

1926

- Oliver Gould Beard, Sr. dies in August 7, 1926 at the age of 84.
- Willard and Ellen are in China.
- Gould is living in Easton, PA.
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH.
- Dorothy is in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie and Kathleen are in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 61, Ellen- 58, Gould- 30, Geraldine- 28, Dorothy- 25, Marjorie- 20, Kathleen- 18.

[This note, dated **early January 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard probably to Mary. He talks very briefly about Phebe's will, life insurance and her part of the mortgage. Note from the collection of Mona Beard.]

[Early January 1926]

Phebe's will I think is in Boston with the Board. I have written them to send it to me. I have also written them to apply for her life insurance, because she left it with them to pay her premiums each year. I tell you this so you will know all I have done. The money Phebe had in the mortgage, I think is in my name, that is the mortgage is in my name. I do not think this will need probating. What do you think?

With o?? of love

Will

[This letter dated **January 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen. Ellen tells her children back in the states the details of their sister, Phebe's death and funeral. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dollar Steamship Line
S.S. President Van Buren

Please forward to Dorothy and Gould promptly.

[January 1926]

My dearest Children, - Gould, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie and Kathleen,

I will continue the letter I began to write about Phebe. I was telling about that first night after my arrival. We staid at the hospital where they offered us a room and Papa went to bed about 9 o'clock, for he had been under the strain for six weeks; but I wanted to stay up with her altho Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood the nurse were going to divide the night between them and two Chinese nurses were going to take turns. They gave the intervenous salt-water injection at 10 o'clock and again in the night and again in the morning hoping to arouse her consciousness; but as these produced no marked effect they stopped giving them. In the night they also gave her a lumbar pack which was a hot compress over the kidneys to stimulate them to action to throw off the uremic poison; for the kidneys had ceased to function before I arrived; and because they were not throwing off the poison thru urine, the lungs, and skin were doing that work and this gave her a peculiar odor.

At a little after eleven, Dr. Dyer suggested that as her pulse and respiration indicated no immediate possibility of failure to act, I would better go to bed and get some rest while I could, so as to be ready for what might come later. So I finally went to bed leaving her and a Chinese nurse to do what little could be done, with the understanding that they would call us if there was any change. But I did not sleep one wink; my mind and my heart were too full. Before leaving for breakfast in the morning we went in to see her, and found little change. I returned right after breakfast and staid till lunch time, returning immediately after lunch. Papa was in and out all day as he had leisure from his work. Returning after lunch I noticed that her breathing was not as loud and strong, and not long after that I noticed that she was not making any motions with foot or hand or turning her head. About 3:30 I noticed that she did not open her half-closed eyes wider occasionally as she had been doing; also that her breathing, altho still quite audible all over the room had softened down perceptibly within an hour. At five o'clock Dr. Dyer and I were alone with her. Her bed had been changed and freshly remade about two hours before, the room had been swept and dusted; there was nothing to do for Phebe except to keep her mouth moistened by swabbing and I was doing that every five minutes as we sat there softly talking, - I asking questions about Phebe's illness, and Dr. answering and telling me anything that came to her mind regarding it that she tho't I would like to know. Suddenly as the ticking of a clock in a quiet room ceases, her regular breathing stopped short. I spoke of it at once and Dr. got her instrument and listened to her heart. "The heart is fluttering a little and there will probably be a gasp or two more", she said. After what seemed a minute and a half she did draw another long breath; another minute and another breath; until she had drawn about a dozen breaths like that, then all was still. Gradually the ashen hue began to creep over her features after the regular breathing stopped. And the overwhelming realization came to me that our dear Phebe had gone from this world, to be with us here no more. It seemed as tho I could hardly bear it. I could not sense it; I felt stunned. It was 5:05 when the regular breathing stopped and 5:10 when all was over. As soon as the regular breathing stopped I ran down stairs and asked some one to go and call Papa and he got there just after the last breath. There was not at any time any pain or suffering that I can learn of, certainly none after I came except her being too hot as I know she was, and the dryness of her throat and mouth from breathing thru it so much. The

convulsions were bad to behold, Papa says but, presumably she knew nothing about them and felt no pain at the time altho her muscles and joints were sore and lame afterward from such extreme and forcible contraction. Presumably she never knew that she had them.

Papa told her she sort of fainted. She said, "I fell, didn't I?" Just 23 hrs. from the time I arrived our dear girlie left us. It was Wednesday the 23rd; Friday would be Christmas and to keep the body over the holiday would throw a pall over Christmas for every body both foreigners and Chinese and of all missions as well as some of the community for Phebe was so well known and so generally loved. And yet you know of my great objection to speedy interment. Papa had taken that into consideration in his first conference with the Dr.'s and nurse just after her death. Then he came back to me and asked if I would be willing to consent to the burial the following day, Thursday, if the Dr.'s would embalm the body. There seemed no other way and after talking with the Dr. myself and learning that it was an absolute guarantee, I consented. It happened that the prayer-meeting was held in the city at Mr. Christian's home that day and was just closing as Phebe passed on. So before the whole company left the compound, the arrangements were in the main, completed. Mr. Newell composed the express which was to be printed and circulated announcing the funeral and took the responsibility of getting it printed and circulated. Mr. Christian took charge of preparing the grave, selecting the site (after conference with us) of getting Mr. Brand to make the casket, of securing the services of the bearers; of buying flowers, and helping Mrs. Christian and Miss Armstrong to arrange them and make the floral pieces. Of course, the house had to have much done to it for no woman's hand had been in charge since the St. Clair's left in June. So there was much cleaning and rearranging to do. I directed, and helped here and there as I had time, three College boys did the sweeping washing of paint and floors, and helping to move things; Papa superintended the moving of things out of his study and all about the house and helped to direct the boys; Miss Armstrong supplemented my efforts in directing the boys what and where and how to wash and sweep and beat rugs. She also did most of the dusting and tidying up shelves, bookcases, newspaper stands, etc. She, Mrs. Christian, Mr. Christian and Miss Chittenden planned the decoration and arranged the flowers and made flower-pieces (several). Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood laid out and dressed the body. Papa and I went over to Phebe's home after supper that night and with Pricilla Holton's and Miss Perkins help selected the clothes. We chose the white Baronette satin (wash-satin) dress that she wrote us she had had made for this last summer from the piece of silk I gave her for a skirt before she left America. You know how she said she herself liked it; Papa liked it too, so much and Pricilla liked it the best of all her dresses and said so many people also had liked it on her so much. So there wasn't any question as to which dress we should use; we didn't even open her wardrobe that night. Priscilla had taken out the dress when she got home from prayer-meeting and laid it out on Phebe's couch in her room so we just took it without considering any other. We made one mistake; I did not take her white kid shoes out with us thinking the casket would be opened only at the head-down to about the waist; but either because of the extremely short time for preparation or for some other reason the cover was left in one piece and all had to come off showing her feet in white silk stockings only. I should have thought those who arranged her in the casket would have placed ferns, flowers and ivy over the feet sufficiently to cover them but perhaps they did not have enough at hand and the casket did not get in anyway until quite a few people had arrived at the house for the service. I saw almost no one at the service as Papa and I sat on the stair landing, but they said the study, parlor and dining-room were full. At my request Miss Cushman played the piano softly (appropriate hymns) for ten minutes before the service began while the people were coming in. Then when the people were passing around to look into the casket she played again, also at my suggestion. Papa asked Mr. Ledger to take the service at the house. I was a bit disappointed that he did not make any personal tribute of obituary at all. He just read scripture, twice and made two prayers, one of which was read from a prayer-book. The monitor of the college offered a prayer too at the beginning of the service. I had asked that if anyone could find one, that one of those beautiful selections presenting the beautiful hopeful side of death be read as a part of the service. But evidently no one found one, for none was read, or else that request was forgotten. I was so sorry then, that I had not collected some that I have heard read at funerals at home. If you ever find any send me a copy. I shall try to find some now. After the people passed out, Papa and I came down and behind closed doors, bade farewell to the dear, dear, form and face of our darling daughter whom we shall never see again in this world. O, those were hard moments, and I cannot realize that we can never have her with us again. We have seen other families broken into by death and it did not seem so very strange. But when it came right into our own home, it just didn't seem possible, - we have been an unbroken family for so long, thirty-one years. Well, we will all know better how to sympathize with others in their bereavements, now.

After the people moved out of the house they grouped themselves in the yard just at the left of the walk as you come out of the St. Clair house (you remember, Marjorie and Kathleen) and as far from the house as the level ground goes, before it begins to slope up toward the rocks. There they stood and waited till Mr. Christian and Mr. Brand as undertakers, came out leading, followed by the casket which was placed on a white two-wheeled bier by eight bearers who walked four on each side rolling it along between them. They were as far as I can remember their

names, Harry Worley, Mr. Gold of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. Hightower, Mr. Thelin, Li Gong. Papa and I followed the casket. Miss Perkins and Priscilla next. Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood next, and I guess the Cushman sisters next after which the others nearly all fell in, mostly on foot. Just outside the hospital gate they took the first picture. No, the second, for the first was taken after all the people were out of the house before the casket was removed.



Written on back by Willard: "In our parlor just after the service."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on the back by Willard: "Just outside our compound gate starting for Wenshan."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard and Ellen magnified

After the second picture, I took Miss Perkin's private ricksha with two men one behind and one in front, following the casket immediately and Papa walked beside me. Mr. Brand is an old man and he walked very slowly; as he was at the head of the procession with Mr. Christian, all had to go slowly and it seemed very long. When we reached Ponasang, the casket was lifted off the wheeled bier and carried by the bearers up the long flight of steps between the two glorious rows of poinsettias bending high over our heads, Mr. Brand's private uniformed coolie helping

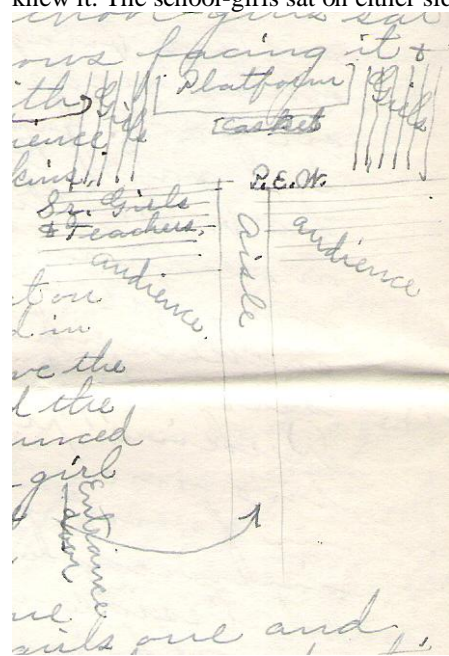
materially behind. The school chapel was filled to capacity with Chinese mostly, and the casket was placed in front among profuse decorations and we were seated in the front seats near it.



Written on back of the photo by Willard: "In the chapel at Wenshan showing the flowers about the casket- taken just after the service."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

The platform has been placed in the rear of the room and the seats now face the other way from which M. and K. knew it. The school-girls sat on either side in rows facing it and at right angles with the seats of the audience.



"P" stands for Miss Perkins. "E" stands for myself. "W" stands for Papa. Three Chinese men sat on the platform. One led in prayer; Sing Gang gave the address; the other read the scripture and pronounced the benediction. One girl spoke representing the higher primary; one, the college. The higher primary girls sung one hymn, the college girls one and either the teachers or the graduating class one. The girls were all dressed in black skirts, white upper garments and a black band around their arms and a white aster pinned on their dresses in front. The girls marched out first and formed two rows one each side of the walk facing each other. Between these lines the casket and procession filed and another photo was taken just as we started down the line.



Written on back of the photo by Willard: "Just coming out of the chapel at Wenshan."
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Casket and bearers magnified

Then followed the long slow walk over to the cemetery across the long bridge, and around up that steep pitch that winds around between walls turning such sharp corners. Mr. Brand's private coolie had to push the bier from behind up that hill. This particular pitch was what my extra man was for. As we moved thru the streets, I noticed the people stood back to give way as we approached and altho there was curiosity on the faces of many, yet there was absolutely no loud talking or laughing, hardly any smiles but serious faces seeming to realize what it meant and as all of them have been thru this experience themselves they knew a little how to sympathize, and their attitude and manner was almost reverence; so much so that I remarked to Papa that reverence like mirth is contagious. Literally thousands of people stopped in their tracks and stood still and looked as we passed, or turned in their rickshas to look sympathetically as the casket passed covered with the American flag and flowers. I saw one man in a ricksha, Chinese, I think, but in foreign hat, at least, if not clothes too, lift his hat and pass the bier and us with bared head. I thought that a very fine tribute of respect in a Chinese in these times of anti-foreign feeling. Some one else saw the driver of a bus also remove his hat as he passed. - When we reached the cemetery I thot as I glanced toward the new grave as we pulled up the hill, that no one was there waiting for us. But as we moved inside the gate there against the wall stood a large crowd of people some of whom I had never seen. I did not look in their direction but saw them in form only by indirect vision and it touched me deeply to see how many many friends Phebe and Papa have made. With that very short notice of the services, sent by telegraph to Ding Loh, all the people there and most of those at the University were present at the cemetery service and intended to get to the Ponasang service but the tide did not serve them just right to make that in time. They got stuck on a mud bar in the very low tide, and had to wait till the turn of the tide floated them off again so missed the Ponasang service. There was a little hitch in the service at the grave, for usually the casket is lowered into the grave before the service is begun. When the bearers came up to place the casket on the poles over the grave they (the poles) were not there in place as they usually are so they had to place it on the ground beside it (the grave) and wait. There was some low talking regarding the where-about of the poles, then they decided to proceed with the burial service while they were being brought. By the time it was finished, they were at hand and after the casket was lowered, Papa and I dropped a wreath of three red roses, one to symbolize mother's love, one father's love and one, (because we could get no more) to symbolize the love of brother and sisters; five white chrysanthemums to symbolize her own purity, and the green to symbolize our purpose to keep her dear memory ever green and fresh. A long white ribbon bow was tied to one side of it. Then we (Papa and I) walked slowly back thru the gate, escorted by Mr. Christian, to my rickisha and one was there for Papa then too, and we rode away down the hill leaving the large company of people standing by the grave. Many flowers were sent to the cemetery by people over that side who did not get out to either the city or the Ponasang service. The day was not exactly a blue day for thin clouds veiled the sun and made it really more comfortable (especially for the bearers who wheeled the bier, and the school girls who walked all the way to the cemetery and back) as to temperature for the journey over South Side than if the sun had been bright in a clear sky, for the general temperature that day was warm for the season. All doors and windows but two or three were open and we had no fires. Also the glare was not so bad for our eyes. The next day, Christmas day Papa and I went over to the cemetery again to visit the resting places of our dear one and take a little bouquet of the sweet Chinese narcissus. We found the new earth mound completely covered with flowers so that not even a tiny spot of freshly turned earth showed between the green and flowers. And they had kept remarkably fresh for 24 hours. It was almost dark when we reached the cemetery and when we left the moon was high and throwing a flood of lovely moonlight over the quiet spot. [*According to Phebe's death record, she was buried in the American Cemetery, Nantai, Foochow, China.*]

On New Year's day we went over again and I intended to take over some of the poinsettias to place on the grave for that day but it was such a busy day and we got started so late that we went empty-handed. However, we were surprised to find all the flowers fairly fresh except the camellias; they had turned brown. But the cross of English daisies was almost as fresh as it was when placed there eight days before. But all conditions had favored their keeping; --the weather had been cloudy continually,--some rain had fallen too, and it had been very cool; the atmosphere had been rather damp; the wall and trees had shaded them; and the caretaker had watered them every night I guess. Next time I go over I shall completely cover the grave with poinsettias.

Saturday, the day after Christmas we went over to Ponasang to Phebe's room and picked up as many of her things as we had time to and packed them up in her trunks; the next Monday and Tuesday we went over for a few hours each day and worked and on Saturday Jan 2, Papa went over and arranged with coolies to bring out her two trunks, 3 coreys[*covers?*], wardrobe, clothes hamper, 2 boxes, etc. I left her pictures, bricabrack, rugs, and most of the things that show usually in the room to have some pictures taken of the room to send you girls so that you might see what a neat, cozy, beautiful room she has had to live in these 4 ½ years. Mr. Thelin and Miss Cushman took several views each yesterday Jan 2. Saturday P.M. I made an appointment to meet him there at four o'clock and they took pictures in different positions till the sun went down at 5:10. I will send you some as soon as they are finished. Papa thinks the rule is in the Board that if a missionary is out less than one term of five years, the furniture

which was her outfit reverts to the Board; so he thinks we could not take away her bed, bureau, dresser, table, chairs, stove, etc. but her Pekin rugs and curios are ours and her clothes. I am going to send her clothes to you girls just as soon as I can get to pack them. I will send the winter dresses first hoping you can get some wear out of the wool ones in Feb. and Mar. Then the summer clothes I will send later. The person I address them to does not necessarily have to take the things sent to her for I don't know at all which will fit whom, or what styles will be most becoming to which or who needs them most. So you can divide them as suites yourselves when they arrive. Dorothy will probably be with you on Easter and she can make her selections from what is there, at that time. Later I will send the summer clothes and such personal effects as seem best to send you before we come home. Phebe had some beautiful pictures and I want Gould and Vivienne to have one or two for their new home as one of Phebe's gifts to them. If I send home the two silk blouses and the checked brown and gray silk shirt I brought out to her will any of you wear them this spring and summer and next fall or will they be too old fashioned? I don't need them. Dorothy can't wear them but Kathleen surely can and perhaps Mary [*Marjorie?*] or Gerry could. If you will wear them, answer this question right off and tell who will wear them if you can so I can have the skirt fixed for that one. Tell me her waist measure and the length desired for skirt. Answer at once.

I did not, when I was writing on that subject, tell you what was done, as the guarantee of my peace of mind; they told me at first that Dr. Neal Lewis would embalm the body; but a few hours before the funeral, Papa and I went down to the hospital to see how things were getting along and asked Dr. Dyer, who was then there, combing her hair, what had been done. She said Dr. Lewis said he had never done it so she had to do it. She said she injected into the vein in the neck ___ oz. of ___ which is a deadly poison and would stop heart action at once if there was life; she put it in, sending it down straight toward the heart. She told me that there was not the slightest doubt whatsoever in the minds of the 3 doctors that she was absolutely and finally lifeless; that rigidity mortis (is that right, Latin scholars?) the roots are the ones she used anyhow if the endings are incorrect.) as the legal proof of death. But that is not always certain I know, from four cases. But from the way her kidneys ceased to function and from the gradual way in which life went out, a gradual sinking a slow ebbing of vitality; the failure one by one of the physical and mental powers, first sight, then memory, then digestion, then control of nature's necessities, then the functioning of the kidneys, then consciousness, then motion, then swallowing, and finally breathing, and last the heart-beat itself, I myself had (to tell the truth) very little doubt that it was genuine death. But- I could not persuade myself to let it go otherwise than a certainty and that I secured, if- the Dr.'s statement can be trusted and I do not think she would deceive me and I think she ought to know what the effect of that drug is. So I am at peace in my mind with regard to the matter.

As Papa has written you we both have been amazed at the number of letters of sympathy that have come to us from all around, from nearly every household in the mission body of Foochow; and from Shanghai, Amoy, Ming Chiang, Hing Hua, KuCheng, Bangkok, and other cities south of Foochow; sometimes a dozen at one mail; and three deliveries a day for weeks after the 23rd never failed to bring at least one. I never realized before how much these messages of sympathy mean to the bereaved ones and I shall be more careful to write such letters to my friends hereafter as occasion suggests.

Feb. 15th- This letter was intended to be mailed about a week after my first one but it got laid away somewhere and I could not find it; moreover I have been so busy that I have not had the time to make a genuine hunt for it. We thought of you two weeks ago last Saturday as just receiving the sad news and prayed much for you all then. I shall be interested to see how nearly we estimated the date of the arrival of the news.

I have written another letter to Dorothy about another important event which will be mailed with this and she will forward to you. I am just up from the Anchorage for one night, and shall return to Dr. Gillett's tomorrow. Mr. Goddard is here; he and I are alone in the house tonight. Several are away for China New Year's vacation and the compound is quiet. Much love to you all.

Mother.

Please send to Dorothy at once and she to Gould. Dorothy will send hers to you. Papa is doing nicely after his operation for the removal of a cyst, at Dr. Gillett's Hospital. Dorothy's letter tells about it all. Do follow the proper diet and safe-guard your healths.

[This letter dated Jan. 4, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister Jerra-B (Geraldine). (Dorothy has not yet heard of Phebe's death.) Dorothy just returned from Oberlin where she spent a fun Christmas with Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen. Dorothy is looking forward to getting married and having her own house and family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

Jan. 4, 1926

Dear Jerra- B:-

Back on de job again! How I did miss you girls and the little house. I do believe this is the best Christmas we've had in Oberlin almost.

Harold and I reached here about 12:30 Sun. night. He left his suit-case at our house and walked all the way home- about two and a half miles. The little car stood in front of the house before I had finished dressing the next morning. It is fixed so that it runs beautifully now.

I found another Christmas awaiting me here- two more gifts and 14 cards. The gifts were a lovely white hand towel from Ish, and three cute tea towels from Gertrude Layman. I got cards from all those people that you girls heard from- Rigneys, a letter from Mitty-Mat, etc.; one from Dan, Stuart MacMillan, Betty Garland, the Coutts girls, and lots of others. I haven't started on my Christmas "thank yous". Every body to whom I show my gifts admires greatly the table crumber. It certainly is a beauty.

I found my green pencil!!!!- in one of the folds of my hand-bag. Great rejoicing!

