing but we both had good mails the mail before the last.

Mr. Bidwell sent me in a recent mail a check for \$10.00. I am enclosing to you Dear for any Christmas present. I hope you can buy with it something that will make you more happy and that will make you think of me. Here's my love to the children and to you Will



This is a wedding invitation found in a similar red envelope in Phebe Kinney Beard's scrapbook. It may have been the invitation to the wedding mentioned in the previous letter.

[Invitation from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Interpretation of Wedding invitation shown with Phebe's letter dated November 26, 1922

Having chosen the sixteenth day for the marriage of my second nephew's second daughter and for her removing her home to that of her husband, the shining cups are in readiness that we may respectfully welcome you as you come in your ceremonial carriage to witness the marriage.

We eagerly await your arrival and we pray that you may early adorn your face and come.

Mrs. Hu (before I married into this honorable family of long ancestry, my maiden name was Cing) and Mrs. Hu Jr. (my older brother's second son's wife of the family of Ling) bow ceremoniously.

This invitation issued to women only in the name of the oldest woman of the clan- the bride's great-aunt on father's side, and of her own mother.

[This typewritten letter, dated **December 5, 1922**, was written from Tungchow, China by Mary to the home folk. Mary's niece, Anna Beard, has died (November 5, 1922). Isabel Ingram is tutoring the new wife of the last Emperor of China. Vacation will begin in a week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

December 5, 1922.

Dear Home Folk,

There are three letters for me to answer in one. The card with the promise of the Elite [*magazine*] makes me most happy. Think how popular I shall be!! I am looking eagerly for the first number to get here so I can get the style for the new crepe dress. The goods is not yet here but I am hoping for it, to get made for Christmas vacation.

I have put the letter about the money in the French bank safely away. It will join the other material which Flora left. Some new lettering has appeared on the windows of the bank. Perhaps we get something and perhaps not. The papers have had no news about it for some days.

The second letter told of Anna's death. [*Mary's niece, Anna Gilbert Beard, born April 25, 1896, died November 5, 1922 of "Chronic pulmonary tuberculosis with a duration of 3 years" according to the death certificate.*] I do not know what to say. It is merciful to have and so sudden, but hard too. I sent a card to Oliver for Christmas and it ought to get there for the day.

I have had two lots of papers lately from you and two from Miss Brewster. The book and candy from Miss Brewster came on Saturday just as I was getting ready to be off to Peking for the week-end. I stayed with Jean Josselyn. We went to College Club Saturday afternoon. Dr. Yamai Kin gave a talk of the Chinese theater. It was a brief talk because she had a sort of puppet show there to illustrate. They gave two short plays the story of which we had in our hands. Dr. Kin had prepared it for us. It was clever. I am hoping to get [*them*] down here for the children some day. They are not expensive.

Thursday P.M. I have had much correspondence about getting student rates [*probably for the trains*] for the children. My efforts are not in vain for the Tientsin children, the Tsinan ones and all who go in groups of six or more get them. They are given for third class only, so third class is even more popular than usual.

Mrs. Herman was here for the night this week. She brought Walter, aged 10 who will enter next year. Victor is in Wheaton and enjoying his work, so she says. Mrs. Hicks is en route for China. Too bad we did not get her for matron here. She would have made a good one I believe.

Mr. Miller walked in unexpectedly the same day. He is the same as every, fat, jolly, self complacent. I was glad to have them come as it gave me an idea as to what the people on the Hankow line wanted me to do about tickets. The children said to follow the same plan as always, and that made it impossible to get rates for them.

Bergen Stelle has completed his senior work. It just came to me that his diploma is not ready for him. It has gone to Mr. Grant for the name. I heard in Peking during the week-end that Mrs. Grant is back. I would like to see her. Isabel Ingram says that at first Delnose [*probably Delnoce*] was not popular with the girls because she was so reserved. But she won great favor in the end. Her ability helped her.

Isabel is or has been tutoring the little new empress. She had received no word as to whether her job was to continue after the wedding last I heard. Then the Ex-emperor and his bride gave a reception to the officials of all the countries represented as well as to the representatives of the Chinese republic. Mr. Johnson the tutor of the emperor was in the receiving line. Isabel was one of the guests. The paper reports that only once was the gravity of the royal couple broken, that was when the Empress recognized Miss Ingram, and smiled a welcome.

For the first time the infirmary is empty. It has been so for three days. It does not pay to get sick when the skating is good and vacation is only a week off! Every child is going home or visiting. The Menzi family go to

Tientsin to the Stanley's for most of the time. I am going to Paotingfu to the Hubbard's for most of the last two weeks. Miss Burgess goes to her sisters. I do not know what Miss Carlisle and Miss Muir will do. Miss Young's mother is out here staying with Mrs. Fiskens so that will be a happy family group.

