

1940

- Willard's brother, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. dies in February
- Willard and Ellen move from Foochow to Ing Tai in late April to replace Ned Smith
- Marjorie Beard and Ralph Butt marry August 31, 1940 in St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada and move to Davis Inlet, Canada
- Kathleen and Hugh are living in Savannah, Georgia
- Geraldine is in Chicago, Illinois
- Gould and Virginia are in La Grange, Illinois
- Japan has control of China
- Hitler invades Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg and France
- NBC first broadcasts
- Willard is 75, Ellen- 72, Gould- 44, Geraldine- 42, Dorothy- 39, Marjorie- 34, Kathleen- 32.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 4, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his relatives. He reviews their activities for the past couple of weeks. They sang carols at the Anti-Cobweb meeting and gave some rice to the rice kitchen as a Christmas gift. He will be going to Diong Loh next week. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China.
January, 4th. 1940

Dear Children, Grandchildren, Brothers, Sisters, Nephew and Nieces;-

This is a brief letter to accompany the copy of a letter I have written to the Booth Brothers in Stratford [see letter dated December 28, 1939.]. Do not take this to yourselves. It is for the Booths and I thought there was some news in it that would interest you and save me some time.

The first item of interest to you and to us is that we would like letters. Our "received" letters since Dec. 1st are from Aunt Phebe Dec. 2nd and 10th and from Topping and Alice Emery.

On Dec. 19th Mother and I went down to the university to spend the nite with Dr. (Ph.D.) Sutton. He is the one member of the Faculty delegated to stay at the plant to watch it. He is teaching Ceramics and engrossed in the subject. It was interesting to look at the clays he was experimenting with and to see the different models he was making. I am trying to get Mother to decorate a tile and have him burn it. We saw Miss Eunice Thomas' new house that she built for herself and had to leave because of the war. The poor buildings cry out for inhabitants. The F.C.U. is now in Shaowu.

On Dec. 17th some 20 Anti-cobites sang Carols for our Christmas entertainment. The Carols were interspersed with readings. The stage was prettily decorated with bamboo, large ferns and poinsettias. The conductor was Frances Bingham nee Frances Beach whom I baptized thirty and more years ago here in Foochow.

To be sure of some work to do I have taken on a daily class in the Elements of Christianity. I chose a dozen of the refugees in the rice kitchen nearest us and each afternoon at 5:00 I meet them. They are progressing very satisfactorily. I was afraid some of them would get tired after a time and leave. But the class grows with no urging and the interest keeps up.

My ten pullets are doing very well. One day five eggs, today three.

For a Christmas present to the 200 who eat at the rice kitchen in Foochow College I gave four bags of rice. This made 2 cing or about four lbs. each. The rice cost me \$90.00 mex. There were 640 lbs. of the rice.

For more than a month now we have had delightful weather, to make up for the dismal weather in October and November. The sun is big and bright a every day. The ther. drops to about 44 each nite and now at 4:30 p.m. it is 58 warmer than usual. But with no fire the tops of my fingers get cold and I have to stop and rub them occasionally.

Two weeks ago Ned Munson died in Kunmin, Kueichow province. It was sudden and not expected so soon. We all knew he was far from well. High blood pressure and trouble with his stomach. He was on a very strict diet. I knew he was planning an extensive trip over West and Northwest China. He talked of this when I saw him in Shanghai in September. He and Clara had started on this trip. She was to stay in Hong Kong. She received word of his death in Hong Kong, while she was there.

Next week we shall plan to go to Diong Loh for six or seven days. I am to take two hours a day in their tings[?]. Mother has not decided whether she can get away or not. We have to travel by nite. Some river launches are going by day but most are still moving at nite. When we went to F.C.U. we met three launches crowded coming up. One had just begun to go from Foochow to the Anchorage twice a day. In Foochow the streets are beginning to assume normalcy. The stores are opening and business is picking up a bit.

Last Sunday I was at Chong Ha 10 miles in the country. It was cold but I kept warm with a lot of clothing. I found half a dozen retired men with big families (one had 6 children with him and 3 in school away from home. They had lost 7. How is that ? One man had built himself a house for \$15,000.00, a beauty. A high wall surrounded his property of 2 acres, which was planted to orange trees. This year is selling them for 25 cents a lb. The wife of the preacher was very ill. I could hear her groan all nite. We'll likely go to Ing Tai for their Annual Meeting about Fe. 12. May God continue his loving care to us all with love Will

*[This letter, dated **Jan. 22, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her children. The mail service has been extremely slow. She tells them what letters she has received and would like to know the latest news on her children and grandchildren. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Extra. - last.

Foochow, Jan 22", '40.

Dearest Children all,

Can it be that you all are writing occasionally and yet we do not hear anything from you?

We know the mails are held up somewhere unconscionable. The postal service here is in a terrible muddle and apparently nothing is being done about it. We get our Shanghai papers- after a while, Dec. 23" being the last arrival, and letters come thru from these and other points in China slowly. Our American magazines have not come yet with the exception of one Reader's Digest, the Nov. No.

Yesterday a letter came from the Board rooms mailed Oct. 28"- lacking only 7 days of being 3 months on the way. In the same mail I received a letter from the Shelton missionary society mailed Oct. 26". As nearly as I can remember all the letters we have received from our relatives since we arrived are as follows:-

Marjorie's Airplane letter received at Honolulu, Thank you, Marjorie.

Geraldine's letter after we arrived here, Thank you, Geraldine.

Virginia's letter, received five weeks ago, Thank you, Virginia.

Etta wrote answering my letter about our visit at Honolulu.

Mary wrote two letters to Father

Phebe wrote one letter to Father.

Jacqueline sent Grandma a picture scrap book all filled by herself for Christmas. Thank you, Jacqueline.
I think that is all we have received from relatives. I will write you a thank you letter soon.

I don't know how many of our letters you are receiving but think they reach their destination more speedily going that way than coming this way.

Well, keep on writing and we'll get a big bunch of letters some time.

How about Marjorie's affairs.

" " Kathleen's "
" " Dorothy's Eastern Star.
" " Gould's whereabouts.
" " Geraldine's position.
" " Hazel's progress.
" " Willard's snakes!

How about Hugh's position in Jacksonville? How about Jacqueline, and how about my little Cynthia? More in my next to tell you what I'm doing. Much love to all,

Mother.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **January 25, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many members of his family in the U.S. They have a lot of vegetables and fruit. They received a shipment Willard sent from Shelton in 1939- five months later. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China, January, 25th. 1940.

Dear Folks;-

This goes in envelopes addressed to;- Mr. & Mrs. M. Gould Beard, Miss Geraldine Beard, Mr. & Mrs. Oliver G. Beard, Misses Phebe & Mary Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley D. Beard, Miss Emma & Mr. Elbert Kinney.

For six weeks we have ideal weather. The mercury has been in the 50's most of the time. It drops to 34 once in a while but the days are bright and occasionally we get a warm one in the upper 50's. The past two nights there was a heavy frost. This morning the roofs were all white, but the air crisp and clear. We are well fixed for the cold. I found an all-Chinese hot-water bottle, metal, with no corner, with the hole in the top, a screw with the handle on it holding about two quarts. It's a dandy. In the morning it is still quite warm. Then I found [a] large brass fire basket. It is nearly a foot in diameter. The boy puts a charcoal fire in it about 8:30 p.m. and it is so hot all nite that I can not put my hand on it. This sits in the bathroom all nite and in the morning the temperature is quite different from that outside. Then we have the bamboo hot water basket with cotton lining that keeps the water so hot we cannot hold our hands in it in the morning. In the dining room we have a cunning little stove that is very economical and keeps one room warm all day.

For food we are living high. This is the season for vegetables and fruit. The Chinese are getting to eat tomatoes and it is evident that the gardeners all about raised a lot of them last year. There are bushels of them in many stores. The gardeners pick them green and put them in glass jars, and they ripen well. If they want to hurry the ripening they put them down in rice. I suppose wheat would do just as well. They are nice and red in about three or 4 days. Celery, carrots, lettuce, beets, kohlrabi, turnips, sweet corn till two weeks ago, green peas, DELICIOUS, spinach, Chinese cabbage, bamboo sprouts, bean sprouts, lima beans, tomatoes, squash. For fruit oranges and tangerines, pumelo, hung gek (like grape fruit), bananas, persimmons. [Ellen adds in handwriting: Cauliflower Delicious!! For 9 cts. Chinese money or 7 mills in American money!!!] One bag of flour lasted from October 8th till now and there is a lot (almost a half of it) left yet. I guess it pays to deal it out. At \$18.00 a bag of 48 lbs. we do not feed the servants on it, - not very much.

January 9th. I started for Pagoda with Arthur Rinden in a sail boat. It was after dark when we arrived. Spent the night with Dr. Gillette. The next morning Arthur and I looked at a recent purchase there for a church. The building is of reinforced concrete about 36 by 75 feet. Two stories, cost over \$10,000.00 mex. Bombings a year ago spoiled the village and the owners wanted to sell. It was built for a hotel. We paid a little over \$3000.00. The old church was too small. I preached there once since returning and every foot of standing room was occupied and people could not crowd into the door. The next day Dr. Gillette took us over to Diong Loh in his launch. The Quarterly Meeting of the station began that night and continued till the next Tuesday night. I had an hour each day of Bible Study and an address in the evening. One day I committed [Ellen clarifies: Performed Ceremony] a wedding off in the country 8 miles. A preacher and I went, starting after breakfast and getting back at dark. It was a perfect day. The host paid for our chairs \$11.50. Incidentally the high price of rice is good for the farmers. They can afford to get married. On the way out I counted 200 cattle. It is rich farming region. One day I was walking on the street of Diong Loh and stopped to say hello to a cloth merchant, a member and an earnest one. I saw in his show case some LUX soap. I asked the price, 40 cents a cake. I bought a cake. The next day I told him at church I was coming to get some more. I went and asked if I could buy 6 cakes, telling him I had no change and asked if he could change a \$10 bill. "O yes, come out here." We went to the door and he gave me back the bill and said he had not the pleasure of asking me to dinner and he wanted to give me the 6 cakes of soap. I had to take them. Miss Ward went into his shop to buy silk for a dress. She selected the pattern. He told the clerk to cut it off and give it to her. She had to accept it. The meetings were very good. Interest was sustained to the end of the last session. The spirit was very good. I got on the launch for Foochow at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday Jan. 17. I sat till 5 p.m. Then 75 recruits for the army were steered aboard and we sailed. All the launches are burning wood now. Coal is \$54.00 per ton. And almost impossible to get. I reached home at 8:30.

My hens have produced 120 eggs thus far since Jan. 1st. 9 is the most in one day. They are worth 8 cents apiece.

The two boxes I started from Shelton of August 8th, 1939 arrived here Jan. 6th. Mother did not glow with pleasure as she unpacked, - not those two boxes but NINE small boxes into which her beautiful packing had been stuffed. But everything was there as far as we could see. And nothing was broken, it was MUSSED. But the charges!! Here's the bill, -

To coolie hire on 9 packages Personal effects Santuao to Foochow	\$63.64
" extra coolie hire on the above for quick delivery !!!	24.30
" " " on one big c/	3.78
" 5 station charges at 20 cents per case	1.80
" charges on repacking	4.10
" Godown rent, coolie hire and literage	7.00
" Wharfage	.10
" passing customs fee	5.00
	\$109.72

I paid the bill and it is in my possession receipted "Rec'd Pay't with thanks". I'll try to keep it for a relic. Two observations, - 1. the "quick delivery". It took from Dec. 17 to Jan 6. Our three trunks and numerous small packages came down over the very same road last Sept. in four days. I had three times the weight and it cost me about \$60.00. 2. The "extra coolie on 1 big c/. \$3.78." This case weighed 56 lbs. The "extra coolie" was for the 6 lbs. Well when you put the amount into U.S. at \$11.40, it is not so bad.

Another beautiful day, the 41 in my study.

Last Sunday I preached in the Stone Church, British Church, now renamed St. John's. The Church Missionary Society has a new Bishop, - a young man unmarried, with new ideas. The audiences have quite increased. Several of the business men are now attending. Bishop Hind was away, Mrs. Hind phoned Friday and

asked if she could send her care for us and if we would ride home in it also. We accepted. They have a nice little car the size of an Austin, - a Singer. They also have a fine young Chinese man as chauffeur. Next Sunday I am to preach at the Lau Memorial, the large church near here. This church gave as a thank offering for the poor \$530.00 a month ago. They also voted to give the pastor a bonus of two months salary for the increased cost of living. The pastor, one of the boys the Kings Daughters helped to get an education, is a hustler. He came to me the other day and asked for one hour a week when he could come and talk over his plans [plans?] and his problems. I gave it to him altho I do not know what other work it will cut out. They are inducting the new church officers for this year next Sunday and he wants me to preach.

"The poor ye have always with you." This is just as true here today as it was 1940 years ago. I am trying to give rice to six families. It is hard to find it, the government has cornered it and is holding it for a big price. I have just found 1200 lbs of unhulled rice for my chickens, \$21.00. I have about 10 lbs of food rice on hand. When the hungry come I do not know what I shall do. I still hope and may find some somewhere. Love to all. [Willard]

[This typewritten letter dated Jan. 30, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Pastor Iu Soi Ling to Friends regarding the finances of the church. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

But whose hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? I John 3:17

Lau Memorial Church
Church of Christ in China,
Foochow, China
Jan. 30, 1940.

Dear Friends:

I am very glad to send you this brief report about the local charity fund to help the poor in Foochow.

This Church is a self-supporting church of the Church of Christ in China. It is located at Guang Heang near Foochow College. The church compound is quite big and safe, and therefore during every air raid the neighbors and the members take shelter in the compound.

The members of the church committee have felt very much concerned about the hardship of the present community. What can they do for those who need help, and how can they show the christian spirit?

On July 1939 the Church sent out circulars to its members, telling them about the condition here and begging them to send some money to help the poor and the refugees.

In response to the request for help on of the church members gave a donation of one hundred eighty dollars (local currency) to the church. The member did not hold his birthday celebration in order to save this fund for the donation. Within a month the amount of \$317.00 came from out local members. Then a sum of \$332.00 was received from two members in Java. Last Christmas fund from church members and a few missionaries in our Synod also made a good sum of \$563.00. Even the poor members who need our help, were willing to send in ten cents for their contribution. A poor old woman said, "As I am poor, I need help, but I should like to claim a fair share of the church work." Indeed, her conduct reflected the true Christian spirit.

God, our Heavenly Father does take utmost care of us, and gives us the opportunity to do what we can during the serious condition.

