

1932

- Charles Lindbergh 's baby kidnapped and killed
- Amelia Earhart is first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Kathleen is teaching in Utah until summer. She moves back East and marries Hugh Elmer September 9, 1932.
- Dorothy and Harold are teaching in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie is in Canada until the end of summer.
- Geraldine is in New York.
- Gould and Virginia are in Shelton and Seymour, CT, Newark, NJ and St. Louis, MO
- Willard is 67, Ellen- 64, Gould- 36, Geraldine- 34, Dorothy- 31, Marjorie- 26, Kathleen- 24.

[This letter dated **Jan. 7, 1932** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold had a small fender bender on the way back to Saginaw because of icy road conditions. She was hoping to visit California this summer but Harold is hesitant because of his family's financial condition. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Jan. 7, 1932

Dear Jerry:-

I hope you haven't given up hopes of ever getting your gloves. I tried to exchange them at Baries where I got them, but they had no more fur-lined, so I got a "due-bill" there, and went to another store for these. I don't think they are quite as pretty, but the stock is low right after Christmas. I'm so sorry I didn't think to get a size larger in the beginning.

We had glorious weather all the way back until the very last two hours. We ate supper in Lapeer [*Lapeer, Michigan*]. When we came out it was raining. As we came north the rain began to freeze to the roads and everything else, so we just crawled into Sag. at 20 per. About five miles out of Sag. a car hit another car on the other side of the road from us, glanced off from that car and skidded over and hit our front fender denting it in quite a bit. We were both at almost a stand-still when it hit, so there was no danger, but it was too bad the car had to be marred. We were all thanking our lucky stars that we were so near home when the bad weather began, and not on Bear Mt. or some of the others of those hills.

Jan. 25. - This poor letter was held up in the rush somewhere.

You asked me to send one of our lost and found pens in with your gloves. When I came to look for one, there were only two ladies pens in the bunch, and both of those were broken. That's why I didn't send any. Do you have a good pen and pencil by now?

Our first semester ended last Thurs. and the second semester began to day. The 9A's had their Banquet last week and as usual Harold and I had charge of the games in the gym after the banquet proper. I put on the Virginia Reel which went off very successfully. I am enclosing one of the programs. Don't you think the whole thing a clever idea? They were standing (the acroplanes) at each place. The speeches were all good.

The Russian Don-Cossack Chorus sang here a week or so ago. It was splendid. If you get a chance to hear it- go!! It was remarkable to hear voices as high and sweet as a high soprano- and not falsetto, either-among those huge, hardy, stern-looking Russians. Also, the deepest bass you ever heard.

Midra Elmann was to have come here last week, but cancelled his engagement for some reason, or other.

Tomorrow our Oratorio Club starts up again to practice an Oratorio for an Easter, or spring concert.

My Ames girls are coming along nicely, having played about eight or ten games and lost only one- to the last year's champions of Detroit. Later we beat that same team on our home floor. I've had that same bunch of girls for about six or seven years now. Therein lies their strength. I'm afraid I'm going to lose three of them next year.

Kathleen wrote that this Thurs. she is to give a talk on China and wanted me to send some of my curios. I sent the Chinese dolls, some of my embroideries, and a few odds and ends which I hope will help her out.

Did I write that my lacquers and linens were here when I got back from the vacation? I had a sale here at school but sold only a few dollars worth. The teachers are the poorest buyers. They love to look at the "pretty things". The lacquers came in perfect condition. I suppose everybody was money-shy right after Christmas. I'll wait a little while then make another "attack". By the way, we can't remember whether we settled with you for the lacquer pieces of yours that we had- and the tea- last summer. I had two gold boxes, some candle sticks, and two flower bowls. All I've sold of those is one gold box. I'm almost sold out on the tea, but I want to get completely out of this lot before I get anymore.

Do you have any "spot" luncheon sets among your things? I have a call for one trimmed in blue, and one trimmed in green.

I was talking with Alice McKeage about our possible trip to Calif. this summer. She got interested and said she would love to go. The Johnsons can't go, and we can't seem to find anyone else interested. Alice has two friends that are interested. I can't imagine any better company than Alice and one of those friends, who I know. She used to teach here in North- Laura Lesh. I believe she was at Alice's breakfast party. I don't know the other one, whose name is Phebe. Harold is questioning our going because his family is in such straits. Some of them are

laid off from work and others have work only part time. It would seem funny for us to galavant off on a pleasure trip with them so hard up. If they only knew how to use money, I'd feel much better about helping them.

Very much love- Dot.

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 12, 1932 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathleen to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen tells all about her Christmas in Logan. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Academy
Logan, Utah.
Jan. 12, 1932

Dear Jerry:

This is a family letter to tell you all about the kind of Christmas we have among the Mormons. It really isn't so different from the usual ones, for the Mormons celebrate it just about as we do. However, for me there was much that was new and interesting. I'll begin way back in November when I started training my choirs for the Christmas concert. I say choirs because I couldn't find enough tenor and bass singers to make a good chorus, so I worked with three separate groups, a girls' choir which sings every Sunday, a ladies' choir of three parts, and a mixed quartet. My leading soprano was so busy that she couldn't join the quartet, so I had to screech on that myself and let someone else play. It was pretty hectic to keep them all going, but worked out fairly well in the end. The concert came on the thirteenth of December, just before the girls went home for vacation. It was patterned after the Oberlin Christmas service, with the story of the "Other Wise Man" read in the middle of it. Some people thought the service too long, but it lasted only an hour and a half. I think an over-heated church made the time seem longer, for we nearly roasted- a feeling which we seldom have here. With that off my hands I was free to enjoy the rest of the Christmas doings.

That same night after the concert I took a group of girls out caroling around town. It was a bitterly cold night, a little below zero, and we must have walked several miles, accepting only one of the many invitations to come in. Thanks to your warm duffle mits, Monnie, my hands kept from freezing, but the poor girls were stiff with cold when we came in to find some warm cocoa waiting for us. We had a taste of some really cold weather before the vacation- 20 below every night, and 10 below during the day. However it is so dry that we wear no more clothes than we did in Ohio. There is almost no wind in this protected valley, which makes a big difference in feeling the cold, and the snow stays on the trees for weeks after it falls. We quite often have heavy fogs in the mornings, which as they settle cover everything with a frost coat, making the prettiest sight you can imagine, I have taken pictures of it which I'll show you next summer.

On the Saturday night before the girls went home there was a big Christmas party for the whole school and all connected with it. We drew names for ten cent gifts, which was all most of the girls could afford this year. Really some of them are nearly destitute and are having to work for their entire expenses here. At the party we had an act of Bird's Christmas Carol staged by the Junior girls, and it was perfectly killing. I had no idea that these girls could act so well, for most of them are very poor in public performances of any kind. Our minister's wife played Santa Clause when it came time for the tree and was a good one even though she wasn't quite cor-pulant enough. She was generous to us, especially with candy, for it seemed as if all our employees, such as the night watchman and janitor, said their Merry Christmas with sweets. We had pounds of it sitting around the house all during vacation and we couldn't help taking a piece every time we went by the box even though we knew it would add another ounce.

Each class had a separate party on the last night before leaving and were entertained by the faculty. Winifred, the girl who lives in the same dormitory with me and is gym teacher, and I entertained the Sophomores, nine of them. We had such fun winding our big Christmas tree into a cobweb with a little gift on the end of each string. The girls enjoyed unweaving it as much as we did tangling it up.

The most fun for all was our midnight ride in a covered truck. Sixteen girls had to take the two o'clock train from a Junction thirty miles away, so two of us teachers went along as chaperones. We dragged them out of bed at midnight to have a little lunch before leaving, then bundled them all into a large canvas-covered truck. I think I know just about how it felt to rumble along in the ancient covered wagons now from that experience. It was pitch dark and we were wound up in blankets until we couldn't wiggle, for it was right cold. The girls sang and yelled all the way over in spite of the frequent lurches of our buggy and the springless seats. Nothing sleepy about them! Fortunately the train was half an hour late, which gave us time to buy all their tickets and fix them up for their journey. The little rattlebrains were so excited that they had no idea what they were supposed to do, and we had to tell them just where to change etc. etc. One Junior didn't even know the difference between her baggage

check and her ticket. After we waved them off we two teachers climbed back into the big empty truck and rattled home. It was four o'clock before we hit our downy couches.

One more party was given by the Sunday School for the little kiddies after the girls left. I had a chance to proxy for Santa that time and it was such fun. I stuffed myself to the proverbial size, safe beyond all recognition with pillows, and wore a mask. The greatest pleasure was to see the enlarged eyes and gaping mouths of those youngsters as they received their candy boxes. They trustingly confided their little wants and even told me what to bring father and mother. One little boy was terrified by my mask and yelled bloody murder when I approached. I didn't get any whispers from him. We were about fed up on parties after that one and were ready to forget school for a while.

When the girls were all gone we settled down to have our own Christmas. Only one of our nine faculty went home, the principal. The rest of us all lived in one house and had a grand old time being just as lazy as we pleased. Our big tree was just loaded with gifts which we religiously refrained from opening until the appointed day. It was just like a family gathering on Christmas morning when we tumbled downstairs, not even bothering to attire ourselves properly, and it seemed a lot bigger Christmas to watch seven others open their gifts too. I got more than my share, thanks to all you good people, and it helped so much to compensate for not being with you at the big family gathering, although I didn't know it then. It was jolly that you could all manage to get together on such short notice.

We new ones had all pictured vacation as a time with absolutely nothing to do- but we were sadly, or gladly, mistaken. The church people were wonderfully kind about inviting us out to dinner parties, teas, theater parties, and socials. I think we had turkey at least five or six times during the three weeks; I hardly want to see it again. You see those birds are very plentiful out here and are especially cheap this year, so we got our fill. There are numerous farms where they raise the ones hatched in California and then send the full gown fowls back there to sell. On New Years day we sat down before a twenty pound roast and he was a pretty bird, I'll tell the world. In between our gaddings we amused ourselves playing bridge, chess and other games. I am becoming quite a chess fan, and bridge was a real treat, for we are not allowed to indulge in it while school is in session. We economized on the work by having only one real meal a day, and taking turns in getting that. It is rather tricky to cook in this altitude, so I let the experienced hands do all the fancy stuff. In baking you have to use less shortening and baking powder, and more flour. They say it takes quite a while to get used to it. Oh, it was glorious not to have forty screaming kids under our feet continually, and to throw off completely that school-marm dignity. We had a chance to become better acquainted with each other too, although there are a few cases where familiarity didn't help.

One high spot of that "evaporated bliss" was a rush wedding. Winifred and I were called upon to be witnesses for a couple who were getting married at the minister's home. Idaho has a five day registration law that many couples avoid by slipping over the border and getting their licences here. That is the first wedding I ever attended in my work clothes, but they really didn't issue their invitations in time for me to change.

The vacation ended for me with a weekend spree in Salt Lake, and a sad parting from all my money. However I have a new coat and a pair of hiking boots (which are almost essential here) to show for it, so it's "not so very bad" as Uncle Stanley says. Now school is in good running shape again, in fact almost running away with us, and we are in for a steady five months of work. These girls can afford to go home only once during the year; there for we have a long vacation now and get out before decoration day in May. My Glee Club is working on a concert for February and an operetta for May. (I though I had better let you know before hand why I will not be writing any letters about next February and March).

[The next part is written in long hand.]