I wonder how the poor girlies got along with the house. They surely deserve a lot of credit- getting the house, and cleaning up after all the good time. We have had so many and such grand times together as a family that sometimes I hate to think of not having so many of such get-togethers in the future, and then again I get so exuberant over thinking of a home of our own and a family. How I do wish that you were getting married- not instead of me, but along with me. You certainly are "far and away" the house-wife and Mother than I am! I feel as tho' I have such oodles to learn when I disregard it theoretically and look at it practically, but I suppose it will all come to me gradually.

The teachers that you knew here all asked about you and the girls. Evidently you made quite an impression here. Alice and Hazel got their tea just yesterday (Mon.) afternoon. They were both very pleased with it.

I'm writing during my free period and the bell is about to ring so I must stop.

I'll send the money I owe you just as soon as I get my next check which is Fri. of this week. I wrote checks to the girls and for my dresses yesterday and that had to come out of my savings. I'm going to replace it as soon as possible tho!

Lots of love, and do write soon!

Dot.

*[This letter, dated **January 6, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks. He and Ellen went to visit and rest at the Newells. They are still receiving letters of sympathy. Willard will send photos of the funeral soon. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January 6th 1926.

Dear Folks All:-

Again I will write five letters in one and send to the five centers. When possible I will tuck in a word of personal relation that will make the letter seem a little less like a newspaper article. The mail has gone already this time but the Foochow children are going down tomorrow to take the steamer so I can get this off.

Mama and I went over to Sie Puo to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Newell last Sat. It is the first night I have spent out of my own bed since coming from Kuliang I believe. I had promised to marry a former student on Sat. afternoon. He said the ceremony would be at 3:00 p.m. It took place at 5:30 so we were very late getting over to the Newell's. But it was good to relax and just be company. The Newells make you feel as if you could put your feet on the table if you wanted to and feel at home, so you see it is an ideal place to rest. On Sunday we went to a little church on the island in the river above the bridge. Mama has not been there for over four years. I have not been there for two years. We kept the place going while we were at home in New York, and it seems sort of like our work. The teacher-preacher is an old student of ours. Last May he lost his wife and a few weeks later his only little boy died. He married again and now his little four year old daughter is very ill. He feels very sad. His expenses are greater than he can meet and his sorrow is deep.

Good letters came from most of you in the last mail. We got the news of Thanksgiving. I was very glad that Gould could get up for a glimpse of you and to let you have a glimpse of him. The Oberlin Thanksgiving was a gala one with too much to eat I see. Mama is all the time talking temperance or abstinence in eating, but she fixes and sets before Mr. Hightower and me such a lot of good things that we are in danger of getting sick from too much food. She has made two pumpkin pies from some real summer pumpkins that I raised from home seed, and they were just like home pies.

Letters of sympathy keep coming in every day. I am more and more humble as I see how far reaching Phebe's friendship was, and how deep it was. We have had printed cards to acknowledge these and the floral tributes.

This is the Week of Prayer and we are having two meetings a day in two parts of Foochow, to accommodate all. The meetings are union in all senses, Chinese, foreign, Meth., Anglican, Congregational, Y.M.C.A.

The photos of the funeral are fairly good. I shall hope to mail them soon. I will tuck in a copy of the last photo Phebe had taken for her passport home.

With lots of love that is made more precious with the going home of each loved one. What a blessing thing the family love is.

Will

Will you please send this on to each member of the family as listed below
Ben, Oliver, Flora, Stanley, Home.

*[This letter, dated **January 12, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary and all the others. He includes Phebe's death report and discusses her will and life insurance. He shares some thoughts of her last 6 weeks of life. Her death report, which is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel, states that she died of Uremia caused by Chronic Glomerulo-nephritis. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January 12th. 1926.

Dear Mary and All the Others:-

Yesterday the Consul sent me a copy of his official report of Phebe's death. I am sending a copy to you and also one to Boston to Mr. Belcher as her will is registered there, and as they were paying her Life Insurance Premiums yearly. Her insurance is with the MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEWARK N.J. Policy No. 763,891, for \$1000.00. The names of John F. Johnston, District Manager, 4 Olivia St. Derby, Conn. and Arthur J. Birdseye, State Agent, 71-2-3-4 First National Bank Building, Hartford, Conn. are on the papers.

I really do not know whether I should apply thru you or Mr. Belcher, so I am really applying thru both. You may need to get into communication with each other. You remember that Mr. Belcher was here as a member of our mission for five years and I feel pretty well acquainted with him. I do not know whether I should send on the policy or not. I shall wait till the request is made before I send it.

The will is to be probated here in Shanghai. I have sent to Boston for it. After the estate here is settled, we will see about what Phebe had at home. I do not know as she had much at home. I think there is a little in the Derby Savings Bank tho I am not sure. And I think there is a little in Putnam. I do not find her bank books here. They may be in Boston. The only other money that I know anything about is the part of the note on the Shelton house. I do not know whether we need to do anything about that or not I believe it is all in my name. Write your ideas.

You are just now hearing of her serious illness. We shall bear you all up in prayer for it will be harder for you at home than for us or must I say "me" here. Those were to me six weeks of very deep life. They were very full of the sweet fragrance of a life well lived and about to be restored to the God who gave it. How often Phebe said as I sat beside her "It is good just to have you here." And her cheery "Good morning Father", will remain in my ears as long as I live. She suffered no pain but she was often uncomfortable and it was a great relief to her for me to rub her, and she was so grateful for it. Her thoughts were for others all the time rather than for herself. We did not talk about death nor about heaven but we did talk about God and about the way in which He wants men to live.

To day I have spent the whole day attending the funeral of one of the first graduates of the old Theological School of the Am. Board Mission here, which I started in 1896, not of the graduate but of his wife. I married them and have been very close to them ever since. She leaves one married son, one married daughter and two little boys

and one little girl, the youngest 6 years old. It was a big funeral. 180 ate dinner after the one hour and a half service, and in the procession there must have been 300.

On father's and mother's wedding anniversary I am to marry a fine young man, the son a very earnest Bible Woman, a graduate of the University and now a teacher of Foochow College. Here are congratulations for Father's 84th birthday.

Very lovingly to all
Will

For the sincere expressions of sympathy, comfort and appreciation; for the beautiful floral tributes; and for the kindly ministrations and assistance rendered on the occasion of the illness and decease of our daughter, Phebe, we take this opportunity to thank all our friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard.

[This letter dated Jan. 17, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by 18 year old Kathleen to her sister Phebe. (Kathleen has not yet received word that Phebe is dead.) Kathleen has heard from their father that Phebe's health is improving. Kathleen tells Phebe about winter skating at Oberlin, a bookstore fire in town, applying to college at Oberlin, high school graduation coming up and exams and the Clavilux demonstration. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

70 S. Cedar St.
Oberlin Ohio
Jan. 17, 1926

Dear Phebe-

We think much of you folks out in China now days with Mother's long letters about her trip and Father's frequent letters about your steady gain in health. The last letter told of your increase in diet. I suppose that Mother is now putting all of you on the Tilden [*This refers to Dr. John Tilden's diet of moderate eating.*] diet as she did us. We are still going quite closely by it and like it very much.

This past week there has been very good skating. I have been out twice in the evening for an hour or so and it was grand fun. The only trouble is that we do not have a big enough place to skate. A tennis-court flooded now serves the purpose of a skating rink since Gater's rink is not open this year. The rink is always crowded with numerous little boys dashing around, playing tag and cracking the whip, so there is not much room left for other skaters. I just get to going well and have to turn around and go back but just the same the ice is good and I can learn a little on the small rink. We have heard several sleighing parties pass the house with their bells jingling and their laughing and shouting. None of us have been on any sleigh rides yet this season but I surely want to.

Last week Oberlin actually had a little excitement but at the expense of Haylor's Book Store. The store caught fire one morning in the basement and it spread to the oil in the oil furnace. The floor of the store broke through before the fire was discovered so the fire company could do little. Smoke poured out of the front of the store all morning but they kept it from spreading very much although the stores on either side and the office above were slightly damaged. Many college and High school students cut classes to watch it and there was a large crowd around there all day. I didn't see it until noon when the smoke was still coming out and the front of the building was non est. I think that almost nothing was saved but some of the stock was covered by insurance. The fire was not entirely out until 3 P.M.

I have up my application in for college for next fall. That brings college a little nearer to me although it seems queer to think of myself actually being in college. On the application blank it asked for names of family who had studied in Oberlin. I put down the whole family from Father to Marjorie and under relatives I gave the names

of the three Humes and Harold. I guess they will have to let me in just from my family representation here. I will not know until April whether or not I am accepted but I am counting on entering. So far I am planning on taking music as my major with perhaps a minor like French or Latin. I am very much interested in my music and get more so the more I take of it. I am taking lessons of a different teacher from the one I had last year, since she is away. At first I didn't like the new one at all. She used to discourage me so that I seriously thought of dropping music but I am used to that now and even like her quite well. I just wish that I had more time for practice for I could get along so much faster if I did. I will have to take three years of theory for a music major which Marjorie is having quite a struggle with this year. But I can't think of anything else which I am sufficiently interested in to major in it.

Evidences of our graduation are coming thick and fast now. Our senior rings and pins, ordered about Thanksgiving time, came soon after Christmas. I got a pin with a little guard, attached to it by a tiny chain, in the form of 26. Also we are beginning work on our annual O-High and have to have our pictures taken for it next week. I dread to have mine taken for I never take a good one but I guess I'll have to. If it happens to be good I'll send you one.

Jan. 24. A whole week has gone by and I have not found time to finish this letter. Exams have begun for the first semester and Gerry and Marjorie spend much time studying. In high school we don't have any real exams but just numerous tests instead. In American History we are reviewing the whole semesters work in portions and every day for the next four days we will write on one or two questions. That is nearly as bad as an exam I think. Our other teachers are only giving us tests.

Last Tuesday something very new in the way of entertainment came here. It was called the Clavilux and was presented by Thomas Wilfred. We were very curious to see what it was so all of us went to it and were not in the least disappointed. It was a play of lights on a screen which was managed by a keyboard something like an organ. Mr. Wilfred first told us something of the origin of "light as a fine art" and how he had become interested in it and had developed it to what it is now. His selections were like musical selections each having a name and a subject. He first showed us the primary colors with which he worked as blue, yellow, red, and how combinations of these colors make other shades and altogether they made white. They were the most beautiful colors and he made them shade into one another so prettily. One of his selections was the ocean. He made an almost perfect one, rippling the water and everything. He also made queer figures, moving them around on the screen, throwing different colors on them and making them large and small. It was wonderful to watch all these weird patterns ever changing but the lights were so strong and bright that they were tiring to the eye. Gerry's eyes troubled her so that she had to shut them but it didn't trouble M. and me much. The clavilux just gave a glimpse of what could be done along that line and I wish you all could have seen it.

Lots and lots of love to you and Father and Mother,
Kathleen

*[This letter, dated **January 24, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father, brothers and sisters. Letters of sympathy keep coming. He explains the incident of a bomb going off in Foochow College. He also tells about an incident with one of the classes of boys. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

January, 24th. 1926.

Dear Father and Brothers and Sisters:-

Just one month ago today we looked at Phebe's face for the last time. It seems a long [time] ago. I knew that she and I had grown very close to each other, but it was closer than I realized. As letters of sympathy keep coming with nearly every mail, I realize anew how deeply she impressed people. Mama says that the number is nearing the hundred mark. It is a new experience for us, and it is a very precious experience. It gives us a new valuation of Christian fellowship. It also puts a new value on life and what our life may mean to others. You people at home are just hearing of her homegoing this week. We are praying for you that you may be given grace and comfort and strength to endure the sorrow that it must bring. The plans of us all have been entirely changed. It is hard to keep receiving letters with plans in them for Phebe's furlough, all of which must now be changed. The letters from the Lacy families are specially near in their sympathy, for Alice was near Phebe's age and her life had run in parallel channels. She died here about two years ago. Then last summer both Dr. and Mrs. Lacy died. They were very close to me in many points of life.

You see I am still writing to you one letter. I hope it is all right. If you prefer the other way just say so. In this way I can get a letter to each one oftener. And I will endeavor to put in a few words of personal thought to each one. For this letter I am saving the thank yous for the Christmas gifts.

For a week now the weather has been very cold. Last Sunday Mama (in this kind of a letter I hardly know whether to write Mama or Ellen) and I pulled out of Foochow and went down to the University. We went down Saturday afternoon and came back Sunday evening. It is the first time I ever went down there without definite work to do. It was a delightful rest. The day was a perfect one, bright, warm and cheerful. The cold snap came after we got back. We were with Roderick and Mrs. Scott and his father and mother. In the afternoon at 4:30 Bishop Hind came down and conducted the Vesper service for the students and faculty. This past week has been filled with meetings of the Congregational church of Foochow, - committees planning the work for this year. Last Tuesday evening Ellen and I were over at Hua Nang, the Woman's College of the Meth. Mission for dinner with Misses Ehly and McClurg, they were in our house on Kuliang when Marjorie and Kathleen were there, in about 1917. They are just leaving on furlough.

The last mail brought your letters in reply to my first about Phebe's illness. And your reference to the paper statements that a bomb had burst in Foochow College and President Beard barely escaped with his life. This made good copy. The fact that it was based on is this. At about that time one morning some mischievous boy put a firecracker in the drawer of the table on the platform of the College Chapel. It happened that on that day I led chapel prayers and they were very short. The Student Council met at the close of chapel and it was during this meeting that the firecracker went off. The table top was made of quarter inch boards and it was broken. No one was injured. The boys got rather upset, naturally, and some of them jumped out of the window and one hurt his back but it is all right now.

Have I written that about a month ago one class decided to bolt at the demand of three or four boys who saw that they could not pass their term's work? These few compelled the whole class to sign a paper to go out. Three boys stood out. But even these went home, on leave of absence. The Faculty expelled the whole class and then allowed the ones who were not bad to return. Some of those who were leaders in getting the others to leave stood near the school gate one morning and struck some of those who were coming to school. These boys who were struck came right into the school and told the whole story. I went at once and reported to the police and two boys were arrested. They have since been released on bail. But we have had a very quiet school, since.

Commencement comes next Wednesday. We go on to complete examinations until Feb. 4th. Then there are some things that must be done to finish up the year. On Feb. 8th Mr. Carpenter of the C.M.S. College and Miss Phillips of the Union Kindergarten are to be married. On the same day in the same place I am to marry Ieu Suio Ling and the daughter of the school monitor. Then I must go to the hospital for a slight operation. And after that I have not planned. Ned Smith and Grace want us to come up to Ing Tai.

I must close this and leave a little space for the personals.

Dear father:

It is a very great pleasure to see your hand writing, and I do appreciate it. The Christmas gifts came all right. I opened them with Phebe while she was in bed. The wash cloths remind me of you folks every morning and when I feel like it I perfume up with the toilet accessories. The "cakes" are as delicious as ever. I eat them very slowly- the last about May or June.

I am glad for Oliver and Grace that Jeanie Drew remembered him. I judge Oliver was pretty good to him during the past few years.

I sent to you a set of photos of Phebe's funeral and also a handbook on Fukien, a chapter of which I wrote. In a short time I will send other photos showing the grave.

We think of you often. The notes from Stanley and Myra are very interesting. They give us a glimpse into the home.

Very lovingly

Will.

[This letter dated Jan. 28, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sisters. She has just received news about their sister, Phebe's death. She wishes she could put roses on Phebe's grave but realizes that they may never be able to do so. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Saginaw, Mich.,
Jan. 28, 1926.

Dearest Sisters:-

I suppose you got the China letter yesterday, too. Poor dear Phebe, I wonder if she knew Mother when she arrived. God spared her just long enough to let them have a few words together anyway. What a terrible shock to mother, after having anticipated being with Father and Phebe at the end of the voyage. And what a terrible struggle for Father waiting for Mother and wondering whether or not Phebe would last. Wasn't his letter wonderful in spirit and sentiment? Phebe certainly won her way into many hearts and lives, and will be missed wherever she made friends.

At times I simply can't make it seem possible yet. After not having seen her for five years, and having her so far away, and happening so long ago- its very hard to realize. Just think of what Mother and father were going through while we were having such a jolly Christmas day! - and vacation. It seems almost irreverent to think of all of the fun and jollity I've had since way back before Christmas when mother and father were in such sorrow, and I would have been, had I only known.

If we only could have all been together. We can be thankful that Mother got over there when she did, and that mother and father have each other to find comfort in.

Would that we five could be together. You poor girls received the news at a bad time- right in the midst of exams. I went up to school today, but didn't do much actual teaching- let my leaders do most of it. Tomorrow (Fri.) we have no school, but we teachers have to take inventory and make out reports.

Tonight I was to go to "No, No Nanette" with Russell Christie but Mrs. Croley called him up to explain and to cancel the date. Just now I was called to the door and received a box of ten lovely pink rose-buds with a little card of sympathy from Russell. It touched me deeply. I wish I could place the roses myself on dear Phebe's grave. We may never be able to do that. Here again, we are so far away and so helpless as far as doing anything is concerned. Do you suppose we five could get together and get, or at least help get a stone or marker or some kind. Maybe they'll have it all done before we can get any word to them. What do you girls think? If not that what could we do?

I sent the letter that I got, on to Aunt Molly asking her to send it back. Father asked me to do that.

Mrs. Croley was very much pleased with Jerry's letter- also with Monnies. I think she appreciates your tho't of her more than she really shows, and she shows a great deal of appreciation.

I'm still awaiting spring vacation with great joy for I'm so anxious to see you all again.

Monnie see if you can't find more words in the papers every day, if they give you such a sudden writing inspiration.

The radio is still holding it's place as a novelty, and we have had lots of people in to hear it.

Margaret Curtis started for Oberlin today. I wish I were in her shoes.

What did you think of poor Hazel's letter?

Write soon,

Very lovingly,
Dotty.

[This letter dated Jan. 28, 1926 was written from Easton, Pa. by Gould to his sisters. He writes after having just gotten news that their sister, Phebe, has died. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

109 N. 3rd St. Easton, Pa.
Jan. 28, 1926.

Dear Sisters:-

Fathers sad but beautiful letter came tonight. I wish I could be with you tonight in communion with our Heavenly Father, thanking him for having given us the sweet and fervent example of our oldest sister, for her sisterly love, for the happy years he gave us with her. My heart is full of thanks to God for her even though he did take her from us in this world.

I think the simple metaphor the Chinese pastor at Wenshan gave about the gardner picking the flowers at the best time was the most beautiful one I have ever heard to compare to God's taking his children to heaven. Phebe must have lived her reward, she must have been perpetually rewarded in her works by the happiness and love she called forth about her.

I am more glad than words can express that Mother got there before the last. I thanked God on my knees for that among many other things. But how too bad that she could not have been there before.

If it would do any good, and if I had the money I could come to you for a day of family worship. It seems best though, and I am helpless to do otherwise, that I stay right on the job and continue my work. I am writing Dot, the Farm, Aunt Mollie and Putnam besides my regular letter to Vivienne.

God be with you my sisters in our sorrow. But let us be glad that he gave us these many sweet years of intimate and loving companionship with our oldest and dearly loved sister.

My love is with you all,

Your brother,

Gould.

*[This letter, dated **February 18, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his father. He writes to wish his father a happy 84th birthday. He had an operation on his testicle. The letter is continued two days later and Willard is home from the hospital. He talks about how he found out that his mother had dedicated him to the ministry at birth and his thoughts regarding it. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

Pagoda Anchorage Hospital.

Foochow, China

Feb. 18, 1926.

Dear Father:-

All day I have promised myself the pleasure of a chat with you some time during the day. Eighty four years ago you began to cry- or do something else to announce your arrival, and you have been doing something ever since. It is given to very few men to live as long as you have, to fewer to live as long and as well and to still fewer to live as long and as well and to reap to the satisfaction from their life as you are now reaping. You have seen all your children make good and your grandchildren making good, and all of them rise up and call you blessed. I congratulate you for it all.

On Feb. 10th I came down here to be operated on. For 11 years my left testicle has been enlarging. I have had a doctor look at it from time to time and they told me it was nothing to worry over. Last summer it grew large fast till it got to be as big as my two fists- no pain, no bother but at times embarrassing. I showed it to doctor Gillette in Sept. and he told me it was nothing to worry over- come down during vacation and have an operation. So Ellen and I came down a week ago yesterday. We arrived at noon. At 2:15 I was breathing the chloroform. At 3:30 I was on my bed. At 4:45 I began to talk- was sea sick. But the inconvenience and pain have been much less than I anticipated. Doctor says I can go home day after tomorrow. Dr. Campbell a young man who came out last Nov did the cutting. He tells me the testicle consists of 7 layers. He cut thru 5 of these. The fluid that collects and causes the enlargement is between the 6th and 7th layers. He dissected the 6th layer and emptied the fluid- in my case about 2/3 of a cup and takes the lining of the 6th layer out. Then the fluid will not recollect. The incision was about 3 in. long. (Hydrocele is the name of my ailment.) The stitches were all removed on the 5th day. The enlargement is not all gone but it will take some time for it all to absorb.

Ellen went to Foochow last Monday, and returned this afternoon with the mail- a big one, with letters from you, Phebe, Mary, Stanley and Myra and Flora to you folks- Geraldine, Dorothy, Gould, Vivienne, Emma, Raymond Jewett and several others.

That bomb is getting to be a big joke. A firecracker placed in a table drawer went off during a meeting of students. In ten minutes the meeting continued and little more was thought of it. Papers in the U.S., Eng. and France and Belgium made copy of it.

It is sad- but at the same time brings a sense of pride that so many and such good letters keep coming to Phebe. I remember when Ruth went that Elizabeth wrote that she dreaded to think of the time when people would stop speaking of her and writing about her.

I must not write more now- the doctor does not know I am in my slippers and dressing gown writing. He has promised me I could dress tomorrow. Ellen read home letters to me from 6:30 -9 p.m.