Now, let me say a few words again to show you the items in the program and the payment of the church. The items in the program of the church are: To do the sort of work (a) Suggested by the contributor. (b) By the investigation by our pastor. (c) To express deep sympathy with the poor in their hopes. In accordance with the said program the church has afforded its members the following facilities:

(a) Loan fund. Any church member who needs some money may borrow ten or fifteen dollars from the church treasury. The debtors will return one tenth after every ten days.

(b) Rice-kitchen. 37 members have been given one meal per day, since last August. There is one meal every afternoon at 5:30 O'clock. At present rice is very expensive about \$35.00 per picul 160 chinese catties. It is three times as expensive as last July. The children will study on hour and the women have a Bible Class.

(c) Miscellaneous Aids. Sums on money have been set apart for medicine, scholarships, clothing, and some other special needs.

Here is the total of the local charity fund in the year of 1939:

<u>Items</u>	<u>Received</u>	<u>Paid</u>	<u>Balance</u>
Loan Fund	\$205.00	\$102.00	\$103.00
Charity Fund	702.00	494.00	208.00
Christmas Fund	<u>563.00</u>	<u>529.00</u>	<u>34.00</u>
Total	\$1470.00	\$1125.00	\$345.00

As you have been earnest in Christian work and have already given much help to make our work possible, I do myself the honor to give you this brief report and to ask your further advice and prayer for the success of the charitable institution so that from this church the light of Christ will continually and increasingly shine forth upon this dark world!

Sincerely Yours,

Iu Soi Ling
[Signature]
Pastor of Lau Memorial Church

*[This letter, dated **February 25, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many family members back in the U.S. He tells about the success of his egg laying chickens. Rice is hard to come by. Willard tells the family that they could send clothing for the children in Ing Tai. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Fukien Christian Council
Treasurer
Church of Christ Office
Foochow, China

February 25th. 1940.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard;
Geraldine; Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie;
Phebe, Mary; Oliver and Annie;
Stanley and Myra;
Emma, Elbert; Ben, Abbie;-

This makes five copies and I am addressing the letters to the first name in each line, asking that one to forward to the others in the same line.

The last letter from any of our own came of Feb. 6th mailed by Monnie November 7th. We are beginning to think there is a stopping place on the way somewhere. I hope our letters get thru. It is too much work and costs too much to send letters from this side to have them intercepted.

The hens are doing well. I have just been for the eggs and counting the six they produced today they have given us 176 this month. That is a little better than 7 per day. The day that I left for Ing Tai the cook's little boy was here and left for home. The cook was in charge of the hens while I was away. The hens laid THREE that day. I do not remember whether I wrote of my success in breaking up a setter. I put about two inches of water in a big jar and put the hen in the water and shut her in there from about 8:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. for three successive days. As the Chinese say "she woke up."

Feb. 13th. Miss Laura Ward and I started for Ing Tai. It was a very fine, warm day. We got to Dai Kau at 4:45 p.m. About six miles to walk. At seven we were there. It was a good stiff walk for me, specially as I had walked nearly three miles in the morning over a good auto road that had been dug up to make it impossible for a body of men to make progress over it. That nite I ate a very light supper and was in bed by 8:30. I did not stir unless

it was in my sleep, till 6:30 the next morning and after turning over I slept another two hours. I felt all right. Both of us took lots of blankets and a hot water bottle, bed socks etc. for cold weather. It was an hour a day and gave two evening addresses and preached Sunday morning. Also helped conduct Communion Sunday afternoon. The Annual Meeting was good all thru. The spirit was all that could be desired. Every one stayed thru.

The people who must buy all their food are up against it. The farmers are reaping a harvest, specially if they have rice or potatoes to sell. Rice is \$30 plus, normal there \$3 or \$4 a load. Ned Smith can buy plenty but he must go in person to guard the farmer against being taken by the soldiers, his rice confiscated and he himself beaten. We staid over a day and walked into the country five miles to see a large house now occupied by the Diong Loh school that moved up there last spring. More than 100 students with the faculty and Principal and his family live quite comfortably in that one house. It is beautifully situated in the mountains, quite out of the path of "birds" that fly over and drop heavy things. One of the teachers asked us to lunch. We had a kind of rice cake, cauliflower beancurd, and pigs liver. No rice. Rice is very scarce anywhere. The schools are beside themselves to get it. Mr. Hendry has gone to Shaowu to see if he can buy 510 bags. He has credentials that should allow him to bring it down the river in boats. The officials sold Bishop Hind 500 bags yesterday for refugees. The soup kitchens have mostly been turned into rice distributing centers. For several days only sweet potatoe rice could be given out. During the past month I have given out one bag 160 lbs. \$31.80, and one bag 200 lbs. \$36.00 (this was too filthy for description. Rats had lived in it) Also 100 lbs of sweet potato rice. I am entirely out now. Yesterday I went with two Chinese pastors to a place where they promised to sell rice. We wanted one bag a day for the constituencies of our churches. They took our names and request. We do not know whether we will get anything. I have been watching the market for wheat flour. I could buy a few lbs. but not a bag. Last Friday nite I was at a store where they knew me. Yes, they could sell a whole bag. \$23.00/ I took it. Yesterday I heard of a place where it could be bought for \$18.40 by using a lot of red tape. The government is getting the staples of food, and transportation into its hands. When we landed from the launch from Ing Tai I put all our luggage five loads into the care of coolies and Miss Ward and I went ahead and left two Chinese with us to follow. The coolies stopped at a house some quarter of a mile along the way. A man came out to say you must have five coolies at 40 cents a man. Not so long ago I had come the same route and paid 25 cents a man and they were happy. I said things. Never mind what. I got my four loads carried for \$1.40. That man himself took 8 cents from each coolie.

Bishop and Mrs. Gowdy started two weeks ago for the General Conference of the Methodist Church to be held in the U.S. sometime next spring. Bishop and Mrs. Hind leave shortly for England via America, - retiring for good. Sometime in May Ned Smith, Arthur Rinden, Mr. and Mrs. Christian, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham leave on furlough. I shall plan to go up to Ing Tai two weeks or more before Ned leaves to learn a little more about the work there. I was elected as General Executive Secretary for Ing Tai last week. The only part of the work that seems like a mountain is that 260 little orphans. To feed and clothe them will take some thought, rice and cloth. I'm thinking of writing Dr. Burtner as president of the Lower Naugatuck Valley Clergy Club and ask him to let all the churches know our need for clothes. Anything in line of clothes, under or outer will be made use of. There is an old mother up there that is a wizard at cutting over and making, and if she needs help there is a tailor ready to give her a lift. Cast off men's overcoats and women's cloaks are specially useful. I keep thinking of your rummage sales. I do not know what we would do with the shoes but all else would make the eyes of those little fellows stick out.

There are six new buildings in Ing Tai. One is an auditorium to seat 600, one is a dormitory for Foochow College to sleep 90 in one room, second story with class rooms below, one is a smaller building for Wenshan Girl's school classrooms. Miss Susan Armstrong is planning to build her a residence for \$1000.00 mex. \$90.00 U.S. Ellen has not decided whether she will go up with me in April or the first of May or wait till after Kuliang.

George and Mary Newell were with us for four days the first of Feb. On my birthday Mother invited Misses Armstrong and Houston to supper. We had just finished soup when in walked Ned Smith straight from Ing Tai. I do not remember all that we had for supper (its all gone now so you cannot have any) but there was a fine big cake with 7 candles on one side and 5 on the other. It was good, I did not realize that I was any older on the 6th, than I was on the 4th.

Sat. evening Feb. 10th Mother and I attended what we used to call Preparatory Lecture 60 and 70 years ago. Then on Sunday we went to Holy Communion at the British Church, at 7:00 a.m. and to their breakfast after the Communion. This is a new institution of a new Bishop Sargeant. We found it a pleasing and helpful service. During the next month we will plan to spend one week end at Dr. Gillette's (I'll have my physical Exam then) and one week end at Dr. Sutton's at the F.C.U. plant. He is pretty lonely there all alone just keeping guard over the property.

I hope to send to some of the pastors in Shelton, Derby and other places near, reports of the work, finances and philanthropies of the Lau Memorial Church. I shall watch to see if any of them use the report.

I am still trying to keep alive some twenty families. They come to me about twice a week after rice and Sw. potatoe rice. It is surprising how far a little goes. God is good. When will man learn to be good. May He find a helper in each one of us. Lots of love Will

*[This letter dated **Mar. 1, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Iu Soi Ling to Friends. He writes to inform of the Financial, Membership and Activities of the Lau Memorial Church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Lau Memorial Church,
Foochow, China,
Mar. 1, 1940.

Dear Friends:

This is my opportunity to write you this report and to show you the statistics in these five years.

In the following report I have divided of work of the year 1939 into three divisions:

(A) Financial: The church expenses of the year have been met through the generosity of the members of the church and friends.

For church expenses \$1147.23 (Chinese currency)

For local charity \$1471.00

(B) Membership: The total membership is 485. New members during this year included 24 men and 27 women. 96 people are in preparation for church membership class and 5 members died.

(C) Activities: The church is endeavoring to meet the religious needs of many classes of people by propagating the Gospel and by taking an active part in improving the community program. In trying to carry out its program the church has Religious services, social work, and charity work.

Will you give us suggestions to provided an all round development in the future and to have more activities in the church to glorify our Lord Jesus Christ.

Sincerely yours,
Iu Soi Ling
[Signature]

*[This typewritten letter, dated **March 3, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to many members of his family back in the U.S. He talks about receiving a lot of mail and was interested in reading about the Thanksgiving celebration back home. Willard contrasts it with the shortage of food in China. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China, March 3rd. 1940.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel & Willard; Emma & Elbert.

1 copy

Geraldine, Dorothy & Harold, Marjorie, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacquilin & Cynthia.

1 copy

Oliver & Annie;

1 copy

Phebe & Mary; Ben & Abbie & Family.

1 copy

Stanley & Myra & Family.

1 copy

Yesterday was a red letter day in this home all right. As my memory serves me we have never in all our years in Foochow had such a grand shower of letters from our own people in one day. Phebe's letter of Jan. 6th came Friday, just a harbinger. Then the next came her letter of Nov. 7th 1939, and each delivery brought more, till we had heard directly or indirectly from all of our own. The picture of the Thanksgiving dinner was very vivid, - with the sketch by the two youngest Beards. We could see you all seated at that table with one standing on her head, and the two big places for "Grandpa" and "Grandma".

I am writing this now so soon after my last, only a week ago, because of the great pleasure we had in reading those long interesting [letters] yesterday afternoon and evening. I think they all came thru with no censorship. Phebe's of Nov. 7th looked as if it had lain in a coal bin for a month or more. It was sealed with P.O. seals because it arrived somewhere in poor condition. It was all there. The high spots were Gould's flight over the mountains in fog, and Seymour's accident. The Thanksgiving dinner overshadowed all so it cannot be called a high spot. The vision of you people lying around so full as to be uncomfortable is quite in contrast with what we see every day all about us here. When will the world learn that the Chinese have to [the?] true ideal in their oft quoted

saying "ALL UNDER HEAVEN ARE ONE FAMILY"? Do not take this as any criticism. I simply could not help the comparison. We are doing the same thing here. We have all we want three times a day. The government is gradually controlling all food and transportation. They have taken over wheat flour. I bought three bags the other day at \$19.40 a bag. I wrote last week about goods coming overland from the coast to points in Ing Tai. Miss Eunice Thomas, Mrs. Smith's sister arrived last nite from the U.S. She came via Hing Hua. She says there are 5000 colliers carrying salt alone from Hing Hua to various parts of the interior. The road for 25 miles is black with them. Mr. McClure is still somewhere between here and Hing Hua with the baggage. And when any foreigner comes from Shanghai these days he has BAGGAGE. Mac has tons of it, the Coopt has a lot of goods with him. We are waiting for him to get here for our baking powder is gone and none in Foochow that we can buy. I found some yesterday for \$16.00 per lb. I did not buy. Mother has cream tartar and soda.

Mr. Handry the hospital superintendent has gone to Shaowu to buy rice. He has found a few hundred bags. But here in Foochow people are restricted to about 1 lb. 11 oz. per family of five a day. And often the people who must get a ticket are pushed away from the window where the rice is dealt out and go home with none.

We get practically no news these days. Very little about conditions in Europe and almost less about conditions in China. Rice is the big conversational topic these days. The government is selling three or four bags a day to the red cross to feed 1200 and more refugees. We are paying about \$36.00 a bag of 200 lbs.

I thank the sisters for sending on the book "With the Twelve". I have it nearly half read. This last mail also brought a lot of Christmas cards. The newspaper clippings are interesting. The passing of Mr. Bradley takes away another landmark. It was interesting to get that card from Wilton (?) Tomlinson. Willard [*Gould's son, Willard Frederick Beard*] comes honestly by his contriving mind. When we were getting ready to go home the first time he [*Gould*] wanted to take along his goat. I said it was impossible. He had various schemes. One was to tie him by a rope by day and lead him in the water. By nite pull him up to sleep on deck.

Lots of love to all Will

Your pastor may be interested in the enclosed report. I helped Iu Suo ??? for the ministry.

[This typewritten letter dated April 12, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his family and many relatives. He just spent 17 days from hernia surgery in the a hospital built by one of his committees. Ned Smith has had health problems and Willard will be taking his place at Ing Tai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China, April 12th. 1940.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Monnie; (Please send to Gerry)

Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Kathleen and Hugh, Gill and Cynthia;

Ben and Abbie, Wells, Dan and Beatrice, Dannie, Beverly, Edith, Seymour, Winifred;

Phebe and Mary, Oliver and Annie;

Stanley and Myra, Nancy, Stephen, Ruth.

Emma and Elbert and Etta.

A little over a week ago I sent a letter to Geraldine, only one copy in my own handwriting. It will take that letter a long time to go the whole trail, so I had better just repeat the important part of it.

On the 21st of March I entered the Willis F. Pierce Memorial Hospital as a patient to have Dr. Brewster fix a hernia which Dr. Gillette discovered the Saturday before when I went down to Pagoda to let him give me a physical examination. The operation was performed on Thursday, Mar. 21, just after the electricity came on about 5:00 p.m. It was done with a local anesthetic. A dose of morphine was shot into my right arm an hour before I went to the operating room. I talked with doctor during the operation, - felt only what I took to be a few slight pricks. Doctor said I slept much of the time while he was working. I guess he spoke the truth for he said I snored and I could find no one to refute the charge. He said he was at work about an hour. My worst trouble for the next two days was hunger. When they began to feed me I began to recover. I was in the hospital 17 days, came home last Saturday. I have not felt like pounding the typewriter until today. Everyday I can see improvement.