I hope this answers all your questions Jerrabee, for I haven't time to write a long letter to everyone. I have made ten copies of this letter to send around the family so you won't have to do any passing. Incidentally it helped me a lot in my typing. You see I have made quite a few mistakes on a page.

Your letter was so good Jerry, and of much inspirational value. I need that sort of help very often, and I only wish I could find it for myself. I have turned a little more to the spiritual this year than ever before but I don't take nearly enough time to study and think. I have to struggle so awfully hard to produce anything in the way of music that I'm about all worked out when it comes to anything else. I realize my need for a higher source of help but have not come to the point where I am ready to turn completely around yet.

The clipping was interesting and I have sent it on to Dot. Have you seen the Navajo rug that I sent Jinny? I can get you one if you want it- any size. I think I'll get a few to bring back anyway for they are cheaper now.

Gidge has written about the bridge set and I think she enjoys it a lot. She has written quite a bit lately and seems to be wonderfully happy, though terribly busy.

I'll have to have the teachers tell next time, and I'll give you a character sketch of each one. Much love and encore on the letters- Kathie



Kathleen in about 1931 or 32- possibly in Logan, Utah. Is this the new coat she refers to in the previous letter?

[This letter dated Jan. 17, 1932 was written from Rigolet, Labrador, Canada Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie tells about a new housekeeper at their hospital who has been unpleasant to everyone. The new teacher, Nancy Buxton, is doing well. Marjorie would like to hear more messages broadcast to her over KDKA and WBZ radio stations. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Marjorie Beard
Northwest River
Via Rigolet
Labrador

Jan. 17, 1932.

Dearest Jerry,

The mail is leaving sometime this next week, so the rush to write letters is beginning in earnest. It's hard to get down to it when one is so out of practice! I have several things to get out for the school, so this will have to be comparatively short.

My, such a funny winter as this is turning out to be! And all because of one person, Mrs. Keddie, the housekeeper at the Hospital, has just turned the Staff here upside down. Last year the Hospital was a place where one wanted to go. Mrs. Paddon was always such a gracious hostess (I hope you've had a chance to become well acquainted with that family by now,) and gatherings of the staff and Hudson's Bay men were happy, if not exactly

hilarious times. But this year, with Mrs. K. there, it's a place to be avoided, and even the people who live there, go out or retire to their rooms of an evening, instead of gathering by the fireplace as they used to do.

In her relations with the rest of the Staff, especially with Jack, with whom she has a lot to do, she is so aggressive, and fault-finding that to work with her is one long quarrel. She and Jack and she and the nurse, Miss Peterson, who is the temporary head of the station, have come to open warfare. Jack no longer cares what he says to her.

Today Jack, Annie and I were invited down to dinner at the Hospital. Jack and Annie refused- probably on the ground that Annie was not feeling well- she is expecting a baby sometime within the next two or three months. I went down, however, and found the three H.B. Co. men there. Everyone was feeling rather good, and wit flowed freely, so the party was rather jolly.

Our weather has been exceptionally warm, just as it is everywhere, I guess. The thermometer has touched 33 degrees below, once; which is more than it did at any time last year. But this winter we are not having the long cold stretches that we did last year. But the dry, hard snow has come. It packs well and makes capital paths for walking. The nights are moonlight this week, and are simply magnificent.

Next Friday evening the church is giving a program- play and basket sale, - to get money for the new building they expect to put up next summer. I am in the play, and, while we are not having nearly the fun that we had with the Mission play under Dr. Paddon last year, still it is a rather clever one, and, despite the fact that we are having to put it on a little earlier than we expected to, I think it ought not to go so badly. The basket sale is what I'm looking forward to most of all. It's always such a lot of fun- the people get such a kick out of one up here. The bidding always goes quite high- sometimes as much as \$20 for a basket. The average basket goes at from \$5 to \$10.

School is going as usual. Nancy Buxton is doing rather well with her class, but finds it hard- as do we all- running two or three grades at once. She is not staying another year, but the other day we got the joyous news by radio that Betty is coming back. I'm so glad, and the children are just standing on their heads- they just loved her.

What's the matter with the messages?! They are sent on both Sat. and Wed. nights now- from KDKA and WBZ (Springfield) and still very few for me. Nancy, Mrs. Keddie, and Dr. Sheldon all get quite a few. Has the novelty worn off? Mail comes in this week and I'm hoping for some from the family. I'm hungry for it. Do do your part by writing as often as you can. I'll see you next summer sometime- and how glad I'll be to get back!

Lots and lots of love,

Monnie

[This letter dated Feb. 1, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The government in China is still unsettled. He is now receiving their Christmas packages from the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Feb 1- 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

How about that diary? If you have started it all right- if not better get one and send it on soon. I'm temporying[?].

Christmas packages are coming fast these days. From Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra came a mechanical pencil and a beautiful box of cakes, and a few days later from the Farm a beautiful box of cakes, and this afternoon ten lbs. of pecans from Uncle Elbert,- with no duty. It is just possible that conditions are such that they are not charging duty now- I do not know who would receive it. The report this afternoon is that the gov't in Nanking has moved to Honan. It is also reported that the Fukien government is planning to move to Yeng Ping. Certain it is that things are in a grand muss. Just this afternoon as I passed along South St. many men were reading posters said to announce that America was fighting Japan=helping China!!!

In the midst of it all every one goes on his way about his business as usual. The boycott is lifted and Japanese goods are coming with Foochow. It is rumored here that Chinese in New York have raised money to buy 100 airplanes to send to China to fight Japan!!!

I hope you will write me when you settle with that woman for the curios she had of yours- just to satisfy my curiosity.

Your description of your new home and its nearness to your chum sounds good. And I'm much pleased to note the friendship cemented between you and the Vails. You have a capacity for making and keeping friends- the most valuable asset any person can have.

Your account of the trip to Mass. and Conn. sounded rather hectic- to use our expression that Phebe used often.- I have not yet developed a desire to ride in the busses of the states more than is necessary.

I wonder if you have sent any money to Aunt Mary for me. She has not deposited any but it takes a long time for such items to get around to me.

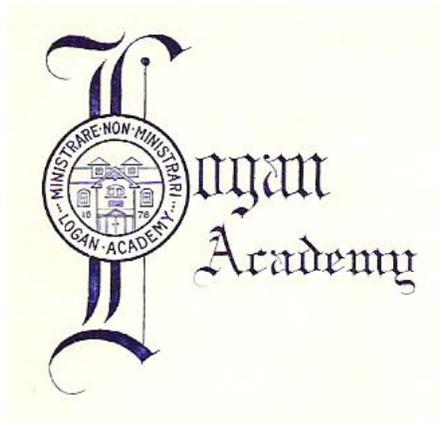
It would have been medicine to sick eyes to see you and Gould and Virginia when you first sighted Dot last Christmas eve. I do not get over the pleasure of thinking in imagination of you folks together there at Century Farm. I know it did you all good.- It turned my thoughts back to 1927 Christmas at Dot and Harolds. We'll thank God for all these good times together and also thank Aunt Phebe and Mary for providing the place and the friendly latch string of the "house by the side of one road!"

With lots of love
Father

Kathleen forwards a letter shortly ago of yours.

Father

*[This letter dated **March 2, 1932** was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen keeps up with news stories about China and the Lindberg's kidnapped baby case. Hugh still does not have a job and hopes to hear results from the civil service exams soon. She tells about some of the school events. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*



March 2, 1932

Jerrabee Dear:

Since you are three to one ahead of me I had better get busy and write. But I believe I told you in my Christmas letter that I would be very busy during February and March, and it is proving true. This week is just a little lull between episodes, so I am writing for all I am worth.

Going back to your letter of Feb. 1. I'm glad you liked my character sketches, but I guess I made a little too much of Elsie- the slow one. She is really the most insignificant one on our staff, but she is so utterly different from most people that I wrote a lot about her. Most of the time we hardly know that she is here.

You are certainly doing plenty of running around aren't [you], and it all sounds like such fun. I think if we could get away from here for week-ends we would be a much happier bunch of teachers, but there is no place to go and we are tied here with Sunday duty. I'm glad you can get up to the farm so often and see your friends around the city. You mentioned Ethel and Howard and I don't seem to grasp just who they are or where they live. I agree with you about the singing, only in our case I shall have to be the singer. This year has made me more eager than ever to take more voice and I certainly am going to when I get a chance. I do want to hear about the "crazy bride" too, although I couldn't use it out here at all.

Rhoda is a lucky girl to be able to get married so soon and I'm glad for her. I shall try to write her a note soon. I suppose she is still working at Macy's isn't she? I really wasn't surprised that she is married, but I was that she sent us an announcement.

The article on Roosevelt was very interesting and I read it clear thru. Shall send it to Dot immediately. "Time" comes here for one of the teachers but I don't ever see it, let alone get time to read it. I made a stab at the daily paper to keep up with the Chinese situation and the Lindberg baby. Wasn't that a disgrace for anybody to take

a baby like that? I do hope that it comes back safely. People out here are as worried about it as the parents almost. Wouldn't it be terrible to have such publicity? I'm glad I'm a commoner.

You asked about Hugh. He is still in Boston studying for Civil service examinations which ought to have been announced weeks ago. I am hoping that they will come soon and that he will get a job out of them for his own peace of mind. Being idle and having no money is demoralizing to his initiative and happiness. Things look pretty black. About a month ago his uncle in New Jersey died and he felt it his duty to go to the funeral. Pearl and Enid were there with the baby and he said that Pearl was getting worse again. She is now living with Enid. [*Pearl and Enid are Hugh Elmer's sisters. Pearl has schizophrenia.*] On his way back to Boston Hugh had to wait in New York, so he went up to the Lib to find you, but wasn't successful. I guess he expected you to come out of the front door at dinner time and waited there for you.

We have been having a February thaw for the last few weeks and most of our three feet of snow turned to slush. Walking was bad business and the roads were veritable rivers. But yesterday we had more snow and it has turned cold again. We are all so anxious for spring to come, and are so tired of winter. Everybody is getting irritable and worn out, so you can imagine what lovely times we have. We teachers have terrible fights over the girls, for our activities inevitably run into each other's and there are so few girls that many of them take part in everything. I never saw a place where people crabbed more than they do here, and I do it too, as hard as I try not to.

For once I remembered Dot's birthday because I already had her ring and bracelet picked out which she said she wanted. I got a good letter from her the other day, and I take it that she is fearfully busy. I think it is awful to be so busy that you can't have any leisure time, and I'm not going to do it again.

I do hope you get into that Appalachian Club. It sounds perfectly thrilling and I bet it would be lots of fun. There are some grand hikes and a nice place to ski and coast here but where is the time withal? We considered getting a pair of skis for the teachers after Christmas but other things have crowded that out of our minds.

I haven't told you anything about our Washington party, my recital tea or Glee Club concert. I had to make a costume for the party and the whole school dressed up a la Colonial style for dinner. It was grand fun and Winnie was my George, she made a stunning man- even gave me a corsage to wear for the occasion. (out of school funds) At our tea on the 22nd the minuet was danced by four girls and we served Chinese tea again. The four girls who played pieces did nobly. My concert was last Saturday night and was quite a success I think. I patterned it after the Oberlin ones and the girls wore their formal dresses which thrilled them pink. They looked so pretty and sang quite well. I put on a couple of stunts that I saw at Silver Bay and they took nicely. Now I'm working on Easter music and my Chinese operetta.