I'll plan to add some to this tomorrow to catch a steamer out. The first one since Feb. 10.

Lovingly your son

Will.

Feb. 20. 9 p.m.

Ellen and I came home this morning. I am eating and sleeping and getting about all right, but I have no spunk. I suppose that will come gradually.

In your next to last letter you asked if I knew that my mother gave me to God for the ministry when I was born. When I was in Cornwall that three months Ned Seymour used to lecture me regularly every Sun. afternoon on becoming a minister. I laughed at him. About the middle of the term Ella Wooster wrote me asking if I knew Mother dedicated me to the Gospel ministry at my birth. I had never dreamed or heard of anything of the kind. This was rather staggering to me. I had never considered the ministry as even a remote possibility. I had fully decided to call my education complete with that three months at Cornwall. Then I would look about for a good farm and a wife and settle down for life. Within a few days of the coming of Ella Wooster's letter you wrote me, - not alluding to what calling I should choose, but offering to help me as you were able if I wanted to take a college course. This brought me all up standing, and I was sensible enough to decide that any young man was a fool not to take a college course if the way was open to him. I was honest enough also to decide that if I took a college course I must fit for the ministry. I never knew whether you were of one mind with mother in wanting me to be a minister or not till your letter came the other day. It did me a world of good to know that you are pleased with my choice and with my career.

Signs of Spring are everywhere- the apricot trees are putting out leaves, grass is getting green, violets are in bloom, gardens are starting to grow, - We have had two meals of sweet corn this past week. I planted it last October. We have not had any destructive frosts this past winter and it has kept on growing very slowly all winter. I am saving eggs to hatch or rather set.

My but I would like some of your surplus milk and butter. My hens give us all the eggs we want- and they are quite different from the Chinese eggs bought in the stores. I ate these down at the hospital at Pagoda for a week. Then I got some of my own down from Foochow. My pullets began to lay in Nov. and they have been at it ever since. (A big magpie is breaking a twig from the tree just outside to build a spring nest.)

I hope Phebe had a good time at Stanley's, and that the change brought to her rest. I wonder has [she] gotten that 200 lbs. out of her kitchen yet. Sometime when you are in Bridgeport and have lots of time, drop in at the Old Bridgeport Savings Bank and ask the amount of my account there, or ask Oliver to do it. I think I have some there. The interest on Phebe's note on the Shelton mortgage you may just put in the Bank in my name, - in my account. Your last letter tells of the receipt of the \$16.00 from Mr. Barker of Brooklyn. I think I told you to send the \$100. that Ellen did not get to Geraldine.

I must close to get this into the mail.

With lots of love to all
Will

*[This letter, dated **March 7, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He is receiving the first letters from home with reactions to Phebe's death. He is grateful for the four years he spent with her in China. He is recovering from his operation. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 7th. 1926.

Dear Children:- and "Grown Ups":

This week I am writing another general letter, with a few personal words in my own inimitable hand at the end.

Night before last came your letters in reply to the news of Phebe's going home. These letters mark a stage in my life and I must keep them. They are with the last letters of Ruth and Mother and Elizabeth and the first letters of Kathleen and other very select letters that I want to look at occasionally. I knew that what you have expressed was there before the occasion had not come to bring it out. As I have read your letters (a letter has come from each of you) there came to me a satisfaction deeper than I ever experienced before. You have the right attitude toward life and toward God and toward death.

More than one hundred letters have come to us expressing sympathy and speaking in the highest terms of Phebe's life and work. But your letters are to me more valuable. May God keep you always able to recognize true worth when you see it. I am not sure that any of us fully recognized the value of Phebe's life. I think I have had a richer opportunity to know her during the past four years than any of the rest of the family. We have been more like brother and sister than Father and daughter. We depended much on each other. She was always so self-effacing that I found myself trying to get her to think more highly of herself. Letters still come from people in China and the mail today Mar. 9th, brought many from the U.S.- all speaking of her wonderful unselfish, helpful character.

School has opened normally with all the students that we want,- about 400. Bible study is elective but nearly the whole bunch have elected Bible.

We expect Dr. and Mrs. Strong, Am. Board Secretary the last of this month. We are planning to entertain them.

I set two hens last Saturday. One sits on eggs from hens that are mostly Rh. Red with Leghorn mixture, that have been with a Wh. Leg. Rooster, the other from hens half Wh. Leg. that have been with a Red. Rooster. They all have only the three strains, i.e. the Reds I brought out in 1921. The Wh. Leg. I bought in 1922 (he is still on the job, is the one referred to above) and the Red, Mary sent from Pekin. (he is the one referred to above).

For myself I am getting back most to normal. I cannot yet do quite as much as before I went to the hospital but I'm improving all the time. To day the Life Insurance Co. sent the blanks to be filled out for Phebe's insurance. It looks as if there was no trouble in getting it.

Mr. Goddard left for Shanghai and the U.S. a week ago today.

Lovingly
Will

[He includes a handwritten note:]

Dear folks:

This last mail brought good letters from Father, Phebe, Stanley and Grace,- and lots of other people as they heard of Phebe's going. What a wonderful thing sympathy is. How it strengthens and gives heart, and how it binds persons together.

Foochow is rather quiet these days- or is it that I have been unusually quiet since going to the hospital- four weeks ago today. The wound is still a little tender but getting normal, and I am getting normal,- have been up at 6:30 a.m. to feed my hens for four or five days now. Sat. last I set two hens on 11 eggs each. It is later than I wanted to do it but the hospital is to blame.

I think of Father as watching the hay now. He used to say March was the longest month for the hay mows- it had 31 days and the stock ate all the time.

I received from the Life Insurance Co. the blanks to be filled out. They are in the works and I will mail them soon.

May God be good to you all and always keep us on the side of His helpers.

Father is mighty good to write so frequently.

Lovingly to all
Will

*[This letter, dated **March 18, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He sends a copy of the letter he wrote regarding Phebe's life insurance. He has been having headaches and needs new glasses sent over. He also includes a postcard written to him that he thinks Gould might enjoy seeing. From the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 18th, 1926.

Dear Mary:-

Below is a copy of a letter which I sent by the last mail.

March 15, 1926.
402-404 Phoenix Nat'l Bank Bldg.
Hartford, Conn. U.S.A.

Mr. Wm. H. Griswold

Dear Sir:-

I am sending to you PROOFS OF LOSS on life of Phebe Kinney Beard. These, Certificate of Claimant, Physician's Certificate, Undertaker's Certificate. These have all been duly signed in the presence of Mr. E.B. Price the American Consul at Foochow, China. I trust that you will find them all in order and that when you have received them, with the policy which I am enclosing you will be able to make the settlement.

Will you please send the \$1000.00 to Miss Mary L. Beard, Shelton Conn. I hereby authorize her to receipt for the payment of the \$1000.00.

Enclosures 1. Proofs of loss on life of Phebe Kinney Beard.

(1) Certificate of Claimant.

(2) Physician's Certificate.

(3) Undertaker's Certificate.

2. Policy No. 763,891.

Very Sincerely yours,

If for any reason the Insurance Co. does not want to accept your receipt, I am enclosing a receipt which may answer. I do this for I do not want the money sent out here, if it can be avoided.

News is scarce. The term opened normally and every thing has been running very quietly. The teachers are on their job and the students are on their jobs. We were pretty drastic in expelling boys at the end of last term. It looks to me as if some of the boys are now afraid of being connected with the Student Government lest they should appear to be agitators, for the students have not yet organized a government this term.

Dr. Wm. E. Strong telegraphed from Hong Kong yesterday that they would be in Foochow next Wed. March 24th.

My eyes have been giving me head aches for nearly a month. I asked Dr. Kinnear to examine them the other day with the result that I must get new glasses. The ones that Fred send do not work. It is not at all his fault. I sent Helen an embroidered tea cloth and six napkins the other day.

The cold wet rains have come at last. It has poured for the past four days, and altho last Sunday was a beautiful day that made us all take off clothes- we had to put them back on Monday and now we wear overcoats as in winter. I do not see any use in saying anything about Phebe's share in the mortgage. I shall use the interest to help the ?? in school. Just add it to my mortgage. Then mine will be $\$1440 + 265 = \1705 - with G.H.[?] Love to all Will.

[He also includes a postal sent to him addressed to:]

Dr. W.L. Beard
Foochow College.
City.

Anti_____.

You Silly Yankee! Rotten preacher. Beware, We are intending to give you something very soon.

Yours revengely

Anti

You dilly Yankee! rotten preacher
 Beware, We are intending to give
 you something very soon,
 Yours reverently

[Willard adds to it:] Jan. 26, 1926. Only persons of distinction receive such missives.
 Gould might enjoy this.

[This typewritten letter dated **March 20, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. Phebe had designated Geraldine as her beneficiary in her will. Willard discusses the finances with Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission
 Foochow, China

March 20th. 1926.

Dear Geraldine:-

The mail last night brought Phebe's will from Boston. She makes you her beneficiary. Uncle Elbert was her administrator, but as the will is to probated here, he has been to Boston and has re-signed and asked me to administer the estate. There will be about \$400 mex. here now in the bank. There are \$20 in War Saving Stamps. This Certificate came with the will, last night. I am writing to the Secretary of the Treasury to see what is to be done. These Stamps were due Jan. 1st. 1925. Then there is \$12.50 in gold coin that I found in one of her trunks. The watch that she took from home she did not use for more than a year before she died. She bought a cheap one to use till she went home. I cannot find either one. She had a lot of good dresses that Mama talked of sending on to you girls, but she has not got about it. She had a good outfit of underclothes and bed linen and towels. There are some curios that she had not sent home. These do not have great value. Only a short time before she was taken ill she bought two beautiful pieces of jade. She showed them to me and said she paid \$12 for them. They are beauties. She has some piece goods not made up. Her furniture will go back to the Board, under the rule that if a missionary does not give five years of service the furniture purchased with the outfit money reverts to the Board. There are two beautiful Peking rugs, one about five feet by eight, one round about 2 ½ feet in diameter. Do you want us to bring these home when we come or do you want them sooner? She had a Corona typewriter, it is not in no. 1 condition now. But with a little outlay it could be made a good machine. Mr. Belcher writes of a savings account at home (total about \$193.00). I do not remember that she spoke to me of it. Where or how much it is I do not know. Her share of Grandma Beard's estate is invested in a mortgage on a house in Shelton, with several of the rest of us. This amounts to \$265 I think. Aunt Mary is taking care of it. I will ask her to just change Phebe's name and write yours, and send you the interest each six months. It will be at least six months before I can do anything about settling the estate for the Consul must give that much time after the administrator has been appointed before the property can be

disposed of. You can write any wishes you have, tho, anytime and I will try to carry them out. You had better write Mama about the clothing and linens etc. She also has a set of Japanese cups and saucers and a few plates. There are also some rather nice pictures in frames. There are also some silver spoons. She had a gold ring made for Aunt Ruth out of the bows of her great grandmother Nichols' glasses. This she took off a week before she died and asked me to take charge of it lest it drop off her finger and be lost. What do you want done with it? You will realize that this is not an exhaustive list of her things but the most of them.

I enclose a check for \$50. given me Dwight Goddard. This will help on the expenses of you girls. The Life Insurance ought to come in time to save you from Bankruptcy. I have filled out all blanks and sent them on asking that the money be sent to Aunt Mary, and I have asked her to bank it for me. This I plan to use to help you girls thru school.

I must not write more tonight. My eyes are troubling me. I have had them examined by Dr. Kinnear and [edge paper torn] new glasses are ordered. God keep you all unselfish.

Lovingly, Father.

[This letter, dated **March 21, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Mary. He tells Mary that Phebe named Geraldine as her beneficiary and gives her some financial instructions. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

March 21st. 1926.

Dear Mary:-

In my last letter I suggested that you transfer Phebe's share of the mortgage in the Shelton house to me. This was too previous, for the mail last Friday evening brought her will which makes Geraldine her beneficiary. So please change Phebe's name to Geraldine, and send the interest to Geraldine. Last week I sent the blanks that the Insurance Co. sent to me back to them all made out properly (I hope) and with them the Policy. I sent you a copy of the letter I wrote the Co. In this I asked them to accept your signature on the receipt and to send you the \$1000.00. I will ask Geraldine to let you know what she and the girls will need to get them thru the year, and will you send them out of this \$1000.00 that amount she names and put the rest in the Derby Savings Bank, in my name.

In this letter I am returning that check for \$20.00 which you sent to Phebe last year. Pardon me for not doing it before. I will try to get some of the things you want and send them on. The truth is I have had my time pretty well filled for the past five months.

We are expecting Dr. Strong and his party i.e. Mrs. Strong and a Mrs. Decater next Wednesday. They will stay with us if plans carry.

I have the ground all ready for corn but it is too cold yet to plant. Last year I planted at this time and again three weeks later. The later planting was ripe as soon as the earlier.

We are just getting the news of the settlement of the coal strike. I judge that Frank Grant is some man. He knows how to keep still and how to wait, two very important factors in dealing with the animal MAN. I am glad to be able to think the scarcity of coal has not troubled you at all for strikes do not stop the growth of wood on the farm.

I will enclose a receipt for the life insurance in case they are not willing to accept your name. I must have sent this in the last letter.

Tonight the Y.M.C.A. of the school is putting on The Thief of Bagdad. They will likely clear some \$20, selling the tickets at 13 cents each and paying \$50.00 for the film.

I hope Phebe and Flora will not get jealous of you and Father the last few letters have had so much business in them that you had to do with that I have addressed them to you.

The tie for my birthday has just arrived. It is a beauty, Thank you all for it. One of those that Elizabeth worked stars in is still in existence. I washed it in gasoline and wore it for ten years. It is past usefulness now.

With love to all,

Will.

[This letter, dated April 22, 1926, was written by Willard to the folks in the home land. Dr. and Mrs. Strong from the American Board came to visit Foochow. Willard feels that Foochow is quiet now because of Governor Sah. He sends jade pins and buttons as gifts for those at home in the U.S. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

April 22nd. 1926

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

Here begins another general letter. I think I started the last one while Dr. and Mrs. Strong were here. We enjoyed them greatly. They are very easy to entertain and both are jolly. He does not bring shop to the parlor or to the table. Our mission did not serious trouble him with knotty problems. I think he had a fairly pleasant time with us. He had an acute attack of nephritis when in India and the doctor told him to cut out all addresses and be careful of cold and wet. He made no address while here. He attended mission meeting three days and had a reception with the Chinese and one with the foreigners. They sort of boarded around while here but that was not strenuous. Twice the doctor examined and found no trace of nephritis. The weather was delightful all the time they were here till the night they left. Mrs. Strong is a painter and she found plenty to keep her busy. She did the white pagoda. I wrote that the Salt Commissioner sent his launch down to Pagoda after them. We called on him to thank him for his kindness. He received us very graciously and gave both Dr. Strong and myself his photo with his autograph on it. He said that Wu Pei Fu was going to send him to the U.S. two years from now as his Ambassador. He would surely go to Boston and call on Dr. Strong at the Board Rooms. The latest news from Peking looks as if Wu might do it. Then he sent word that he wanted to return the call. So we fixed a date and received him. His guard ran all over the house. He asked for Mrs. Strong. Dr. Strong and I invited the ladies in and showed them off. His wife often goes with him, and receives with him on social occasions when they entertain. She can do it in fine style too.

The Strong's liked Chinese food and they had it three times at least. They did not want anything to eat after coming home. It is interesting that often foreigners often eat a meal after going to a Chinese feast. And the reverse is as true. Only the other day one of the students of the graduating class here was invited to a foreign table. He said "I felt as if I had had nothing to eat."

Ellen, Miss Perkins and I went down to Pagoda with Dr. and Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Decatur. We left here at 3:30 p.m., got to the river at 4:00 and were in our little motor boat in about ten minutes and off. We stopped at Dr. Gillettes and put the ladies ashore to go direct to Dr. Gillettes and Dr. and Mrs. Campbell's. Dr. Strong and I went across the bay to put the baggage on the Ning Shin. It was dark by the time we got back to Dr. Gillettes. It was raining and cold, we refused an invitation to supper and over night. It was a cold ride up river, but a cosy motor boat kept us fairly comfortable and we reached home ten minutes before ten. Mr. Hightower was up and he built a good fire and we got good and warm before going to bed and were all right.

A week ago last Friday we were at dinner with Civil Governor Sah. These officials know how to entertain all right. They do it so naturally. Governor Sah rented two big Brussels carpets and had his reception room very cheery. The colors were very bright. As we arrived he asked us to be seated in the large reception room at a round table, very informally. Each of us was given a liquer glass with some kind of a custard beancurd, little cubes of sangcha jelly and other fruit in a sweet liquid. We ate it with a spoon. Two graduates of Foochow College were there. One is teaching some boys in Go. Sah's yamen and the other was Mr. Sing Ce Dung, the leading Y.M.C.A. Secretary now. He was the man whom Gov. Sah depended upon to see that all went properly. As we went into the dining room and as the Gov'r was seating the guests, Ce Dung said to me. "I hope it is all right for I arranged the seats." If Ellen were writing this she would give you the menu. I remember that we had some delicious fish and turkey, apples, and navel oranges from California. The Governor is very democratic. He talks and does not seem afraid of telling things. In conversation that evening he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, something like this, Military Governor Ciu wanted to flood Foochow with paper currency, as Chang Tso Ling did the north. But I would not put my name to the scheme, and he could not do it. Politically Foochow is quiet and some of the cause is due to Governor Sah.

We have had two and a half days of vacation for the boys to "Take a trip." They went in all directions and had a good time I judge. Each class went in different direction. Ellen and I did not go with any of them. I took the occasion to go to Kuliang on Friday. I have not been up since we moved down last Sept. I do not remember to have staid away so long before, since we have been in Foochow. The cottage has stood the elements well. It will take perhaps \$30 to fix it up. I rented the two west rooms to ladies from the Meth. mission in Hing Hua.

This here is the month of roses. Ellen picks some half dozen bouquets every morning. When I come down stairs each morning, the dining room floor is a carpet of rose petals that have fallen off during the night. Friday I

picked some azalias from the mountain. These make a change. We remarked how we wished we could send some of our superfluous roses over to you.

I have actually begun to send the pins and cuff buttons. Thus far I have sent Apr. 12 to Stanley and Myra. 16th to Elbert and Emma, and Oliver and Grace, 19, to Phebe and Mary, 20 to Flora and Willis and Etta. 12 also to Dot. In a day or two I shall mail to Kathleen and Millicent. These all are sent in boxes of jasimine tea. I do hope the pins and buttons will be acceptable and usable. Phebe and I worked out the idea of the buttons together, and she was delighted with the pins. You may have to get the pins changed. This is the best I have been able to do here. I think you can have a brass pin put on with little expense. I have been wearing the cuffbuttons for some time and they work perfectly with me. I have not been able to get all the cuff buttons made yet. All the things are pure jade, not the most expensive kind, but real jade. It is impossible to get every pin and button alike. I hope you will not get jealous of each other. I am remembering Ruth's birthday May 12. And here's congratulation for Mary on May 26th.

[The following was handwritten:]

Dear Phebe and all the Beards:

I want specially to tell Mary that she did right to destroy the orders I sent for Ellen on the Derby Savings Bank. I wrote her some time ago to send from Phebe's insurance, to Geraldine enough to see them thru the year. I am enclosing an order on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00. This is for Kathleen. Will you send it to her please. We could not well get along without you home folks to do our business for us. I'd like to show you my 28 fine chicks, 6 in. high corn, 10 in. high beans, peas in bloom. I'd like you to taste my 5 in. in diam. beets, eat some lettuce, radishes, cabbage, swiss chard, turnips and celery. I would like to be home and help fix the corn ground. I hope you have found a good man to buy the milk.

It pleases me much that Dan is coming to the farm- all success to you and him in the work this summer. Father will keep things steady.

Lots of love to all
Will

[Included with letter:]

Civil Governor's Yamen
Foochow, 14th April, 1926.

Dear Dr. Beard,

It would give me great pleasure if you could honor me with your presence at dinner on Friday, April 16th, at 7 o'clock.

I have also asked Dr. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Munson, Miss Perkins and a few young men of Y.M.C.A.

With best regards
Very sincerely yours
CP Sah.

[Willard adds:]

This is the governor's autographed letter. Will

*[This letter, dated **May 9, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in the homeland. Willard, Ellen and some others took a hike east of the city. One of the things they visited was a notable man whose body was lacquered into a Buddha position after he died so that all could come visit him. Willard refers to conditions in Peking, but Foochow is quiet. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

May 9th. 1926.

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

This is a beautiful day, just right for the 9th of June in Connecticut. We had two pretty hot days last week, and then a good rain and the last three days have been all right with today superb. Farmers all about this part of the

country are happy because the weather has been just right for rice. Yesterday Ellen, Mr. Hightower, Miss Betty and Miss Mary Cushman (Wenshan) and I went for a walk out east of the City. Some of you who remember Foochow will recall the mounds on the plain east of the city where the victims of the war with the Japanese some 300 years ago, are buried. We looked at these then we looked up a village called Siong Nguong. Here we looked up a - - what shall I call it?, Some 30 or more years ago a very good man died. He was so good that the people decided he ought not to be buried as an ordinary man, so they lacquered his body sitting as a Buddha. We found him and I think we thought that the story might be true. It was an ideal day for a hike and we had an ideal hike.

My chickens were not so elated over the hike as we were when we got home. It was about their bedtime. I plan to let them out for an hour each afternoon before dark. But the older ones would not venture out and the younger ones from which I have taken the hen, were frantic, or rather the old hen was. It did not take her long to lead the whole flock down stairs to the coop. I am still giving these a duck's egg occasionally. The chicks wanted to eat the egg but the old hen wanted to get to bed. It is one continual fight to keep the chickens old and young from their enemies. I sometimes wonder why the Chinese do not raise more chickens, but with hawks, rats and wild cats and the usual diseases I guess they have little encouragement. Last week I took the hen away from the older brood of chicks. I put her in a run with three other old fowls. I have a student whom I try to make responsible for shutting up and fastening the hens every night. One night soon after I had put her in the boy did not count the fowls but just shut the door. The next morning this hen was half eaten by a wild cat.