My stay in the hospital was made pleasant by thinking of the hours that would make days that I have sat in committee planning a Union Hospital of which this is the new born child. And a good husky child. One hundred and sixty patients are enjoying its privileges now. For all my requirements nothing was second to the New Haven hospital. The Chinese nurses were efficient, quiet, methodical and thorough. The last three days they gave me a girl from Amoy to bathe me. She could not talk the Foochow Dialect well and was new to the work. But by that time I

could roll over and do much for myself. The first morning she was making rather a slow and botchy job of it. The head nurse came in and it was very interesting to see how deftly and quietly she helped the green one. She not once "let her down." I had a host of visitors every day, - never less than six and up to eleven. They came from all over Foochow, Shaowu, Amoy, Diong Loh. The bill has just come in. You may be interested in it,

Hospitalization 17 ½ days at \$5.00	\$105.00
Lab. Service	2.00
Operation Fee	50.00
Glucose Sol. 5% 1000 c.c.	<u>1.50</u>
	\$158.50

PAID (Journal)

Last fall I paid \$44.00 for Group Hospitalization and this is the benefit. I'll hold up a bit now. This is a pretty good bit for the benefits at the very beginning.

Saturday a.m. April 13th.

This is just such a morning as I remember in 1883 in May. I was ploughing the school house lot for corn. I was using a Wakelee plow. It was one of the old fashioned plows, cast iron and very light. The oxen were a pair that had grown from a pair of twin calves, that father bought of James Blakeman when his barn burned. It was seven on the clock as I started to work. The sun shone brightly, the air was keen but not cold, it was one of those mornings when every thing seems in harmony with every thing else, perfect coordination in all nature, and I seemed to just fit in with nature and felt like shouting, - "I'm monarch of all I survey. I'm equal to anything." Its like a long door from that day to this day. But each year has brought advance and success- more of success than of failure and each year has been more interesting than the preceeding year. I see at times in print something that makes me think that several people look back on what they call the good old days. Others say their days in school and college were their best days. It has not been so with me. My school days were good days but the days since were better. And they are getting better all the time. This may be because circumstances and my choices have never allowed me to [enter] into a run where I could become stale. During the last year of our first term in Foochow I remember distinctly thinking that when we returned my work was all cut out and I would only have to take up the ends where I left them and go on, - no hustling to learn new work. Then came the call to the Y.M.C.A. and everything was new. With newness came interest. Then came the work in New York on entirely new lines again. Then the call to be President of Foochow College with another set of entirely new duties. And from that time to the present every year has brought a new trail to be blazed thru an unknown forest. And now I am going to Ing Tai to take or try to take a, to me, brand new job. Just what it involves, I do not yet know. I shall have new associates and new problems. I am pretty sure it will be interesting.

Ned Smith has not been at all well for six or more months. Sinus trouble, rheumatism, malaria and sciatica. He plans to go over the mountain from Ing Tai to Hing Hua and take the steamer that goes to Shanghai, the same one that we came down on last September. She stops at Sangtu both coming down and going up. I have written him that I should be in condition to go to Ing Tai about April 25th. I should have some five or more days with him to get acquainted with some of my associates at least. I shall likely come down once during May for business relating to the assistant general secretaries then go back and stay till time to go to Kuliang. I think I have written that Guy Thelin promises us our old house on Kuliang. This will please both Mother and her husband very greatly.

While I was in the hospital the sweet potatoe rice and the rice gave out. I could not get any till yesterday. 100 lbs. came in. It is now 3:30 p.m. and 75 lbs. are gone. This with no telephone where these people live. The situation has eased a little. Three weeks ago it was not possible to buy for love not money. It is now purchasable at about 35 cents per lb. When the people come for good and we have none we give them 50 cents or a \$ according to the size of the family and they are happy. They take the money and buy food.

I have read several books since I have been on the shelf and the best one has been MADAME CURIE by her daughter EVE. I do not know when a book has gripped me from beginning to end as this one has; Both she and her husband were unique. They were 100% scientists. Science was their food and their religion. Along with science they both lived a perfectly beautiful family life. For society neither of them cared a fig. She had a wonderful feeling for humanity. During the world wars she wrought miracles with nothing to work with except her hands, her brain and her heart. Science was her god. She would measure up to the Oxford Group's four standards, - absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, absolute love, - unless it be the last. She did not know love for any superior being. When her own family died she had nothing to bear her up. Her husband's death staggered her and dazed her. She found nothing to sustain her. It was only when she went back to her laboratory and buried herself in experiments that she rallied. It is also interesting that the very thing that she discovered RADIUM was the cause of

her death. Meticulously careful to caution and compel her students to use utmost care in handling... [typed over]...the time for three weeks I have had a lot of good long talks with God about each of you. How far is it from here to Long Island? to Chicago? to Saginaw? to Shelton? to Florida? to Pearl River? That depends on what measurement you use, and how you travel, air plane, steamship, train, bus, auto. By spirit in the ether (I guess it is that route is swiftest of all.

Lots of love to all. Father

[This letter, dated **April 16, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to the folks all. He writes about his brother, Oliver's death. Willard is recovering from surgery. He tells them they may sell the cows and buy more productive ones if they want. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Foochow, China
April 16th 1940

Dear Folks All:-

This means chiefly Phebe and Mary. You may let others read it if you want to. I dashed off a few lines just after your three letters came to let you know as soon as possible that the word of Oliver's going home had reached us [Willard's brother, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr. died about February 1, 1940]. I hardly know what I wrote. I suppose I am not yet normal after my operation and it= the news struck me with more force than it would have done if I was stronger. I have reread the letters this evening and I see I did not do a very good job at answering, so I'll try to put down a few things.

First I am glad you got the flowers for the Willard Beard family. But it is not necessary to put us by ourselves- unless you prefer to do so.

Sam Brewster's gift of \$5.00 touches me deeply. I'll write him specially soon and put on the envelope one of those double China- U.S. flags,- if I can get one. They are not easy to get.

If you see Ard Blakeman tell him I know how to sympathize with him- but he does not need to think of me with pity because I am way off in China. I had just as good a surgeon as he had and just as good nurses and care in every way.

Emma's letter to Ellen came with yours to us- just after lunch. It told of the death of Evangeline Lawson's husband up in Union or Woodstock, and of the death of one of my Abington friends- Joe Elliott.

I'm proud of Gould's keen appreciation of real personal worth in men, as shown in his telegram. I shall never forget his estimate of Ruth, and of her sisters who were home at the time in a letter to me here in China.

Stanley and family have gone and returned before we knew they were going. They must have had a very interesting trip.

Did I tell you to get rid of Bessie cow whenever you wanted to? If not do not hold on to her for us. I think you could get a cow that would be more profitable for you- that would give more milk in quantity. And I do not feel sure that Anne Belle is taking after her mother in milk production. If she does not come up now it may be best to change her- all of which means do not think of us- do whatever you think is best. Bessie is your cow entirely.

Yes it comes to me you will miss Oliver at many turns. He was a helper and a wise and gracious helper.

The Platt girls had a narrow escape. I do not see how the fire company got that fire out so as to save so much of the house.

Will Mary have to take charge of the White Hills property now? Can you put it into the charge of a real estate agent so as not to be so much bother?

The clock has struck 9- so I must to bed. Good nite. The pecans in my trunk drank deeply of the moth balls in one trunk and the moth balls have not yet eaten one pecan!!

Your envelopes do not stand the long journey nearly every one comes all plastered up. The four edges are worn out. The letters re Oliver are very satisfying. Thank you for sending them. Will

[This letter, dated **April 16, 1940**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Phebe, Mary, Stanley and Myra. Willard talks about his brother, Oliver's death and how he feels about being so far away at these times. He is recuperating from surgery. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday 12:30 p.m. April 16 – 1940

Dear Phebe and Mary, and Stanley and Myra-

Phebe's letter of Feb. 8 came about an hour ago. The one written about Feb. 1 (I judge) is not here. This sudden news of Oliver's home going strikes me very deeply. I have mailed all the letters to the children just this morning. I wrote a little personal note to each to go with one general letter and had not yet written these notes for your letter and for Stanleys. Oliver will not need it now. I do hope your precious letter will come soon.

Oliver was always very near to me. He has helped me much in his example. He showed me how to be a friendly man- how to live above petty trials and always keep a forgiving and friendly spirit.

After lunch:- Just as we finished lunch your two other letters arrived and one from Emma. I'm glad they are here.

I do not like to think of the tragedy in Oliver's life. But I do like to dwell on the masterful way in which he overcame it and lived above it. He was one of the world's lifters, - always helping. He has had some of his reward in the evening of his life and is now reaping the fullness of his reward.

I am very glad you had the flowers- snap dragons- you were right in taking it from my account. Oh! I cannot tell you how I have been saddened by not being able to be at home at these times. Sometimes it seems as if that had been the only sacrifice I have made in my choice of a life- work. I have realized also that you all have had to sacrifice much because I am so far away.- But I believe all of us realize that the rewards have been great. I am anxious that you shall realize that I appreciate what you all- children, sisters and brothers nieces and nephews have given up. I hope also that you have shared some in the rewards.

I am improving daily. Took a walk on the street yesterday and felt all right. I am planning to go over South Side to Hua Nang College to Anti Cob this week Friday evening (4-6), after meeting my class at the Sem'y at 2:15 and getting a little rest somehow.

I plan to go to Ing Tai next week about Tuesday.

I am putting in a note to Anna [*Oliver Gould Jr. 's second wife, Anna Wilson Beardsley Beard*] and asking you to address it, seal it stamp it and mail it.

Very lovingly

Will.

Will you let Stanley see this. W.

[This group of letters dated April 15 and 16, 1940 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Dot and Harold, Monnie and Jerry. He talks about prices in Foochow. Willard sympathizes with Ralph Butt having to work in Canada alone and compares it to his days in China without his family. He awaits the new diary from Jerry. Letters donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Monday April 15 [1940]

Dear Dot and Harold:

I should have greatly enjoyed your big time. Did you take any photos of the doings? If so I hope you'll try and send us some of them.

I can imagine just how empty that house seemed or really was with 4/7 of the family gone, and by far the most active 4/7 - Cynthia. While she was in Shelton was very near perpetual motion. You, Dot, were favored with a lot of your own people, - the same two sisters to take part as took part in your wedding ceremony. Those young people who asked us over for that delicious dinner when we [*were*] in Saginaw sent us a Christmas card- Mr. and Mrs. Wager.

Last Saturday was a beautiful Sunny and warm day. Miss Atwood and another nurse went to Kuliang. Yesterday= Sunday was cold and rainy, - not so pleasant on the mountain. Mother said she would not go up for \$100. That would not be much in U.S. currency. Two weeks ago \$1.00 in U.S. was worth \$20.00 in mex. The same for March was \$14.50. How shall we ever get used to paying 10- cents a lb. for rice in the U.S. when we pay 60 to 70 cents here. It is down now to 36 cents. That is what I paid today for 100 lbs. to give away. And worse yet how well it seems to pay 50 or 60 cents for a hair cut when I pay 30 cents mex. here or less than 24 cents U.S. A barber came three nites to shave me when I was in the hospital. I gave him 40 cents= 2 ½ cents in U.S. currency. But the poor people all about don't know anything about exchange. They know work is scarce and wages low and all food way up out of sight. Among others one poor young fellow with a wife and little girl about 10 has been living off us for three months or more. Yesterday he saw me at church and followed me home. I had just said good bye to them when Mother appeared and they had to see her and chang-ang her and come into the house again and sit down. Mother had tea and cake served to them. They stayed and stayed. He used to be a student in Foochow College, and I his teacher. Now he says, - "You have saved my life- at least 100 poor starved people have jumped into the river from the big bridge during the past three months. But you have saved us from that."

Love from Father

Monday Evening April 15 [1940]

Dear Monnie:-

Every day and often many days I think of you and Ralph. In the hospital I had time to talk with God about you. I shall wait with a lot of interest to hear how he has wintered way up there in Davis Inlet. How lonely he must have been- more lonely than I was here in Foochow for two periods of 4 years and Phebe the second 4 years. My, what a comfort that dear girl was to me!! But Ralph has had much less company of his own set than I had. Some of the business men and of the missionaries are here now with no families and they are lonely.

I hope you will find time to write soon and fast before long letters will get thru to and from Ralph. I shall want to know.

Gould was the one of our family favored this past holiday season with being with you all in Saginaw and then again in Shelton with the rest.

I hope your work goes better than during the first few weeks.

God keep you and bless you

Very lovingly

Father

Tues. a.m. April 16 [1940]

Dear Jerry:-

This time I'm sending the letter first to Saginaw. I wonder when that little diary will appear. I'll have to take a vacation from other work and write it up. Say go into the ten cent store and buy a 10 cent diary for 1940 and send it on so I'll have something to begin 1941 with when it comes in. I wrote you I was using a 1938 diary that I bo't for 10 cents to keep my auto expenses in. Fortunately I used a pencil for that so I can easily erase the entries.

When you write tell me how you are coming on with your reports to me, and are you increasing that nest egg in the Bridgeport Savings Bank. I have not heard a word of my Birmingham National Bank checking account since I left last Aug. The upset in mail facilities is not at all pleasant. But in most ways we are so much better off now we thought we would be that we are not complaining. We have had strawberries @ 75 cents a qt. for a week, and fresh peas nearly all winter. My garden now has beets, swiss chard, spinach, lettuce, carrots and parsley and Mr. Billing at the ?? ?? has a man with almost everything - vegetables and grain- he comes three times a week.

The thermometer registers 56 degrees in my study this morning- too cold for this time of year.

I like to think of that little flat of yours, and the picture of you children on the platform of the station in Chicago last August is a joy always.

Lovingly

Father.



Ralph Butt at his desk in Davis Inlet.
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **April 20, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He is still recuperating from his hernia surgery. Many of the missionaries are leaving Foochow as planned. He encloses a letter from the pastor of Lau Memorial Church. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

April 20- 1940

Dear Geraldine:-

Your good letter came this past week, telling of your two weeks in bed and of your feeling all right again and at work. But you chose either the right or the wrong time to be in bed. If you wanted much to be with Dot and Monnie it was the wrong time. If they were company and a help to you it was the right time.