My Latin class and Glee Club continue to be my life savers. I really enjoy teaching Latin and we drill every day on forms. All but one of my girls are good workers. I find myself increasingly glad that I do not have to repeat this another year, but I may get something worse- who knows.

This has been an awfully scrappy letter for I was trying to answer three in one and have been continually interrupted in the writing of it. However, it carries its load of love just the same and do write me whenever you can scribble a line for it brightens the day- you don't know how much. All days seem to be dull and hard now. As ever- Kathie.

[*This letter dated **March 7, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Kathleen has told him that she plans to quit teaching at Logan Academy when the school year is out. He and Ellen have had colds for a week after having both warm and cold weather. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

American Board Mission
Church of Christ in China
Mid-Fukien Synod

Willard L. Beard

Foochow, China

March 7th 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

Thank you for your good letters telling about your visit to Conn. They give pleasure not only to you but to those whom you visit as well. I do not remember that you mentioned Aunt Jane, so I take it for granted she is as well as usual. William has evidently had as hard a time finding a job as many other young men. He is fortunate in having a wife with such a home.

Kathleen wrote in one of her last letters that she thought of resigning and going East at the end of her first year in Logan. I am writing her that unless conditions change it will be hazardous to throw up a job. I have not yet heard that Hugh has work. He was preparing for some kind of government job I believe.

It is proved beyond any doubt that Hazel Ellen is a very wonderful human being. We are losing the pleasure of seeing her develop. But letters from many of you are so full and detailed that we can keep up with her pretty well. Virginia sent several snap shots of her recently and incidentally we got good pictures of her Mother and Father. We appreciate all these immensely.

Yesterday Mother and I went over to Ha Puo Ga to church. The first time I have been there since coming back this time. I had to preach and help conduct communion. We came home, had dinner and were off for Ma Ang- 2 miles beyond North Gate in the country. After two weeks of very cold weather, the past three days have been very warm. A week ago Sunday 2 ft. of snow on the mountains. Ther. 38 degrees. Yesterday Ther. 70 degrees. The sun was very warm. It rather got us- the walk of three miles out, conducting service and walking 2 miles back. After supper Mother disappeared into her room. When I was about to go to bed, I found her fast asleep on her bed with all her clothes on. This she very seldom does.

We have both had head colds- more like hay fever, noses running like leaky milk pails- for a week. Mother has fasted, I have eaten, and both are better.

I am enclosing an account of our Washington's Birthday Celebration. The photo I am sending to Kathleen. It will or should reach you in time.

I think you have sent Aunt Mary for me \$75.00. Is that correct. Your letter this evng. corrects this it is \$110.00

I sent Aunt Mary more lacquer than she ordered. If she does not want it you might take it.

Very lovingly

Father

*[This letter dated **March 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks Everybody. They had a celebration complete with costumes for George Washington's 200th birthday. His chickens and garden are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[March 1932]

Dear Folks Everybody:-

We had a big celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's Birthday here in Foochow and I am sending you a little account of it.

The celebration was one of the best events that Foochow has seen in a long time. Nearly every American in port and all outlying stations near enough to make it possible was present. And nearly all the Europeans. We invited all Americans, Canadians and Europeans. Practically all came. A very careful program had been arranged and it was carried out without a hitch. There were fifteen in the costumes of two hundred years ago. We have two photos of those in costume and are sending one to Kathleen to be forwarded to all of you. They cost \$2.00 each so we are economizing and asking you to go to the bother and expense of sending this copy to all the families.

Mother represented Mrs. Jefferson and I Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet. Both Ellen and I had some costume. My wig was of raw silk and cost me \$5.50 mex. My coat and knee britches were of black sateen with large tin buttons. The waist coat was of white silk, I wore Mother's white silk stockings, and a pair of new patent leather pumps (the bandits borrowed my others in 1927 and have not returned them) with white brass buckles, and lace frills on my cuffs and shirt front and a white cloth around my neck that Mother says is called a "stock."

As president of the American Association I was chairman of the evening. Every number on the program was very well received. The community very kindly lent us the use of the Foochow Club for the occasion. The room was filled with many standing about the sides. Several have said to me that it was the finest thing Foochow had seen for a long time.



Willard and Ellen dressed as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson at a George Washington Birthday party.
[Photos from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

The change in transportation during the past few years is realized when I write that Mother and I dressed at home, got into an auto at our gate, and were nearly four miles away at the Foochow Club in about fifteen minutes. And when we were ready to come home there was the auto, taxi, at the door of the Club and in about fifteen minutes we were home. The charge for each was \$1.00 for the round trip. We took an elderly lady, Mrs. Hand, with us both ways and brought home Agnes McClure aged 12 and her sister Joan aged 10. Joan was in costume.

My chickens are flourishing. I have one cock about three years old and two hens two years old all thorough bred Rhode Island Reds. One brood of eight hatched Nov. 20th. 1931, four of them perfect R.I.R. the other four have some White Leghorn in them, then I have eleven hatched Jan. 11th. I have four native chicks that are laying. They are about as large as my brood of eight.

The garden is growing nicely. We are now eating lettuce, carrot, radishes, beets, swiss chard, with parsnips, ruta begas, spinach, kohlrabi, brussels sprouts, coming on.

The winter has been very cold, some twenty mornings with heavy frosts. Last Saturday night snow fell so the mountains on all sides of us were white for four days. The men at the University had a snow-ball contest on the campus. The ther. went down into the 30's. It now registers 62 in my study. The fire is out and doors and windows wide open.

News from Shanghai Saturday Mar. 5th caused great rejoicing, and the setting off of perhaps \$1000 of crackers. It was reported that on Mar. 4th there was very heavy fighting. The Chinese retreated and laid mines so that the Japanese in following them got on these mines and were slaughtered. The Japanese have changed head commanders five times since the fighting began in Shanghai. News from the radio said on Sat. night that the shops in Shanghai were opening for business.

We'll hope the fighting has ceased. The Chinese must win in the long run for they can carry on this struggle indefinitely. The Japanese are about at their end of money and men and public sentiment.

Lovingly Father

*[This letter dated **March 20, 1932** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold have kept very busy with out of town basketball games. She discusses the financial condition of Harold's family. Many schools are now not letting married couples teach in the same school and Dorothy wonders how that will affect her. She mentions the Lindberg baby case. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

Sunday, Mar. 20, 1932

Dear Jerry:-

Yes, I did get your check, and should have written right away about it, but I simply couldn't find the time. The last three or four weeks have been rather hectic ones for work. I've had hardly a minute to call my own. Someway our out-of-town basketball trips were all piled into the last weeks of the season and we have had to make two a week right along- trips to either Detroit, Lansing, or Flint. Sometimes I would have to drive myself, and every time we'd have to start soon after school and I'd have to chase home and grab a bite to eat, or, go without. For the last 3 weeks, I've been out (on business of some kind) every night in the week except one, and Sundays. Now, thank goodness, the Ames work is over, and I'm going to bed early every night I'm home, or know the reason why!

Yes, the check was a surprise to me. When your letter came I just couldn't imagine what kind of a surprise I was going to get, and I puzzled and wondered till the surprise came. Thank you so much. I do hope it hasn't left you absolutely strapped, for I'd rather take it a little at a time than to do that. Also, I told you I didn't want a cent of interest, and I really mean it. Consider yourself paid up right now. By the way, how are you financially now? Are you able to save anything out of what you get, or does it take it all to live? If there is anything you need in the way of clothes of anything else, I wish you'll tell me and let me get it for you, for things are down so low now here that it doesn't take much to get quite a bit. What of these would you like-bloomers, slips, shirts, stockings, gloves, nighties or P.J.s, brassiers?- or anything else. Let me know right away.

You spoke of going to a "crazy bridge". No, you didn't tell me about it, and I'd like to know how to put on such an affair. Tell me about it.

You surely did "leap out" on leap year night, didn't you. That was quite a coincidence.

I just don't know about our plans for the "wild west". It seems as tho all of Harold's folks are out of work and they seem to be having a hectic time to get along. Harold has been sending checks right along for the last few months to help them out. He says he wouldn't feel like taking the trip if they are still in that condition by summer. His Dad was laid off from the brick yards. His uncle was laid off at the foundry. Grace is still working, but hasn't received any pay for several months. Her husband hasn't worked very much since they were married as far as I can find out. On top of all that his younger brother- the one that has two children- has just had an operation to straighten a foot that has been crippled all his life. He was working as a mechanic in a garage and had to lay off from work for three or so months to have that done. We sent him \$300 for the expenses of the operation, besides some money for his mother's expenses to stay with him. Ralph and Relda are still both teaching, but as far as I can find out, they can't seem to help out very much. We are driving to Galesburg for Good Friday, Saturday, Easter and Easter Monday. That is all the spring vacation we get this year.

I wonder if you hear anything more about the Lindberg baby case out there, than we do here. It has ceased to hold the headlines, but there never fails to be an item or two somewhere in every paper, but none are very satisfying. Do you suppose Lindberg knows more than he will let the reporters know? I thought surely the baby would be returned 'ere this.

Did I tell you that Myrtle Johnson and I joined the A.A.U.W. here last fall? We have been to three or four of the meetings, of which only two were real good, as far as the program was concerned.

Last week the officers and coaches of the Ames Athletic Ass'n. gave the members of all the teams a chicken dinner. It was a lot of work for us and took lots of time to put it on, but the boys and girls seemed to enjoy it. This week Fri. the boys and girls put on a fish supper to make some money. That was a big job for us too, but it went over big. We served almost 300 people and took in over \$50. That money was divided evenly between the Sunday School and the Athletic Ass'n.

There seems to be a grand furor all over the country in educational circles about married teachers. We have been reading articles in the Detroit papers by Deans and Profs. of large Universities, who mostly all favor letting married teachers keep their jobs if they are rated superior as they are supposed to be. I don't know what they are going to do here, but according to our Supt. they will not let anyone who gets married now remain, but will keep the ones already in the system until they wish to stop. The Board may think differently, however.

Did I write you that we have a cute little all white Spitz puppy? We got her as soon as we got back from the East- on New Year's day. She is now almost four months old, and just as cute as she can be, altho she gets into mischief and tears up things if you don't keep an eye on her. Today she got down cellar and into the coal pile and now she doesn't look like our little Fluffy at all. I'll have to give her a bath.

Have you seen Hazel Ellen recently? They sent the dearest snap shots of her a few weeks ago.

Do you get a vacation this summer? If you do, are you planning to do anything special? I was going to say that if we don't go West, we might be East for a while, and I'd like to know when your vacation would come.

I heard that Thornton Penfield is engaged to Mr. Lindberg's young sister- Constance, is it? I don't know how true it is. It was reported that he was out there at the Lindberg home for a couple of days right after the kidnapping.

Thanks again for the check, and don't send interest.

Love- Dot.

The stockings came yesterday. They are so pretty! Just the right size and shade. Thank you heaps for them. The only pair of net stockings I have are just about gone, so these came just in time. The ones you sent are much prettier than the ones I've been wearing.

*[This letter dated **March 27, 1932** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Geraldine. He visited the village of Deng Chio which was completely burned in 1927. He tells how 96 villages have recovered from being robbed. A road for cars is being built across the plain. Willard tells about a couple of funerals. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

March 27th. 1932.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Geraldine:-

This has been a great week. Saturday March 19th, with a young man I started for Deng Chio, fifteen miles across the plain and across the river and then into the plain on the other side of the river. The village of 2000 people was entirely burned in January 1927. Admiral Sah went in and rebuilt it on modern lines. The main street is sixty feet wide, with a row of trees in the middle. For our church he put up a long building 60 X 50 feet, in five sections.