Both the Jefferson Academy and the N.C.A.S. have written to William Fenn for next year. From a bit of a letter of his, I think he would prefer the N.C.A.S. but the other offer came to hand first so he is in a quandary. Mr. Martin says, and rightly, that he can get teachers more easily than we as the work with the Chinese appeals to more people. This is too new and too much like home teaching. The board meeting will perhaps settle it.

The order for pencils is slow as usual. Everything else is here. I had word that it left in August, addressed to Mr. Grimes. I hope it comes before the new year for I am almost out of pencils. Every day I fear I must say no more for sale. The Geometry class will begin on constructions first thing after we get back.

I have some more things that I had hoped to get home for Christmas. There is a ring for Daniel that I know he will love, a belt buckle for Wells, some toys for Nancy and Stephen. They will be so late now I will have to label them for birthdays or 1923.

Mrs. Wickes wants to pay for the canvas on their porch. It is the first thing I have wanted the price of that Miss Bostwicks books have not told me without difficulty. I hunted quite a while without success. I have not given up hope yet. Mrs. Wickes and husband have loaned us 300.00 toward a piano without interest. There was \$100.00 and a bit over credited to the piano account on the books. The Robinson Co. will and have accepted that \$400.00 and we pay the rest as we collect it, no interest either. I think that most nice of them. The instrument was \$600.00 plus cost of packing, shipping, etc. I am expecting the man to put it in tune tomorrow or next day.

Genevieve has her first recital tomorrow afternoon. It is strange that all the people who are at all advanced are boys. Only boys play for chapel these days. Mrs. Josselyn is immensely pleased with Alfred Stanleys work this year. He is pulling hard work into it. He plays tomorrow.

Minister Shurman's granddaughter was born last Sunday morning. The Hugh Hubbard's have a little daughter, born the 28th.

Flora writes that she would like to sell my coats. I am not yet ready to part with them. The marked things I should love to have sold. I have not seen coats that I would take for the ones I have. When I do I may want to sell. Not now, thanks, just the same. I can not have a great deal left, for both Elizabeth and Phebe have written of selling articles. Shall I send more beads? I have not been shopping for many a day but have one string on hand. Not yet have I gotten a fraction of the things that Miss Bostwick would like. I bought till the money advanced was exhausted then stopped. Every day I expect a new draft. She got one on Peking so I cashed it at once.

Miss Wilkinson is back at last. With two teeth out, and the assurance of three doctors that she is sound, I hope that we are over our troubles with her. She has taken up full work. The poor classes are in a desperate state.

Miss Burgess and I are going out to mail our letters, to get them off by the morning train and to get some exercise. We had to stay in for rehearsal with the little children this afternoon.

Lots of love and best wishes for the new year. It is too late for Christmas greetings I fear.

Lovingly

Mary.

I shall be interested in returns from Flora's trip.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **December 20, 1922**, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folks. She will be attending a conference for all American schools in the Orient. She feels the bandits are fearless but she feels safe under the guard of Feng's soldiers. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]*

N.C.A.S.

December 20, 1922.

Dear Home folks,

Mothers letter with the enclosed one from Miss Bassett came this evening. Already two numbers of the Elite arrived. It has been three weeks since a home mail of any kind, hence four Literary Digests also came. Alas such a big mail when time is too limited.

A few weeks ago came a notice from Shanghai inviting all American schools on the Orient to meet at a conference on December 27-29. At our Trustee meeting just before vacation, they asked Mr. Menzi and I to go. I at once wrote Harriet Lacy that I was coming and tonight came a telegram to come for Christmas. Hence I am off Friday morning. Mr. Menzi goes on Christmas day so as not to be absent from Margaret longer than necessary. Mr. Tuttle, Principal of the Peking school is going and perhaps one or two of the trustees. The head of the Tokio school

is coming over. It will be intensely interesting. I wish Flora were here. She knows things here so much better than any one else. These are the topics suggested for discussion.

1. Problem of securing teachers from home
2. Desirability of "mother" teachers.
3. Co-operative solicitation of funds from America.
4. Acceptance of Orientals and Eurasian children.
5. The dining-hall problem and childrens table manners.
6. Change in the curriculum due to location in the Orient.
7. School accounting and fees. Cost of operation.
8. School records, physical, educational, etc.
9. Standardization of curriculum, text-books, etc.

Do you think we can talk for two days. Or do you think we will get stopped on some topic and never finish?

Lucky for me, I spent Sunday afternoon addressing cards so am ready for departure. Also, I nearly finished wrapping things for Tungchow and Peking. The candy making will have to go undone.