I am getting on as well as I can expect. To day is the 15th since coming home from the hospital. Last Friday= day before yesterday I went S. Side and met my class 2:15- 3:00 p.m. then to the Bingham's and got a straight hour of solid sleep. Then walked a mile to the Anti-Cob. Then walked another mile to Dr. and Mrs. Brewster's and took dinner and talked or listened to their radio till 9 p.m. Then they drove us home in their car. I was none the worse for it.

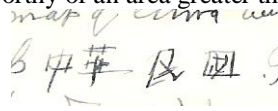
Mother and I plan to start for Ing Tai day after tomorrow. Up at 3:30, b-fast at 4:00, off at 4:30. We hope to reach Ing Tai that evening. I shall take a chair on 2 stretches. Mother may also. She will come home next Sat. or Mon. I will stay until the last of May, come back for a week, - go up again and come down June 22 for the summer.

Lots of people are leaving Foochow normally. Bishop and Mrs. Hind left a week ago. He has resigned and they are going home for good via the U.S. They plan to go thru Washington D.C. and New York into New England- within about 8 miles of Century Farm. Arthur Rinden of our church left last week. The Christians and the Bingham's and Ned Smith go soon. I or rather we are here to fill up a little space while so many are away. Mr. McClure is the only one who has returned and he has left his family at home. He will be the only man in the compound while I am in Ing Tai, until the Toppings return.

Have I said that the nice little diary came last week THANK YOU. I am well along on copying from the makeshift. I hope you keep well and happy. May God keep you

Lovingly Father

I see I have not mentioned the stamp on the envelope which you did not understand. It is a very pleasing gesture by China to the U.S. for friendly relations and worthy of an area greater than an ordinary stamp. Note the two flags and



the map of China with characters on the map. I have turned them around end for end from their positions on the map. = Republic of China. The Japanese do not like this stamp. It cannot be used after May 1. Lovingly Father

The enclosed is a report of Rev. Lu Soi Ling Pastor of the largest church in Foochow City. I found him a poor lad, in 1912, helped him thru school and now he is one of the successful pastors in Foochow- keeps at it thru depression and war and has a growing working church as his report shows. If you can use the report all right, if not send it to Dot.

Lovingly Father

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 1, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Friends. He describes the farewell scene of Ned Smith as he left Ing Tai and talks of the work Ned did. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
May 1st, 1940.

Dear Friends:-

Yesterday a man who has spent nearly forty years of his life in and for Ing Tai started for furlough in the United States. The whole city rose to show appreciation for what he has done for the people here in these four decades of unselfish service. Then a mile of street the shopkeepers suspended their business as he passed on his way to the ferry that took him across the Ing Tai river to begin the first lap of his long journey. More than one thousand teachers with their students, boys and girls, dismissed classes and followed him in procession all the way to the ferry. The name of this man is Edward Huntington Smith. Until he came to China his home was in Norwichtown, Connecticut.

In early 1901 it was my privilege to introduce Ned Smith to the people of Ing Tai. We toured the whole field,- nearly as large as the state of Connecticut. Mr. Smith could not say a word of Chinese, but his smile "got" the people. He was the first missionary that they could really call their own. He would live among them and stay for a long time. The Rev. Simeon F. Woodin, then Rev. Dwight Goddard and then I visited the field, living in Foochow. Mr. Goddard had bought the first land and built a residence, school, church and hospital but had stayed only two years or so. Mr. Smith was their own. They took him right into their hearts at first sight. That reception has been going on for nearly forty years. The love which this people have for this man reached its climax when they with one accord escorted him to the ferry with a continuous explosion of firecrackers as he left for the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have changed the mind of Ing Tai. That is possibly the most fundamental change that can take place in any community. Among the different methods he has used, Christian education has probably been the most prominent. At first these boys and girls were hand picked by Mr. Smith himself as he toured the district, one boy from this village and a girl from that hamlet. They received an education in a Christian atmosphere. He has befriended the people in hard and dangerous times. He risked his own life to save them from bandits and inhuman armies. He has made possible for them medical care when they were ill. He has fed and clothed and educated their orphans. In a word he has provided church, school and hospital for them. He has taught them God and his love, and in his own life of love among them he has showed them that God was their loving Father. He was now leaving for a much overdue furlough of a few months. No one regretted it. All were, but they asked,- "When will he come back?" It was a sight never to be forgotten,- 1300 teachers and students standing on the river bank waiving "Good bye" and singing "God be with you till we meet again."

If Christian education was his first concern, "Ned's Orphans" press for a close second. More than two hundred and fifty of them now. If you should ask him how many have gone thru the orphanage school into higher primary schools, college and seminary and are now serving their country in various important positions, he would smile and shake his head and reply,- "I don't know." The relation between Ned Smith and his orphans is unique. I

have witnessed two very touching sights in my life. One was Mrs. Sam Higgenbottom and her five hundred lepers in Allahabad, India. She actually – touches them. The other is Ned Smith and his orphans. When he goes into the grounds after class hours, thirty or forty of them come running to him. He takes a little face between his hands and looks into it. One pulls his ear down and whispers, - “I want a piece of soap.” His hand goes into his pocket and out comes a bar of soap and a knife and a piece is cut off and given the boy who runs off as happy as an American boy with a new sled. Another pulls his coat sleeve until he can whisper into the ear of the kind man, - “My pants are all worn out and they need washing.” “Come up to my house and I’ll find a pair for you.” They are likely “manufactured” from some of the cast offs sent by friends in America. Talk about creating. That art did not cease with the CREATION. Ned Smith created with the help of NeMu, an old lady who sort of sees to the clothing of these more than 250 homeless little boys. And they are wonderfully clothed. But they are kept warm. Another little fellow pulls that head down and says, - “The sun is hot, may I have 3 cents to buy a bamboo hat?” Out of another pocket some three coppers. The man who walks out of a staunch Fifth Avenue with a brand new Stetson is not half as happy as our little fellow with his 3 cent bamboo hat.

Coming back to the procession passing thru Ing Tai’s main street, there were men in that procession who had walked twenty miles over rough steep country roads, and who must return over the same roads, to do homage to this man. These men are the corner stone of this Ing Tai enterprise. There are the preachers who all the year live in the mountain villages shepherding the Christians, leading men and women to Jesus and helping people. They are the men who create a desire for knowledge in boys and girls. It is impossible for people in America to imagine a whole state with no desire for education. This was the condition in Ing Tai when Mr. Smith came. These preachers have planted the desire, it has taken root, and has grown to a good sized plant. It is still growing. The boys who have gone from Ing Tai schools have helped foster this desire as they have made good as principals of school, as government officials, as members of chambers of commerce, superintendents of hospitals etc.

You have heard that God called Mrs. Smith to the higher service last summer. During all these years she has been a most gracious homemaker and hostess. I suppose I have visited Ing Tai about one hundred times in the past forty six years. I know what the hospitality of the Smith home is. In addition to making a home, Mrs. Smith spent several hours every day in teaching. For nearly forty years she was the loyal helper in all this work.

It falls to the lot of Mrs. Beard and myself to try to keep this enterprise from slipping while Mr. Smith is on furlough. Retired in 1936 because of age, which we could not well help, we were three years at home when the American Board reappointed us as missionaries to go again to the Foochow mission. It was the condition here in Ing Tai that decided us to come. We are as sure as we ever were sure of anything that we are where God wants us. With your backing we’ll try to carry on.

The last view I had of Ned he was sitting in a sedan chair made by hanging a bamboo seat on two bamboo poles and carried by two men. It took him three days to reach the steamer which was to take him to Shanghai. No one ever before started on that road in such a conveyance for the United States. Via Foochow was the way. War is the reason.

Very sincerely yours,
Willard L. Beard

*[This letter, dated **May 4th, 1940**, was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to many family members in the U.S. Willard and Ellen have gone to Ing Tai to replace Ned Smith. He tells a little about Ned Smith’s farewell from Ing Tai. Rice is scarce and soldiers are seizing it along transportation routes. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, China
May 4th. 1940.

1 Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard
2 Geraldine
2 Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie
1 Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia
3 Annie, Ben, Abbie, Wells, Dan, Beatrice, Dannie and Beverly
3 Phebe and Mary

4 Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth.
5 Emma, Etta and Elbert

Say that's a lot of names isn't it? Well here's Dear all of You:-

I had set the week as the time when I was to write another letter to you all. It is Sat. afternoon but it is still this week.

Mother and I came up to Ing Tai Tuesday April 23rd as we had planned. We had a good trip up. It was a beautiful morning. I was awake at 3:30 a.m. and had to call the servants. But we were off by a few minutes after 5:00, caught the launch all right, had a very pleasant sail up the river engaged a boat up to Dai Kau for \$10.00. Reached Dai Kau at 4:00. We could not find a coolie, no one to carry a chair or a load. Finally a man was found who would take one load as far as the chapel, - twenty rods. He after a time agreed to take it to Ing Tai, 6 miles. Then another man took one more load. One load stayed in the chapel. We considered spending the nite at Dai Kau. Then a friend suggested that he MIGHT find chairs by going 1 ½ miles up the river. I said I could not bear to think of his walking so far to accommodate us but if he insisted I would allow him to do it. I had helped this man quite much so inwardly I did not feel so bad. He was gone an hour, but he found two chairs right on the road we were to go for \$2.20 a chair. We had to walk 1 ½ miles. The chairs were there all ready. It was just 6:00 p.m. It rained a little and it got quite dark half way. Fortunately I had taken my flashlight and by having Mother go ahead I could show the road to all four bearers and we arrived safe and happy at 8:10 p.m. I had sent a note by the load man that we would not come that nite, so Ned and Helen had just finished supper as we got there.

Mother went to Foochow last Monday. She wrote me that the regular passenger boat that goes down every morning to meet the launch at the foot of the rapids struck a rock and every one got wet to the waist and all baggage was soaked. I had hired a special boat to take her. Just as she was to get into the boat we heard that Mr. Nga was going down on the other boat. So we sent over and invited him to go with Mother which he did. He was taking some examination questions to Foochow and they were all in his baggage which would have been wet and the questions spoiled. Perhaps he was not glad he was on Mother's boat!

Mr. Smith left Ing Tai Tuesday April 30th. It was a big send off. More than 1300 teachers and students followed him for a mile from just below the house to the head of the main street to the ferry where he crossed the river. It was a grand sight and sounds from firecrackers were popping all the way. The shopkeepers joined in honoring the man who had lived helpfully here for almost forty years. Ned broke a new road from Ing Tai to the U.S. No one ever before started for America that way. He went some forty miles over the mountains south to Hang Geng near Hing Hua. He wrote back that the scenery was most beautiful and urged Helen to take friends over part of the way for pleasure. We had word that he with Mr. and Mrs. Christian and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham went aboard the steamer for Shanghai Friday afternoon. Always before people have taken the steamer for Shanghai at Foochow. Ned wrote back that Mr. Hendry Superintendent of the Union Hospital was at Hang Geng with over 100 boxes of groceries for the Coopt, in which we share from Shanghai.

It is hard to describe the rice situation here. With 1300 students and fifty or more teachers and their families to feed, the heads of the schools are at their wits ends to know how to get the rice. The soldiers guard the roads in all directions and sieze what rice they see come in. The other day a woman and her son and his wife were bringing in 120 lbs that had been ordered by the head of the primary school. The soldiers seized them, made them carry the rice to the barracks and paid them \$15. If they had been able to take the rice to the school they would have received about \$30. Mr. Smith and I went to the captain or whatever his title is, but there was nothing to do. The rice was bought and paid for. The only way is for the farmers to bring the rice in by back roads. A man from Foochow College here took some \$30,000 up into the northern part of the province and says he got about 200 bags, of 160 lbs. They are on the way but have not arrived. Two months on the way. I believe Mr. Smith has around \$2500 in this venture. The man, one of my former Foochow College students, says he went over into the Kuang si province and had to buy a few bags here and a few there. After it was bought it was very difficult to get it down to Foochow and then up here. They say it is coming "in a few days." Well you will accuse me of going dippy on the rice question and on the poverty problem. If so you're getting a true picture. There are ten blind men here. Two of them are gatekeepers for this compound!! Two of them are musicians. One of them cares for the hens. The others get I judge. But don't worry. I came here for just this. I was conceited enough to think that I could do the job and possibly no one else. I knew the work as no one else and sympathised with Ned as no one else. It's a big work. He has influenced the whole big district of Ing Tai. The boys from his orphanage and school are all over China in important positions. There is a corps of loyal and efficient Chinese at the head of the work in the schools.

There are three parts to the educational system here. Junior Middle, the Primary and the Orphanage. Then as guests there are Foochow College and Wenshan Girls School. I attended a meeting of the Junior Middle Y.P.S.C.E. last evening that would have done your hearts good. It was entirely in the hands of the students. It went.

Then there is the work among the churches scattered all over the big place,- most as large as the state of Connecticut. This I have kept in touch with all these years by visits frequently.

The Foochow Y.M.C.A. school has moved up the Dai Kau, where we land from the boat that brings us up the rapids,- the place from which we walk to Ing Tai. Tomorrow morning at 5:30 I plan to take a boat down to Dai Kau to give four addresses at a Retreat they are holding for the Y boys. I come back by chair over the same road that Mother and I came two weeks ago this afternoon on Wed. p.m. at 5.

It is now 4 p.m. and I will stop and take afternoon tea. I'm a real addict. I am alone but I can drink two cups of babary [*barbary*] tea.

The other day Helen received a letter from St Petersburg, Fla. In it was a clipping from the Sentinel. It looked to me as if Jane Curtiss cut it out sent it to a Mrs. Holmes in St. Petersburg and she sent it to Helen. Mrs. Holmes summers at Lake Winnepesaukee, N.H. The clipping was from two or three of my letters home.

May God let his face shine upon us in all our ways.

With lots of love to each one.

Will

[This letter dated May 16, 1940 was written from Fenchow, Shansi, China by Louise Meebold to Geraldine. She mentions that Willard and Ellen had a nice welcoming back to Foochow and tells about the problems that exist with the people under military occupation. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

American Board Mission
Fenchow, Shansi, China

Lui lin church
May 16, 1940

Dear Geraldine Beard:

It was very nice to get your Christmas greetings. I know from my sister that your folks had a real welcome in Foochow, and if they could only have been twins or triplets, the mission could have put them to work in more places. I am sure they are glad to be back.

We see an order changing before our eyes, not under the influence of education as before but under the heel of military necessity, and since we know that in the end only character will stand the test, we feel our work more needed, more urgent than in the good old days.