Half of each section has two stories. We have had no resident preacher there for a year. A man from another church goes over to hold service Sunday afternoon. We visited about Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. Saturday evening we had supper with a fine young doctor and his family, - wife and four boys, the daughter was away at school. This man was with the bandits three years ago for about three months, and finally his family got together \$800 and ransomed him. It is a beautiful Christian family. Sunday noon we dined with a graduate of Foochow College, - some fifteen years ago. Sunday afternoon the little church was full and seventeen partook of communion. One young woman united with the church and one baby was baptized.

Five years ago this whole plain of ninety six villages was robbed of everything worth taking away. All the cattle, hogs, goats, chickens and rice and potatoes were killed or eaten or taken away and the bandits also got a lot of jewelry that had been taken over there from Foochow. Just before this there was a scare in Foochow, and the big shops sent their valuables away. The whole plain was skinned. Not more than twenty people were killed. I asked several people there if the people had recovered. Yes, they were about where they were before the raiding. Now that is characteristic of the Chinese. Their recuperative power is amazing. Going and coming to this place and to two places within a few miles, I have a walk of five miles across the plain to the south west. An auto road is under construction over this five miles. The method of construction would interest Wells and Dan. It would be hard to find them rods of straight road in the old path. Modern surveyors have planned the new road. It is straight. It is nearly all the way thru rice fields. A ditch is dug on each side and the mud thrown up to make the road about eight feet higher than the surrounding fields. Then the road is faced with broken stone and cement. As it is now the face is the rice field mud. It had rained hard the day before we went over it, and the old road was destroyed and that pile of the worst, stickiest mud was our only way. It took us an hour to go a mile. Of course we were walking. We did not fall down. W.B.

When I came into the compound Monday, I met the Treasurer of the mission. He said, "Will you come down to the office a minute". I went and found over \$200 mex. that we had utterly given up three years ago. It was the American-Oriental Bank here and that went bust. They have been paying off their depositors the past few weeks.

When I went to my desk I found a slip from the Post Office asking me to call at the head office four miles away to open a parcel just from America. I went and found a small paper box with four of the best most efficient wash cloths you ever saw. The poor fellow, when he saw only cotton gave a grunt and turned away in disgust. "I don't want anything more of it." I felt sort of even for the last time I went at his call he pulled me for almost \$9.00 duty.

On Wednesday I found corn and peas above ground and put in [a] lot more seeds. In the afternoon we had our weekly prayer meeting for the mission. Mr. Topping and I conducted communion and I baptized Muriel, Rena and Lois Topping and Margaret and Whitney Shrader.

It is the custom more and more to hold funerals of Christians in the church, the same is true of weddings. Last Thursday in the Lau Memorial church here was the funeral of a woman forty eight years old. She was a daughter of a preacher of our mission years ago. One of her sisters was the wife of one of our pastors, and another sister is the wife of the Postal Commissioner of all China. He attended the world conference of Postal Commissioners in London two years ago. Now he is giving his attention to the Postal Savings Bank of China. I helped start this man on his road to success. The second winter we were in Foochow I gave him two evenings a week in English. We read the Gospel of Mark together in English and talked about it. Then when I was in the Y. work he was in the Post Office in Foochow, the head Chinese. His monthly reports were for all Fukien Province, and they were spread over about twenty pages of foolscap. They were in English. He asked me to correct the English before he forwarded them to Peking to the Commissioner of Customs as it was then. This woman whose funeral took place last Thursday never married. She studied medicine and was noted for her helpfulness. It is the custom for the relatives to invite two or three church leaders to make addresses at the funeral. I had a fifteen minute talk that day. It was noted by the foreigners present that nearly every Chinese who had any part in the funeral mentioned the fact that she had no family. Not a single member of her own family were there. The arrangements were made by the pastor, Husband of her deceased sister. It was to us Americans rather pathetic that the Chinese should consider the fact that she had no children or husband so lamentable. This is another Chinese characteristic.

Thursday afternoon Mother and I left at 5 o'clock for the University. I was to preach and conduct Communion for the University Faculty, students, workmen, servants etc. This required a bilingual service. So most of the way thru I spoke in English then said the same thing in Chinese. We had supper with the Beaches and then listened to the radio for a few minutes until the electricity went off, the service was after supper. As I had an appointment the next morning we came home after the service. On the way up the engine went on the blink five times. The tide was running out and we lost from ten to twenty rods each time she stopped. We reached home at 11:30 p.m.

Friday there was another funeral. This was the wife of a well-to-do umbrella merchant. It was held in the house. All sorts of people were there. There were the husband and five sons and one daughter, - quite different from the other woman. But most of the two hundred present were non-Christian. There were two brass bands and four addresses.

Yesterday I admitted to membership in the Lau Memorial Church nineteen adults, and baptized twelve children. Two of the men admitted were brothers. Did I write a short time ago of a little boy who was sick some fifteen years ago and his mother gave him up, put him on the floor in the back room to die, went and told one of her relatives who was a Christian, and he said he knew of only one remedy, - to pray. He prayed and as he prayed the little fellow, then only about eight years old, opened his eyes and asked for a drink of tea. Well one of these brothers was this little boy grown to manhood, married and brought his baby to be baptized. [Refer to letter dated May 23, 1915 by Willard.]

We think of you all and devour every letter from you. The photos of the granddaughter (her parents don't count) are displayed to each caller. We had one enlarged but it was not entirely satisfactory. Mother and I had our photos taken in costume and will send them soon. Garden and chickens are doing well. Corn up also peas. Easter was a glorious day.

I do not yet get any light on how we may arrange to hear Marjorie. We hear Manila best of any place in the East.

Here is love to you all and a prayer for God's blessing to be always with you each.
Grandfather and Father

[This letter dated April 3, 1932 was written from Northwest River, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). They now have a radio and enjoy listening to church services on it. Marjorie tells a very sad story about a house fire in town which caused the six deaths in a family of ten. Marjorie tells about the weather up there and about some of the lakes and rivers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Marjorie Beard
Northwest River
Via Rigolet
Labrador

April 3, 1932.

Dearest Jerry,

I should make an apology like the one you made in the letter you wrote at the end of the summer, but I should have to make it to every member of the family; for I haven't written very many family letters this winter. I've gotten so rusty that it's hard to get down to it again. Besides, just now I have to write against two very fascinating distractions. One is a grand church service over the radio. It does seem wonderful to have a radio this year. And how good congregation singing and anthems by large choirs do sound! The cathedral congregation in Montreal is singing one of my favorites now. We have such puny, little choruses in church, and no harmony-oh! how I miss it! I mean it is all unison singing. And then they dra-a-a-ag it so! Sometimes I can't stand it; and we've tried to make them sing faster but in vain.

Well, to go back, the other distraction is that Annie is giving that darling baby her evening bath, and you just can't help watching. Her name is Evelyn and she is just a little over six weeks old today. It was quite thrilling when she arrived. Annie walked down to the hospital at about 5 in the morning, and the baby had arrived at 7:30! Almost all the babies that have come this winter, and there have been about 9, have come that quickly. None of the mothers was in labor anywhere near a day. Pete (our nurse, her real name is Miss Freda Peterson) must be a very good obstetric nurse.

Evelyn knew just when to come. It was a great coincidence. All the birthdays in this house were in the week beginning Feb. 14. Jack's was first, Annie's the day after, mine two days later, and Ella's (Annie's cousin, who is helping her) two days later, the 19th. And when did little Evelyn leave the sight but on the 20th! Just the right week, on a day all her own, and in her right order of age and size, as all the rest of us happen to be! It was the talk of the town!

And just the Wednesday before, on my birthday, Annie had given Ella and me a party- or rather supper. We had each had one guest. Annie said she and Jack would celebrate later when she felt more like it.

Two weeks later, however, the whole town was plunged into sorrow by the greatest tragedy that has been known on the whole coast. (The congregation is singing "Jerusalem, the Golden". Oh, Oberlin memories! Am I getting homesick, I wonder! How good it sounds. How I'd love to sing in the choir once again!!) Well, to go on -

we were all awakened one night by the school bell, which is rung in case of fire, ringing frantically. At first I thought it must be school time, and I had overslept. But immediately came to, and jumped out of bed, craning out of the window to see where the fire was. It was out on the point and burning fiercely, the flames roaring before a northeast wind, just the right direction to be worst for a fire in that place. Jack was out of the house in a minute- literally- and when he came back he had such a gruesome tale to relate. When he had got there, the house was so far gone that nothing could be done to save it. And what was infinitely worse, almost a whole family had burned up with it. The stove evidently had been filled up with dry wood that had been gathered just that day. The mother had written a note to ask that one of the boys be allowed to stay at home to get dry wood as all theirs was so green that it wouldn't burn. And when the family awoke the whole house was ablaze. It was one of the few two-story houses in N.W.R., and all the family slept upstairs. One of the older boys ran out to give the alarm, and was badly singed on the way. When they got back to the house, the upstairs was all ablaze and one of the men opened one of the windows from a ladder against the house and called but evidently it was already all over with those inside. All the houses here are just wooden frame houses and there is almost nothing to do in case of fire. I believe there is not one case of a house being saved after it had really got a start.

The only members of this family who are left are the boy that ran out- he lives here at Jack's now, since he works for the Mission- he's sitting here in the kitchen with us now-, his sister of 11, who happened to be spending the night at the house of an aunt; an older boy and the father, both of whom were on the furpath, trapping. They both came home this past week. My! it must have been a shock to them. The ones who were burned were the mother, an older daughter, two boys who were in my sixth grade, a little boy of 3, and the baby girl of a year. That day and the week after were terrifically depressing- I never want to repeat anything like them again.

April 10, 1932.

The mail came last night- and what a mail!!! Oh! it's so good to hear from you all. You realize how far behind you get when the news comes in. Your letter was so good. Wasn't it grand that Dot and Harold could have come east for Christmas? And what fun to have them do it as a surprise.

I'm so glad you went to see the Paddons. Don't you like Mrs. P.? Yes, she and Betty are alike. Mrs. P. has an uncanny way of knowing what you want almost before you do yourself, and providing it before you ask. And yet all her attentions are so natural and unforced- it looks so easy to be the perfect hostess when she does it.

You didn't say anything about Dr. P. Wasn't he there, or didn't you like him? Jack and I were speaking about them this noon, and I was telling him what your opinion of Mrs. P was. He remarked that Dr. very seldom made a good first impression. He said he didn't like him at first.

After church.

This afternoon I was sitting out on the porch writing. It has been such a warm, spring day today. One hardly needed a wrap. And the sun was so brilliant on the snow that one had to have glasses whenever one went out. Last year wasn't nearly so bad on the eyes; and even old hands say that they have never had to wear dark glasses so much. Even the school children wear them out to play.

March was a miserable month. First it would be cold, gray and blizzardy and the snow would pile in great drifts making walking next to impossible. Then would follow gray days, cold enough to put a crust on the snow so that one could get about on the paths, but terribly depressing and lifeless. Just as walking got good, along would come a jewel of a day- bright, warm, and springy- but bad for the snow, for it would all go soft again, and you were confined to just the village paths that were most used. We had few of those sunny days, tho, so we are appreciating days like this one to the full, - and more. But it will spoil us for the cold snaps and further snow which we are bound to have a little more of. Spring tastes too good.