I have not mailed any more pins or cuff buttons. I am having more buttons made, there were not enough to go round. I had to wait two weeks until more stone came in.

Every mail still brings tribute to the rich beauty of Phebe's life. What rich heritage it is to belong to her family and to share in the good name she made for herself and for her family. We are still keeping flowers on her grave. Last week I put a large bouquet of roses, which are so abundant this month, on the mound. We are trying to make up our minds what shrub or flower to plant there that will keep alive all the time, and blossom some of the time.

So Marjorie and Kathleen remember the pair of oreoles that summered with us while they were here? That pair or some others are here this year, - only two. They are quite tame and we see them every day, and hear them many times a day. Mama has tried to play some of their strains on the piano.

The last week was the week in which China's Day of Shame fell. The real day is today. That is the day on which Yang Shi Kai [*probably Yuan Shi Kai*] signed the 21 demands of the Japanese. But today is Sunday and the students knew that it would not be fitting for Christian schools to have a holiday of national shame on Sunday. So we had the day on Friday. This was the day when the demands were made. We had a very nice meeting in the church Friday with addresses by a student and two of the teachers. This afternoon some of the boys are out in the villages distributing literature and talking. The students of the University sent a request to the Dean on Thursday requesting a holiday on Friday. The Dean sent it back to the students with the remark that it was too late, the Faculty could not consider it. They hid behind a rule that any student may at any time leave the campus and take his outs. I do not think there was any bad blood there. With us all is very amicable, students and faculty acting together.

For a week now it has been impossible to buy any wheat flour in Foochow. The Military has imposed a tax of some 60 cents on each bag of 50 lbs. The cake shops and other shops that sell or use it will not stand for it. Fortunately we have about 100 lbs. of wheat on hand and can get plenty more, and we have a hand mill. Bibas are delicious. Mulberries are just getting ripe. String beans are in blossom. That means they will be here soon. I shall pick peas tomorrow. We hope to get one meal of rubarb. It is the first we ever had in China. I got the roots in Nanking. And Ellen brought one from the U.S. I am soon sending another order for seeds to Burpee, Phil. These are to plant in Aug. and Sept. and later. Corn is a foot high and more.

You are just planting corn. How I would like to get there and help. I wonder if father would trust me to do any of the work. Or would I need to ask Dan now.

The conditions in and around Peking I suppose are on the front pages of all your papers. They do not effect us here at all. We read the telegrams and the papers and wait for the next turn of the wheel. A very good friend of mine, Rev. Diong Iu Seng tells the following story as authentic. The bandits near Kucheng seized and carried off about 30 miles a young man, the son of a well-to-do family, and a very earnest Christian family. At night the bandits placed two men at his head, two at his feet and two outside the locked door, all armed. He was tied hand and foot. In the middle of the night he was praying and he knew the four men guarding him were all sound asleep. He began to plan his escape. Then he thought, I do not know the road. The room became Dark. Then he prayed and had faith again. The room became light. He gnawed the string from one wrist and free it. With the free hand he untied the other. Then he untied his feet. He rose and walked to a window which was open. He got out. The two guards outside were snoring. He kept praying. The light narrowed down to a path. He followed. Soon he came to a house. He

knocked. The people refused to open because they were afraid of bandits. He persisted and when the door was opened he saw his own cousin. He was taken in and soon they led him home.

We are both well and send lots of love to you all.

[*The following is handwritten:*]

Dear Mary and All the Rest:-

This is Tuesday May 11, and it is hot,- quite a change from Sunday,- good for corn. Your last letters were full of stories of muddy roads. There is one good quality of mud- it disappears before the sun and the sun has always come out to dry it up. I hope Stanley and Myra and the kiddies will get straightened out when the warm weather comes.

To day I mailed pins to Abbie and Edith. I have two more pairs of cuff buttons. I'll mail to father and Ben shortly. This p.m. I sold to Miss Hartwell my Wh. Leg. Rooster 6 lbs. 6 oz., 1 hen 6-6, 1 hen 7-9, this last is too fat. I hope they will feed her less. So I have only the 8 young hens and 20 chicks here and 8 chicks in the country.

We are thinking Kuliang ward- but nothing doing for 7 weeks yet. I wrote Mrs. Wilson the other day thanking the Kgs. Daughters thru her for \$25. received last Nov- Phebe's illness and death delayed my answer. God is very good to us all. May we so live as to make it possible for Him to keep on giving us good things.

Lovingly Will.

[*This letter dated **May 24, 1926** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sisters. Dorothy tells about her trip with eleven others to a beautiful place called Indian Lake. She keeps very busy with school and sports. Dorothy is hoping to work with her sisters at Eaglesmere for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

May, 24, 1926.

Dear Sisters:-

I'm still living even tho' you haven't had any evidences of the fact. Yes, this last month or two has been a terribly strenuous time for me- what with a May Day program on my hands, a baseball team, and a track team to coach, and (the best part of it all) the evenings with Harold [*Harold Newberg*]. Oh, how I do wish I had my Mother, a sister or even a friend to confide in at this time- I mean, right here with me. Mrs. Croley has no sympathy for me at all- that is, I don't feel free to say anything about it to her, for she seems to be rather "put out" about my giving up the bunch there, or Arthur or something- I can't quite make it out. She could make it wonderfully nice for us if she only wanted to, but she is very indifferent to it all. Before I started going with Harold, she seemed to like him very well, and what has changed her attitude toward him, I don't know. Basil is the only one in the house besides me that treats him the way I'd like to have them, therefore not much of our time is spent at the house, as I should like to have it. I have asked that we wait till after the summer vacation before we make a definite agreement as to our future. He can hardly see it that way, but I feel that the separation during the summer will be a good test for us both.



Undated photo of Harold Newberg
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Last week end a bunch of twelve of us spent two days in the cottage belonging to Harold's landlord way up north on Indian Lake- beautiful country, just like Higgins Lake.

The party consisted of Mr. Johnson our metal shop teacher, and June Munn, Mr. Adams, assistant principal, and his sister from Detroit, our dentist and his girl from Bay City, Mr. and Mrs. Manning and their two little boys, and Harold and me. We surely had a grand time. Mrs. Curtis and a friend, and John and one of his friends were up in their cottage that same week-end. Curtis' cottage is just ½ mile from the one we were in, so we saw quite a bit of them. Sunday morning they came over and we all started off in four cars for the Au Sable River about 15 or 20 miles further north. It was a beautiful drive and every once in a while we'd stop to get out and view some particular place of interest. Our first stop was the high, high watch tower on the top of a good high hill. Most of the party climbed the hill, but when it came to the tower, - higher much than Grandpa's windmill and nothing but a little ladder like that one going all the way up- four of the men and myself were the only climbers. The view was as beautiful as that from cousin Dede's tower. As we went on to the river we stopped twice to see what they call the "High Banks"- huge sand hills extending right up from the river. A few of us ran or fell down two or three of the hills and climbed back up again. It reminded me of the Silver Bay hills and made me crazy to do some more real climbing. We visited the huge dam the "Springs" and other places- a very delightful trip. I don't know what we'll do for Decoration Day. Mrs. Croley has asked us to go to the cottage. We may do that. Do you people get Monday off? We are not sure yet whether we do or not.

Those Wright Players are still here. I have seen every play but one and all have been good. Some of their plays were- "Nothing But the Truth", "The Old Soak", "Their First Year: (the one I didn't see) "Smilin' Three", "Common Clay", "The Bat", and this week's play is "The Alarm Clock".

June 1. this letter has been about three weeks on the way. I'm just so busy that I just don't get anything done for myself these days. Tomorrow our track meet comes off, then that will be off my mind. Baseball finishes up next week and that will be a tremendous relief. Then I put my May Day on again and I'm helping with the dances in

a Hawaiian Operetta putting on a flag drill for Flag Day and 101 different things right at the end of school. It's hectic living!!

No summer school for me. I've decided I can't afford it. Now I'm in a huge quandary as to what to do. I guess the best thing for me to do it to help Aunt Myra out this summer. None of you have decided to go there, have you? Jinks, how I'd love to be at Eaglesmere with you girls! I suppose it's too late to get in and I didn't even send in the blank. It's all my own fault. I just haven't done anything but "be busy" this last few months. I can understand just how hard it was for Isabelle to get anything done at the end of last year.

Harold and I have been together over Decoration Day week-end at the lake with Mrs. Croley and it has been wonderful. Mrs. Croley went up Thurs. and put a first coat of paint on the cottage floor. We followed her on Sat. We all three fell to and put the second coat on Sat. Afternoon. Harold painted the canoe while I varnished some chairs. More fun! Sun. morning we went in swimming before breakfast and took it easy for the rest of the day. Swam again in the evening and came back to Saginaw Mon. morning.

There is so much I want to talk over with you girls, that I simply must see you soon. I still don't know about Commencement. I'm trying my best to get down. That won't be such a good time to talk tho', with such a rush on, and so many guests around, but I just want to see you anyway. If I do come down it probably won't be till Fri. I can get there for Punk's exercises then.

Did you hear that Mrs. Garland was dead? I found it out thru Russell Christie who had made another trip to Springfield and tried to look her up. Somehow he found it out so stopped to search for her.

Mr. Stapleton called me up this morning just as I pounced out of bed. I'm not going to see him for he leaves this A.M.

I think of you girls so often even tho I don't write. You must all be powerfully busy now. Your last two letters have some questions that I can't remember now, so will promise to write, if only a card, later to answer them.

Do you suppose you girls would have pull enuf to get me into Eaglesmere with you? I hate to ask you, for I've been so terribly neglectful.

Very much love to you all,

Dot.

*[This letter, dated **May 30, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks in the homeland. He comments on the anniversary of the Shanghai affair. They had no trouble with students but Foochow was guarded with police and soldiers. Willard and Mr. Hightower took a trip to nearby Chong Ha. He is now executor of Phebe's estate. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

May 30th. 1926.

Dear Folks in the Home Land:-

Here's another general letter. I have heard nothing that would indicate that anyone is kicking, so I continue the method.

To day is Memorial Day at home and it is also Memorial Day here. A year ago today occurred the deplorable Shanghai affair. Some of the students have tried to have a demonstration. Two deputations came to see our students but our boys told them that they had not planned to go out and that they were just about to hold a meeting of their own. We asked the local police to send four men to sit at our gate and be ready if any outside influences threatened to bother. They came but their presence was sufficient to keep things quiet. The school met at 9:00 a.m. and listened to a recital of China's wrongs from other nations from 1842 down to the present. Then to an address by the Dean on what to do about it. His talk was a very good one and may be summed up in this sentence,- We must set our own house in order, and to do this each man just see to it that he himself is right. It did not have the label of "sermon" but it was what a sermon ought to be. It is now 12:50. The streets are fully guarded by armed soldiers and police. There was a little fuss between the students of one or two schools and some police this a.m. about 8:30, but that has been all. This day is too far gone for more trouble and we look to quiet the rest of the day.

We plan to begin reviews a week from tomorrow. That gives us the vacation feel. School closes July 1st. Then comes Kuliang. Mama is here this year. But I cannot but think of all the plans that Phebe and I had made. She had her passport all ready and paid for. We used to have good times planning each year for the summer. This was our home life. We had other people with us every year and pleasant households, but we made the home, had our own servants and regulations.

A week ago yesterday Mr. Hightower and I went to Chong Ha, about fifteen miles away. We started in a rain that bid fair to keep up. But about 2:30 p.m. it stopped and we had beautiful weather all the rest of the time. We go by land about seven miles, then take a boat for another seven miles. At the place where we were to take the boat we waited for some students of Foochow College whose homes were in Chong Ha. With them came a student from Fukien Christian University whose home is in Chong Ha. He knew a boatman who was serving the navy. He had a fine large boat furnished with real chairs etc. We piled in and with tide against us did not reach the destination till 8 p.m., but the moon was light and we walked in the two miles with no difficulty. The preacher at Chong Ha knows that I bring no food so we were no sooner washed than he called us to supper at 8:30. Then soon to bed. The next day, Sunday was a perfect day, cool and clear. The interesting place in Chong Ha is the Christian school. This was organized and is run under a committee from the village, from several men in business in Foochow whose homes were in Chong Ha and from the church. The preacher is really the head. Here are 110 boys and girls. Seven girls. There are 11 boys in Foochow College from this village, mostly from this school. These boys are the preacher's right hand men. He calls on them to pray in the morning service. Think of Mr. Look or Mr. English calling on a High School boy to offer the main prayer in church on a Sunday morning, the four teachers are young men graduates of Foochow College and of the Union Normal and Middle school. We were up at 4:30 a.m. Monday and found the same boat waiting for us to take us back. I forgot to say that when we reached the landing Sat. evening the F.C.U. student insisted on paying the boat hire, \$1.00. This was a new experience for me. This village has recently built a new temple at an expense of \$2000.00. The Christians refused to contribute. But to be fair and avoid trouble they build a much needed road from the village to the river. We walked on this road and it was a good one. We reached home just at noon. Marjorie and Kathleen will remember that they and Mama went with me to this village once, I performed a marriage ceremony, stopping a heathen ceremony to do it with a Christian ceremony. We had to wait so long for the wedding to begin that we lost the tide and it took us a day longer to get home.

Last Wed. I went to the Consulate and all the papers were fixed up and I am now the executor of Phebe's Estate. The law compels me to wait six months to wind up the business. In Geraldine's last letter she suggested something in the line of a memorial for Phebe. I forget whether in a former letter I wrote that some of her friends here talked of this some time ago. The Anti Cob Club voted at its last meeting to give \$20.00 toward this. It will be in the form of a scholarship. The sum is \$500.00 mex. The interest on this will be just the amount for a scholarship to help a girl for one year. Phebe has about \$230.00 in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank here. She has furniture that would if sold complete \$500.00. If other amounts should be given I would hope that it might be possible to also buy for the school a piano. This would cost \$600. I am writing in mex. I forgot to count in a \$50 debenture that she had in the Kuliang Council. And I also forgot that her furniture may belong to the Board for she was not quite five years in the service. Write any thoughts you have on this memorial question.

I am sending the War Stamps with the proper papers to Uncle Elbert as the Stamps were bought in Putnam.

I shall send this to the Oberlin address asking the Post Master to forward. I do not know where to send Dorothy's.

Mr. Goertz and family will be on their way home before next Sunday.

I have a new pair of glasses that Dr. Kinnear tells me to wear all the time. I obey indifferently. But they fit me and I can read with comfort. They are bifocal and it takes patience to get used to them. They have stopped the headaches.

[The following is handwritten:]

Dear Father:

Mary's letter of April 29th came this morning. I am enclosing two orders on the Derby Savings Bank for \$50.00 each. I also enclose a check for \$5.00 from John G. Matthews of Berea, Ohio. Will you put this in the Derby Savings Bank for me. I am sorry to hear that the Life Insurance had to be put into the Bank in my name. It caused Mary a lot of bother. One of these days I shall send to someone in Shelton several pairs of jade cuff buttons. I have them all now- just looking for time to do them up and send.

We are watching the tactics of both "wets" and "drys" at home [Probably referring to *The National Prohibition Law Hearings of April 1926*]. The "wets" must be anxious or they would not be so furious. I look to see a lot of "drys", who now are keeping quiet come to the polls and vote in the right way. I do not take much stock in the straw votes that some newspapers have carried on.

Chickens are still all here 20 young ones with me that I care for myself and 8 in the country. Eight hens 1 yr. old- I sold two hens and a rooster the other day= 19 lbs. and 6 oz. 40 cents per to live weight- one hen 7 lbs. 6 oz. That is pretty good weight for Foochow and a fair price. We have had almost no sun in May, much cloudy

weather and good rains. Corn is in tassel and ears set and silk is seen. String beans are find. I wish I could send some over. We have had pie plant twice. With love Will

*[This typewritten letter dated **June 13, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks and Everybody. He went to visit the church and school at Uong Iong. Five missionaries will be leaving for the U.S. soon. Willard's garden and chickens are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006 and a copy of the letter is in the collection of Mona Beard.]*

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

June 13th. 1926

Dear Folks, Everybody:-

This is Children's Day at Home. I hope you have as beautiful day there as we have here. It has rained for a month now almost steadily. We have not had two consecutive days of nice weather. Over a month ago I took out my winter clothes and hung them on the line to sun preparatory to putting them away for the summer. They still lie on the bed in the guest changer, waiting for sun. It is out this morning but it is Sunday and I'll wait till tomorrow to see if he is still out.

Last Sunday Ellen, Mr. Hightower and I went to church here in the morning, and left as soon as the service was over and went over to the river and took a boat to Uong Iong, the village to which the South Side people go in boats when they go to Kuliang. We now have a school and a preaching place there. It was about 1:30 before we reached the place. The preacher and the teacher there had dinner ready for us and we ate a very nice Chinese dinner prepared by two Chinese men. Then we walked about the village some and then to the house where they hold service and the place was packed, with children, men and a few women. After the service we walked home, about two hours walk. The threatening clouds of the morning had vanished and we had a very pleasant walk, - a very pleasant day all round.

Did I write that Mary Cushman had her appendix out about three weeks ago? She left the hospital on the tenth day and is getting on perfectly. Dr. Campbell did the job. He is a fine surgeon.



Horace E. Campbell, M. D.

WHEN not in the operating room, he will be found in his mechanical workshop or pursuing illusive trends in theology or indulging in his present fancy for ancient pottery.



Mrs. H. E. Campbell

SHE beats no drums over her high efficiency quotient but we always rest assured that any project which she undertakes will be a decided success.



Jane and Anne Campbell

ANNE, aged 5—"I'd like to live in the hospital." Jane, aged 7 "You can't unless you are sick." Anne "Well, Mr. So-and-So is there." Jane "Yes, but he's got a broken nerve."

The Goertz family left the compound last Monday. It rained as they left but we got them into the little motor boat all right and they reached the steamer all safely. Some of the Chinese went down to see them on the steamer. One of the pastors told me last night that when Paul, about six, saw the steamer he opened his eyes wide and waved his hands and shouted, "A very big boat, a very big boat." And his little sister Ruth copied his words and gestures. They had not seen a steamer before. Before another Sunday I suppose we shall say good bye to Miss Armstrong and Mr. Neff. Then Miss Atwood will start. She is going by way of Europe, and she hoped that the "Coblentz", a N.D.L. steamer would stop in at Foochow for tea and she could take it here, thus saving the fare to Hong Kong by coast steamer. But Military Governor Ciu has put a tax on about everything that the people use or sell and tea is among them. So the tea merchants will not buy tea and so the "Coblentz" will not stop. If these magnates only knew now they inconvenience people, - - -



Hazel M. Atwood

AFFECTIONATELY called "Uncle Ache" by the children, she helps relieve the aches and pains of all who come to the Kate C. Woodhull Hospital. She loves the out-of-doors and adds zest to any hike.

Miss Armstrong and Mrs. and Mr. Allen have had three or four feasts already as good bye feasts. The change in the attitude of the students toward the foreigners is most apparent. Separate classes and the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.P.S.C.E. and the Junior Middle and the Faculty and special groups each have given these people a farewell. And they also give presents. The feeling of friendship and goodwill is genuine. Miss Armstrong lives in Jewett City, Conn. That is somewhere between Putnam and Norwich. If any of you are in that section, look her up. She will be there only for this year. Mr. and Mrs. Allen have done very exceptional work teaching in all departments of the school as the need existed and doing it in such a fine spirit of selflessness and helpfulness, that all wish they would stay. But they will likely go to Kuliang with Bertha for a month and then go home via Europe. They are wholesome, God-fearing, helpful people about 60 in actual years but not over 40 in spirit, up-to-date in most everything, - theology included.

Ellen and Mr. Hightower have gone over South Side to the Vesper Service and Ellen was going to put some special pink flowers on Phebe's grave.

The mail came this afternoon and brought letters from Phebe M. and the Oberlin girls. I am sorry that Life Insurance and the draft to Oberlin caused you so much trouble, Mary, but think of the experience you got out of it. I wonder if Elbert will have as much fun with the War Savings Stamps and the Putnam Bank. I am going to send the rest of the business direct to Geraldine. My how I long to get home and do some of that farm work. I think Dan and I could work together. He would find me old fashioned I expect, but I might learn. I remember in 1921, when I was on the farm Father seriously questioned my ability to ride the horse rake and make the rows straight enough for the loader.

I was sorry to read of the illness in Stanley's family and I sure hope they are all right before this and that they will keep all right. I wonder if Gould got up for May 30th. And if Emma and Elbert came and if Flora was there. It makes us homesick to hear of all these gatherings and we not in them.

Chickens and garden are doing well. I thought in March that the garden looked bum and I was afraid that it would not amount to much. But everything has come on amazingly. We have had all the cabbage, lettuce, beets, swiss chard, string beans, carrots, endive, turnips, that we could eat with some peas and a little rhubarb thrown in. Sweet corn will be ready by the 25th and tomatoes bout the same time. We have not had a gardner at all. I have done all the work except the initial digging of the ground. I have not had so good luck with the hens. I had 8 that I hatched in the spring of 1925. They have laid well all winter and we have bought eggs only once, I believe. In April one of them got dumpish and finally died. Ten days ago I found another dead in the roost, and the only mark on her was a little hole in one side of her neck. I concluded a weasel had sucked her blood out. Ellen dressed her and said there was not a drop in her.

I know where to send three of these letters. But where shall I send Dorothy's and to the other girls? I must ask the people in Shelton and Putnam to forward. This letter takes lots of love from Ellen and from Will to you all.