I am out on a country trip, had hoped to go far, but after arriving at this town 60 miles due west of Fenchow the gears gummed or something. I found no one willing to go on further, and was advised to stay put. A few days siege with a cold, gave me time to think, and so here I am, nearly two weeks in one spot. I have had time too to look around a bit and listen to the chat of the town, and it is most enlightening. With the military in occupation, women and narcotic evils are on the ascent. Guerilla warfare outside, but even where there is none, the ceaseless efforts of both sides to line up all available food, wealth and manpower each for his own side, makes country life dangerous, and those who can at all afford it are coming into the town, crowding together in small courtyards and rooms.

Many a man and woman is trying to forget his troubles in narcotics, and so petty thieving and bold banditry are becoming a common matter, the drug habit is so expensive! Both armies try to stop the banditry. One bandit was executed by city soldiers day before yesterday, and buried before he was dead the people said. ?? [*Question marks in original letter*] I saw the crowd out in the road listening to the reports. Last night we heard a new tale, of two bandits caught by the Chinese troops, who were in turn caught by the Japanese. A village which had put on a one-day dramatic performance (ostensible to worship the gods but really to give an opportunity for a little business and barter) was told that after the last act, a demonstration would be given, and it was the bayoneting of the two bandits. I hardly believe it myself, tho no one else expresses any doubt. "We are supped full with honors," and one more? Is it "The Tale of two Cities" that has that citizeness knitting and counting the heads that fell in the French Revolution? That left a horrid impression on my youthful mind, but I suppose there are people like that.

Our little churches are like little pennants flapping in a gale, but they are fastened to the mast. They signal decency and order in a brotherly world, - now isn't this very nautical of me? But I can't go on with the metaphor. But you, with the breath of two countries in your face, know what my oratory means. I sure believe in this job of reconciliation.

Sincerely
Louise Meebold

[This typewritten letter dated **June 1, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. He talks about prices, weather and the people of Ing Tai. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
Foochow, China

[Abt. May 23, 1940]

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel, Willard: Kathleen, Hugh, Jacquilin and Cynthia;
Geraldine, Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie;
Phebe, Mary, Ben, Abbie, and family, and Annie;
Stanley and Myra;
Emma, Elbert and Etta;-

These five groups, I think, cover the family. I will address the letters to the first name in each group. I am using some paper I found here in Ing Tai, in large sheets, which I cut into this size. Paper is one of the commodities that is difficult to obtain here. I mean foreign paper. Chinese paper money is going down all the time. The last I heard \$1.00 U.S. brought \$20.50. Kerosine is now \$30.00 per tin of five gallons. If my letters seem to you to be much on the line of prices, you need only remember that these days we hear "things are very dear" about 100 times a day. Exchange is creeping up daily.

Ellen's letter that came this morning says that the Germans have got into France and things look very serious.

The schools here will plan to close from June 26th to the first week in July. Each school closes on its own time. It looks now as if I would go down next Mon. May 27th, come back June 5th. and perhaps go down again June 22nd. and I may come back June 27th. and go down about July 3rd. for Kuliang.

It looks as if Ing Tai might be rather full next fall and fuller before the year is finished. We expect the E. Walter Smiths [*not to be confused with E. Huntington "Ned" Smith*] to come to Ing Tai in September. When they arrive every room in the foreign houses that are in use now will be occupied. There is a foreign house that has been used as a dormitory for the girls that we will likely repair for a residence. Ellen and I may use or it may be best to let the new Smiths have it.

We have had, and are still in it, a long spell of rainy, cold weather. For ten days we have had sun enough to dry the clothes,- once almost dry them. The ther [*thermometer*], has stood at 62 some of the time. We here have a fire in the fire place and Ellen has written that she has had a fire in her stove. I have worn under clothes and a sweater and an overcoat most of the time. By the time I write again, I expect, I will be in the least clothes possible, and longing for such days as we are now having. It is interesting that the same cold spell seems to have visited all over the world. We had it cold here when you wrote of the severe weather in Conn. Emma wrote that they had four feet of snow on the level. Elbert was sitting by his fire thinking how fortunate for him that he did not have to get out to deliver coal to keep other people warm.

You will remember that I had a stock farm that I was glad to tell about here five years ago. It is with no pleasure that I write about it now. There are about ten of the hen tribe in the hen yard. I turn my head when I pass. I had some teens of fine pigs of all sizes. People came from twenty miles away to buy the little ones at the top market price. Now there are twenty two or three. I cannot bear to look at them. After three weeks of urging I have got one sow transferred to a good clean place. I hoped to have it done before she had small ones. But they came two days ago. TWO. I do not blame her. They give them just enough to eat and if I were her I should not want to produce more than two on what she has had to eat. As for bedding these people do not think it is well to put straw in for a nice bed. When I was here before I used to have to do it at times with my own hands. I guess that's grumbling enough for the time. It does a man good at times to get things out of his system. And you poor people are so far away that no one will get hurt,- unless you feel hurt.

For three weeks the schools here have had a hectic time getting ready for the visit of the educational commissioner. He has not yet arrived. An orphan has just come for the fifth of sixth time to say that he needs a

new bed mat. These bed mats are the same as we have for floor mats made of grass. He had an extra lever today. The commissioner was coming and his bed would not look well if there was not mat on it.

We have word that the Leger family, and Miss Bertha Allen are to sail on July 9th. The Legers will go to Shaowu to be in the University. Miss Allen will go to Long Kau to be in the Kindergarten Training School. Mrs. Scott is not certain about her health and she may not be able to come this year.

This is one of the seasons that I enjoy at home. The potatoes should be in and almost appearing above ground. There is a fragrance to the earth just turned up that is still in my nostrils. We plowed for corn the first of May and on till the last. We planted when the shagbarks were in bloom. The cows are out in the pasture and the oxen go out the first of June. The dandelions are putting a yellow hue to much of the land. We go to pick greens. The birch beer is already in the stone crock. It was made by boiling a few twigs of almost everything that grew as a bush. Then yeast was added and it is now working. My how we will smack our lips. We have all had our molasses and sulphur a spoonful three days and then wait three days and three more spoonfuls. It was not VERY good. House cleaning well over. How those rag carpets made ones shoulders ache as we shook them! The apple trees are in their most beautiful dress. A year ago the three trees in the south meadow were one mass of the most beautiful pink. I wonder if the bees have swarmed yet. Grandmother Beard used to sit on a box with a long stick to keep the old hens away while the little chicks ate. This is the time of year when Monnie and Kathleen and I sat out south of the house in the grass sunning. We had our pictures taken there.



This is probably the picture that Willard is referring to – from 1910.
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Thursday morning May 23rd. The sun shines today and it makes smiles on faces. For three or four Monday evenings I have invited the workmen, there are twenty or more, cooks, gardeners, pig herd, carpenter, mason etc.- I have invited them to come up for a “meeting” I do not name it. We talk about everything, but I always bring the talk around to Christianity. Last Tuesday the old lady who sort of runs this place, Ne Mu (you had better remember the name) said to me quietly, “The men say you had better not ask them questions, it embarrasses them. You just talk and they will be most happy to come and hear you.” Here are some of the injunctions that I get from her. “You had better give me that cloth for the orphans’ clothes. The tailor will swipe it if you trust him with it.” “2:00 p.m. and you have not taken your nap.” 4:30 p.m. I have not had my afternoon tea. “This man can wait. You take your afternoon tea.” “Some one saw children taking away wood the other day. You had better tell some of the orphans to put it in the cellar and I’ll lock it up.” “Ak-muoi is getting his board for the work he does, his wife is sewing for the orphans. She gets \$4.00 a month. She cannot live on that. It would be well to give her a little more.” I have just this morning got back a brace and bit that Ned lent a man two years ago. I wanted it the other day and was told it was three miles in the country, lent. I told two or three men here to get it back. They replied he has no idea of returning it, Mr. Smith has sent for it several times. I asked if there were police in Ing Tai and if their jurisdiction extended as far as this man’s house. O, yes. This was about four or five days ago. NeMu said to me “Mr. Smith is very easy. He lends everything anyone asks for.” She has just come to me for more cloth for the

tailor to make coats for the orphans. As I gave it to her I told her there were four coats that he had not put the buttons on, would it not be well to have him finish them before making more? "No, it is not economical to have the tailor put on the buttons. The women can do that." They are paid less.

After reading the above, you will know that I am well taken care of. Afternoon tea, nap shielded from those who would cheat me. Don't worry about me.

I must close this now With lots of love to each of you, Father

*[This letter dated **June 2, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Jerry. He writes her a quick note sending his love. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China June 2- 1940

Dear Jerry:-

This is just a little note to you to take my hug and kiss to you. I am much interested *[in]* your 87 years old-recruit- How does he break in?

Often Periodicals announce- In our next issue will appear the following: - In my next issue will appear the following: The big dinner at our home of all church workers in the Foochow district on May 30th. Lunch with Mrs. Siemssen June 1.

This has been a beautiful day in June, clear, cool, fresh. Lots of flowers. Sweet peas planted late are in full bloom- the damp, cool, rainy weather up to today accounts for it. Mother has the parlor beautiful with bouquets. We both went 2 miles out the north Gate this p.m. to Na Ang for a church service- called on Mr. Nga Geng Guong- on the way home. He has been ill with a carbuncle for a month- is better but can not go back to Ing Tai for 3 weeks. He is still Dean of Foochow College.

We hope the mail due in a day or two will bring letters from our own. You might let Mrs. Christians sister know where you are. The Christians are nearing Honolulu now.

We are watching two couples at the game of "sparking." Is that an ancient word whose meaning you do not know? Mary Francis Buckhout who came out with us, now in Ing Tai receives a letter from Foochow every evening- watches for the mail carrier and meets him every evening and gets the letter so neither Helen or I will see it. Funny isn't it? The other two are here in Foochow. Lots of love father

*[This typewritten letter dated **July 3, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Willard traveled down to Foochow. He found that the return trip to Ing Tai was challenging because of river conditions from the rain. He tells of his bed mat making enterprise for the blind men of Ing Tai. Rice is expensive and hard to find. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China

July 3rd. 1940.

Dear Gould's and Virginia's family

Geraldine, Dot and Harold and Monnie

Kathleen and Hugh's Family

Ben and Abbie and Family, Phebe and Mary, and Annie

Stanley and Myra and Family

Emma, Etta and Elbert:-

Since writing the last time the first of June a lot of water has run over the dam. I went to Foochow May 27th and was busy every day till the 8th. I tried to get up to the mountain but there was no day free. I left for Ing Tai June 8th. McClure was with me. We had engine trouble and did not get to the end of the launch journey till about 4 p.m. And the water was so high no boat would even talk of moving. So we hired a clean boat and slept on it. We got food in a Chinese restaurant in the village. There were others in the same box. One man with four students said he simply had to get on. He found a boat that would go up river six miles for \$12.00. We reached Gak Liang 12 miles from Ing Tai about noon on Sunday. I was able to get a chair and four coolies and two load carriers for Mac but I was stuck there. The next day after half a day of dickering I was off with three coolies for the 12 mile ride at 12:30. The price was to be \$9.00 for the three men. The road was BAD, Mud, mud, mud. But I arrived in good season and gave the men a

\$10.00 bill. If you could see some of these roads you would want as much for carrying a big lubber 12 miles. It continued to rain. Mac went home the next Wednesday. The river was so high that no boat was moving and I got a boat to go with him alone. He went flying down.

I was off again for Foochow the 22nd. I was 2 ½ hours going to the launch stop, - from 5:30 to 8:00 a.m. We waited four hours then some 20 of us decided to take a row boat the rest of the way, lest the launch should fail to come. Just as we were nicely settled in this boat the launch stuck its nose in sight around the bend of the river. It took every day but Thursday was filled with comm's etc. The one day I went to Kuliang. It was a beautiful day. One of my former students, living at Kuliang with a wife and six children got dinner for me. I saw two houses and arranged to have them repaired and got back home at 4:00 p.m. - made the trip as a gentleman. I was to have started for Ing Tai that Saturday. But it rained and the water was over the road and I just stuck until Monday when I had a nice day all the way. Helen and Mary Frances left for Foochow last Thursday. Eunice, Helen's sister is leaving Foochow for furlough yesterday or today. Helen of course wanted to see her before she left. I am making all plans to leave here day after tomorrow. Today is Sunday July 7th. I am leaving with 40 or 50 tins of that delicious preserved ginger. It is made of the tender young sprouts a little larger than your finger and from an inch to two inches long. The cook boils them and soaks them seven times. He pours off the water each time. The hot stuff in the roots is thus tempered so it is delicious. He uses a lot of sugar. When I get to Foochow I will try to send a tin to some of you.

At last the blind men have started on the making of bed mats of a kind of grass that grows here. I had to tell one of them that he got no more help from me till he started. Within half an hour he had material and was at work. One of them got sick while I was in Foochow. I had left money for him and told him not to bother Helen. He had been to her and got her to write three notes to two doctors for medicine and had got her to give him three dollars. To cap his stubbornness he walked up to beg of her in the rain with a fever of 103. I looked him up when I got back. He married two years ago against the wishes of all his helpers. No one had seen his wife. I arranged for him to go to the hospital. That nite he was at my door again for money. None came and I told he would get no more from me. He must send his wife for it. The next day he was here again, and the next. Then three days went by and as I was leaving the house a little girl stood on the steps and said she had come for Teacher Diong's pay. I could not think who it was. At last after several questions it came to me that this was Mrs. Diong. And some money came. The last time I was in Foochow I came back to find that he had sold a cornet that Mr. Smith had given him for use in services in Ing Tai. He had sold it for \$35.00. Some one had it back in my house. The end of this is not yet.

It is evident that the people here got well wrought up over the rice situation at the beginning of the year. Four men went into the northern part of the province to buy for all the schools in this district. They were gone four months. They got rice all right and much cheaper than local rice could be gotten. But the cost of the expedition was about \$800.00. And one teacher, - of athletics- did not meet a class during the other than buying rice all right. The principal of Dung Ing school helped him straighten out his accounts. When it was proposed to send men again now to buy rice he refused to go. The government sent a man down to a place near Foochow to investigate one consignment of the rice. He charged \$72.00 for the trip. I go down for \$3.00 ordinary, or for \$13.00 in luxury, which means I take a chair and do no walking.

Just before going down the last time Helen bought 100 lbs. of plums. I took half of them. A little boy came begging for money to start in business. This means money to buy some fruit to sell. I gave him 100 plums. He returned in two days said the plums were sold for 60 cents. I said all right take some more and give 10 cents for each hundred. He sold 300. He gave me 30 cents and said he made \$1.50. How is that for business? My guardian angel Ne Mu laughed at me. But she agreed it was better than giving the boy money outright.