John Betts came up, and we walked to the top of Sunday Hill- the favorite walk here. From there you get a superb view to east and west. To the east stretches the bay, with the Mealy Mountains, all white with snow, just across. As we came home, the snow was just beginning to turn rosy with the light from the west. The sky, mountains and water- that was not frozen- was never bluer. The mountains are the most intense dark blue here, of any that I've ever seen. The bay was still frozen- a great white sheet, with the blue of the free river water running out into it for a short distance. The river has been open for the past week.

To the west is Little Lake, connected with Grand Lake by the Rapids, running thru a narrow place between two hills. The Nascopil River runs into Grand Lake about 30 miles up its length, and that current keeps the Rapids open most of the winter. There is a strip of open water all the way down Little Lake now, tho the sides are still frozen. The hills are nearer on the opposite side of Little Lake, but they, too, are white where they are bare of trees. Just a soft, warmish breeze was blowing, and we sat down on the top of the hill and were not too cold- for over half an hour.

I've written you who John Betts is, haven't I? He's an English boy (he'd appreciate that term, I suppose! But he's little more, being only 21) working with the Hudson's Bay Co. He is awfully good company and I have enjoyed going for walks with him this winter, and last fall. During Jan. and Feb. and March we couldn't do much walking, but now that it's getting warmer and a crust is on the snow, we'll not be house-bound anymore.

I did appreciate your description of Hazel Ellen. I'm just pining to see her. If she's half as cute as our baby, Evelyn Watts, she's absolutely irresistible. I think maybe Evelyn could put up almost as round a little head as Hazel, and she has the prettiest little nose you ever saw- just like her father's, sitting up there and asserting itself saucily!

Today Jack got me a message from Aunt Mary. It was a fine long one and newsy.

Have you heard of the broadcasts which the Board is sending to its foreign missionaries? It tickled me so to hear of it. I'm wiring out a message. I'm listening for messages that night, you bet.- April 20, it is.

This will be the last mail that goes out, before the boats start. I don't know how many more letters I can get done, so will you pass this around? Thank you. Do write again. Much love to you- Monnie.

[This letter dated April 3, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. The faculties of the many schools and colleges in Foochow met for a dinner at the Union High School. The Chinese report that another battle in Shanghai is imminent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
April 3rd 1932

Dear Geraldine:-

Yesterday Ling Dai Mi brought his bill for your lacquer and the receipt from the Post Office for \$8.65 postage on the box. You will note that I guessed fairly near- only 81 cents off. I'll keep that - just about 20 cents gold to apply to your next order. Dorothy wrote that her last order came thru in perfect condition. Harold had to bark water about his confidence in the Saginaw P.O. not charging duty for he had plenty to pay this time.

Spring is here. To day I preached at Sang Bo in the morning- over on the river- a mile above the bridge- came home and at 1:45 started in the opposite direction for Ma Ang- richsha to the north gate and walk 40 minutes. It was good and hot. After the service a 40 minute walk back to the gate and a ricksha home and a delicious cold water bath and thinner clothes all thru. At 8 p.m. the ther registers just 70 degrees. Two nights ago I wore an overcoat and the evening before that we had a fire in the living room.

Saturday noon I went out to the Union High School to dinner with the faculties of Foochow College, Wenshan Girl's School, Union Kindergarten Training School and Union High. More than forty ate together at four tables. Old and young, men and women, foreigners and Chinese were well mixed up. Only three or four years ago these affairs were stiff when they tried to hold them, but the stiffness is all gone now and the men and women act normally. They also play normally and after eating and playing they paid attention to the intellect. Two hours before I started the Chairman and our host phoned me asking me to speak on (1) Cooperation among the members of each faculty and also among the different faculties, (2) Extra class room activities between students and faculty members. Chinese teachers find it difficult to associate with the students outside of the classroom.

I have been reading "The Marks of an Educated Man" by Albert Edward Wiggons. It's rich- very plain, matter-of-fact, practical, like his Ten Commandments of Science. Is that the exact wording. I like specially his chapters on getting along with other people, and popular notions are always wrong. If you have not read it already, take time some day to run over that chapter on getting along with other people. The title of the other chapter rather antagonized me. But after reading it I decided that if I wished to be considered an educated man, I must agree that popular notions are wrong and always have been- the notions that the world was flat, night air is unwholesome, the world is going to the dogs. Not all these are his, but he lists among other popular notions snakes can charm birds. I have seen what I called a snake charming a bird. He had the bird seemingly unable to move away and was within about 4 feet of it when I came up and broke the spell. Nevertheless it is a very interesting and thought provoking chapter.

The last few days have not produced much radio news from the Shanghai situation. The Chinese report that another big battle is imminent. They have no use for the League of Nations. This is a popular notion and it is wrong.

This afternoon the cook left for 50 miles beyond Ing Hok to see his mother, -to be gone a week. Mother will be cook during his absence.

Be bas- do you remember them? are in market. We are still eating delicious pumelo and dry gik, with very fine hung gek. I do not think we had many when you were here. They are as large as a small grape fruit- sections much like it also but quite sour. They grow where oranges grow. We use the juice on lettuce instead of vinegar.

I have just cut my first ham. It is all right.
With lots of love
Father

Will you send one bunch of chop sticks to Kathleen. I'll take it off your bill. I brought both for her if she wants them. Mother has had two bunches for her for three months but does not get to send them.

[This letter dated about Spring 1932 was written from Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie tells about her plans to come home and would like to study at Columbia for an M.A. in Education. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[to Geraldine]

[about Spring 1932]

My plans now are as follows: I want to stay until the new principal comes, which I hope will be before the end of August. I'll try to get the last mail boat down the coast in August, stop for a day or two in St. John's, then take a boat from here down the St. Lawrence to Montréal (if there are boats running from St. John's in that direction. I've written our agent in St. John's to find out.) then take the train to New York. It won't be as thrilling as coming in to N.Y. harbor by boat, but I do want to see the St. Lawrence, and Quebec.

Next year I'm thinking seriously of taking work in Columbia [University]. Miss Peterson, the nurse here, studied there last year and is crazy about it. She is about 35, so can give mature advice- and is the kind of person who would, too. She advised me to study for an M.A., saying that it would come in handy in future. What think you? O, experienced one?! I have almost no money and would have to borrow almost the whole amount. I don't even know how much I'm getting this year yet, as I haven't seen a cent of salary to date. Been borrowing! So I don't know how much to depend on. If I do study, would I live with you? That would be heaven! I'd like to do it just so we can.

The catalogue I sent for hasn't come yet. I expect it in the mail that will be here next week. My! what I don't look for in that mail! If it doesn't come up to my expectations I'll collapse!

I'd take an M.A. in Education, I guess, as that is what I want right now. I feel the need of it desperately, and have all this year. Dr. Paddon wired offering me an extra year on my term if I'd stay next winter, and go out the following year, then come back for two years more. But I couldn't think of such a thing. I've found out that I really know so little about my jobs that I want to go and learn something. Then I am getting tired of it for now, and out of ideas, and when one gets like that it's time for a change for awhile. A new person would put new life into it next year.

Well, this is enough of this raving for now. I jump about from subject to subject so that I doubt if you can make much out of it. I'll write you by the next mail.

Please give my love to all the relatives, especially Kathie, Dot and Harold, and Gould and Ginny. My, don't I wish Gould would bring you all up after me, and I'd show you all around, then we'd all go home together! What fun! We do expect an airplane any day now with prospectors- prospecting for what I don't know. Love' n' then some, Jerry dearest- Monnie.

[This letter dated May 15, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the Folks. Five families are on their way back to the states. He and Ellen spent a cool weekend on Kuliang escaping the high heat in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Gould, Virginia, and Geraldine AND Miss Hazel Ellen Beard

May 15th. 1932.

Dear Folks:-

This is to be only one page. It is a long time since I have written. And I am planning to go to Sharp Peak tomorrow with a band of Christian workers for a Retreat. I may not get back until next Saturday.

The Board is telling us when to listen in for their radio messages, but it is as yet of no use, they say a faint noise can be heard from Boston, but nothing intelligible. Before long someone will have a short wave set so we can hear.

Every one is now talking about the five families who are going home. Four of them are leaving this next week. They go via Hong Kong and Europe. They go on the President Van Buren to arrive in New York July 21st. Rev. Wm. H. Topping, wife and four children, Rev. Ralph Shrader, wife and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Rev. and Mrs. Arthur O. Rinden and two children. I am writing this in case any of you can get off to run down to meet them. They will be in New York two days and then go on to Boston. The Christians may disembark at N.Y. and go to Albany, near where Mr. C. lives.

They are being feasted by Chinese and foreigners these days so it is a danger to their health. We had them in for dinner last night and one sat thru the dinner without eating, another was just getting back on rations again.

A week ago Mother and I were on Kuliang. We started Friday morning and got up for lunch. The two days previous had been scorched, 120 in the sun and playing with the nineties in the house. But that morning was delightful for travelling. It was very damp up top-side and we just staid in and had a good rest, slept under two double blankets that night. We drew our own water and cooked our own meals and washed our own dishes. Saturday we looked at several houses that are being repaired, and loafed. It was a fine day. Sunday we went to church in the morning and I spoke in the afternoon. Just at lunch time two of the Culver boys blew in and lunched with us. We did not have much food to bring back with us Monday morning. Helen Smith and Mrs. Lewis were up also, early and started down about noon. It was another fine day. Monday morning was foggy again and cool for us to come home. We took one chair between us and did not get tired. We have been able to go in rickshas half way across the plain for ten years, on a jogglety road. We saw them repairing this road and they have begun the road the rest of the way to the foot of the mountain. It will be ready for us to use in August. This will greatly cheapen and shorten the trip to Kuliang.

The garden is doing great string beans today. Corn in tassel. We buy strawberries. The pullets hatched last Nov. 20th have been laying for over a week. Five out of eight were pullets. I have sold or exchanged nearly all the eggs from the two Rhode Island hens.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Church Executive on Friday the men who are leaving unloaded. McClure and I are the only men left in the compound, and as one vacancy after another appeared it was Bi Sing Bang who was proposed (McClure speaks Mandarin). I am now Assistant General Secretary. Newell is up at the Union High and Guy Thelin will be there in the fall. I have persuaded the people not to commence the Thelin residence or the Theological school building until fall. This will relieve me of a lot of work now and also in the fall for Thelin and Newell will be there then.