[handwritten]

Sunday morning June 27- 1926

Dear Geraldine:-

Two weeks these letters have been on my shelf. While I have been running here and there- saying good bye to Miss Armstrong= a whole day on the river. Sat. June 19= Then the next day Mama and I were off immediately after lunch for the University to attend the Baccalaureate service in which I had a part. That a.m. I preached the Baccalaureate for Foochow College. Then on Monday we went to the University again for the Commencement and remained for the Alumni Banquet and got home at 12 midnight. Then last Friday the "Coblentz" N.D.L. =German steamer came in to take tea. Miss Atwood sailed on her and there were two families= Hemingways and Tuckers

both doctors with all their children were on her. I went down with a motor launch and brought them up. It took all day. This next week is to be a running-about week also. (Oh, I did not get in my graduation last Wed.)= Tomorrow Mr. Smith and I plan to go to Kuliang to get the cottages ready for us to move up. Another day I must go to Deng Chio to see about repairs on a chapel, and on Thursday to Diong Loh to marry a man. School finishes on Wed. and the boys go home on Thurs.

I hope we shall hear very soon where you all are this vacation. I am sending this in care of Aunt Mary. Lots of love to you and any others who are with you.

Father

[On another copy of the same letter from the collection of Mona Beard, Willard writes:]

June 13th

Dear Folks in Shelton= all the Family:

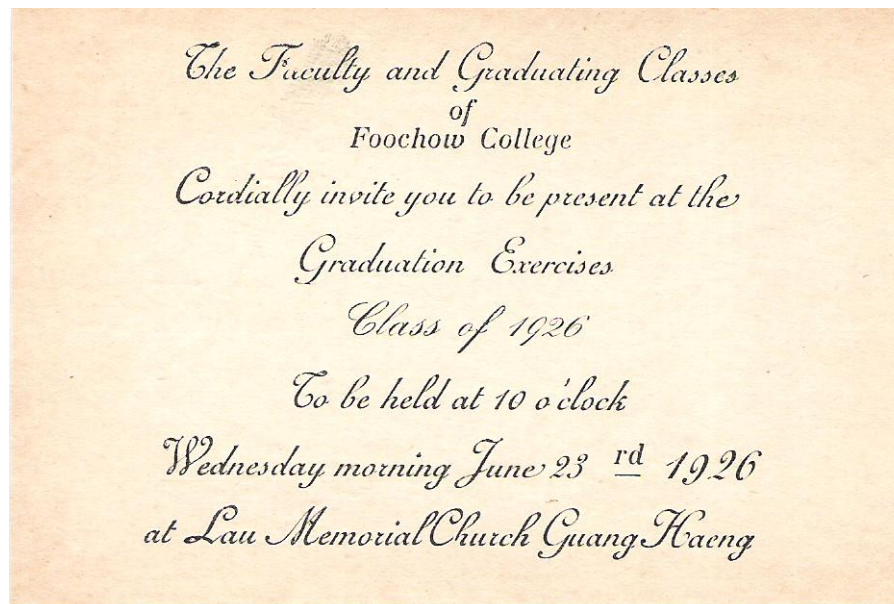
I'm sorry that this has lain idle here for a whole week. As Commencement approaches business always increases and the process of selecting what does not imperatively need to be done today becomes exacting. Yesterday we saw Miss Armstrong off and it took most of the day. Then Boards of Managers to meet and other duties that increase at this time. I have come home from preaching the Baccalaureate sermon for 40 Foochow College graduates,- Commencement comes this week Wed,- exams close next week Wed. I am sending Geraldine's letter to you. Will you please forward it. I am enclosing two orders for money for Marjorie and Kathleen. They will need about \$500. next fall. I have made one order for \$200. and one for \$300. in case they do not need it all at once. Each of them has a Savings Bank account so in case of emergency they are safe. Ellen and I are off for the University as soon as we finish lunch- for the Baccalaureate service in which I have a part. Very lovingly to all Will.

[Willard also includes a small note:]

I have sent 4 pairs of cuff buttons to you or to fathers address- please give 1 pr. to father- 1 pr. to Ben. 1 pr. to Wells- 1 pr. to Dan.

Will

They are different. Let father have his choice and then Ben. Will.



Graduation announcement
[Original donated to Yale by family in 2006]

准六月^{二十}廿三號上午十時舉行
訓誨禮拜
畢業典禮
寅請

惠臨觀禮

福州格致學校校長偕教職員全謹訂

所設觀巷劉公紀念堂

Previous graduation announcement back written in Chinese

PROGRAM.

1. Organ Voluntary *Miss Li Hsiang Huang*
2. Hymn 197
3. Scripture *Rev. Ung Huai Lu*
4. Prayer *Rev. Ling Diong Huak*
5. Address *Prof. Hsi Hsiang Chen*
6. Song *Foochow College Choir*
7. Presentation of Diplomas *President W. L. Beard*
8. Response *Representatives of Graduating Class*
9. Quartette *Foochow College Teachers*
10. College Song *Foochow College*
11. Doxology
12. Benediction *Rev. Li Nguk Luk*

畢業典禮秩序表

一 二 三 四 五 六 七 八 九 十 十一 十二 十三 十四 十五 十六 十七 十八 十九 二十

奏樂
唱詩
讀經
祈禱
演說
唱歌
訓詞並給文憑
答詞
四品歌
校歌
三讚
祝福
茶叙

李涵芳女士
全體

翁懷友牧師

林傳法牧師

陳錫襄教授

本校唱詩班

裨校長

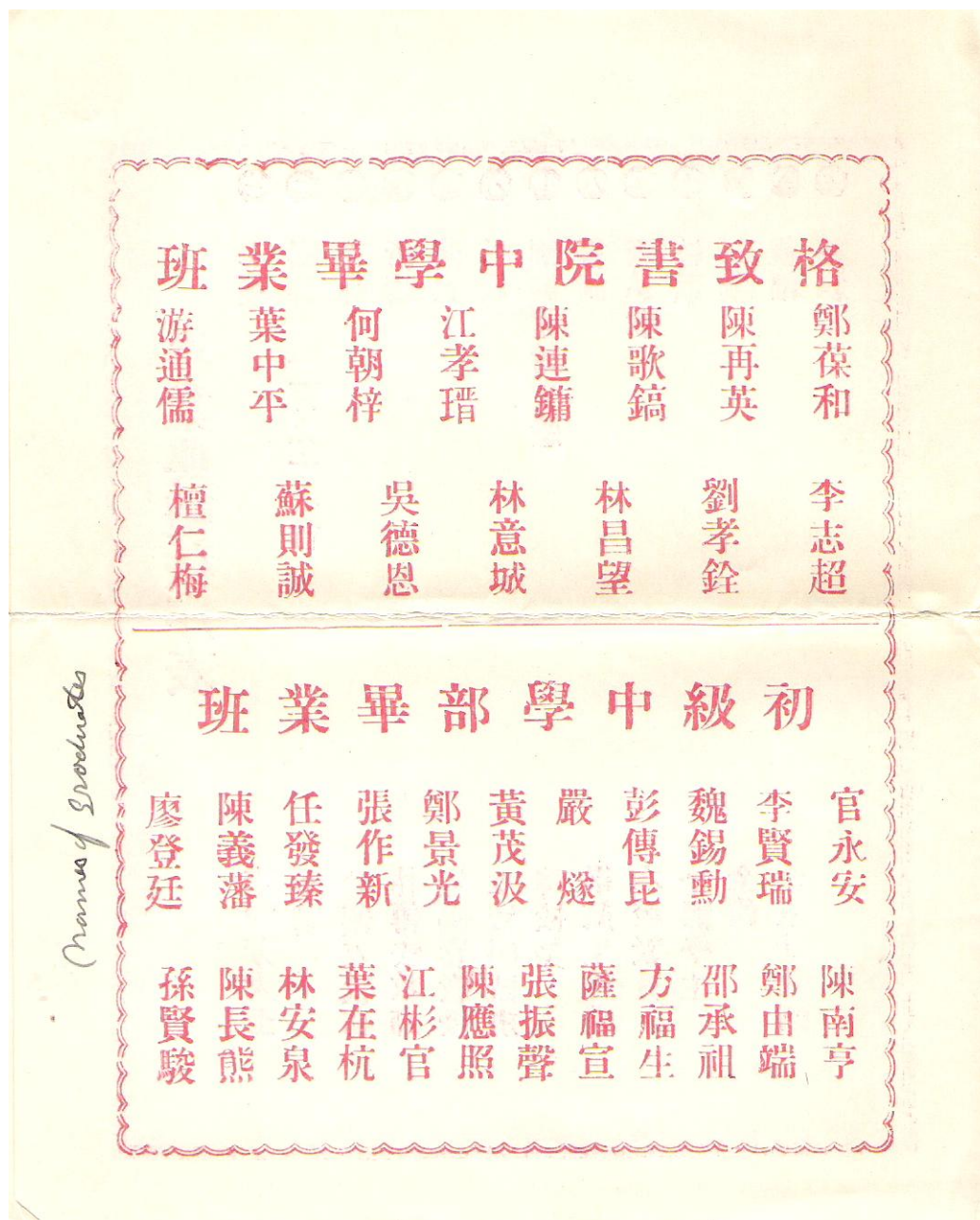
畢業生代表

本校教員

全體學生

全體

李玉祿牧師



[This letter, dated **July 4, 1926**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to everybody at home. He has been busy with Commencement and visiting Kuliang and local villages and churches. He reminisces about Phebe and plans they made. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

American Board Mission
Foochow, China

July 4th. 1926.

Dear Everybody at Home:-

We are all still here in Foochow. Mama started for the mountain late last evening but a shower came up and as she was not prepared for it she turned about and about 8:00 we saw her coming in to the front door. She plans to start tomorrow morning again.

The past ten days I have been a gadder. Yes for more than ten days. It began June 19 when we saw Miss Armstrong off. Then the 20th came the University Commencement, then the 21st, the Commencement, (20th was Baccalaureate) 23rd, F. College Commencement, - 25th down the river again to meet friends from the north who were passing thru on a steamer. 28th, walked to Kuliang and back, most of the way. 30th, to Den Chio, 15 miles in the country to see a church that needed repairing. Hightower went with me. We had a walk of six miles and found a flood on and had to wade about a mile in muddy water up to our knees. I slipped and got a fine stone bruise but it is getting on all right. The 1st of July went to Diong Loh to marry a former student. Left Foochow at noon and got back at 11 p.m. Last Sunday Ellen and I went to Au Ciu to church. I preached and we ate dinner with the pastor. This Sunday we went to the Upper Bridge and did the same things. It was rather hot coming home today in the sun at 1 p.m.

The Christians, Dr. Dyer, Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear and our family are still in Foochow. I have had so much running about to do that I have done nothing toward getting ready for the mountain. So I must stay here for a few days yet. We are to have four ladies from the Methodist mission with us this summer. Two of them went up last Friday. I do not know how they are getting on. I told them last summer when they engaged the rooms that we did not run a hotel, that they could come and go when they wished and we would do the same. The memory of the three very pleasant summers that Phebe and I spent on Kuliang comes up pretty strong these days. Both of us had a touch of home life during these summers. She took the head of the house so gracefully and easily that it will always be a most pleasant recollection. The summer of 1923 stands out with special delight, Mary and Cleora Wannamaker were with us that summer. I do not like to think of all the plans that you all had made for her home coming just about now. But all memories of her are sweet. What a treasure these memorials are. They cluster about Mother, Ruth and Elizabeth and James and Olive and Gracie and Annie. The recent Sentinels tell of the going of three old residents of Shelton. I cannot make out who is taking care of the people in Huntington church now.

Mr. Christian has been doing special work with two of the churches recently in the line of calling with the pastors on individual members. The work has resulted in a great reviving of the life of the churches, and in many of the members doing the same kind of work themselves.

I am going to send this to the Shelton and Putnam homes and at a venture send one copy straight to Eaglesmere. One copy I will send to Shelton to be forwarded to Dorothy. The last mail brought one letter from Father. This was all from the families. I do appreciate these letters from Father. I have not yet heard from the pins and the cuff buttons.

Ellen and I send lots of love to you all and hope the summer will bring to you all a good change and with the change a good rest. Fill up all woodchuck holes before swinging white birches. I must change one item above. I must send one copy of this to Gould, none to Dot. She will share with the other girls.

Will

[The following was handwritten:]

Dear folks all,

I am still in Foochow July 9- but I plan to leave for Kuliang tomorrow a.m. early.

It is very hot- so I cannot let my arm touch the paper- my left arm is over my leg and my trouser leg is wet where the sweat has dripped.

May God keep and use you all

Lovingly
Will

THE LAKESIDE
EAGLESMERE, PENNA.

July 11, 1926

Dearest Mother and Father -

Who would ever have imagined that this summer would find all of us girls together here at Eagles Mere? But here we are and we are all so glad to be together for this is the last summer

[This letter dated July 11, 1926 was written from Eaglesmere, PA by Kathleen to her parents. Subjects discussed include Dot's engagement, Kathleen's high school graduation ceremony and activities, Millikan's newly discovered rays, getting a flapperish hair cut, trip to Michigan and on through Canada, Niagara Falls, New York to Pennsylvania where she then talks about living and working in Eaglesmere, PA. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]

THE LAKESIDE
EAGLESMERE, PENNA.

July 11, 1926

Dearest Mother and Father-

Who would ever have imagined that this summer would find all of us girls together at Eagles Mere? But here we are and we are all so glad to be together for this is the last summer we ever can - as girls. You see Dot is to get married next June so this is her last summer of work like this. What do you think of her engagement and Harold? We all think he is wonderful and are very well satisfied that she chose him. We saw him first at spring vacation when we were up at Saginaw. We didn't know anything about it then but we noticed that he was especially nice to us and to Dot. We saw him again on our auto trip when we picked up Dot. He isn't much for looks but he certainly is a wonderful man and true-blue to Dot. She has told us so much about him that we feel as if we knew him very well and like him better all the time. They write each other every day and Dot reads us parts of his letters sometimes. My! but he thinks the world of her alright as she does of him. She doesn't rave a lot about him the way some girls do but she is a very different girl in many ways from what she was four months ago. Harold is coming up here at the end of summer so we will see more of him.

I haven't written for such a long time that I must begin way back in the dark ages to tell everything. You will surely want to know about commencement won't you? Well Aunt Phebe came out with Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma who drove in the car so Aunt Phebe stayed with us while the others stayed at Aunt Etta's. They arrived the Thursday before commencement and that very night we went to the college commencement play "As You Like It". It was the first of Shakespeare's plays that I have ever seen on the stage and it was done very well indeed. Friday night came my graduation. I sent you an announcement of it but I know it didn't get there until very late. It was most thrilling but I didn't feel half as big and important as I thought I should. My dress was darling- all white with

a silk lace ruffle on the skirt and lace sleeves. Otherwise, it was plain. I had my picture taken in it and will send it when it is developed.



Kathleen in 1926 at Oberlin High School graduation
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The girls gave me a lovely sweet-pea corsage to wear- my very first one. (I forgot to say that Dot came down over the week-end but had to go back on Monday.) Uncle Elbert took me over in style and it was so nice to see all the other girls in their pretty dresses. The boys wore creamers and dark coats. We marched in in single file down both isles of the first church and took our seats very dignifiedly then the usual program followed. I am enclosing one of our programs. There was a little hitch in the progress of events because our glee club director didn't get there in time so we went along with the presentation of diplomas and sang afterwards. The best time of all was when we marched across the platform and said thank you for our diplomas. It was lots of fun and no one stumbled or anything. Notice that I got into both honor lists (on the back page). The National honor society was the one of which Marjorie was also a member.

That over we all trotted over to the conservatory concert and heard the last few numbers which were very good. Saturday night was illumination night and as usual we wandered around the campus and watched the parade until our legs wouldn't hold us anymore. Everybody said the parade wasn't as good as usual but I like it pretty well. There was one of those huge chinese dragons in it which the President of Shansi brought over on purpose. He belonged to the class of '06 which won the first prize. '91 won the second prize Hip Hip Hurrah. It had a float showing Milikan's newly discovered rays. [Robert Andrews Millikan was an 1891 Oberlin grad (same year as Willard) and 1923 Nobel Prize winner in Physics. "Nobelprize.org". The Nobel Foundation. September 7, 2009 <http://nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/physics/laureates/1923/millikan-bio.html>.] Sunday night we had a big party over at Aunt Ettas which was supposed to be a birthday party for Uncle E and Fulton but Dot, all unknown to them, announced her engagement. They took it so funnily and were so silent. I guess none of them had ever been at one

before and didn't know how to take it. Poor Dot! She was rather disappointed because all the relatives made such a fuss over Gould when he got engaged.

Monday was Gerry's big day when she got her hood. I took some pictures of her in line which I will try to send sometime. She was the first Masters student to go up onto the platform and she did it very gracefully. Monday evening we relatives had another get together and had heaps of fun. We all felt hilarious and Uncle Elbert was at his best so we nearly raised the roof. More fun! Every night of that week we had some party. One night we went on a picnic at the arb[*arboretum?*] and another night Aunt Phebe treated us to a dinner at Mason's tea-room. She devised the clever idea of making out a diploma for each one present telling some special traits of each. For instance Aunt Etta received hers for rearing such a good family and being a good housekeeper. They were all eleven and had in them the biggest language possible.

That week was the tearing up week for us. We began packing and putting things away. Uncle Elbert and his car helped us a lot and Aunt Etta very kindly is keeping some things for us over the summer. I can sympathize with you now, Mother dear, when you packed up and got out of all those houses. It surely is an awful job. You ought to have seen all the things that we threw away. They made a good bon-fire. We didn't even attempt to do anything to the barn except give away some old hats there, and a box of things you got ready to give away. The colored maid at the house took tons of our trunk [?] and Miss Wright took some books and good clothing. I guess we almost know how to pack up and get out of a place now. We didn't clean very much because Mrs. Rosecrans said she would have it cleaned anyway. She was a dear and helpful a lot.

Just before I left Oberlin I got a semi-boyish bob. You know- like a boy in back and a girl in front. I have wanted one for a long time just for fun but waited until going to get it. Gerry and Marjorie didn't like it at all but I like it pretty well. It is comfortable anyway and I am letting it grow out now. You didn't know that your daughter was so flapperish did you?



By Tuesday of the next week we were well packed and ready to start for Eagles Mere. We planned a lovely motor trip with Gertrude Layman and Chili Churchill who owned an old Buick. All our luggage except two small army trunks went with us in the car and together with their baggage we were pretty well loaded down. There was a luggage-carrier on one side, bags on the fenders and boxes inside, besides coats, blankets, rackets, eats, violins, etc. stuck around above, below, and around us. Boy! but we were a pretty gang all dressed up in knickers and packed in the way we were. We expected to start early Tuesday morning but you know how it always is- we didn't get off until noon. Mrs. Rosecrans put us up a lovely lunch which lasted for two meals and the whole family came out to see us off. Of course we were in the best of spirits and riding was such fun. That afternoon we made several stops- one at Bellvue at Gertrude's Aunts', one at Tecumseh where Gerry taught. Night found us about twenty miles from Ann Arbor so we just turned down a side road and made camp in an open field. We had the place all to ourselves, yet there was a farmhouse within sight. We spread down our blankets, coats, sweaters and

everything on the ground and went to sleep. It was just grand out in the open under the stars with the full moon keeping watch on us from it's high post. It was the first time that I have ever slept out from under cover and I surely did enjoy it. The sun woke us up at half past four so we built a fire and ate our breakfast before starting on. Every meal on the road was royal and we even had salads. The next stop was Ann Arbor where both Gertrude and Gerry saw friends. On we sped until Saginaw was in sight and we drew up before Dots house a little after noon. It took Dot about three hours to get ready so we had a good rest from riding and incidentally a good visit with Whitie [Harold Newberg]. Mrs. Croley gave us a little lunch- then off again. Dot rode for an hour with Whitie for he was starting home too and our roads went together as far as Flint. We struck off for Port Huron and he went west. That night we spent at a tourist camp by a pretty little lake thirty miles from Port Huron. We got as far as possible away from the other campers but we were within hearing distance. Again we slept on the ground next to a cow pasture and quite near the little lake. Before supper some of us took a swim which was rather cold, but it felt good just to get our clothes off. Our sleep was not so peaceful that night for about midnight we woke up to the noise of a square dance not far away. The music the tread of feet and shouts of laughter were enough to wake anyone. That kept us awake for about an hour, then the people began to go home and they all had to start up their cars with much noise. Some parties rode our way and discovered us much to our embarrassment. They flashed their headlights on us and laughed loudly. Well, when they went we got some sleep until the sun woke us again.



This may be the automobile or one similar to the one Kathleen refers to in this letter.

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

The next day we crossed the Canadian line which was much fun. Going across on the ferry Chili made out a slip stating the value of the car, luggage, etc.- then when we reached the other side the Canadian officers began to question us about our birth. He began with the driver, Chili, and asked where he was born. India - was the answer. Gertrude said "Japan" and Dot- China. The officer looked more and more puzzled much to our amusement. I suppose our laughing made him suspect us so he sent all of us to a little office room. In there we explained about our being Missionaries and college students so he let us pass. That was our stock joke for the rest of the trip. Canada wasn't so very different from U.S. The road signs were not the same but otherwise I would hardly have know the difference. We went straight across Canada to Niagara Falls to see the colored lights on the Falls so stayed around until dark. I do hope that you will get a chance to see them for they are a most wonderful sight. They are thrown on both the American and the Horse-Shoe falls by powerful lights on the Canadian side. I think there are about twenty individual lights, two or three of each color. First they would throw white on then after about five or ten minutes it would slowly change to a light pink then deeper and deeper until the whole chasm was a brilliant flame color. The rising mist reminded one of leaping flames. When we had enjoyed that for a time the light would change to rainbow hughes. They were so soft and pretty and delicate, the scene was just fascinating. Once the falls were a deep greenish blue reminding one of a great sea. But you cannot imagine how pretty the rolling spray and mist was in solid colors. I never thought that the falls could be so beautiful.