Mother had had a girl about 20 years old to do mending half a day a week. Last Saturday evening she came to see Mother. I was in my study. Mother called me in to help understand the girls story. She had come to bid Mother good bye. The day before a man in the government here in Ing Tai had called on her and asked her to be his wife. His first wife had died not long ago and left him with three boys the eldest twelve years old. She told him she was a Christian and could not have any idolatry in wedding ceremony or the home. He said he had not used idols for a long time. She accepted him. That morning he had taken her out and bought one dress that cost \$60.00 and other clothes that in all cost over \$100.00. He said that his position made it best for his wife to have good clothes. This girl was getting one good meal a day from a rice kitchen, and Mother used to give her dinner when she worked for her. It is a sudden and big change for her. But it makes one less for the rice kitchen.

My big problem the past few days has been to know what to do for ten graduates of the Junior High School here. Positions for such there are none. These boys have been orphans all their life and have had all things prepared for them. They have now reached the stage where they are prepared for nothing except further study. They are above working with their hands. Four of them are going to Foochow tomorrow. We will see that they have money to carry them for two months. This morning they came for one months money. They asked me to add enough for their

transportation to Foochow. It was higher than I expected and I asked them. They said each would have baggage to be carried. I was cruel perhaps, but I told them that when I graduated from college I transported my own baggage from my room to the R.R. station to save a quarter. I finally told them the transportation money I had given them was theirs to do with as they pleased.

What did you do the Fourth? Hay is falling in the meadows. Is the air port in use already? How is Mr. Strickland? I had a very fine letter from Mr. Morse a few days ago. Eight pages of good clear reading.

I have had no news for three or more days of the condition in Europe. Did I write that the letter to the Boothe Brothers was worth to me \$110.00? With lots of love Father



The mats shown here being made by the Foochow Boy's Blind School may be similar to the ones Willard had his Blind School in Ing Tai making.

[Photo purchased from ebay by Jana L. Jackson and donated to Yale in 2007.]

[This letter dated **about July 7, 1940** was written from Savannah, Georgia by Kathleen to Jerry. Jerry is getting Jill a doll. Kathleen has not heard from Willard and Ellen and wonders if it is because of the Japanese takeover in China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2230 E. Gwinnett
Savannah Ga.
July 7 [About 1940]

Dear Jerry:

The news on your card made Jill quite ecstatic. I was boggled over by the price tho, for I had no idea they ran so high. This must be something extra special de lux. Jill's only standard of evaluation is Molly's big doll which her Aunt sent her from the store where she is buyer in Ohio and it answers approximately the description I gave you. I'm sending you five dollars for it and will let you go the two if you want to make that your Christmas present to Jill. Thank you muchly for doing it for us. I thought after I asked you that I might have ordered it from Sears Roebuck but they might have been out of them at this season too. It's funny how little you can get in the toy line outside the Christmas season.

Well, are you actually out of your job now so that your shoulders are free from their heavy burden? How soon are you leaving on your trip and will it really be Mexico? I haven't heard whether Pearl and Bill have come back from there but suppose they are in Woodstock for the summer ne ce pas?

Say what do all these notices from a Bridgeport lawyer about Uncle Oliver's estate mean? I thought it was not to be administered until Aunt Annie went. I guess whatever the notices mean they don't require any action on our part.

Do you have any letters from China? I haven't seen a letter from either Mother or Father since I came to Savannah. Don't their letters get thru any more since the Japanese took over? We saw an interesting "March of Time" picture on the Chinese war the other day and some of the scenes look very natural. The show we took in was the only celebration we had for July 4, not even a fire-cracker or a sparkler. Fireworks are against the law here as they are in most cities I guess. It is plenty warm here these days and it rains almost every day, so you can imagine we don't do any more than we have to.

If you haven't already sent the doll you can send it express collect which will be less bother to you. I am almost as excited about seeing it as Jill is for I never had a really lovely doll and so I'll renew my childhood with Jill's prize. Thanks again. It was very good of you to do it.

Love from all
Kathie

Photos of a picnic at Century Farm 1940- Willard and Ellen were in China at the time.









Written on photo: "1940"
Picnic at Century Farm
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

*[This letter dated **about July 14, 1940** was written from Savannah, GA by Kathleen to Jerry. Jill received her doll, Patsy, from Geraldine. Hugh is working for the Express Co. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2230 E. Gwinnett
Savannah
July 14 [About 1940]

Dear Jerry:

Dolly arrived today and was unwrapped amid the greatest excitement and squeals of glee. She came up to our highest and wildest dreams and we are all delighted with her. I guess this is one of the happiest days Jill has known and she hardly left her prize for a minute. Of course all her clothes have been off and on again several times but I put my foot down on touching the lovely coiffeur. Cynthia had a broad smile on when she first saw the doll but when she found out that she could only hold it for a minute the tears flowed freely for some time. But with a promise of a new doll of her own soon and the handing over of Roberta to her she soon was cheerful again and has been very good about it the rest of the day.

I'm so glad you got a braided wig instead of a curled one for I remember Molly's doll's hair (a la Shirley Temple's curls) was in a wild mat inside two weeks, and I think this should keep for a long time with care. She has a very pretty face I think and isn't the hat cute? Did you pay the postage or did the store stand that? Jill has been proudly showing her around to everybody and has decided to call her Patsy. She may change her mind about that but for now she goes by Patricia. I am trying to have Jill take very good care of her so she will last a life time. I certainly never had such a lovely doll and I'm getting almost so much pleasure out of it as Jill is. It will be fun to make clothes for her.

Jill is writing you a letter of her own to thank you for getting the doll but I'll put in my echo again in thanks for your financial help in getting such a grand "edition".

The other day one of those travelling photographers came by and asked to take a picture of the children so I let him and this enclosed picture is the result. I was rather disappointed in it but got half a dozen of them anyway. Jill had not been feeling well for two days which is perhaps the reason for her pinched expression but I was sorry I had it taken at all.

It is so hot tonight I have to stop and fan myself every few lines. The past few days have been muggy, rainy and hot. It makes me feel very loggy and I don't get much done. People say this section has not had such a rainy spell in sixty years, but I guess it is making up for the very dry spring.

The Express wife's club had its monthly meeting out at the beach last Thursday so the children and I had a picnic but poor Daddy had to get dinner downtown and get off to work. It was refreshing to get out by the water in the evening for I'm always shut up in the house at night. We rode out with the Agent's wife who seems like the most cultured woman I have met in the club, but they are all very nice to me. The beach isn't as nice as Clearwater or St. Pete beaches and the surf is so high that one can't really swim.

Hugh's parents may come up the last of this month bringing Molly [*Mary McNutt*] and Chickie [*Rollin McNutt*] for a few days. Our little picket sized apartment will be bulging it's walls but the cousins will have a great time together. Jill is bereft of playmates this summer so the doll comes in especially well and she will love showing it to Molly.

Are you still in Chicago and what are the plans for summer and winter by now? We want you here next year if you don't go to Cal. You know. Love 'n more too

Kathie

[written by 5 year old Jill]

Dear Aunt Jerry

Thank you for getting my doll. I think she is the best doll I ever saw. I call her Patsy.

Love

Jill

[Also, a letter written by Cynthia is all scribbles.]

*[This letter dated **July 17, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He tells of his trip to Foochow from Ing Tai and the difficulty of finding a boat because of a flood. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow July 17 -1940

Dear Geraldine:-

Two whole weeks is a long time to hold up a letter just to put in a few lines of personal thoughts isn't it? But it's just what I have done.

We are still in Foochow. I came down from Ing Tai a week ago yesterday hoping to go to Kuliang in a day or two, but the Principal of Wenshan Girl's School has created a situation that makes me stay on until Saturday July 20 at the earliest.

Miss Tapley a lady who is teaching in Foochow College- not an appointee of the Board- was coming down with me. We had set July 9 as the date to come. But on the 8th a big flood was swirling down river and I could not find a boat that would go. So I wrote Miss Tapley and went to bed with no early rising on my mind. At 6 a.m. July 9th I opened my eyes to a clear sky, sent the cook to the river to see if a boat would go. Before I was clothed a boatman was at my door to say he would go. At 8 I was on his boat, and in 15 min, down river a mile watching for Miss. T. and her Chinese companions. An hour passed. Every few minutes a passenger whom we could or would not refuse got on. An hour we waited. The last real passenger was on and we were off at 9:20. The boatmen said he was trying to reach Nang Bieng that nite. Miss Tapley does not speak the language and asked where we would all (13) sleep? The boat was full of baggage 50+ pieces, 5 or 6 orphans, a cook his wife and baby etc. I answered vaguely. We were going down river almost 10 mi. an hour. As we turned the bend that brought in view the place where the launch should be. It was there and a glad shout sent the air. But above that shout was changed to another quite different. The launch 40 rods away was pulling out and leaving us. They saw us and headed toward us. I talked a minute with the launch man and we tied securely to his launch and flew down to Nang Bieng arr'd at 2 p.m. 5 hours from Ing Tai- a very quick trip. Miss T. was happy.

Aunt Mary writes that she has \$90 in your B-port Bank acc't and before this it must be over \$100. Keep up the good work. It is very hot here- 90-94 in the house. The spring and all June and July ?? 12th were cool.

What a state Europe is in. If I did not believe in an all wise, all loving God I should have very little interest in living longer. But He sees the end of man's madness, and to us there is much very much to live for. Much love Father



Monnie and Ralph's wedding day- August 31, 1940- St. John's, Newfoundland, Canada

Monnie is wearing a blue dress with a black velvet hat according to Nancy Butte.

L to R: Phebe M. Beard, Ralph and Marjorie Beard Butt, Reverend Ross, Winnifred Butt (sister), Donald Hambling (Ralph's cousin) [*Names written on back of photo*]

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

In an email to Jana, Nancy Butte wrote: "Ralph was an apprentice with the Hudson's Bay Co. when Monnie met him. It was a long engagement because apprentices were not allowed to marry. Later, they lived in Labrador and then in far northern British Columbia near the Yukon border, managing Hudson's Bay Posts!! That means trading sugar and coffee and blankets with trappers--mostly natives--for furs!! Amazing. I have Indian moccasins for baby John [*born in 1943*], and a photo of the chief who offered a stack of furs for the blond blue-eyed baby boy!! "

*[This letter dated **Sept 8, 1940** was written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Dorothy may come south for Christmas. Hugh is currently not working. She refers to the latest news and Hitler. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

R.D. 1 Clearwater Fla
Sept 8 [1940]

Dear Jerry:

Actually I have an hour all to myself and by myself which I have been waiting for to begin this letter. You have been grand about writing and keeping me posted about family proceedings up there. Monnie is married by now and probably on her way to Davis Inlet for which I am thankful.

Hugh has been away for three days driving his father to Jacksonville, ostensibly to look at roofing for his house, but I think more than half the reason was so that father could get away for a jaunt. He can stand it at home about so long and then he has to go somewhere and do something to break the monotony. Mother is so sweet about it, understanding his need of a change perfectly and not seeming to mind at all. She dislikes travel, in fact anything which upsets her very routine life, but urges him to go when he needs it. Perhaps she finds relief in his absence from his irritability and domination. The men are due back today and I am glad I won't have to spend any more nights alone, tho I didn't mind it much this time. The children are now at Sunday School which explains my unusual solitude.

I was delighted when Dot suggested coming down for Xmas and of course you must come too. Save up your vacations so that you can have the time off (can you?) and if you have any of your old trouble I wish you would come prepared to stay until you feel fit again. Chances are that we won't be here for Hugh should be working by then (heaven knows where) but wherever we are there will certainly be room for you all, and what a jolly Christmas it will be.

Much thanks for the pretty necklace. It will fit alright with a link or two out and it goes beautifully with the dress. I'm glad the mangos hit the spot with you. They really weren't above average in flavor and size but were the best I could do to them. They are long past now, also!

We are entertaining the Shaws from Haines City this week. There are four of them coming so I won't get much sewing or anything else done. They are lovely people so we should have a good time. Lois goes to Maryville college next week.

What a surprise that Bill and Pearl are to be in Berea this year. Have they ever met Gertrude or Chili, and to you think they will like it there?

War news grows worse and poor Mother is agonized. Why won't that awful Hitler stop? If only bad weather would set in.

How goes it in the new department? Hope it doesn't detract from your needed rest to be with others. Love
Kathie

Cynthia calls her stomach her "tummyache" so when it does ache she says her "tommyache hurts." Her most recent game is to find the "cockroach in your mouf". I don't know where she got the idea but she penetrates to the tonsils for investigation.

*[This typewritten letter dated **September 15, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Postage is increasing and mail from the U.S. comes slowly. He refers to all of the activities of the family members. He tells of having to choose who to help in Ing Tai and tells more about the straw mat making business. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson and a copy also is in the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
Sunday, September 15th, 1940.

Dear Gould & Virginia, Hazel & Willard; Kathleen & Hugh, Jacquilin, Cynthia
Geraldine, Dorothy & Harold; Marjorie;
Phebe & Mary; Ben & Abbie; Annie;
Stanley & Myra;

Emma, Etta & Elbert,-

This is the last 50 cent letter I can write they say. After the first of October the rate of foreign postage will be \$1.00 per letter. I am not surprised for the last I heard exchange was 18 to 1.

Your letters came regularly but it takes them a long time. Here are some dates. Geraldine's mailed Chicago July 1, delivered Sept. 9. Emma's mailed Putnam, June 16th. delivered Sept. 9, Century Farm, mailed Bridgeport, 17th. delivered Sept. 9. One from Alice Emery the same. As far as I can be certain we have received all letters, and I do not know of any of ours that have not been received. The letters from home come slowly but they get here, some with the censor's stamp on them but intact.

Your letters are most interesting. Jerry's rising to be the director of the whole shebang, both Gould and Virginia crossing and recrossing the continent, parking one child here another there,- we do not pretend to follow you very closely but we feel you are on the job, whether it's chasing a plane or a husband then Jerry dashing one week to Cincinnati, the next to Minneapolis, between making home runs in the organization of her kennel, Myra in the hospital one week and rushing to a party the next. But his time we do not hear from Stanley. He must be staying on the job. Monnie has had her week with Jerry and now what? Vinnie convalescing. With the ther. at 83 in my room, I have just gotten a towel to wipe my arms to keep the salty water from my arms dripping on the machine. This is the hottest I've seen since the first of July. It has been delightful until today. This last sentence was an interpolation. To start again. Phebe and Mary doing a rushing business in hay,- not so good on the garden. The same was true here, tomatoes were ruined by too much rain and they have not recovered. My package of garden seeds came all right from Burpee. I have the soil ready for putting in lettuce and a few other seeds. Ard is a great old sport, I'll have a talk with him when I get back. Say what was the sequel to that midnite auto race between Dr. Booe [*Boone?*] and his midnite guests? You left them in the middle of the road somewhere in Bridgeport. Elbert and Emma and Etta wearing out the good roads of the country, incidentally calling on a lot of relatives. I am frequently wondering if I'll get another car when I get back. Your reference to the E. Walter Smiths was the first we have heard of that in months. The last I knew there were five or six people in Shanghai waiting to get to Foochow. People are going and coming,- not exactly on pleasure trips,- heard last week that 400 were waiting to get to Shanghai from Foochow.