We were glad to hear of the get together in the old home so often. It is good thing. And we are all glad that the home is there for this. I wonder what has become of the horse that "goes better in reverse." It will not be possible to add the little personal notes this time. I ran across Ruth's letter the other day. Its time for another, Ruth [*youngest daughter of Stanley Beard, Willard's brother*]. Tell Dan he must get that invitation around at least two months before the eventful day if she wants a real to goodness Chinese present. Lovingly Father and Grandfather

[This letter dated May 16, 1932 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Virginia and Hazel. Willard is at Sharp Peak for a M.E. Mission retreat. Three families have packed up and left for the U.S. and two more are getting ready to leave. Ellen attended an Anti-Cob meeting the night before. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[*Foochow, China*]

[May 16, 1932]

Dearest Gould and Virginia and little Hazel,

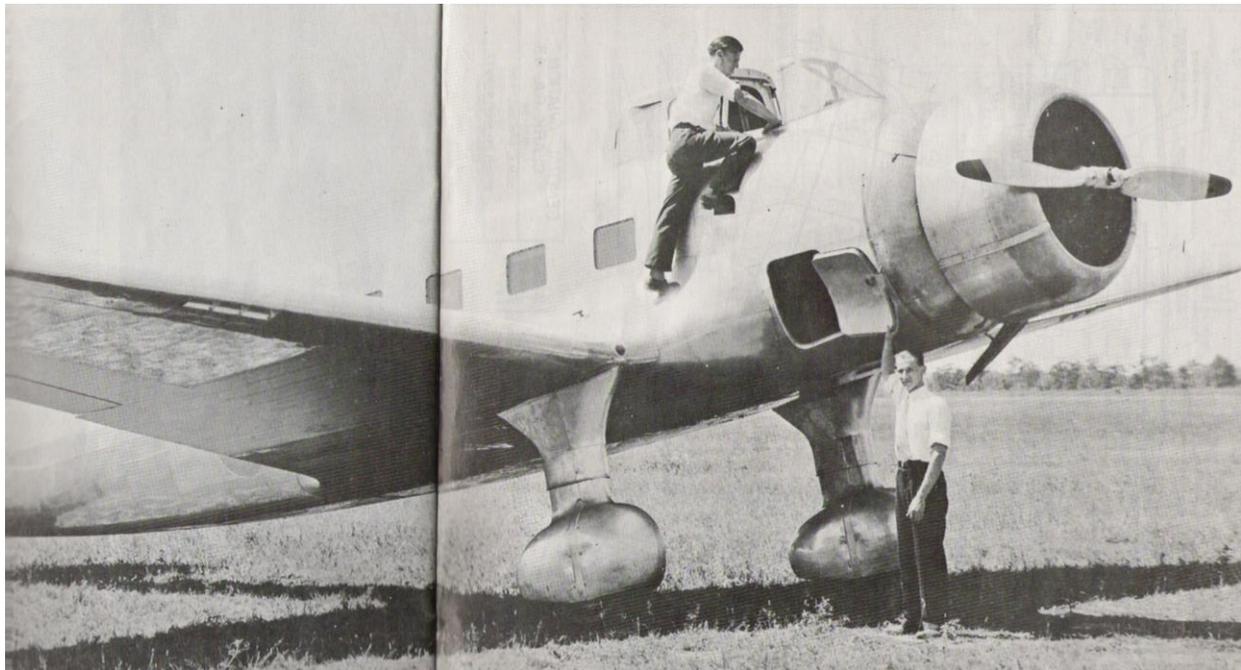
I am adding just a very hasty note to Father's letter. He is at Sharp Peak (our first summer resort, where Phebe was born.) The M.E. Mission are having a retreat there this week for their pastors and preachers and asked Father to speak twice each day to the group; he went Monday and will be home Saturday just too late to see any of the house-goers off.

The compound has been full of the excitement of three families packing up and getting off, growing more exciting each day until yesterday when Mr. and Mrs. Christian left the compound for the last time amid volleys of firecrackers, perhaps never to return, for they have been asked to retire, very much to their sorrow of course, as well as to that of the whole mission; but they still entertain hopes of returning and are just waiting God's leading when they have completed their furlough. They are spending the time till their boat goes Sunday morning, at Pagoda Anchorage with Dr. Gillette's people in a beautiful home beautifully located on the hills over looking the anchorage where all the steamers come in. Do you remember it Gould? Not Dr. G's house but the Anchorage itself? This morning or early p.m. Mr. Shrader and the Topping family leave, the latter on a house-boat with all their luggage and will sleep on the house boat tonight and go on the steamer early tomorrow morning. The Shrader family left

yesterday p.m. and are staying at the University over two nights, Mr. Shrader returning last night to finish up and close up the house. Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Scott at the University are entertaining the family these two days. Mr. Rinden and family (2 children) go on the same steamer but they leave from Diong Loh, down near Pagoda Anchorage, so we miss that part of the excitement. Dr. and Mrs. Lewis and two children make the fifth family but he cannot leave till a month later and is going across the Pacific home. All the others go by way of Europe on the same boat.

Last night our last Anti-Cob meeting was held at the University, and was a picnic supper on the lawn of one of the residences there with tables and chairs supplied, and ice cream with strawberry sauce and spice cakes furnished by the University ladies (yes, and iced tea) while we took our sandwiches, first course and silver. Our program was held later, after moon-rise, in the assembly hall of the U. with a paper on Chinese art pottery, with an exhibit of scores of pieces from the U. Museum, but the curator and collector. Mr. Brand (do you remember him Gould) of the community rented at a reduction his private launch to take the people down to the U. which also towed a house-boat carrying the surplus passengers. Mr. and Mrs. Brand are members of Anti Cob and went too. The moon was full and most of us rode on deck (top most) of the house-boat. It was glorious, and so warm that even with the wind on the river which was taking the sail-boats up even faster than we went, it was not cool enough for a wrap; for the wind was with us. I was sorry father had to miss that pleasantest meeting of the year especially as all the people going home on furlough were there saying their last Good-byes, and it was the one picnic meeting of the year. Now, little Hazel, I hear wonderful reports of you from your Aunt Geraldine. She thinks none of our own precious babies were any cuter than your own dear little self. But dearest, don't let all these dotting grown people spoil you. Tell father and mother to be on the guard not to show you off, not to let any one else do it but to let you just act out your own sweet innocent personality unobserved, so far as your consciousness goes.

This ink-scratch is from Mother, with much love. Please pardon the penmanship and poor form.



Gould climbing on American Airplane and Engine Corporation's Pilgrim 150. He took the plane on it's first flight on May 22, 1932.

Delta, Mike. "North American's Unique Airliner". International Air Review July/August 1992: 49-63.

[Magazine in the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson, given to them by Robert Amend, Jr. and to him by Willard and Mona Beard.]

*[This letter dated **Late May 1932** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Kathie and Dot to Jerry. Kathleen is in Saginaw now and she explains to Geraldine why she is turning down a job. Dorothy and Harold are going to drive Kathleen and Hugh back east. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 N. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich
[Late May 1932]

Dear Jerry:

Accept my most humble apology for delaying my answer so long. Time has just slipped by on greased rollers since Hugh came and I have been in sort of a dream. I don't blame you for thinking me foolish to turn down a seemingly nice offer like that, but considering everything it strikes me from my biased point of view to be unwise to take it. In the first place it would eat up all my savings to get there and I would have to get some new clothes for that work. I have absolutely nothing suitable for it. Then it would evidently keep me tied down all summer when I would want to be looking for jobs. I don't see how I could get away to go job hunting at all. Besides that Hugh and I have our summer plans all made and part of our share of expenses already paid, and if I went off to New York I couldn't see Hugh at all, and as for being in the open, we will be much more in the open in Penn. than on Shelter Island. If I didn't want to be with Hugh I think I should take the job even tho it doesn't appeal to me, but the whole point of my coming East was to be with him. I would have stayed out in Utah otherwise. Now do you still think I am foolish? Hugh and I are going to hunt in Philadelphia and Reading during the summer and the Hunts with who we are staying will help us some, I suppose.

I don't exactly know Dot's and Harold's plans, nor do they. They are not going West- that is certain but I'll let Dot speak for herself. I had a good bus trip out here, four days and three nights. It cost me only forty dollars to get from Logan here.

Have a good time at the Wellesley Institute.
Love Kathie.

Dear Jerry: Have been so dashingly busy that I just haven't had time to write anybody! We- Harold and I are planning to drive the two "love-birds" to Philly, then do about as we have always done, I guess- visit around through the East, then in Ill. I'm terribly disappointed not to be going to Calif. But it may all turn out for the best in the end. I am going to write to the Farm asking if we can go there first, then arrange our visits from there. Will you be at the Institute all during our visit? I do want to see you. Love- Dot.
Today is our last day.

*[This letter dated **June 1932** was written from Long Island, NY. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy and Harold are on Long Island near Geraldine and Dorothy lets Geraldine know what their visiting and travel plans are. Dorothy lost her teaching job because of the new rule on married teachers working together. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dorothy C. Newberg
2108 North Bond Street
Saginaw W.S.
Michigan

[Long Island, NY]
Tuesday-
[June 1932]

Dear Jerry:-

Yes, we are here on Long Island, but since your letter came, and I came to the full realization that this was the only place we'd really see very much of you, we immediately decided to go on and do our other visiting first and come back this way later. Now, these are our plans. We go to Aunt Myra's tomorrow- Wed.- stay till Sat. when we go to the farm over the 4th. (This visit to the farm is not definitely fixed, for I have to call them tonight.) Aren't you stopping at the farm on your way back? We'll all be there- that is, Gould's family, Harold and I- if they consent to having us come. We'll probably spend about a week there.

We hear that Aunt Emma hasn't been feeling so well lately. That rather makes me hesitate about going to visit there. Aunt Etta is going to Putnam for the summer, and is going to suggest that the three of them get a cottage and have a good rest. We may visit them there if they do.

About the Long Trail- I'd dearly love to don the hiking togs again and set sail, and I'd love to do the Long Trail, but I just don't know whether we're going to have time to do it. Harold's plans for the summer are- three weeks out here, three weeks in Galesburg, and the last two in Saginaw. Needless to say, I would love to spend lots more time around in the East. I don't enjoy myself nearly so much in Galesburg, and I really think that Harold enjoys himself almost as much as he does in Galesburg, but, of course, we have to divide our time as evenly as possible.

Have you heard when, or whether Monnie is coming? I've been thinking that it would be grand if you could save the rest of your vacation, or, at least a week of it, and you and Monnie visit us in Saginaw together when she comes. You know, I may not teach next year, unless the Board decides to slip out a contract to me the last minute. This married teacher problem "got" us married ones in Saginaw this spring. Some of them got contracts if they really needed work- and- some of us didn't. I felt quite badly about it at the time, but I'm quite reconciled about it now, for I'll have to pull away sometime, and make the break. Now's as good a time as any, I guess.

Kathie spent three weeks with us in Saginaw, and Hugh was with us two weeks. We finally succeeded in getting the two bed-rooms papered. It took all four of us to do it and none of us had had any experience before. We didn't get any of the "border on Grandmother's shawl", either.

Did I write you that Mabel Short and her sister and two other girl friends (sister) of theirs are renting our house for two months this summer? Our landlady finally came down from \$45. to \$35. and we are getting \$32. from the girls, so are almost breaking even.

I do hope that Uncle Harold and Aunt Dot won't spoil the baby, altho there really is grave danger of it. She is a darling, isn't she. We had her all to ourselves yesterday, for her mother went to the city.

Harold and Gould went on an all-day fishing trip Sun.

I'll either see you, or write you, when we are to be here again and we want to see a lot of you. Write me either at Uncle Stanley's or the farm.

Much love-
Dot.

I am powerfully sorry to have kept these things all this time. I suppose they are no good to you now. Ginny wanted me to enclose these letters.

[This letter dated July 5, 1932 was written from Indian Harbor, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie is helping the doctor open the hospital in Indian Harbor for the summer patients. She talks about how she might travel back to the U.S. She describes Indian Harbor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Marjorie Beard
Labrador

Indian Harbor
July 5, 1932

Dearest Jerry,

Just look where I am! My plans changed suddenly with Dr. Paddon's coming. He asked me to come out here and help open up the hospital for summer patients, so here I am! And poor Nancy Buxton is back in N.W.R. doing my job. Poor kid! she wanted to come, too. I wish she could have.