It was late when we pulled ourselves away to find a resting place for our heads. We crossed the bridge and got into a big mess on the American side. There had just been a big convention parade of some kind and everyone was going home. Such a jam and crush oh dear! It was hard to find a good camping place on that flat ground so well settled with farms but we finally slept again in a farm field in sight of the main road. We surely slept soundly and warmly that night. The next day our route took us through Rochester and down to Penn. as straight as the road would lead us. I haven't told anything about the riding but we had fun all the time singing, laughing, telling jokes and taking naps. We made up a song about the trip under Gerry's inspiration and sang it all the time. We stopped every two or three hours of course and sometimes got ice-cream or a drink.

That day we ran into a hard shower and had to put on our curtains. There we rolled along as snug as a bug in a rug and as dry. The ground was too wet to sleep on that night so we decided to take a barn. Just before supper we reached Ithica, that hilly city, and rode through the campus of Cornell U. which is very beautiful. We surely wore our brake-bands going down those hills. I don't think New England could beat them. We supped by some beautiful little falls just outside of Ithica then started out to find a good barn.

July 18

We stopped at two houses but one was silent and dark and the other refused us. At the next house the man seemed willing to take us but had no room in his barn. He said he had an empty barn down the road a ways which we could use if we wanted to. It was quite late by then and we were all tired so we made for the barn. It was lots of fun looking around the barn with our flash-lights and we found that it was just what we wanted. It was empty but there was enough hay to make beds and there was room for the car in with us. We were asleep before we knew it and got a good rest. That was about the most comfortable night that we spent on the trip. The next day it rained all morning while we road down through Penn. We went thru Painted Post where Gould thought he might go to work sometime and saw the Ingersoll Rand works there. It looked like a large plant. At noon we were near Muncy but an awful thunder storm came up so we rode up the mountain in pouring rain. We reached the lakeside just as the girls were getting ready to serve supper and it seemed so nice to be back and see all the familiar faces again.

Miss Katherine very kindly arranged it so that all of the Oberlin bunch could be on the fourth floor together. Dot Monnie and I room together, Gerry and Gertrude have another room, Betty Strong and Ruth Clark room with Helen Ritter and Ruth Brooks took a room with a new girl. We surely have some gay old times up here but haven't done half as much as we want to yet.

We have rented a row-boat for the season so we can go out anytime we like. It is very convenient to go swimming in but it won't hold all that want to go in it. We have grand swimming parties nearly every after-noon and we all practice long distance swimming and diving hard.

The lakeside girls are now getting up a base-ball team to play with waitresses of other hotels. We have had two practices so far and quite a few girls came out. We even have the big diamond to practice on and are allowed to use the boys paraphernalia. Dot is acting as our coach and playing too.

Tips are going rather slow for most of us. Monnie seems to have the nack of drawing them in though for she has twice as much as any of us. We are not up here for tips though, we are here for fun and we surely are getting it.

Dot and Gerry are very well liked as I knew they would be. Everybody loves Gerry because she is so sweet and generous and they like Dot because she is so jolly and good-natured. I am proud to tell everyone that they are our sisters. People are so surprised that there are four of us sisters together and are interested to compare us.

Well this will fill up the envelope pretty well so I will save the rest until another time and get this started on its long trip.

Much love to you both and please try to come home next year.

Kathleen

[This letter dated July 27, 1926 was written from Shelton, Conn. by Mary to the girls (her nieces). She sends on a letter from Willard and adds a note saying that her and Willard's father, Oliver Gould Beard was getting weaker and broke his leg. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oliver G. Beard
Century Farm

Shelton, Conn.

July 27, [1926]

Dear Girls,

This letter from your father came today. We took a read as the envelope authorized and hasten to send it on.

Father has slowly lost ground all spring and summer. The right leg is big and solid but the rest of him is thinner. Until last Friday he walked out to the porch hammock on the crutches Dorothy used last summer. Friday I started to help him get up as usual and when I moved the [unreadable word] leg there was a sharp snap. Doctor came at once and sure enough the bone is broken. He suffers severely with it at times but otherwise is about the same. We keep him under aspirin or morphine wholly or partly so he may not suffer so badly. For two nights Phebe and I divided the time as he can not wait on himself. But Sunday morning we were fortunate in getting a nurse. She has had two years training in Dr. Parlato's hospital where most of the cases are surgical or confinement and is a "domestic" or "practical" nurse not a graduate. She is taking excellent care of father so we are satisfied.

The rest of us are well. The haying is most done. The making over of the barn is slow but Ben is back in the job today. We are having an artesian well sunk. Two trials were abandoned but the men think they are on a successful trial now.

Kits has been here or in Shelton or New Haven all summer. She starts west next Weds. some time. She is a dear but not the comfort to home as a visitor that you girls are.

We are looking forward to a visit from Gould and Vivienne the middle of August. Next we hope Dorothy and Harold can come see us. We want to know all our family to be.

I do hope you are having the glorious time together as you anticipated. It is nice for you to grow closer together. Letters can't do it. I know.

Lots and lots of love to each of you. I have the orders for the \$5.00 your father is sending to Marjorie and Kathleen in \$200 and \$300 each. Interest at that bank is paid on July 1 and Jan. 1 so send for it when and how you need it.

Lovingly

Aunt Mary.





*[This letter dated **August 8, 1926** was written from Kuliang by Willard Beard to daughter, Kathleen. He mentions Kathleen's upcoming 18th birthday and congratulates her on her acceptance to Oberlin College. He mentions the new taxes levied, the weather, new foreign items found in the shops, a tennis tournament in Kuliang, and the murder of a Foochow Chamber of Commerce vice chairman. He includes a note to Geraldine advising her on what to do with the money in the bank account of her now deceased sister, Phebe. Letter is in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

#316 Kuliang
Foochow, China
Sunday, August 8th 1926

Dear Kathleen,

I am thinking of a day eighteen years ago here on Kuliang, actually eighteen years ago day after tomorrow when a wee girlie came to our home. How the days and weeks and months and years have sped by! That wee bit of humanity is a member of the freshman class 1926-7 of Oberlin College. I've already sent my congratulations to you for the good standing in your High School work last term, and here are congratulations for the acceptance into the freshman class and best wishes for a successful year in College.

I am glad that Marjorie and you can be together in a College house this year and I hope you will get out of it all that you anticipate. It will be the first year you have been in school with no mom or older sister but what of that? I suppose very few girls or boys in College have parents or older sisters or brothers with them.

It is 11:15 a.m. I am on our veranda with most of Kuliang spread out before me, and farther off the plain, and then the city of Foochow, and then the river- mostly yellow sand now, for no rain has fallen since July 3 - then the mountains. This morning they lie in a sort of haze. Clouds obscure the sun. It is very still and close and hot- they say it is very hot in Foochow. The dry weather is raising prices of all food. As if this were not enough to give poor people heavy burdens, the military are heaping all manner of taxes on them for everything. Merchants and farmers and ricksha men and boatmen and craftsmen - all have to bear it, until they- whole families are moving to the Straights Settlements- perhaps 2000 have gone from Fukien during the past 18 months. I do not see how, when or where this condition is to end. With it all people seem to have money as they did not in earlier years. The stores in Foochow are full of foreign style, hats, shoes, raincoats, cloth and watches, clocks, hot water bottles, flashlights, glasses, medicines, cakes, tinned goods, etc, etc. Horses and carriages and autos are on the streets continually. The only conveyances you ever saw here were sedans. A week ago today the vice chairman of the Chinese Foochow

Chamber of Commerce was invited to a temple a little way out from the city and his body riddled with bullets. He has been helping military governor Ciu levy taxes on the merchants. But this is enough of the dark side. On the other side the work of church and Christian school goes on successfully. Over 100 teachers- men and women have been studying in Foochow for the past six weeks to better fit themselves to teach. The weather has been hot, the schedule heavy but they have stuck to it- the leaders also- mostly Chinese, giving their services. The churches are doing better work this year than for several years. The people in general were never more ready to hear and accept the story of Jesus and of his salvation. The Chinese are more and more taking responsibilities.

I will send the Kuliang registers home soon. You children may like to glance at them, and then send them to Aunt Mary. She will read them with the most recent knowledge of Kuliang of anyone at home. This summer the tennis courts and the bathing pool are very popular. The Sunday evening sings do not draw as many people this year. No new houses are going up. About a dozen are for sale. I wonder when ours will be for sale. Do you remember Elizabeth and Ethel Beach? They are about like you and Marjorie were ten years ago. They with Frank Cartwright sang very sweetly at one session of the Kuliang Convention this last week- "Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nations". Yesterday I played in the tennis tournament. I did not intend to play this year, but Prof. Metcalf of the University asked me to play with him. He plays about the same as I do. We drew as first opponents the best player on the mountain and his partner- a fairly good player to our surprise we got three games in the first set. The second set they won 6-0.

How I should enjoy looking in on you four girls at Eagles Mere. Mama would too. I remember with keenest pleasure the Sunday Phebe and I spent at Silver Bay in 1921, when Geraldine and Dot were there. Only the other evening I was looking at the photos of the visit. I was talking with the Cushman sisters about your being in Lakeside and they said that was the best place and a wonderfully good place to be in. I judge it is not far behind Silver Bay.

It is very pleasant to think that we have a son and a daughter engaged. The pull is very strong to ask the privilege to go home next year and marry them. I am afraid I could not ask to leave Foochow before June 20. That would bring us home too late for June weddings.

Mr. Nga Geng Guong left Foochow last Monday to go to Oberlin to study. I wrote of him a week ago to Dorothy. You and Marjorie will see him. You may remember him. He sang frequently at Foochow College functions when you were here 1916-1920.



GENG GUONG NGA
Foochow, China
Education

Mr. Nga's 1928 Senior photo from the Oberlin College Hi-O-Hi yearbook.
[Photo from the Hi-O-Hi yearbook]

Dr. Gillette went home thru Russia last Spring and his letters written after he had reached Moscow are very interesting. From there we got the idea that conditions are not as bad there as the papers would sometimes have us think.

I wonder will you girls see the folks in Pearl River, Mt. Vernon, Shelton and Putnam this Sept. Has Geraldine found a position yet? Dorothy of course will go back to Saginaw. Douglass and Arthur Coole and their wives are here with their parents. I asked Mrs. Douglass the other day if she and Douglass wrote every day while they were engaged. She replied, "I have only three letters from him. We were in the same place while we were engaged."

Perhaps after you girls have read this you will send it to Gould. I am writing only this letter today.

Very lovingly
Father.

[Included with the above letter was the following smaller note to Geraldine.]

Dear Geraldine,

I plan to send the papers so you may get the money Phebe had in the Derby and in the Berlin Savings Bank transferred to your name- or you may draw it out as you please. I would suggest that you ask that it be transferred to your account and draw it out later if you desire to. Use the Consular papers in Derby first and ask them to allow you to retain the papers to use in Berlin. I will send the papers to Aunt Mary for you this week. I plan to be in Foochow Wed. next Aug. 11.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Aug. 22, 1926 was written from Kuliang, Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. A Fukien Educational Association has formed and they asked Willard to help them discuss educational problems. Things are going well on Kuliang although with little rain the wells and springs are going dry. Willard has heard about his father's broken leg and numbered days and is grateful for his sisters, Phebe and Mary for taking good care of him and others. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006. Mona Beard has a copy of the same letter in her collection.]

American Board Mission

[Kuliang] Foochow, China

Sunday August 22nd. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

Here's another general letter. The first one I have written at Kuliang. Letters have come from the children and from Shelton. The Eagles Mere girls seem to be having an awful good time. I hope it keeps up all summer and that they get to see the Conn. people on their way back to work and study in the fall. And the fall will be on us all before this can reach you.

We have had a very unusual summer here. Last Tues. we had a good hard shower for less than an hour. It only soaked down a few inches. The wells and springs hardly showed any effects. It is still hot and dry every day. The water supply is feeling it. We see showers in the distance every day and hope our turn will come soon. The rice fields on the plain are the worst sufferers, also the rice fields up country. For the people summering on this mountain the weather is almost ideal- a little hot in midday but dry and clear. Only two days when tennis could not be played. All the matches are played off. One of the ladies in our house won in ladies doubles.

Last week was Convention week. Bishop Hind and Mr. Cartwright were the speakers. We usually have two meetings each morning, - the Convention and immediately following a meeting on Evangelism in the rural communities. Hitherto we have had two or three days of Educational meetings. Last year this decided to die. It did so and in its place was born the Fukien Christian Ed'l Ass'n with delegates elected by the churches (Chinese and Foreign). The executive of this new Ass'n have asked to hold a meeting this next week here in the Club. They say "We want your help in the discussion of all these educational problems." I am very much pleased with the way this is going. Some of the foreigners wanted to hold a meeting by themselves again this year just to discuss. But others said we had died as an Association and we would stay dead. As soon as the Chinese saw that we meant what we said last year, they at once asked for this meeting to be held here where they knew the great majority present must be foreigners. No question before the missions or before the churches in China is of more importance than this: - How to make the change from administration by the foreigner to administration by the Chinese and foreigner working together. Some would say by the Chinese. But here in Foochow the Chinese are insistent that they must

have us shoulder to shoulder with them in all the work. In solving the problem one stroke of the X is foreign and one is Chinese. Neither can work it out alone, each must contribute his share to the solution.

The summer is most gone. We have gone out very little and we have had few guests. As a whole Kuliang has been well. The Sanitorium is not making ends meet. The population is about the same as in other years. There are about 270 adults and 130 children. There are some 13 houses for sale and three sold already. People are buying rather than building. A swimming tournament for the children was a new attraction this year. For the Cantata we sang The Hymn of Praise by Mendelssohn. The conductor was a Mr. Bevan with the Asiatic Petroleum Co. here. This is the hardest music we have ever tried on Kuliang. Several have said it was the best concert that had ever been given.

I have mailed at last all the jade pins and cuff links. Here is the list as I have sent them. If any one has not received will you please write me and I will see what I can do about it. All have been registered except the two pairs of links that I sent in a paper and Mary has written that they came all right.

Pins to Flora, Phebe, Mary, Grace, Abbie, Myra, Emma, Etta, Edith, Nancy, Ruth, Millicent, Geraldine, Dorothy, Marjorie, Kathleen, Vivienne.

Links to Father, Oliver, Ben, Stanley, Elbert, Willis, Wells, Daniel, Donald, Myron, Fulton, Stewart, Gould.

$17+13 = 30$

This leaves poor Stephen out. What shall I do for him? I think I must just give him a pair of links and let him keep them till he grows into them. How will that do? I have to get some more made for people here who like them and want them for presents.

The mail has just come in, Monday Aug. 23rd. and brought you letters about Father's leg getting broke. Your last letter said that he did not dress, but sat up part of the day. I have had him and Phebe and Mary much in mind and prayer during the past month. God has been very good to us in allowing us to keep these parents so long and in such good health. How I long to be at home at these times. My spirit is there. Gould writes that he and Vivienne plan to be there this month. I wonder if Dorothy will get her best man to see you all too. The auto trip from Oberlin to Eagles Mere was thrilling. The next letter I shall likely write from Foochow.

You get love from us both, and a personal note below.

[handwritten:]

The call is pretty loud to ask to come home next year. Could I make it by leaving here about June 1?

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen:-

This is August 28th = Saturday. The week has been so full I could not get all the letters off. After I had written most of the above Aunt Mary's letter telling about Grandpa's condition came and I got her letter off at once. Yesterday another letter came saying that Grandpa would not suffer many days. This was written July 31. So we think of him as at peace for at least three weeks now. This letter yesterday also told of Aunt Flora's breakdown. She has always led a very active life- taking her rest periods for greater activity if that could be and since going home from China she has studied and worked as if she were thirty instead of past fifty five. [Flora is listed on page 284 in *The Evolution of the school district of South Orange and Maplewood New Jersey, 1814-1927 as being the principal of Montrose from 1924 until 1926.*]

The drought continues and wells and springs on Kuliang are going dry. The situation is not serious but a little bothersome. To day there is quite an exodus from Kuliang. Do you remember the pleasant loneliness here when most of the people had gone, and the fall breezes blew and the air got crisp? This morning we- just our house- Mama, Misses Wilson, Merritt, Bachman and I went over to the Bathing Pool. Misses Merritt, Bachman and I went in swimming and then we all ate b-fast there near the pool. We took oatmeal in the tin in which it was boiled, and set this in a larger tin with a tight cover. I wrapped the oat meal tin in an old newspaper. It kept nicely hot. Coffee or really postum we took in a thermos bottle. So we had a nice hot b-fast. This I shall address to Marjorie at Oberlin. Mr. Nga Geng Guong will be in Oberlin when you return there. I hope your summer has ended pleasantly and that you are all well and good. Lots of love from Father

[The following was handwritten on Mona Beard's copy of the same letter:]

Dear Oliver, Flora, Ben, Phebe, Mary and Stanley:-

I was prepared by the last letters to hear that father would be going soon. But now that the letter is here and the word is explicit it touches me deeply. We all say it is well. Father has lived a long, useful, life and has lived it well.- We are all proud of our father and of our mother. They have done the world good. Their memory is sweet. I

wish I could be at home now,- I had hoped that if I came next June I might see father, but that is not to be. You girls are good to write so fully and so often. I wrote Mary that the orders on the Derby Savings Bank are received O.K.

I am sending to Mary the Kuliang Registers to date with the Directory. Will you send them to Flora and ask her to send them to Geraldine. None of you will read them all or all if any one best those of you who have been on Kuliang will like to glance at them.

Miss Fuller of our household will be leaving for Hing Hua as soon as a steamer goes. This spells the closing up of the summer. It has been a short one.

The artesian well sounds good.

When this reaches you, you will know that I have been with you in thought and prayer every day thru Aug. and Sept.

Very lovingly
Will

*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 12, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He has heard that his father has died. Rain has finally come. He and Ellen will move down to Foochow within the week. Willard has received a photo of Dorothy's fiancé, Harold. Schools such as those in Shaowu can not open farther up into the country because soldiers and bandits are taking the rice and produce. Willard and Ellen hope to return to the U.S. in June of 1927. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

Sept. 12th. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

For the past two weeks my heart has been too full for expression. It has seemed much of the time as if I were living in the old home on Long Hill. Phebe and Mary have written so fully and so understandingly of Father's illness and going that I could almost see it all. The last letters were written the day after he died. *[According to the death certificate, Oliver Gould Beard died August 7, 1926 of "carcinoma right femus for 1 year" and "metastasin of left femus for 30 days".]* The funeral was to be on the next Tuesday. The next letters will tell all about that. It gives a lot of comfort to know that Father was himself till the last. It is also something to always be thankful for that he felt satisfaction as he looked back over his life, and that he could feel that his life had been well lived and that he was ready to go. The most beautiful thing that man knows is a life well lived, and Father's was well lived. No one had any doubt on which side of the biggest problems of life he would be found. As I have been home from time to time, I have been delighted and most interested to find how he kept abroad of the times. I suppose this was not as apparent to some of you who were with him all the time. But after being away for a number of years I could not help seeing big changes in him. This was just as apparent in Mother. Another thing that has impressed me very much was a growing kindness in him and greater consideration for others. I judge this kept up to the very last.

A good letter from Oliver came from him in the last mail, or the next to the last. This is to let him know that the Old Bridgeport Bank has sent me the statement. I am glad that he could be at the old home so much of the time when he was so much needed and could be of so much comfort as well as real help.

The last letters said that Flora was recovering more rapidly than had at first been anticipated. I hope the good work has kept up. I think of her now as at home and all right. I shall be greatly interested to see what changes Father's going will make in the home and the farm. You will work out the right solution under God's guidance.

The long drought has broken here last Thursday. Rain has fallen in great abundance the last three days. Yesterday there was a small flood on the plain due to the large amount of water that has fallen on the hills and run down on the plain. I judge the same condition has prevailed at home from what I read in the Sentinel. I was in Foochow last week Aug. 30 and came back the next day. On Sat. Sept. 4th eight of us connected with the Am. Board went over to Kushan Monastery for a Retreat and came back Monday. Tues. I went again to Foochow for the entrance exams for the new students. I came back Thursday afternoon. I plan now to go for good day after tomorrow, Tuesday. Ellen thinks of staying up till the last of the week. Three of the ladies who have been with us this summer have gone. One plans to go tomorrow or next day.

The photos of our new son-to-be-in-law came some time ago. I see in his face a character, force, resolution, determination. It is a good face. I suppose Dorothy and he are again at work in Saginaw. I do not yet hear about Geraldine, - except that she was corresponding with two or three parties about a position. I am hoping that she will

find the one position where she can make the greatest contribution to the well being of her fellows. Marjorie and Kathleen I suppose are still in Eaglesmere and they have a week before college opens. Mr. Nga has been in Oberlin waiting for two weeks already if all went well with him. I judge that Pres. King has about finished his work with Oberlin. We had an Oberlin picnic two weeks ago or so and there we wondered who would follow him. As I remember no one expressed any conviction.

The educational condition of Foochow this summer has been very quiet. The summer school that we allow our graduates who have studied two years in the university to run, have had the best school for years. No trouble at all. And the old students all registered Sept. 1 and 2, and the examinations for new students to enter were held last Tues. and Wed. with no bother. The political situation is not so easily pictured. There has been for a month much activity in the movement of soldiers. They command go. Where is not so easy to say. Political suspects are shot with no mercy. Report says that Canton is moving on Fukien and that many soldiers are sent to the southern part of Fukien. Government educational institutions are doing very little work. Teachers pay is very much arrears. The conditions in the country districts beggar[?] description. Word came to me Thursday that in the Shaowu district of our mission ten chapels out of thirty eight were open. The preachers in some of the others were trying to stay but the people had all fled. Bandits and soldiers were the reason. It is well nigh impossible to move produce. The soldiers or the bandits get it. Yeng Bing 175 miles up the Min should be sending a large quantity of rice to Foochow steadily. Soldiers and bandits have taken all the available rice and it is now being shipped up to Yeng Bing. The schools there cannot open till the new crop is reaped in Nov.