For the first time, no representative of the N.C.A.S. will be in Tungchow for Christmas. I have had word from all the stations that everyone got home safely. I did get student rates, for Peking and Tientsin. It is a 50% reduction on the round trip, so traveling is cheap. The Tsinan children could have traveled so, only not on the express. In cold weather, that is impractical. The train was two hours late "as usual" as Hahn Romig writes.

On my way back from Shanghai, I plan to stop in Tenghsien at the Dodds. Mrs. Dodd was up to have Caroline's eyes looked after. She stayed and took Mr. Romigs place on the Board. Bandits are so bad that the men did not dare leave. Mrs. Cochran was the other representative. Mrs. Mathe was here, one member bonefide. Jean again could not get here. Her amah took opium to kill herself the night before. The son had been caught stealing from the Josselyns and she took it hard. Jean had to stay and look after the baby.

Caroline Love grows pretty every day. She looks like Betty but lacks the irregularity of feature. She is fat and rosy and full of smiles. She can sit alone now, if not jarred. How surprised she is when she rolls over!

I enclose a snap of the letter box in its new location. It will be fine, do you not think so, Flora. Also Flora you will be interested in the dining hall on the Academy. Was that begun when you left? I have one on our dormitory, but Mrs. Hartung got the order wrong and sent only one pring [*prong?*]. I had promised Mr. Kendall a snap, so will order you another. I will send two, so the home folk may have one too.

We are all reading the papers to learn what will be done about the murder of Mr. Colmanin Kalgan. Today's paper reports a hold up on the Tunghsien-Tientsin auto road. Bandits seem to be fearless. We feel safe with Feng's soldiers stationed here. Mrs. Arthur Smith is entertaining Mrs. Chang, wife of the head of this camp at luncheon sometime soon.

How do you like the school paper? I will have it white next time, I think. Or else have some more done in white if this proves popular. The half sheets that Henry did by mistake with the heading on the end, have sold well. They are cheap, 25 for 15 cents.

Miss Wilkinson handed in her resignation by request and it was accepted. She went to the same school as Miss Parsons. I shall think of that as our dump. I see Grace occasionally. She would like not to see me, but I insist. Then she is gushing. The fire is down in the furnace, and my radiator cold, so I must get into bed to get warm. This is almost a birthday letter for Mother and a wedding one too. Best wishes and love to all.

Mary.



*[On the back is written:
 There is a message rare and sweet
 That we are sending you
 It is the Christmas message sweet
 And Happy New Year too.]*

*The messenger is "The Elite"
 Who every month will sail
 That you a wardrobe most complete
 May have in each detail.*

From us all at Century Farm with much love-]

[This letter, dated Dec. 30, 1922, was written from Tungchou, China by Mary to the home folk. She tells about Christmas week and includes the program for the conference that she attended. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Dec 30, 1922

Dear Home Folk-

Tonight I am starting back for Peking after just a week here. We had a fine Christmas. I helped decorate the tree for Creighton and had the fun of helping unload the pkgs in the morning. Harriet gave me a lovely Canton ivory medallion; Mrs. Bontelle an apron.

The conference had six sessions all intensely interesting. We talked everything. I enclose the original program with some of the changes. The topics were not changed only the order.

I spent Thursday night at the school as there was evening session. ?? I returned here. On Thursday I lunched with Mrs. Main. Florence and the youngest boy were there also Mr. Main. It was a delightful visit. She sent love to Flora. Mrs. MacFuller has sent regards but I have not seen her. Nor have I gotten to Mrs. Raven's.

Mrs. Bosworth was over for last night and up for lunch today. She sends her love to Flora.

Today I spent a little money, the first except for Sunday collection and our car fare. A Fordum[?] vendor came and I got some silver ?? I got some baby pins for Caroline Love.

I am ordering a spring hat from Mrs. Bontelle, Harriet Lacy's sister. She is a fine milliner. My hats are getting the worse for wear after two full summers, besides the use at home.

I hope this gets off with a U.S. ship. It will be the last, as the Post Office closes tomorrow for ever.

There is great talk about the increased postage rates and the poor taste of initiating them at this particular time.

I am stopping in Tenghsien at the Dodds for about 24 hours, and returning with the Shantung crowd and down by auto to school. I shall be ready for school, I guess. But this has been a different vacation from most of mine in China. With love and hearty wishes for 1923 to all
Mary.