The "Kyle" with its welcome mail pulled in yesterday. How they could have found out that I was here instead of at N.W.R. I don't know, but my mail came here and was I glad to see your letter! It was the only family letter. You are an angel to write so often.

I did write you in my last letter by the last mail when I expected to come out. But now I'm not at all certain when I can get out. But as I told Miss Torrens, who is staying here waiting for the Kyle to come back from North (she's on her way out), I'm going to have a grand time tonight just letting my imagination go, to you. So here goes!

I sent out to St. John's for schedules of boats going from St. John's to Montreal and got back two enchanting folders that made me want all the more to go that way. They are sort of excursion steamers, a two-week's trip from Montreal to St. John's and back. They stop at St. Pierre Island, a French possession, then go on to N. Sydney, and down the St. Lawrence past Quebec (I'm afraid they don't stop there, mores the pity, since it's the return journey I'd be taking) thence to Montreal. I'd take the night train from there for N.Y.C. Hip hurray! I can hardly wait!

But I can think of two plans even better than that. These boats run fortnightly and I'd probably not be able to take an earlier one than that which leaves St. J. on Aug. 26- Friday. It touches at N. Sydney on the 28th. If you could only come up by train and join me on the boat and go home with me! The boat reaches Montreal on the 31st, leaving plenty of time for you to get back and even have some time before Labor Day. The fare from N. Sydney to Montreal would be about \$30. according to the folder. The big drawback would be that it is expensive for you. But it would be fun!

My other grand idea is that Dot and Harold gather together all the family that can come and come and meet me in the car at Halifax. I would pay all expenses except food, for the trip home, since it would be saving me some anyway. In that case, I'd just take one of the weekly steamers from St. J. to Halifax. The Lorimers took that trip up into the Acadian country once and could give you all the dope. I'd try my darndest to get out during your vacation if it could only be worked at your end.

I'll write Dot and Harold, too, and you try and urge them to make the trip. Maybe Uncle Elbert would come, too. It's lovely country, right thru Evangeline country. And I repeat- I'll pay all the car expenses. Oh! it would be so jolly! Ever so much better than coming in, in the conventional way at the steamer dock. And what grand talks we could have on the way back.

If you decide you can do either of those things, wire me. I think Dot and Harold have done it before; anyway the New York office could tell you how to send it. If you can't do either, don't bother to send a message, just write, for I'll know when I don't get the message. But oh! I do wish something like that could be done.

Now that I'm out here, all my plans are upset, and I don't know what to expect. You learn here on this coast to expect the unexpected, and just to wait patiently for whatever turns up. I can't get back to N.W.R. until the next mail boat (in two weeks) anyway, for no one but the doctor has come for this hospital yet. Last year it was well running by this time. They expect a nurse on the mission boat "Cluett" whenever she comes- we expect her any day. No one seems to know anything about who or where the housekeeper and industrial worker are. So it's just possible that I may be kept here all summer, if one or both don't turn up. I verily hope not, tho!

Just now our establishment consists of the doctor, a young medical from Yale, just about to enter his internship; Miss Torrens, on her way home to England; Blanche Davis, our N.W.R. teacher you know, on her way home to Cartwright- both taking the Kyle day after tomorrow; myself; and 3 patients, one in bed, two not; one boy-of-all-work; and 3 girls; one cook, one maid, one ward assistant. When Blanche and "T" go, I'll be all alone with young Doc, which I don't particularly relish. However, there may be another wop on the "Cluett", for this hospital, making two men and a maid! No better, I guess. I hope one of the other women workers hurries up and comes.

As for Indian Harbor, it's a grand place-grand in the proper sense of the word. It's an island, one of a small group. All are bare of trees and rocky- right behind the hospital there is a miniature mountain peak, mostly a large black rock, from the top of which one gets a grand view. The place gets its name from the fact that from a certain place, the rocks behind the hospital form themselves into the shape of a recumbent Indian, with profile to the sky. I haven't seen him yet, but I'm going to get a picture of him before I leave.

We've had miserable weather ever since we came last Thursday. The sun has hardly been out for a whole hour together, any day. And the fog and rain come rolling across the hills just as they used to do on Kuliang. It's been awfully hard to get this old rambling building dry and warm, and blankets and Mattresses aired.

Indian Harbor used to be a bustling fishing harbor at one time, but the price of fish has dropped so low, that few, comparatively, of Newfoundlers come to the Labrador coast now for summer fishing. Just now there are seven schooners in the harbor, most of them bound north. And there are about a dozen families on our island or the adjacent ones, to fish for cod and salmon. We are reveling in the fresh variety of both kinds- I love fresh salmon.

There is a tiny post office on a neighboring island, and a Marconi wireless station on the same one, a little farther away. One of the Newfoundlers keeps a small store, I haven't been there yet, but I hear from the girls that he at least keeps candy! I'm perfectly safe, for I haven't a cent to my name, up here.

Jerry, I wrote in my last letter that I might be studying next year. I've changed my mind, and I'm going to get any job I can-preferably teaching. I realize that any jobs at all are few and far between, so I shan't be at all particular about anything that may turn up. Would you be good enough to keep your eye and ear out for anything at all that I might do? I don't know any of the Teacher's Agencies in the east or I'd write myself. Could you give me the names of a few by the next mail. I'd like to be in the East some where: my! how I wish I could live with you!

I haven't answered your letter at all. I was so sorry to hear of Ethel LeRoy's death. It was a shock.

You saw Sir Wilfred before I did. I hear he's coming up this summer. I may meet him. I hope so.

You are a dear to send my stockings. I'm low in them, and I'll need some for going out. If you had seen how little time I "wasted" on darning stockings this winter, you'd laugh. I think I could count the number of times on the fingers of one hand! I've never done less. I can hardly wait to see the little dolls. Dot sent some cute little Dutch China dolls and I've had them on my bureau all year. By the way, who is Edna Watkins?

Kathie seems to be head over heels all right. But it seems to me it was going pretty far to throw down a chance for a summer job like that, when work is so scarce. Do they both plan to try to find work for this year, and then get married next summer? What did Father and Mother think of Hugh- what do Dot and Harold, and Gould and Jinny think of him? Does Kathie realize the family feeling?

I'm awfully sorry Dot and Harold and Uncle Elbert couldn't manage that western trip. It would have been so interesting. Maybe they'll think now that they can afford to come up to Halifax!

I must close and go to bed. My, but it's been good to talk with you; I can hardly wait to get out. I crave to see you all, and it'll be unbearable if I get held up.

More love to you than ever,
Monnie.

Please let the rest of the family read the news parts of this letter. I'm short of stationary out here, not expecting to be here so long.



September 9, 1932
Saginaw, Michigan

L to R: Geraldine, Harold, Hugh, Kathleen, probably Gidge's husband Peter, Marjorie, probably Gidge, Dorothy
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Kathleen Cynthia Beard Elmer
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

*[Following is an invitation to Kathleen and Hugh's wedding celebration in her parent's home in Foochow, China. Bride and groom were actually married at sister, Dorothy's house in Saginaw, Michigan on **September 9, 1932**. Poem in Jill Jackson's collection.]*

Wedding bells! Wedding bells ring out today.
Far across the sea,
Bringing to two hearts truly one, joy,
Deep, full and free.

Let imagination take its flight
O'er the long miles between,
And we here participate
In that fair wedding scene.

'Though the actual hour is doubtless past
By a day's full half,
We may in wedding viands share,-
Of its nectar quaff.

To the bride's parental home,
You all are invited to come,
As the evening hour is sounded
By temple bell and drum.

No veiled bride, - not radiant groom
In person you there shall see;
No garlanded, gowned attendants,
No priest officiant be.

No gay-clad throng of guests you'll meet,
No nuptial music will hear;
No ring-tokened marital vows
Shall reach the listening ear.

But deep in the silence of the heart,
The parents give the bride;
And soulfully solemnize the rite
By which the bond is tied.

Hugh Elmer was born in Marsovan, Turkey June 19, 1909 to missionary parents, Theodore Allen Elmer and Henrietta M. Horsley (Henrietta's parent's were English missionaries in India). Theodore Elmer obtained his masters degree at Princeton and Theological degree from Princeton's Theological Seminary in 1897. Mr. Elmer spent time teaching at Jaffna College, Ceylon (where he met Henrietta), then in Turkey with the ABCFM. He worked in British refugee camps during WWI in Bakubak, Iraq. He also spent time working with the American Committee for American and Syrian Relief at Etchmiadzin in Russian Armenia and Baku on the Caspian Sea. Until 1928, Theodore stayed in the Caucasian countries where the Turkish and Russian armies were fighting back and forth over territory. He saw great starvation in Tiflis, Georgia (Russia) where he headed up the Near East Relief to feed, clothe, give medical aid and maintain orphanages. In 1930, Mr. Elmer was appointed business manager of the normal department of the Near East Foundation's school at Antelias, near Beirut. Theodore Elmer retired in 1934 and moved to Florida. Theodore Elmer had 4 children- Pearl, Enid, Hugh and Fred who died in infancy.

[This letter, dated Oct. 11, 1932, was written from Seymour, Conn. by Ginny to Willard and Ellen. Ginny and Hazel have gone to live in Shelton and Seymour while Gould is in Newark and the west. He is waiting to see what his position will be with the Aviation Corporation or American Airways. She discusses Flora's health. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday nite Oct. 11, 1932
129 W. Church St.
Seymour, Conn.

Dear Father and Mother-

Bless your Dear Hearts so many things have happened in the last month since I wrote you that I hardly know where to begin. By now you have probably noticed the address. Yes Hazel Ellen and I are staying between Shelton and Seymour, while Gould Bless his Dear Heart hardly knows where to hang his hat.

Well to begin in the beginning. The model 150 [see photo after letter dated May 16, 1932] that turned out to be a beautiful ship with a top speed of 199.2 miles P.H., the fastest single motor transport with the passenger capacity and pay load (10 passengers and pilot and I've forgotten the weight of the other payload {baggage and mail}) ever built, has been sold (ship and all rights of building) to the General Aviation Corp. in Baltimore, which is the Aviation end of General Motors; and Gould is the only one in the Company there in Farmingdale whose services the Aviation Corp. has absorbed since they entirely closed the Farmingdale plant about two weeks ago. But the poor boy does not know yet just what they want him to do. We gave up the house and put all our goods and chattels in storage in Hempstead the last of September. They told Gould four days before we closed up that he was to be located out in St. Louis Missouri so we sent his trunk out there (You remember Dot and Bill Littlewood whom we took you to visit in that lovely brick Colonial House in Garden City. Well they left in entirety for St. Louis Missouri the 25th of September). Just a week from the time they told him they wanted him in St. Louis and the day before he expected to leave they told him they wanted him to stay around Newark Airport for a week or so, for they didn't want him to get out there before Hugh Smith who is to be (or was to be) Gould's boss and who was on a tour in the East, for they apparently had some special work for him that no one else knew much about. Honey has been teaching Mr. Cohu, the President of the Aviation Corporation how to fly and we both think he wants to get his private pilots license before Gould gets very far away. So Gould was in Newark all this past week and hoped to be off for the West this past week end when Mr. Cohu springs the statement that they wanted him to be an inspector on the lines and report to the New York office; all which would mean that he would be flying from the East coast to the West coast and from Chicago to Texas so for the moment as near as we can figure out I might as well be a widow and Babe Daddyless here among Honey's people and my people as out in St. Louis with very few friends. But really we don't know any thing very definite. We only know that he is supposed to be drawing his regular salary that he had while in Farmingdale now.