When we were at Kushan last week I asked the men what they thought of our going home next June. No one was opposed but it was difficult to see just then how Foochow College was to be taken care of in my absence if we went next year. If Mr. Neff who is now on furlough, undecided whether to come back or not, will come back and join the faculty it will be all right. Every one as far as I could see was heartily in sympathy with our going next June.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen:

I am sending this to Marjorie and Kathleen at Talcott. I boarded at Talcott two or three terms 36 years ago. How time flies, and what changes it brings. Now two of my class mates are in charge of Talcott and looking after two of our girlyies and they the youngest. I expect you are on your way back to Oberlin by now. I wonder if you will go by way of any of the friends in New York or Conn. and of course we are very eager to know what Geraldine is doing. Letters have come from Marjorie and Kathleen from Eaglesmere in last mail. Kathleen must be much at home in the water. I suppose neither of you remember how the older children used to play with Marjorie in the Bathing Pool here on Kuliang and she never evinced the least fear. All six of you children learned to swim here.



Talcott Hall

[Photo from the 1928-29 Oberlin Hi-O-Hi yearbook]

This is Monday morning- a perfect morning- quiet, clear bright sun after the refreshing rains of four days with lots of water everywhere. I go down tomorrow morning. Miss Wilson the last of the four ladies to go- goes

tomorrow morning also. Mama stays all alone till the last of the week. College opens Thursday. Classes start with full and regular schedules next Monday.

All front yards display clothing and bedding in profusion this morning- all yards of houses still occupied which are few.

I wish Marjorie and Kathleen would send me an itemized account of all their expenses up to Oct. 1. I have sent five hundred dollars for you, and when your accounts come I will send more. I should like to have you keep your own Bank accounts to use in emergencies. I should like to know tho how much you have and in what Bank.

May God keep you all and guide you and may you always be found on his side.

Very lovingly
Father

[The following was handwritten on the copy of the letter in the collection of Mona Beard:]

Dear Phebe and Mary and all the Rest:-

Father's going has made me feel lonely and homesick. Of course I knew it was coming and was ready for it and I would not have had it otherwise. The family are getting more and more ties on the other side, where ties are not broken.

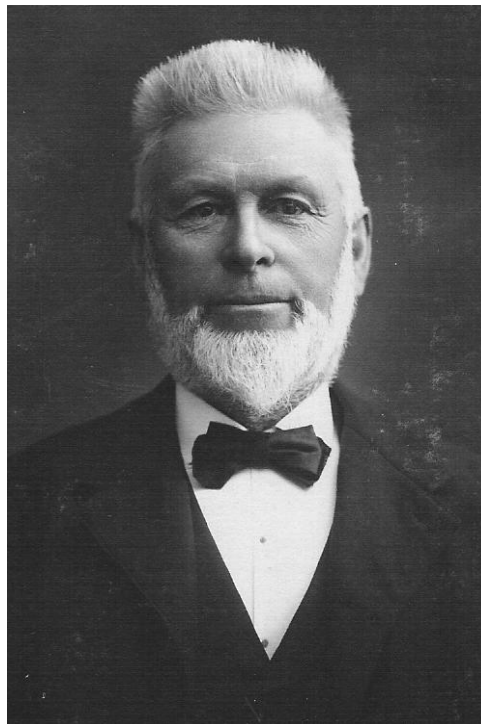
Your news about the new artesian well and the changes in the farm is most interesting. I judge you will continue to use the old tank and gravitation instead of some other means of distributing water.

Phebe will remember that the very last thing I did in the summer of 1921 when I was in Shelton was to level up the Beard plot in the cemetery. I believe it has all been leveled off and the appearance much changed since then. I'm glad however that I did that little in 1921. How I worked and sweat. It was a cloudy, muggy afternoon.

I think of you all as having seen the new niece-in-law. I do not hear that Dorothy planned to show her new man to you. He was coming to Eaglesmere to get her and they were going to drive back to Saginaw together. It is very pleasing to hear thus far the good impressions that both Gould's and Dorothy's choices have made on the other members of the sisters[?].

May God be very gracious and guide you all in making the readjustments that you are in the midst of making now.

Very lovingly
Will



Oliver Gould Beard, Sr. 1842-1926

[Undated photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

From The Bridgeport Telegram, Bridgeport, CT, August 11, 1926.

An honored resident of Huntington was buried Tuesday. Oliver Gould Beard, who was 84 years of age. He lived in the Long Hill district and left four sons, Rev. Willard Beard of China, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., of Bridgeport, ex-Mayor Bennett N. Beard of Shelton and Stanley Beard and three daughters, Misses Flora, Phoebe and Mary Beard of Long Hill and nine grandchildren. Interment was in Long Hill cemetery.

[This brief note dated **Sept. 25, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by the members of the Wen Shan Girl's School to Willard and Ellen. It is an invitation to a memorial service they will be having for Phebe. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Wen Shan Girl's School
Sept 25 1926.

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Beard,

It is impossible for us to forget our dear teacher Miss Beard every day even though we can not see her now. We, the girls of Wen Shan Girl's school want to have a Meeting to remember her this Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. We shall be very oblige if you can come to our meeting too.

Respectfully yours
All the member of
Wen Shan Girl's School

[the following is added by Willard]

Just for you to read. I came across it the other day. I have not yet felt like throwing away all of Phebe's things.. and so they keep turning up like this one. Father

[This typewritten letter dated **Oct. 10, 1926** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks at Home. He tells about the latest Anti-Cob (Cobweb) meeting. Foochow is under martial law after 10 p.m. Two new missionaries arrived in Foochow and Mr. Newell comments to Willard on the new clothes fashions that the women wear. Willard and Ellen kept up with some young people on a long hike. He has decided to move back to Century Farm in Shelton and help out when they return to the states. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission

Foochow, China

October 10th. 1926.

Dear Folks at Home:-

The hot spell broke a week ago and now we have forgotten that it ever was very hot. Life has settled down to the usual fall routine and most of the activities that took a vacation have started. The Anti-cob held its first meeting last Friday evening on South Side. There were about 90 present. Miss Irene Dornblaser who came to Foochow as a missionary of the American Board in 1911, (she spent her last night in the States before starting for China at our home in Mount Vernon) has just returned to take charge of the American School here. She is the sister of Mrs. Munson, Y.M.C.A. She gave some of her impressions about the changes she has observed in ten years since she left Foochow. Then Mr. Blakeney of the University gave his experiences with a second hand Ford, and his ideas about the effect of the Volstead Act [*The National Prohibition Act*]. After that Mr. Hightower gave a very interesting and racy account of his trip thru Japan and Korea and North China. He tried to get into Missionary Home in Shanghai in his tramping garb. It was about midnight and the Chinese who was on night duty told him to go away. It was not until the third attempt and after he had written a note to the foreigner in charge that he was admitted.

Ellen and I went down to the reception given yearly to the students of the University by the Faculty. It was a very pleasant affair, but we had to walk all the way home from the river because Foochow is under martial law

and no one is allowed on the streets after 10 p.m. There were no rickshas or carriages. Some six rods before we got to the guard at South gate he shouted at us to know who we were and where we were going. He may have been afraid of me for I was in evening dress and had my coat off and a white vest. But we got thru all right.

The weather is still very dry. It is hard on the gardens. The ground is so dry and hot that corn has rotted in the hills. I have some up nearly a foot high and doing well. It takes lots of water. I have at last got my chickens settled down and doing well. August was so hot that they looked pretty tough when I came down from the mountain. I have 18 young ones and 6 old hens that have been moulting for a month and have not laid an egg for two months.

Two new families, Shraders and Rindens with Mrs. Hand, Mrs. Shraders mother arrived Oct. 1st. They are buckling down to the language in great shape. The Shraders were both in Chicago Seminary under my classmate Ozora S. Davis. He writes that they are fine people. Of course they are dressed in the latest style. The other day at our prayer meeting, I was sitting near George Newell. One of the new ladies was standing some distance away and he said to me, - "I cannot get used to those short skirts."

Foochow has been very quiet as far as political disturbances go. Our general is Sun up somewhere in central China. The Cantonese seem to be after him but thus far he seems to keep his position. His next in command Ciu went over to the Giang Si border some weeks ago. It is my opinion that he had feathered his nest pretty well before he left Foochow and that he will not come back here. One of the most interesting episodes that has occurred in China since I came here was that fight between the British and the Chinese up the Yangste in which the British backed away. I hear nothing more about it and it looks as if the British did not plan to follow it up. They will let it drop.

This is one week after I began this letter, - October 17th. There is plenty to do for him who is willing to do. The last two Saturday afternoons a party of seven or eight from the compound and from Wen Shan and Mr. Thelin from way over at Sie Bou where Mr. Newell lives have taken a hike. What do you think of Mother and me going off on a hike with a lot of young fry? We do not hold them back tho. And both times we have hiked it right away to the house on the way home, while some of the others took rickshas when they got to the city. Last Friday afternoon Mama and I went to a reception at the Consulate to Irene Dornblaser. Next Friday evening the Anti Cob is held at the University. I shall be down the river in and from the Anchorage at a place called Ku Seu for a retreat with the workers in the Diong Loh field. This will take me away from home Friday to Monday. Next Wednesday I have to lead the prayer meeting in Chinese. This is the mission or rather church prayer meeting that is held for all Congregationalists Chinese and foreign once a month on the third Wednesday. Last Wednesday Mama led the mission prayer meeting.



Guy A. Thelin

MR. Thelin helps growing boys to work with growing plants that some day the full grown boys may be the key to China's rural problems.



Mrs. G. A. Thelin

MRS. Thelin is a fine example of the metamorphosis of a single lady into a missionary wife. Even baby Mark and a new house do not debar twenty-three music pupils.

Mary wanted to know in her last letter if I would take the farm when I came home next time. Ellen says it is my turn to have the say about where we stay this time. I vote unanimously for the Century Farm. This means that we shall plan to make that our headquarters. If you will let us we will be there most of the time. I will help what I can, in every way I can, as best I can. This is not quite Coue's formula but it assimilates it.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine: - The last mail brought interesting letter. It is all the news we have had from any of the children since the middle of August. That letter answers some of my queries about Phebe's things. I do not quite understand about Kathleen's watch for I sent her money last Spring for it- in plenty of time to get it before Commencement. I think I will try to send it to here by registered mail. It will do her good and it is doing no one good here. I mean Phebe's watch. I hope to get the estate settled by Thanksgiving. All Best wishes for a healthy and useful year under God's guidance.

Lovingly Father

[This letter dated Oct. 24, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister, Geraldine (Jerry). Kathleen is in college and is looking forward to many family members coming for a get together. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin Ohio
Oct. 24, 1926

Dear Jerry-

Only one more week of work before our grand get-together. It seems as though I just couldn't wait for this week to go by but I suppose it will pass quickly enough. Dot writes that she and Whitie are driving down Friday, landing here about midnight, and that they may bring Mrs. Croley with them. I really can't see how she could after the way she has treated Whitie. Helen Ritter is coming up for sure and will stay with Ruth Brooks. We invited Vivienne last week sometime but she has not answered yet so we are not sure about her coming. We have ordered tickets to the game for the whole bunch of us together, nine in all counting Uncle Willis since the boys asked if he

could sit with us. I wish Aunt Etta would go too, but perhaps she wouldn't enjoy the game just as Mother doesn't. We got them all on the stadium part- do you think we are extravagant? We haven't received the tickets yet but we hope they will give us what we want. Now for what to do while you are all here! I wish you could get here before Saturday noon- you will surely come in time for the game won't you? On Sat. morning I suppose Whitie, Dot, and Vivienne will visit classes and see the buildings. I hope that we can have all you girls for meals, but if not we can go out one meal all together. In the after-noon of course the game and Ruth Brooks wants us to come down to her house for supper. I don't know whether we can or not- it depends upon our time. Sat. evening we can watch the Hallowe'en dance for a while and even dance. Dot says that she wants to dance and the boys say that they want to dance with all of us. There we are dance, dance, dance. It seems as if I can't escape it. Two boys have asked me to rec[receive?] already and I am so afraid that I will get cornered sometimes. I had other engagements both times but I am afraid they will renew their invitations (adrift- oh dear!) Well, Sunday- go to church. Perhaps we girls can have breakfast in our room and maybe we can reserve a table for all of us at dinner if there aren't too many guests. That is what one of the girls did today when her folks came. In the afternoon we want to go down to Aunt Etta's for a while- and then we have to part. The week end is going to be all too short isn't it- but it will be concentrated ecstasy all the time.

Yesterday was Uncle Willis' birthday and Aunt Etta invited us down to join in the celebration. Mr. Nga was there too so we had quite a table full. The boys came home in time to help us eat the cake, made by Millicent, which was very good. We stayed just as long as the babies of Talcott are allowed to be roaming the streets and then we transferred the party to where I could be safe i.e. Talcott parlor. That is, the boys and Millicent came up and talked with us for about an hour.

To-night the candle lighting service of the Y.W. was held in the first church. It just poured all evening which kept the crowd away to some extent. Nevertheless the freshmen were out in full force to join, all dressed in white. I don't think that the service has even been held in the first church while I have been here. The scene was most effective, when at the end of the meeting, each new girl lighted her candle at the foot of the platform stairs, mounted into the choir loft and proceeded around the railing of the gallery. There were two lines, one on either side, which met directly opposite the platform in the gallery. The whole procession made a ring entirely around the railing of the gallery and thru the choir seats. It was very pretty to see this circle of lighted candles around the church, and the scene was a most inspiring one.

It seems as if all the girls got eats from their relatives all the time. They do not limit the spreads to Sat. night but have them any time their boxes come. One night this week I was invited to two and of course could go to only one. I took the first invitation but missed the best eats. We are invited to another one tonight. One has no need to buy things to eat here for you get them anyway. We want to have a spread of our own sometime but an invitation always comes before we get our plans made. Ha! Ha!

Well, I must not ramble on for ever as "Brooks" (This isn't meant for a slam- just a pun) do for I must get to bed. I have to get up bright and early to-morrow morning to finish a Bible paper. Those Bible papers are going to kill the freshman girls off pretty soon. He makes us write one every week which takes six or eight hours and we have to be up all times of the night and morning writing them.

Goodbye for now but in less than a week we will be saying Hello. Hip! Hip!

Love as always

Kathleen



Am sending some pictures which you wanted.-

I've about decided to go to the Am. Board Meeting with the Stud. Volunteers. Next Wed. will have to cut all classes- 2 + Sab. and fare= \$3.33. I think it's worth it, though. - Monnie.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1926 was written from Shelton, CT by Mary to Geraldine. She sends an interest check to Geraldine from Phebe's estate. She updates them on life at the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mary L. Beard
R.F.D. No. 8

Shelton, Connecticut

Nov 7, 1926

Dear Geraldine,

Here is your check for the interest on the share on the mortgage that Phebe left you. I am waiting instructions as to the bank account in Berlin.

Tonight the dress maker came. I am having a wool dress so I can keep warm if it gets cold during my short stay in Putnam to attend the Woman's Board meeting in Worcester.

Uncle Dan [*Daniel Nichols, brother of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard*] was down for dinner today. He is well but troubled with rheumatism or something that makes him lame at times. He lives alone but has Mr. Jones in to get his meals, so we feel quite safe about him. *

We are having a Thanksgiving Party, Oliver, Ben, Stanley and their families besides Uncle Dan and possibly Gould. We have no later word from Gould than last August, so do not bank on that entirely. But here's hoping.

We have 60-75 bushels of apples in the cellar. It was fun but also work to help gather them. The main crop we sold on the trees as we could not care for it. The corn is out and getting picked slowly. Potatoes are huge but scarce. We had but few to sell and that seems to be the condition all about here.

We wonder how you like your school. The town is purchasing a corner of our land next Coram Lane for a portable school. They are now transporting about 50 children and the parents appealed for a local school and got it.

Hoping for a letter soon.

Much love,

Aunt Mary

[*3 months later - February 1, 1927, the Bridgeport Telegram

The funeral of Daniel Nichols, seventy-six, of Shelton, who committed suicide yesterday morning at his home on White Hill street by shooting himself in the head with a pistol, will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from his late home. Rev. George W. Judson will officiate and interment will be in Lawn cemetery.

Daniel Nichols had been a member of the Shelton board of assessors since 1889 and had twice been elected to the state legislature. Despondency, caused by ill health, is said to have been the cause for the shooting. He was discovered by his housekeeper, whom he aroused when he fired the pistol.

Medical Examiner Nettleton was called to the scene and pronounced it a case of suicide.]

[This letter dated Nov. 9, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister Geraldine. Dot writes about her busy life doing school related activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

North Intermediate School
George A. Manning, Principal

Nov., 9, 1926.

Dear Jerry:-

This is one busy week for us here. In fact, the weeks seem to be fuller and fuller as they come along.

We had a committee meeting Mon. night, for our annual Ames Athletic Banquet. After that I went to the teacher's glee club of this school which has already had two meetings this year.

Today (Tues.) is Whitie's [*Harold*] birthday. In the afternoon my volley-ball girls play Webber. We beat them badly over at their school and I hope we do the same here today. We have won two games and lost two. This evening eight of us are going to have a birthday dinner for Whitie at the Gatiot inn, a nice little place not far out from town. This is a surprise on him. After dinner we come back to Mrs. Hayden's to play cards and sing, etc. I gave him an automatic windshield wiper.

Tomorrow night we have open night at our school. Each teacher teaches his or her fourth hour class- just for an hour. Last year we taught two classes- 45 min. each. That came just the night we were going to have our banquet so we had to postpone the banquet till next week.

Tonight also there is a big Pageant put on by the Federation of Women's Clubs, and held in the big Public Auditorium. It is picturing the important historic events of our country. I wanted to go to it, but with the party on, I'm afraid we won't get there.

Wed.

A lot has happened since just yesterday when I started this. My girls won the game with Webber by the skin of their teeth. The Webber team has improved vastly, and has acquired some new players, so they put up a pretty tough fight. I never knew volley-ball could be so exciting. Webber beat the first game 15-13, we the second 15-3, and we the third- which was excruciatingly exciting- 15-13.

The birthday party went off perfectly. We had a delicious dinner and Whitie seemed very much pleased. We didn't get to see the Pageant.

Tonight we have open night for –

(almost a week later)

Busy is no word for what I am!! I haven't written a word of any correspondence since I left this. We had open night and it went off well.

Last night we had our postponed athletic banquet. Whitie and I were responsible for putting that on, so were real busy. We had a good turn out- about 150. Whitie and I both gave short talks and we had two other speeches. I was elected treas. of the association.

Tues. my girls played their last game and lost it. That makes us tie for second place, having won three games and lost three. I don't know yet whether we're going to have a basket-ball tournament or not.

The girls sent Whitie a birthday card and a box of candy.

It's snowing now. We haven't had any real lasting snow yet.

Had a letter and a gift from Ish recently. She sent ½ doz. small plain hem-stitched napkins and her mother sent a beautiful Turkish embroidered center piece. I sent Gould a tan and brown silk scarf for his birthday.

Lots of love and do write.

Dot.

[This letter dated Nov. 14, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister Geraldine. Kathleen would like Jerry to come for Thanksgiving if she is not already going to Aunt Etta's. Kathleen may be on the YW cabinet. She made good grades for the semester. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin
Nov. 14, 1926

Dear Jerry-

Yesterday was Gould's birthday did you remember? We made two batches of candy and sent to Gould and Whitie. Dot should have told us before that his birthday came on the ninth for our candy arrived a little late. Did she write you about his birthday?

Did you go to see Ritty this week end? I hope you did get a chance to go and I hope we can get down to see her sometime this year. And how was "The Black Pirate"? I think your plan to invite Aunt Etta to meet you in Cleveland is very good. She gets out so little that I know she will enjoy it if there is something good. Can you get up Wednesday night? And will you stay here with us if we can get a room? Aunt Etta said that she was inviting you to take Thanksgiving dinner with her. We want you here very much but if you would rather go there you may. Of course you know what Talcott dinner is like and you might enjoy being with the relatives more. Do just as you like. We have invited Vivienne up for that week end since she couldn't come last time. We thought that maybe we could have Aunt Etta's family and you and Vivienne all here for Sunday dinner. Wouldn't that be fun?

Tomorrow we freshman have another intelligence test. They have to test our intelligence pretty often n'est pas? We don't care though because we get out of all classes during the morning and that is three for me. (I just spilled a lot of water on this page so it doesn't look very nice.)

This afternoon a girl on the YW cabinet came up to see me and asked me to be on the freshman commission of the Y. She explained something of what it meant but I will learn more fully at the meeting this week. It sounds very worth while and I hope it will turn out to be. Did they have it when you were in college or is it something quite new? This girl said it served about the same purpose for the freshman girls as the Y cabinet serves for the Y. I agreed to be in it and shall see later what it involves.

Last week several of us girls went up to get our grades with no little excitement. The office was crowded with others on the same quest and some were getting a little advice as to how they could raise a D. The secretary fished my card out of a group marked O.K. so I had no fears- just curiosity. I was quite pleased for I pulled 2 Bs 1 B+ and 3 A's. I am going to try to keep that up for the rest of the semester.

The past few days have been wonderful- so mild and sunny that one would think it October. Yesterday we played Miami in football and lost 14-0. The first game lost in three years! We just wish Oct. 30 had been a day like yesterday in weather but not score.