I left Kuliang Sept. 2 just at the end of a baby typhoon. Mother got up late and she stayed til Sept. 7th. I had planned to come to Ing Tai with Susan Armstrong on the ????. But there was a big flood on and I had one experience last spring coming to Ing Tai in a flood and I did not care to repeat it. So we waited til the 6th and had a nice trip up. I found NeMu had ordered milk for two days already and she had eggs and rice for me I was sumptuously fed and cared for. I found some sheets and a pillow case of Helen's and the room had been closed so long the mosquitoes had not found their way in. My baggage stayed on the boat and came up the next day. I have been up this stretch of the river for \$3.00 lots of times and since coming back for \$8.00. Now the transportation Co. has charge and the price was \$29.70. Rather than spend the nite on the boat Susan and I came on the last six miles, she by foot I by chair. It's a bit humiliating to ride while a lady walks but,- you know why. Ellen is full of her embroidery business with some twelve women. She will likely stay in Foochow till Mrs. Topping gets back about Christmas.

I plan to go to Foochow next Weds, Sept. 18 and return the 25th. for the retreat under the auspices of the Fukien Christian Council. About 9 or 10 of us go from here. There are to be 150 delegates, some 200 in all at the Retreat. It takes in all the northern part of the province.

Foochow College and Wen Shan plan to open the last of the month. All the Ing Tai schools are in full swing. This morning the church was so full some could not find seats. We shall likely put in another service.

The last week has been rather full and what shall I say? harrowing. Rice hangs at 2 lbs. for \$1.00. The poor are hard put to it to get,- not enough, but food to keep alive. They know,- some of them so,- that orphans are given food and bed here and schooling. Women with their young, men with their young, business men with the children of friends and neighbors, old NeMu with those who prevail on her to plead for them. This is the first experience I have had of picking out those whom we can help. I have asked a man of experience, a Chinese preacher-teacher, whom I baptized when he was 4 years old up on one of these beautiful mountains,- a true and faithful man, to sit with me and help in the selection. I may be getting a bad name but I know I'm getting a good name in some minds. They tell me Ned Smith used to have to dash out of one room into another across the hall and lock the door to keep them from tramping on him. Before I knew this I had closed and locked the door and let them in one by one. One woman tried to force her way in as I was letting in a little boy. I tried to close the door, telling her to wait. She grabbed the edge of the door and was forcing herself in. I took her hand and had to use about all my strength to unclasp her hold of the door. I think it had a good effect on the rest for there were no more of that kind of acting. One noon as I was at lunch with Miss Armstrong a little boy of about ten came up the walk and

walked right in the door and grabbed my arm with both hands. "I have no father, no mother, you must help me." I looked at him and told him plainly to let go of my arm. After telling him three or four times he obeyed. Then I told him to go to the door. He did, I did not know what he would do when I went home but he followed me only a short distance and I lost him.

I have written about a plan to get the blind men to make straw matting. I had everything all set just as I left for the summer. When I came up ten days ago I found 25 mats, and there are two more now. But a greater innovation is that there are only part of the blind men who do the work. The others do not know how. I told one of them a troublesome fellow that I wanted him to learn. He demurred, then I went to three of the leaders in the work here and asked what they thought of the proposal. They all agreed it should be done. But they all wanted me to do it. I told them plainly that it was more to them than to me. If they would stand behind me I would do it. Yesterday I took him down to the shop and introduced him to the workers. I think he will do it. If not he will find his own living. These mats are a superior article and will sell for 25% more than ordinary mats, - if we ever get our own students, - orphans supplied. Incidentally I am learning a lot from this business. A grass has been found near here (thus far all grass has come from Foochow) that makes a superior mat but not as strong for boys to play on. Grown ups prefer it. We now have the grass, the frame and all for using it to make mats.

I have credited the King's Daughters of the Shelton Cong'l ch. with \$10.00, and I'll write them soon. I am sorry for Mr. Strickland and for the family. When he gets better he must learn how to conserve his strength. It always seemed to me he was doing a lot of things that were not of the greatest importance. I have always maintained that the successful man was the one who knew and did what was of prime importance and who has the sagacity and will power to leave undone secondary things. And I have found this a very difficult program to carry out.

The government is calling for all graduates of Junior High schools and above. All the graduates of our Ing Tai schools have positions as far as I know. This is a great help to me for formally it was very difficult to find jobs for boys with only that amount of schooling. The magistrate here has practically promised to use all the graduates we can turn out.

With love to all Father

*[This letter, dated **September 20, 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Catherine Hsueh, wife of the principal of Foochow College to her friends. She has just been in American and tells about her trip back and the challenge of getting from Shanghai to Foochow. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Foochow, Fukien, China
September 20, 1940

Dear Friends:-

How happy we are to be at home in Foochow this morning after almost two months of travel, some of which was dangerous and trying especially from Shanghai to Foochow; but yesterday morning we reached our home at Fairy Bridge.

After leaving San Francisco on August 9th, we had a very pleasant trip until after we left Kobe, Japan, where we met a strong typhoon. On August 26th, instead of reaching Shanghai in the morning we got there at about ten o'clock P.M. on account of the typhoon. We had to go ashore that night because the boat had to leave there for Hongkong the next day. My heart and mind were very tense because I had no idea where to go. During that time I just prayed God to lead me. When the launch came to the dock, I heard a voice calling me, "Mrs. Hsueh" from far away. You cannot imagine how happy I was to see two of my husband's former students coming to meet me and they took us to a hotel in the British concession. For twenty days we lived in that hotel. Because of the improper food, my youngest daughter, Elizabeth had a digestive upset. I had a very hard time then. On one hand, we thought that we could not dare to come back to Foochow because no boat was safe. A week before we reached Shanghai a boat for Foochow was pirated and all the passengers were sent back to Shanghai except nine who were kidnapped. The day we reached Shanghai from America, another boat tried to come to Foochow but was stopped and all the passengers were disembarked at a wild place on the coast and had to walk overland for more than twenty days. On the other hand, we could not live in Shanghai longer because living in the hotel was very expensive - - \$15.00 a day for lodging, \$15.00 a day for board. It is very crowded in Shanghai - - not a single room could we rent outside the hotel. It was a very trying time. There was no way to stay in Shanghai and no way to come back to Foochow.

While I was thinking and worrying, a person came to tell me that another boat would go to Foochow soon. Immediately I decided to take my children home. Many people thought that I was very foolish to attempt this. It would be dangerous for the children and there was no way to take any baggage. For nights I could not sleep well. I prayed earnestly to the Lord asking Him what I should do.

One morning when I got up I said to myself that I should go to buy tickets. On September 12th, we took a boat which had not definite destination. On the 17th, the boat could not go further so it anchored in the open sea outside a small, unfrequented harbor. While I was standing on deck wondering how to get my children and baggage suddenly we all saw Donald in a small boat with both hands raised in welcome. Then the burden dropped from my shoulders. He explained that he had no certain word of our coming to that harbor, but he determined to go on a chance to that particular port himself and sent a friend to another place to meet us in case we got through the blockade. Then we took a boat to the shore and from there we took sedan chairs across the mountains toward the Min River. Another day by sail-boat and on September 19th, at 3:30 in the morning we reached our home. It was all right for grown up people to travel day and night but it was very hard for the children. We thank the Lord that we reached home safe; and we were doubly grateful to have reached home in safety that when we learned that the next two boats that followed us were turned back to Shanghai by bombing planes. Only this one boat could have brought us to our destination without terrible fear and danger.

The first day that our children were at home they ran about the compound to see everything that they remembered. Elizabeth asked why there was no fruit on a tree that Mabelle had planted. When we answered that it had to be gathered, she said, "Blow me down! Didn't they leave me one?"

On the American steamer to Shanghai there were fifteen vicious criminals on board who were being deported, but who were allowed to be free in the boat. It was hot but I had to keep the children in the cabin, but this annoyance did not compare with the difficulty from Shanghai to Foochow.

The day after we arrived at Foochow the siren blew twice. All the people have got used to it, but our children got scared. Fortunately the bombing planes did not come to the city. Poor people are everywhere around. Many are starving. They are enduring unspeakable suffering.

The children and I are indebted to so many American friends for love, sympathy, help and prayers that we are sending you word at once of our safe arrival in Foochow.

I hasten to send this letter as our family will go to Ingtai, an interior town where my husband has moved Foochow College. There our work will be at least for the coming year.

Please do not hesitate to send letters for all first class mail is sure to reach me.

With much love and deep appreciation from all of us.

Affectionately yours,

Catherine Lin Hsueh

Mrs. Donald Hsueh
Foochow College
Ingtai, Fukien,
China



This is a photo of Catherine Lin and Donald Hsueh (Principal of Foochow College) taken on their wedding day,
January 24, 1922 in Foochow

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

*[This note dated **about Fall of 1940** was written possibly from Savannah, GA by Jill to her Aunt Jerry (Geraldine). She thanks her for the books Geraldine gave her. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Fall of 1940]

Dear Aunt Jerry

I am learning to read the books that you gave me. Can you come to see me for Christmas? I want to climb trees with you.

Love
Jill

*[This letter dated **Fall of 1940** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Jerry. He requests that Geraldine send another diary for 1941. A group of missionaries arrived in Foochow just one month after leaving San Francisco. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Fall of 1940]

Dear Jerry-

If I am not mistaken the two last mails have brought each a letter from you. When this reaches you it will be most time to think about another Diary= one for 1941. How far away that used to seem.

Last nite or rather this a.m. at 2:30 the following people arrived for our mission from the U.S.- They made the trip from San Francisco in a month,- just happened to make good connections in Shanghai.

Dr. and Mrs. Sam Leger, Eva Asher, Leona Burr, - Mrs. Donald Sieh or Hseuh- Miss Uong Sieu ding, Mr. Tang Ng Bue.

One telegram from Monnie came just a day or two ago. I came down from Ing Tai yesterday, - ostensibly to attend a Retreat. But I had 3 blind boys to look after all the way over to their school up at the north gate- and a woman who is coming to the hospital for an operation. There were some 15 in the party. We made the first lap of the journey in good time, got to launch at 10. Waited until 2 p.m. It got stuck on a sand bar and had to wait for tide. Then we towed 2 sam pans down and got to land at Uong Bing at 5:45. I had the 3 blind boys and a sick woman to look after and got home about 9:30.

How we shall look for the next letter from Monnie and for the comments of you all.

With much love

Father

Conserve your strength.

[on a separate smaller piece of paper]

I should like a Diary a little wider than the one you sent last year- about the size of these lines. But this is not at all essential. A diary is the need.

[This letter, dated November 15, 1940, was written from Ingtai, China by Catherine Hsueh, wife of the principal of Foochow College to her friends. She tells about the difficulty of traveling from Foochow to Ingtai by river. Conditions are difficult in China and the teachers and students are trying to continue on despite malaria, shortages of rice and overall problems. The school needs to now build sanitary bathrooms for their 800 boys. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

Foochow College,
Ingtai, Fukien, China.
Nov. 15, 1940

Dear Friends:-

By this time perhaps you have received my last letter telling about our safe arrival in Foochow. Now we are at Ingtai, an interior place where Foochow College is, about thirty-five miles from Foochow City. The trip from Foochow to Ingtai was harder than the one from America to Shanghai.

After staying in our home in the city for two weeks we began to re-pack our things for Ingtai. On Sept. 8th we left Foochow at midnight on a sampan towed by a small launch. The next morning early we came to a rapid where we had to change to a "rat boat" which is still smaller than a sampan.

Ingtai river is very narrow and has more than twenty rapids on the way between Ingtai and Foochow. When the boat came to a rapid the four boatmen jumped into the water, one man at each end of the boat to push it up and the other two men to pull on a long bamboo rope tied to the mast. It required a skilful man to handle the long oar at the end of the boat. One of the boats in which we had put some baggage crashed against the rocks in the rapids and was wrecked and all the games which our American friends gave to our children were lost and some of our clothes spoiled. Fortunately we had put most of our baggage in the boat on which we were.

After two nights on the way we arrived at our destination. The children were very happy to get on shore. We went to live in a Chinese house which is not as good as most of the barns in America. We cleaned it and repaired it and made some stools out of some old boards and made partitions of some pieces of cloth and the children picked some wild flowers for the first decoration. Now since we are used to it we realize that it is better than thousands of other people's homes.

The children go to school while I keep house and teach five hours a week and help Donald with his school work so as to make contacts with the students. This year we have about 1400 students in Foochow College, 800 in the High School at Ingtai and 600 in the Primary in the city. The 800 students up here have a very hard time for they have no proper place to live. Many are still sleeping on the floor until beds can be made. There is no place to buy nourishing food. Sometimes we see some carried on the street but the price is terribly high. The students are hungry most of the time, because all they have to eat is old rice and a little bit of vegetable to make it palatable. My children always come from school hungry and, after searching the cupboard, exclaim that our cupboard is emptier than "Old Mother Hubbard's."

Even though the students have a very hard time, they have never complained. They are very ambitious to prepare themselves for future usefulness.

Not only the students have been patient during the transition from the City campus to this barren hillside, but the teachers have borne all these discomforts bravely. Not one teacher or his family has been free from malaria. Rice has been so scarce and so expensive that the teachers have suffered great hardship. Still they remained faithful to the school. Sometimes it breaks my heart to see these educated men suffering for enough food. Because the price of food is so high, and salaries in mission schools are so low, these loyal teachers have partly starved, and their families never have really enough food. We ought to do better by these educated, trained workers. If not, at the close of this war these people will be exhausted. How I long for just a share of the good things of America to pour into my suffering country! You can imagine how hard my husband has tried in every way to better the condition of his teachers and their families. His responsibility is truly very heavy. Will you remember him in your prayers and in your planning for the new year, that his health and courage may continue? There are marvelous opportunities in our work right now and we want to meet them bravely in a Christian spirit.