We hate terribly to think of being separated so much of the time (and it may mean any where from several days to 7 or 8 weeks or more) at one time. I feel lost without my own home to plan and care for and do in as I please and even more so without my Sweetheart to say goodbye to in the morning and welcome home again at noon and night. I miss our meal time visits together, but chiefly I miss my Honey and every thing his presence means. And poor boy he misses it all too, perhaps, even more so because I have Baby Dear as a semi comfort and he doesn't have even that and he does so love his little girl. I only wish you might see him with her. My heart just simply swells up with all sorts of pride and joy when I watch him with her. You know Dears, Gould has made me oh so many times happier than I ever supposed possible. Our love seems to be on the increase all the time. It doesn't seem possible that there is even the tiniest room for more but somehow it succeeds very well in wedging a bit more in from day to day and each bit seems to add a little extra thrill to it all. While Honey is physically absent (for I do feel he is with us almost constantly in spirit) I keep having the Dearest little thoughts about him and all he means to me playing tag through my heart and mind; and Dears it is truly a wonderfully beautiful feeling.

I do so hope that Kathie and Hugh may know at least a portion of the wonderful love and thrill of Life together as we have known it and we both feel positive we'll continue to know and improve upon it from year to year.

You know occasionally I get all so filled up with feeling for my Sweetheart that I have to tell someone else if he isn't around to receive it and because you are not near enough to see it I'd rather tell you then anyone else I know.

I shall write you again as soon as I know anything more definite, first at present Gould's address is
American Airways
Newark Airport
Newark, N.J.

I came here last Thursday P.M. after spending a whole delightful week on the farm. The Aunties surely did enjoy Babe for it is the first time they have had such a fine chance to know her and I even ran off one night and let them take care of her and they just loved it. Even A. Flora derived a tremendous amount of pleasure from her presence. Personally I think A. Flora seems quite well. She is fairly happy the majority of the time and I think she isn't quite as mean and sarcastic in some of her statements as she used to be, for some of the time she can be pretty horrid to A. Phebe.

We are so disappointed to have had to break up our home just as Monnie got here for we had really counted on some grand visits this winter. She and Jerry came up to the farm the weekend I was there and Gould was able to get up also so we saw a little then of her, and we saw her a couple of evenings at Mrs. Linches with Jerry and Mineola before we left the island.

Well Dear Ones another letter will follow this in fairly close succession. Until then Au Revoir
And Much Love From Gould, Ginny and Hazel Ellen

[This letter, dated **Oct. 12, 1932**, was written from Newark, NJ by Gould to his parents. He is in Newark waiting to find out where American Airways wants him to work. He gives them updates on some of the relatives. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

New Tremont Hotel
16-18 Fulton Street at Broad
Newark, New Jersey
Mulberry 4-6336

Oct 12, 1932

Dear Father and Mother:

You must wonder why I am writing on hotel stationary in Newark. Well this is my hang out for a few days till I find out where American Airways wants to place me. The Farmingdale plant has closed down flat and I have been transferred to the airways. They started me to St. Louis but stopped me before I got started. The last two weeks I have been staying around the airport at Newark with very little to do just waiting for Mr. Cohu (Pres.) to decide where he wants to place me. He has indicated that the job could be working out of the N.Y. office as his special representative. I don't know just what that means or what he intends me to do for him. I'm just waiting and in the meantime watching and learning.

When we gave up our little home in Farmingdale we left the prettiest little garden of flowers you ever saw. The gladiolas had gone by but the asters were right in their prime. Snap dragons were a beautiful mass which supplied two bouquets daily. The annual phlox were a ?? of dancing color. The tall blue delphiniums spikes stood out vividly among the green of the flower leaves where there were no blossoms. The petunias again were in a mass of color and the roses were full of buds. We had a bunch of the sweetest carrots I have ever raised. They were from special California seed. Tomatoes, green, hung on the wires in clusters. Some of them would have tipped the scales well over a lb and some nearly two lbs. They too were Dieneir's[?] Calif. tomatoes from expensive seed. Swiss chard stood 14" high in a 20 ft. row and we cut it twice weekly (quarter row). I am having all the rose bushes, 6 delphinium plants, some madaura lilly bulbs, 29 gerbera or transveal daisy plants etc. sent off to Seymour. I think Aunt Mary has all of everything she wants.

Gerry and Monnie have a cute little apartment up near Columbia. I have visited them twice. Gerry is very much set up with a place of her own to do with as she wants to. Monnie is quite pleased with her college courses.

Now the farm- Aunt Phebe and Mary are fine. They both got some vacation this summer. Aunt Mary went to conf [conference?] with Uncle Stanley's family. Aunt Phebe got away while Dot waited for Monnie and visited Uncle Stanley and us. That gave them both a break. Aunt Flora is failing very slowly but surely. [Flora is 63.] I fear she will drag on for a long time like this. Her mind is calmer or more dormant than last year and she does not fly off into the tantrums she used to at best not so often or violently. She either accepts the facts or does not realize them. She is not jealous of her position as head of the house and Aunt Phebe seems to manage things a lot easier without that interference.

However, Aunt Flora is more care than she used to be. She moves about with difficulty and requires assistance to do everything. She has little control of her urine or bowels and Aunt Phebe spends hours keeping her clean. Aunt Flora reads some and plays some games, but most of her time is spent in just sitting and gazing out the window down the lane. Sometimes she talks thru a long conversation coherently and sometimes she loses the thought of her sentence before she finishes. She is amused by very trivial or childish things and if she laughs hard, often she chokes because of the paralysis in her throat. Her decline is not rapid but seems to progress very slowly and that is why I think she will live like this for a long time. She takes much enjoyment in visits from all of us and still enjoys auto rides immensely. She is quite tickled to hold Hazel Ellen in her lap, but that little squirmajig won't sit still any longer.

Uncle Oliver is just about as you picture him. He has gained in flesh quite a little but his reserve power is still small and he does'nt do much these days. He looks fine and seems to enjoy life. Mrs. Beardsley makes a very sympathetic companion for him. He visits the farm quite often and they go there for Sunday dinner every other week.

Ginny and Hazel Ellen are two dear hearts to make a husbands and father heart swell with love and pride. Do you remember once before we were married, that I wrote you to the effect that at that time I was afraid I did not love Virginia as much as I had loved another, but that there was something in the girl that gave me confidence to feel that she was true blue and would stick by me forever and that I felt sure my love for her would always increase?

It has – very much greater- stronger- deeper than I ever dreamed of. It seems that we grow closer each time we embrace. Each problem we meet together and honestly and openmindedly. We respect each others feelings, wishes, ideas, thoughts and needs and it works out for the best for both of us.

Hazel Ellen is growing normally-not too fast-but too fast for you, Mother. (Remember how you kept your babies as babies as long as you could?) She walks only with the aid of a hand or holding on to things. She has'nt crept at all. She only says "Daddy" as yet, but don't talk too plainly in her hearing, because she understands more than you suspect she does. Just now she is with Virginia in Seymour and visiting the Aunts frequently. I have managed to get up the two week ends to see them, and it is a real inspiration to be with my own little family these few hours. Hazel is as cute as God makes babies. I think she is going to be a pretty girl and well formed. Her eyes have real life and snap to them. Just now she is getting more attention than is good for a ?? child but I guess it is part of the growth of every child to be made a fuss over by the aunts and uncles and grandparents. I wish you could be here to enjoy her with us.

I guess I have left out the B.N. Beard family is this family word picture. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie seem happy and look better than any time since Uncle Ben got out of active politics. Business is good for him and his two sons and they are keeping very busy. Dan and Bee are as happy as two little birds in a nest. They got ?? of Babe last Sunday and even insisted on having her on their laps in the picture of the family. Dan is as proud of his house as a rooster would be if he had ten worms in his beak for his favorite hen.

Wells is going to have to watch his step. Prosperity is puffing him up. He is "getting away" with too many little things, summons for speeding being taken care of politically, etc. He feels that he is immune from the inevitable which he is not perceiving enough to see. He talks big money very glibly. He likes to "get away" with things that are not just according to the Beard family's standards. He is a fine big boy still but he will have to watch his step.

Edith is the prettiest of all the Beard girls of any of the generations I have known. She is as sweet and lovely as she looks.

Uncle Elbert is looking very well. I think he was very worried about Aunt Emma for a while, up to now he is sure the worst is passed and she is on the up grade again. He is not too optimistic but he feels sure she will be well in time.

I do not know too much about Aunt Emma's trouble. The girls and Uncle E. have probably written about them.

As to my future I am uncertain. I think I have a good job waiting for me somewhere in this acquisition. With five years of service tucked away under my belt for the company in Farmingdale, the Aviation Corp. owes me something in the line of a job and I intend to have it if it can be bot honestly. I am still teaching Mr. Cohu how to fly. He is getting along slowly but doesn't come for lessons often enough.

Well, you have an eyeiful of the family as I see them and by now you must be ready to stop reading my scrawl for once.

My love with Ginnys and babes to you both. Your son, Gould.

[This letter, dated Nov. 17, 1932 was written from St. Louis, MO by Gould to his father and mother. Gould is now inspector of American Airways and living in St. Louis. He misses Ginny and Hazel. Uncle Oliver re-married a Mrs. Beardsley. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

St. Louis, Mo.

Nov 17, 1932

Dear Father and Mother;

Your letter suggesting that husbands should write more often came to me in one of Ginny's letters yesterday and I am taking steps to improve that condition at once.

You see this letter is written from St. Louis. Well, in the next year you may get letters from almost any part of the country. I am now an inspector on the air lines- The American Airways- reporting directly to the President, Mr. Cohu. My work takes me from Boston to Los Angeles and San Diego, from Chicago to New Orleans and Brownsville, Texas and Atlanta, Ga. I inspect all flying and operations and equipment and work on the planes.

It was pretty tough breaking up our little home and leaving Ginny and babe in Seymour, but I honestly think that if things go ok, the job will lead to something within the year which will be worth working for and that we can again have our little home. I thought that it would'nt go so hard with me who had been used to knocking about and that it would be harder on Ginny, but I really never missed anything in all my life as I miss my own little sweetheart and our little love flower.

Here in St. Louis I am staying with the Littlewoods. It is pretty nice to be in a home again. Your letter spoke of Mr. Buchnall. I remember him well. He used to come around every so often and we kids were half scared of him. He had'nt adopted Chinese at that time as I can remember. At that time he was in the camphor business.

I won't be home for Thanksgiving this year but I'll get back for Xmas. Ginny writes that Uncle Oliver and Mrs. Beardsley were married two weeks ago. I think that really was fine. They seemed so compatible with each other. I think the aunts are really glad about it too.

I'll write you more in a couple of weeks. I must write Ginny her nitely letter now. It is the only way I can have of writing all my feelings for her now till Xmas.

With all my love to you my Father and Mother- Your loving son.

Gould.

P.S. I guess the country spoke pretty loudly on election day. The people are after their liquor strongly and several of the states have stopped enforcing prohibition already. Time only will tell what it will bring.