Dot wrote a peachy letter this week and sent a check of ten dollars. That far exceeds all expenses of the reunion and we really don't need it just now. She is a dear girl to be so thoughtful though. Money has just been pouring in lately it seems. We got a check for \$15 from Aunt Mary for interest on mortgage and we have been subbing a lot lately which brings in the cash. I have earned \$4.00 already in subbing and Marjorie has almost that much. M. has lost her night school job for this semester since they ran out of funds. I think we have a plenty to carry us until next semester now.

I must write some more letters before bedtime so here is my love and we will see you in less than two weeks- Kathleen.

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1926 was written from Shelton, CT by Mary to her niece, Geraldine. She writes about the finances of Phebe's estate. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Mary L. Beard
R.F.D. No. 8
Shelton, Connecticut

Nov. 16, 1926

Dear Jerry,

I am enclosing a paper for you to make out for the bank account transferred from Phebe's name to yours at the Derby Savings Bank. I have the bank book. Return to me please.

I went to Worcester for the W.B.M. meeting last week and attended 5 of the sessions. Emma and Elbert (he did not attend) were up Wednesday only. I spent Thursday night and Friday morning with them and had a nice visit. We are all trying to get them down here for a visit. Emma's broken unal [*ulna?*] makes long rides hard so I fear we will not see them until that is better.

Flora goes to New Haven tomorrow and if all is well has her tonsils out on Thursday. She is eager to get them out and get rid of her rheumatism.

This is church supper and church sale day. The morning was fairly clear but it is rainy and very windy now.

We are trying out a new man. He airs much scientific knowledge and we are hoping he can do the job. Heard part of Etta's letter to Emma telling of your home week at Oberlin.

Lots of love
Aunt Mary

Dear Jerry,

Have just received a letter from your father authorizing me to change over Phebe Kinney's bank account to you. She has no account in the Derby Savings Bank, but there is some (I do not know how much) in Berlin. Do you want the account kept there or changed to Derby or some other place easier to access for you? I will await a reply tending to the matter. I may stop and show my credentials at the bank as I come down from Putnam the end of next week so as to save having to make an extra trip. That is, if I can not use the mails.

What do you want me to do with your share of the interest money done now? It is \$7.95 I believe. I shall get that this week I hope as the lady has rented her downstairs now.

Flora improves slowly. She is now taking electric treatments in New Haven twice a week. Phebe and I take her in. Our case for the auto accident is being agitated again and either it comes to trial or they make a settlement very soon. We hope it is a settlement even if it does mean considerable less money.

I now expect to go to the Woman's Board meeting in Worcester Nov 10-12. Emma has invited me to stay there and go back and forth and I have accepted. They start this week for a business trip to Philadelphia and will spend next Monday night with us. I shall go up with them.

Phebe and Flora are waiting for me to play games so I must end. I do hope you all got to Oberlin as Marjorie wrote. It would have been such a fine reunion for you all.

Sometime in February I shall have \$250 to hand over to you. Where shall I put it? Or do you want it out there?

At last the apples are all gathered, and the corn is cut. Only the grapes remain to be picked and there is no market at all for them. We may have to make grape juice and jam or jelly of 3 or 4 bushels.

We have not yet settled the question of a manager for the farm. Dan's going was so sudden and there were so many extra things in attending to the estate and keeping things going too. Lots of love

Aunt Mary

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Monnie (Marjorie) to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie heard a talk by the YW Secretary, Margaret Fifield on the Holy Land. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin, Ohio.
Nov 28, 1926.

Dearest Jerry,

We have just come home from Y.W. Margaret Fifield's talk was simply wonderful. I do wish you could have stayed to hear her. Her description of the Holy Land and her impressions of it were so realistic and frank. She held that audience just spell-bound every minute. And yet she talked so simply and naturally- just as if she were telling it to a few people around a fireside. Oh! how I wish I could talk like that – without notes – right from the heart! She was so enthusiastic, too. She said right at the start that she believed that Christ had the thing that we- in all our youth and vigor and enthusiasm- wanted most. She certainly must be a wonderful Y.W. Secretary.

Whenever I hear anyone, young like that, talk or do anything well in public, I renew a resolution to try all the harder to learn to do my every-day work well so that some day I shall be able to do something worth while. Sunday means more to me now than it ever did before, because now I understand what it means to receive inspiration from it for the week's work. And I receive a double share of renewed courage and determination when you have been here. You are such an inspiration to me- Whenever it takes especial effort to do something hard, I just think of what you have done and are doing. I hope that some day I may be such an inspiration to some one. I only wish that we could have had more time to talk, the different times you have been up here. Oh, Jerry, help me to forget myself, and thus to be able to do my best.

All this is the reaction to the talk tonight and the week-end.

After you left this afternoon we felt a bit blue and went in to find Agnes. She was all alone at our end of the hall- in her room doing theory. We brought her into our room and we wrote letters for a while. Then we began to make preparations for a cozy little supper for just us three from the leftovers from breakfast. But soon Jo came in with her family, which was starting away before supper, so we included Jo. And while K and I were in the kitchenette fixing things, Miriam and Garnett, in whose room you slept, came home and wandered into our room, so we asked them to stay. We had a nice time, but all we heard about was Miriam and Garnett's trip home.

We are writing Dot tonight, too. And are sending her the list.

In thinking over the weekend, I remember lots of blunders, per usual. One was that I should have placed Vivienne on my right hand some where. But don't you think Aunt Etta belonged where I put her because she was the oldest? Oh Dear, I hope Vivienne didn't feel so dreadfully hurt.

I must write to Grace Newberg now so "goodbye now" as the popular phrase is now.

Much love from us both,
Monnie.

I'm using a little envelope, because those which match these paper are all used up.

[This letter dated Nov. 28, 1926 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks All. The Annual Meeting was held and the communion service run by the Chinese. Willard and Ellen had Thanksgiving dinner with other missionaries and Willard thought back to a year ago when daughter, Phebe, was in the hospital and not able to partake in the feast. The political situation is tense and southern soldiers are coming into Foochow. One evening 3 of the missionary men stood watch. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.

November 28th. 1926.

Dear Folks All:-

Here goes another general letter. Some of you have waited a long time since the last one. I think I intimated in some letter to some of you about a three weeks or more ago that the Annual Meetings of the mission and the Congregational church were coming and that would mean a silence from me for a time. The Annual meeting of the church began Nov. 16 and the mission meeting closed yesterday at about 12:30. The meetings are held here so I am right in my work all the time and I have either met or arranged for nearly all my classes. And I have attended all the meetings.

The Annual Meeting of the Church was a very good one. Some of the outstanding features were the Communion held a week ago this afternoon. This was in charge of two Chinese pastors. They arranged a service different from any that I had ever seen. They asked two of us missionaries to help them but they did all the arranging and simply asked us to take certain parts. Several have said that it was the most impressive communion was ever entirely arranged and carried thru by the Chinese. Always before some foreigner has been behind it in some way. This year the various committees have functioned better than ever before. The business was done in businesslike way and the spiritual addresses were of high order. Each day the business stopped at 10:30 a.m. and one of the pastors spoke at and each day likened the relation between man and God to the watch needing repair and God the repairer. I have never seen a Foochow man hold this audience during a series of addresses as he held them. This half hour was spoken of in terms of much appreciation by many. The sacred concert of Friday evening was the best yet. The church was well filled with a very quiet appreciative audience. The music was all sacred. The University boys conducted an exercise with the Chinese flag. Each color represented some one or more songs sung. After the last color had come up, a gilded cross appeared and the flag with its country were consecrated to the cross and its Christ.

We have been for two years working to have the Chinese sit with us to determine on the calls for new foreign workers and the recalls of missionaries from furlough. This year we have taken a long step in that direction and it looks as if the Chinese might have a say in our recall from furlough (or they may tell us to stay at home).

Between the church meeting and the mission meeting came Thanksgiving. The whole day was made sacred and much chastened for me by the thought all day that one year ago our Phebe was in the hospital and I was here with her and I knew that she could never be well again. How she did enjoy the songs and other parts of the Thanksgiving that I could bring to her. She could not enjoy any of the good things that we ate. This year we met in our old home where Dr. Dyer and Mr. and Mrs. Rinden and Miss McGuiggen are now. Fifty two of us were there and there were twelve children in another place. They ate at 12 m. so all the adults could be together at 1:30. I can never give a menu and I know that all the women who read this will be interested in that. Here are a few things that we had. Chicken pie with forty pounds of my roosters in them. The largest weighed 5 lbs. 10 oz. People said they were good, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, sweet corn, sang cha jelly, peanuts, honey dates, suet pudding, apples, oranges, mandarin oranges, bananas, pumelo, pears. That should be enough to make your mouth water and assure you that we are in the land of plenty despite the news mongers.

After the dinner there was a debate, - Resolved that it is better for a Chinese student to go to the Middle West than to New England for study. Of course it was made as funny as possible. In the Middle West he would find only corn and hogs to eat. In New England he would get a queer pronunciation of English, he would hear are pronounced as air. He would have his neck muscles twisted by looking up to see the tops of the high buildings, while in the west he would find such broad stretches that he would lose his way. After this we had a radio exhibition. Mr. Newell was a soloist. The system was the Beam system, a new one in which the artists appeared in person and could be seen. Newell was dressed in the height of fashion for a public singer. He had on a ladies (this is wrong but never mind) hat, and his dress was sustained by a narrow strap over each shoulder, arms, chest and shoulders bare. His skin is as fair as a woman's. He cut a wide swath. Mr. Thelin dressed up as a farmer and spoke on how to raise corn. Several did not recognize him at first. I was Pres. Coolidge and gave an address to Congress. Mrs. Hand gave Good Night Stories to the Children.

All day Friday and all Saturday forenoon we were in mission meeting. In the afternoon Ellen and I went down to the University, I attend a joint meeting of the Faculty and the B'd of Mangers. We got home about 9:30. Took supper with Professor and Mrs. Metcalf.

The political situation is getting more tense each day. This afternoon the streets are full of soldiers coming in from the south. Many came in yesterday. Report says that the Foochow officials will not give over the government to the South and there will be fighting. It seems fairly certain that most of the territory south of Foochow has gone to the South. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been with us for the past ten days. He got a letter from Ing Tai yesterday saying that the South was taking good care of them and all was quiet. They plan to leave for Ing Tai tomorrow.

Yesterday the mission voted to join with us to ask for a furlough to begin next year. As I wrote in my last to some of you this must be early enough to get in the weddings. I shall write for a sailing from Shanghai not later than May 15th. This will get us to Vancouver or Seattle by June 1, this is in time for the weddings if they are about the time of Commencements. I had better add that I have ordered a cutaway coat and a pair of the latest style striped trousers.

November 29th. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for Ing Tai today. Mr. and Mrs. Rinden went with them, to look over the ground. Soldiers have been pouring into the city for three days now. They are pretty near "all in". They get carriers and leave at once for Yeng Bing. I think that we will be under the South in a few days. I must close this with love to all and the prayer that God will give us all grace, fairness, strength, justice and love to live one day at a time, helpfully to our fellows and profitably to Him.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine, Marjorie and Kathleen-

What is Geraldine doing? She has not written since she began work in Youngstown. There was mention of her in one of your letters. That is all we have heard. Last evening the situation here was so tense that we divided the night into three watches and watched. Mr. Shrader and I were on duty from 12:30 to 3:00. It was a lonely night. The stillness was almost oppressive.- The only sounds were barking of dogs, crowing of cocks and the beating of the watermens bamboo. To day the shops are flying the southern flag a white round ball in a blue background. The student army seems to be in control. The leader of this is a former student of Foochow College. Mr. Nga will know him Ling Sieu Chiong. Our present trouble may be over- altho I would prefer to have more experienced and more mature protestors. Lovingly Father

[This letter dated Dec. 5, 1926 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister Jerry (Geraldine). She is not yet sure of her Christmas vacation plans. She attended a talk by former Chief Justice Clark on America and the League of Nations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Dec. 5 [1926]

Dear Jerry-

Your letter did M. and I such a lot of good. Sometimes we get so discouraged about lessons and friendships that it seems as if we could not rise to the surface again. But knowing those comforting facts does help you to keep on a higher level and feel a certain confidence in yourself. We have not bought a book yet, but the one sentinel that we have has several helpful articles in it which bring a new idea every time I read them.

Well, only three weeks till Xmas and only two till vacation starts. Have you found out for sure yet when you get out? We may not go to Saginaw after all. It is very much up in the air and we don't know which to do. Marjorie has a term paper to write and thinks that she can't spare the time. Then too, if we take a professor's house they would probably want it occupied during the whole vacation instead of just part. There is a slight possibility that Don Morrison will be away and if so he is willing for us to take his house. His is the one which the Mitchners had on Forest street; wouldn't that be grand? But don't get hopes too high.

We feel quite Christmasy already because yesterday we went shopping. We got an electric top for Uncle Stanley's kiddies which lights up when it spins. Very pretty! We also got some present for a party that we had last night. A bunch of us girls drew names for presents and gave them at our party last night. It seems awfully early for a Christmas party but the girls insisted upon having it so we went into the room in which you slept and were served wonderful jello and cake with Christmas candy. I got a bottle of perfume and M. got a box of Oberlin seal writing paper.

We had a very hilarious time and the room was full to capacity.

To-night for YM and YW we heard former chief justice Clark speak on America and the League of Nations. It was very interesting and enlightening and I wish you could have heard it. He traced the history of war and the League thru to now and praised very highly the act of the European nations in making the Locarno [*as in Locarno, Switzerland*] treaties. He thinks that the U.S. should join these countries in their step toward peace, or at least express its sympathy with their act, before they ask us to join them. He was a very clear speaker and did not go into technicalities at all. I would like to know what Mr. Geiser and others think of his address.

Did you take a copy of the Christmas list with you? In case you did not I will send one. Have you decided what we will get Vivienne and who will get it? Are we going to get Gould a travelling bag? I think that would be best. Don't forget to send a card for Rose Mary's gift and her address.

Please tell us something that you would like for Xmas so that we won't get anything that you don't want.
Much love to you from us
Kathleen

[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1926 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot (Dorothy) to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy suggests that Jerry and the girls come up to Saginaw for Christmas. She talks about what she has been doing lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

The Public Schools
Saginaw W.S. Michigan

North Intermediate School
George A. Manning, Principal

Dec., 7, 1926

Dear Jerry:-

Life's a busy whirl these days isn't it? Your last letter to me was dated Nov. 22, and I guess my last to you was long before that.

Say, why don't you come along up with the girls? We could easily get a room up here and as far as transportation goes we can manage that too. We'd all love to have you. The reason I didn't write you along with the girls about it was because I took it for granted that your school lasted as long as ours does. It's fine that you get out so early. Come on up- please do! Then you could help me drive on the way back. We could get a "third seat" or even sit on each others laps.

Whitie and I didn't go to Galesburg after all, and were so disappointed. The weather got so bad that we didn't dare start out. Letters from his folks advised us not to try it because roads out there were bad and many cars had been stuck. We'll have to wait that trip till spring vacation now. Mrs. Newberg invited me to come for the Christmas vacation, but we think it's best the way we've planned it.

You must have had a grand time in Hiram and in Oberlin. I thought of you all. I spent Thanksgiving day in bed, but went up North with a hunting party for the week-end and had a jolly-chilly time. It really was heaps of fun even tho none in our party even so much as laid eyes on a deer.

I sent Mother's and Father's steamer rug quite a while ago. The way you divided gifts is fine. I already have a pair of silk-wool socks for Dan and a light wool scarf for Wells. For Dorothy Bodman I have a little hand made nightie that I got at a church fair. For Roger and Fulton I thought of golf socks, but have you any suggestions for Uncle R. and Aunt Molly? I think bath robes for the girls would be excellent. I think they'd love the corduroy ones. Will you get them there, or shall I?

We ought to be able to get corduroy ones for \$6 or \$8. The colors you suggest for each are fine.

No, Gould hasn't sent Father's letter to me. In fact, I haven't even heard for the gift I sent him for his birthday. I haven't received those snaps taken while we were there for Home-Coming, from you either. The girls said you'd send them on.

Last night we had a very rare treat. The third concert on the Kiwanis course was the Flongaley Quartet and Ganz, the pianist. Both were just fine. It happened that for the last number the quartet played that beautiful Quintet in E flat, all four parts of which Arthur had on Victrola records. It was beautiful. Ganz played a program of pieces that were almost all familiar to me and I certainly did enjoy them.

Our church work here has begun so now we're busy people. I think I'm going to have a basketball school team this year, so I'll be busier than ever.

When we got back to school after the Thanksgiving vacation, who should walk into my gym but Agnes Hosie Heistand. Her husband, Tom, is with the Pure Oil Co. of Columbus and was sent up here to look over the oil around here. They are still here and will be till the end of this week. I've had Agnes over twice with Tom and they and we have eaten together several times at the Coffee Cup. It's nice to see old friends like that. They are rooming way over on the East Side, or I would see more of her.

Do you know how the girls are making out for a house or apartment for our Christmas home? I'm worrying for fear we'll have to pitch tents and camp.

Do hurry and write. Must stop and get this into the mail.

Lots of love,

Dot

Love from Whitie, too.

[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 23, 1926 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his daughter, Geraldine. He thanks her for sending him a diary. He discusses Phebe's estate and interest rates. The evening before was the 1st anniversary of Ellen's arrival back to China and sadly of Phebe's death. After a battle the Kuomintang and the Canton Nationalist Government are in control of Fukien province. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
December 23rd. 1926.

Dear Geraldine:-

The diary came by the last mail. THANK YOU. I had hoped you would remember, as you have been doing for the past number of years. This one is a beauty. It is just what I want. I shall plan to keep the diary of our journey home in it next May.

I have Phebe's estate almost settled. I need your receipt for the following. I will put the list on a separate sheet. I think I wrote you that I put the money that Phebe had in the bank here into fixed deposits. One is in the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, dated July 3, 1926, due July 3, 1927 at interest 4 ½%. One is in the American-Oriental Bank, dated June 4, 1926, due June 4, 1927, at interest 6%. Then I have a Kuliang Council Loan, 2nd Series, No. 23 for \$50. The value of the Fixed Deposit in the H & S Bank is \$120.34. The one in the A & O Bank is \$200.00. The Kuliang Council Loan is at interest 6%. The debenture (Kuliang Council Loan) is in Phebe's name. The interest was paid to me last July and I have credited it to the account I am handing in as Executor. The fixed deposits are both in my name. I think I have written you this but I will repeat it. Exchange is very bad for you to sell silver for gold now. \$1 in silver is worth only 43 ½ cents. I will give you a note for all this money and will enclose a receipt for you to sign. Your signature on this receipt will enable me to close up the estate. If at any time you want the cash for these sums I will pay it to you at the current rate, in U.S. gold. The note which I am enclosing will make this promise legal. My idea is to let the money lie in the Banks until exchange is more favorable. Then it can be converted into gold. It is bearing just as much interest as if it were in gold now. The reason why I allowed the fixed deposit to remain in the H&S Bank @ 4 1/2% instead of putting it in the AO Bank is that I consider the H&S the more stable institution and Mama is dead set against the A&O Bank.

A few weeks ago I sent Phebe's watch to Kathleen. I hope it reaches her safely. She has two Pekinese rugs that we will plan to bring home. We will also plan to bring her clothes. Her pictures and curios we will select and bring as we think you would like. Her spoons also and two rings we will plan to bring. This I think covers all the things. If not we will try to do as we think you would like. I think I wrote that as she did not fill out the term of five years her furniture reverts to the Board. Miss Perkins did allow us to take two small book cases which Phebe had made to fit the desk which Mama had made in 1917 and which Phebe used.

Aunt Mary writes that Uncle Elbert has had the Savings Bank proceeds sold and sent to you. Also the transfer of the money in the Putnam Bank. She had had the money in the Derby Savings Bank transferred and that in Berlin was to be transferred. Will you write me if these are all correct.

I believe that this is all the business. I will not take time to write all about the battle that took place ten miles away at Deng Chio. It is all over now and the Kuomintang and the Canton Nationalist Government are in control of Fukien province. We cannot go outside the compound gate without stepping on the soldiers from the south. Last night the lantern procession took over an hour in passing us as we stood watching it. Some of the heads of the new government are Foochow College graduates.

Last evening was the first anniversary of Mama's return. Today is a very sacred day for Phebe has been in Heaven just a year. I shall never be able to express to you all how much she was to me during those four years that we were here together.

Last evening letters came from Dorothy and Kathleen. You have not written since you got settled in Youngstown. But references to you from the other girls give us assurance that you are all right.

I hope that the Christmas season brings you the Spirit of the Christ, with all His joy.

Very lovingly,
Father

Foochow, China
December 23rd, 1926.

For value received I promise to pay to Geraldine Beard, on demand, with interest as indicated, the following:-

1. Kuliang Council Loan, 2nd. Series No. 23, dollars fifty mex. \$50.00

2. Fixed Deposit H&S Bank Foochow, #62/133, dollars one hundred and twenty and cents thirty four. Mex. \$120.34
3. Fixed Deposit A-O Bank Foochow, #5/63, dollars two hundred mex. \$200.00

Interest on #1, @ 6%

“ “ #2, @ 4 ½ %

“ “ #3, @ 6%

Signed, Willard L. Beard



[This appears to be a very intricate wood or cork depiction of Memorial arch at Oberlin College. Memorial Arch was erected in honor of the missionaries who died during the Boxer Rebellion. The artwork was in an undated envelope with a postmark of Peking addressed to Miss Mary Beard, Century Farm, Shelton, Connecticut, U.S.A. Return address is from the Hunters, the Martins, E.S. Stelle, A. M. Huggins and the Frames. My guess is that Mary arranged to have it made and that it was done after Mary returned to the U.S. It might have been a gift from Mary to Willard or one of his children. The scene itself measures 3 1/2 " by 5 1/2". From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