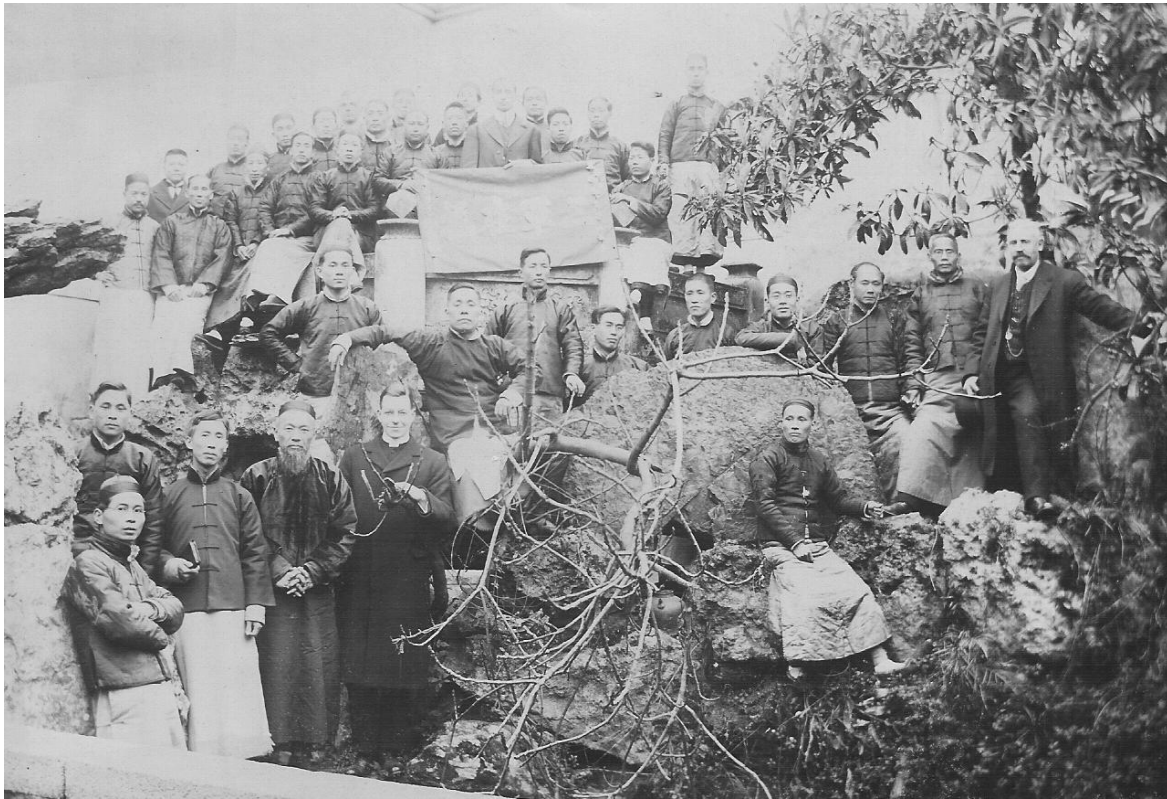
Birthday greetings to Mother.

SUGGESTED OUTLINE PROGRAMME

- First Session, 9 a.m. Wed. Dec. 27
Election of Temporary Chairman
Election of Committee on Programme and conduct of Conference
Other Business
Discussion: - Changes Necessary in the Curriculum due to location in
Orient by Mrs. Taylor and Miss Beard
Other topics
- Second Session, 2 p.m. Wed. Dec. 27
Discussion: - Standardization of Curricula, text books, etc. Led by Mr.
Stone
Other topics
- Third session, 9 a.m. Dec. 28
Election of Committee on Permanent Organization
Discussion: - The Problem of securing teachers from America, salaries and
Allowances, led by Mr. Bartlett
Other topics
- Fourth Session, 8 p.m. Thu. Dec. 28
Discussion: - Co-operative Solicitation of Funds in America, appeal to the
U.S. Government. Led by Mr. Menzi
Other topics
- Fifth Session, 9 a.m. Friday Dec. 29
Report of Committee on Permanent Organization
Discussion: - Dining Room Problem. - Led by Mrs. Sultan
Other topics
- Sixth Session 2 p.m. Friday Dec. 29
Discussion: - School Records, physical, educational, etc. Led by
Miss Cutler
Other topics
Adjournment

OTHER SUGGESTED TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. School Accounting and Fees
2. Acceptance of Eurasian Pupils
3. Free Text Books
4. The challenge of Inter-School Spirit
5. Purchasing of Books, Supplies, and equipment
6. How the Shanghai School secure funds
7. Survey of conditions as a basis of appeal
8. Musical instruction
9. A definite programme for physical, moral, and social training
10. A general summer camp



Willard, another Western man and Chinese men in a scenic photo. A banner with Chinese characters can be seen held by the top row of Chinese men. Photo probably taken in the early 1920s.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard and seven Chinese men. Probably 1920s.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]