How glad we are that friends provided so much quinine! Every day the school nurse gives it out to many patients. It is like part of our food now. Every week we have to take some in order to prevent our getting malaria.

The living conditions are really very hard for everybody but there are some compensations. In the thirteen years that my husband and I have been connected with Foochow College we have never before seen such great spiritual longing on the part of the students. Because the church is small, the student body is divided into four groups for Sunday services, besides Sunday School and Bible Classes. At Christmas time twenty more of our boys will be received into church membership.

Since my husband came back from America in 1939 he has been struggling to make the hillside more comfortable for the students. Because of limited finances our development is very slow. We have a proverb in China, "Even a skillful woman cannot cook a meal without rice". No matter how good the plans are we cannot carry them out without financial help. Now we are still in need of funds to build sanitary bathrooms for 800 boys. When the school fled to Ing tai the health conditions were unspeakable. During this year my husband has made all the improvements that we had money for and has engaged a trained nurse and a graduate doctor, for there is not other medical help nearer than Foochow City. In spite of this, we are finding it impossible to fight against skin diseases which the students get from lack of bathing facilities.

A contractor has estimated that \$250.00 U.S. will be sufficient to build enough bathrooms to keep the boys in health and cleanliness. May God open some way for us!

My family and I are keeping well for which I am very thankful. I love to hear from you. Please write to me when you have time. I am very lonesome for America and the good friends there. This letter may reach you around Christmas time. Last year at this time we were near you. This year we are far away from each other. All that I can give you this year for a Christmas present is heaps of love and our deep appreciation. May our dear Lord bless you and take good care of you all. "The Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means."

Affectionately yours,

Catherine Lin Hsueh

[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 29, 1940 was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He sends a report of the work in Ing Tai. He heard from his sister, Phebe, about Monnie and Ralph's wedding. He requests that she send ½ pounds of Royal Baking Powder to Ellen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Ing Tai, Foochow, China
Nov. 29- 1940

Dear Geraldine:-

This is a trial letter. I wanted to write sort of a report of the work in Ing Tai since I came up. Paper and print ink are so high, it would cost me over \$50.00 to have the letter printed, so I borrowed the copying apparatus from Dung Ing and tried my luck. The stencil paper is a bit different from what I used to write with nearly 50 years ago, and 50 years of disuse has shown its effect. I hope you will have patience to read it. I will send a copy to each of our own so you may [have] this to work on at odd moments, if you know what that means. I have no such things.

Aunt Phebe's two letters written after she had been to St. Johns and seen Monnie married are most interesting. How I have devoured them. And how I long for a letter from Mrs. Ralph Butt herself. Mother and I have read Aunt Phebe's letter separately now we'll have to read them again when we are together. I hope your new location is proving satisfactory. Since reading your last letter, I told mother it was good not to read anything about your health. It ought to mean that you had forgotten it. I hope so.

I trust you received my check all right. I should have sent Christmas greetings in the last letter, but I did not so they are reinforced by a delay of two weeks. I did not get Gould's birthday greetings in either.

Last nite we had our Ing Tai Thanksgiving. The six Americans, Helen Smith, Mary Frances Buckhout, Alice Tapley, Susan Armstrong, Lucy Lanktree, and Mrs. Donald Hsueh, Mr. and Mrs. Iong Ming Sung and Miss Uong Sieu Ding, - English speaking. We had a rooster and a hen and lots of good things and pumpkin pie that was GOOD to top off. The E. Walter Smiths have written that they are on the way to Foochow. The Board sent them to Peiping in spite of the wish expressed by practically all the missionaries here and at home and the vote of the Synod and the telegram to the Board from the Synod. Now the question is where will they go first? They say in the letter that they wish to come straight to Ing Tai.

Say do you want to see if you can mail Mother a ½ lb. tin of Royal Baking Powder? We can get practically every thing we need except that.

I am mailing this now and will have it printed for the others, so you will get it in advance of the others, altho in a sort of hodge podge.

The ther. this morning is at 55 degrees.

Lovingly yours,
Father

Since I wrote this the E. Walter Smiths write that they are leaving Peiping hoping to come straight to Ing Tai starting "before Thanksgiving."

I. Living conditions

These have eased up a little. Rice has gone down from 2 lbs to 3 lbs for one dollar. Hemp from \$1.70 to 70 cents for 10 lbs. The government has decided on the price of some commodities. Pork and chicken are fixed at \$1.44 per lb. Transportation for a sedan chair with 2 men \$1.20 per puo = 3 ½ miles. 70 cents per puo to a ?? road.

II. Education

Ing Tai has become an educational center. Our own school, Dung Ing, has nearly 800 pupils in kindergarten, lower primary, high primary and junior high. In the refugee schools from 700 Foochow are, - Foochow College 800. Wenshan Girls 400, Baoi Ching from Diong Loh, 200. Y.M.C.A. 6 miles down river 400. A government school 12 miles down 400. It is difficult to find suitable leaders for all the Bible classes the students ask for. They conduct Endeavor societies themselves that are alive. A class of 38 students and 4 workmen is preparing for church membership at the next communion. Attendance at church services is voluntary, and it is necessary to hold four services each Sunday to accommodate the students and others who attend. Pastor Ling invites some of the teachers and myself to help in preaching.

III. Conferences

In July we held a very satisfying two days meeting with the Christian workers of the district. All leaders were from Ing Tai. The meetings proved very helpful, specially the Bible study periods, in which all were asked to quietly study John 3/ one day, and Rom. 12/ the next day and then each gave one thought from his study. The verdict at the close of the meeting was, - "fully satisfying." In Sept. 10 of us attended a conference in Foochow sponsored by the Fukien Christian Council. 200 men met for a week of Christian fellowship. Travel conditions delayed 2 leaders from outside Foochow. Sometimes it is good to be thrust on your own resources.

IV. Annual Meeting of Synod

The Annual Meeting of the Mid-Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China was held in Foochow in the beautiful, quiet, convenient buildings of the Union kindergarten, now meeting in Yang Kau, nearly 200 miles up the Min River. It was purposely short and small, - 47 members with as many more attending. A spirit of unity, comradeship and helpfulness was present from beginning to end. Some revision of the constitution was made. The voting members of the Synod are:-the General Secretary and Associate, 2. 10 members from each Diong Loh and Ing Tai and 15 from Foochow. 17, 10, 10, 15 = 52 in all. I think it is possible to co'opt a few. The Executive Secretaries of the synod are ex officer members of all executive committees and Boards of Managers with vote. An attempt was made to limit the time of office of the general sec'y of the synod to two terms. It failed. Rev. Ling Iu Au was elected Gen'l Sec'y. Hung Seng Huang was elected Gen'l Sec'y of the Foochow district and Educational Sec'y of the synod. A comm. was elected to work out a system for salaries of workers.

Two men were ordained. Ling Kung Ek and Ling Ching Ing both of Ing Tai. This service had not been planned by the agenda committee.

Please turn to page 2

It seemed necessary to hold it on the last evening, which had been reserved for the Holy Communion. The suggestion was made that we omit the Holy Communion. A layman said he considered the Holy Communion the most important and helpful service of the Annual Meeting. He saved the day and the Holy Communion was held Friday morning at 6:30 o'clock with a full attendance, and all with whom I talked agreed that it was the most helpful service of the Annual Meeting.

The new industry of mat-weaving with straw is moving nicely. To date the blind men have made 59 mats. The orphans are supplied and we have sold \$16.00 worth. These mats that we make are better than any that can be purchased in this region. Ours sell for \$3.00, while others bring \$2.00. We are negotiating for a loom on which to make wash cloths for the orphans. We need 300. Those for sale here are thin and very dear.

We are living off the country. Practically nothing comes from farther away than the port of Foochow. From there we get fish, fresh and salt. No Irish potatoes, but the Chinese sweet potatoes are good. We have had only taste of beef since Sept. that came from Foochow two lbs. We grind our own Ing Tai wheat for cereal and buy flour from Foochow. The only commodity that we must get from home is baking powder. That our friends send in ½ lb. tins thru the mail from the U.S. The Chinese fruits are delicious. Bananas are plentiful and very good. Persimmons and pumelo are also plentiful and very good. Soon we shall have the winter persimmons that will last till February. We will have our first lettuce tomorrow, OUR THANKSGIVING. Our gardens promise carrots, beets, cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, parsnips, strawberries. Most of the seeds came from Burpee's.

I came near forgetting another industry that is saving us about \$75.00 a term. The barber was charging 2 cents a head for cutting the orphan's hair when I came here last spring. In June he doubled the price. In Sept. he wanted 8 cents. I suggested that some of the boys learn the trade. Two of the teachers said at once, "O one of the boys knows how in my department, that made two barbers. I said go quick and buy the clippers and shears etc. "But" said one of the teachers "perhaps some of the larger boys will not take kindly to a little boy barber. I told them I would see to that. I went for a hair cut. "It would be better for the boy to come to your house", said one of the teachers. I told him that would defeat my purpose. Many pairs of eyes watched the orphan cut my hair. Thus far no complaint from the older boys has reached me. Two fastidious young American ladies pronounced my hair cut a good one.

We plan to stay here in Ing Tai on the job, altho we know all about the call to come home. No one in Ing Tai or Foochow as far as I know is asking for a sailing.

Your help in helping Ing Tai orphan boys develop into helpful Chinese citizens with Christian attitudes toward world problems.

Willard L. Beard

*[This typewritten letter dated **November 30, 1940** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to friends. He talks about the cost of food and the difficulty in obtaining it for 800 students. Ing Tai has become a great educational center. His mat-weaving business is working out well and they now have student barbers cutting the boys hair to save the school money. Ships arrive from the U.S. to take Americans back because of the political situation, but from past experience, Willard feels that they are not in danger for the time being and prefers to stay with the work. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A copy of the letter was donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
November 30th, 1940

Dear Friends:-

Below I have tried to give a few of the most important doings connected with the Christian Movement in Ing Tai during the past few months. The cost of food and the difficulty of getting it at any price, is the subject of nearly half the conversation of every one. As I write this, the heads of the Dung Ing schools do not know where to get rice for supper for the 800 students to day. It is engaged from farmers but the officials will not allow it to come

in. But in some way or other the Lord will provide.” The treasury for this work is empty. But again “in some way or other the Lord will provide.”

Living conditions are easing up a little. Rice has gone down from 2 lbs. for \$1.00 to 3 lbs. 3 oz. for \$1.00. Hemp from \$1.70 for 100 lbs. to \$70.00. The government has fixed the prices of some articles. Pork and chicken at \$1.44 per lb. transportation, 1 sedan chair, 1 puo (3 1/3 miles) \$1.20, with 2 men. A load of 70 lbs. 70 cents a puo.

Ing Tai has become a great educational center in the last two years. Our own school, Dung Ing, has nearly 800 pupils in kindergarten, lower primary, higher primary and junior high. In the refugee schools from Foochow are:- Foochow College with 800 plus, Wenshan Girl's School 400, Buoi Ching from Diong Loh 200, Y.M.C.A. six miles down river 400. It is difficult to find suitable leaders for all the Bible classes the students ask for. They conduct Endeavor societies themselves that are very interesting. A class of 38 students and 4 workmen is preparing for church membership. Attendance at church service is voluntary, and it is necessary to hold four services on Sunday to accommodate the students who attend. The one pastor cannot preach four times in one day (he walks five miles to conduct a service for Buoi Ching school Saturday afternoon) so other teachers and I help in the preaching.

In July we held a very satisfying 2 days meeting of the Christian workers of the whole district. The leaders were all from Ing Tai. The meetings were very helpful, specially the Bible Study periods, in which all were asked to quietly study John 3 on one day and Rom. 12 on the other day and each person then gave one thought from his study. The verdict at the close of the meetings was “fully satisfied”. In Sept., ten of us attended a conference in Foochow sponsored by the Fukien Christian Council. Two hundred men and women from the northern part of the province met for a week of Christian fellowship. We had the promise of help from Shanghai, but travel conditions made this impossible, so all leaders were Foochowites. Sometimes it is good to be thrust on your own resources.

The Annual Meeting of the Fukien Synod of the Church of Christ in China was this year held in Foochow in the beautiful, quiet, convenient buildings of the Union Kindergarten Training School, now refugeeing. The meeting was purposely small and short. There were 47 members present from beginning to end. Some revision of the constitution was made. Two men were ordained. Ling Kung Ek and Ling Chiong Ing, both from Ing Tai. This ordination service had not been planned by the agenda committee. It seemed necessary to hold it on the last evening, which had been reserved for the Holy Communion. The suggestion was made that we omit the communion. A layman spoke and said, he considered the Communion the most important and helpful service of the Annual Meeting. He saved the day and the Holy Communion was held Friday morning at 6:30 o'clock. There was a full attendance, and all with whom I have spoken agree that it was the most helpful service of the Annual Meeting.

The new industry of mat-weaving with straw is moving nicely. To date the blind men have made 61 mats. The orphans are supplied and we have sold \$16 worth. A shop on the street has agreed to take all we can produce at \$3.20 a mat. This is \$1.00 more than ordinary mats are selling for. There is no mat-weaving industry in Ing Tai. A young man, a former student here has become partially blind. He has asked to learn the trade. He has been at work for a month, and I am now helping him to get the loom and start the business for himself. There is possibility that he may take the business off our hands and the support of these blind men also. This will give the blind men self respect and be a great relief to us. We are negotiating for a loom on which to make the wash cloths that are a necessity to every Chinese and the orphans must have them.

We are now living off the country. Practically nothing that we eat or use comes from farther away than Foochow. From there we get at intervals, fish, salt and fresh. We have had no Irish potatoes since Sept. The Chinese sweet potato is good. We have had one taste of beef since Sept. that was sent from Foochow,- 2 lbs. We grind our own Ing Tai wheat for cereal and for course flour, grown in Ing Tai. The finer flour comes from Foochow. It is made there from wheat grown nearby. We can not get Baking Powder. This must come from the U.S. Some of our friends are sending it by post. It comes thru all right. The Chinese fruits and vegetables are delicious. Persimmons and pumelo just now are plentiful and GOOD. The hung gek will be here in two weeks and they are as good as oranges. The oranges are already here and there are the two kinds, the so called Florida and the loose skinned. We are all right for fruit till next March. From Burpee's seeds we have already had lettuce and radishes and turnip (one). Carrots, beets, cabbage, kohl rabi, parsnips, kale, peas, corn (if the frost holds off another month,) and strawberries, to come next April. Most of the seeds that you will plant next spring we have already planted and lettuce we are now eating and continue to eat till the weather gets too hot next year.

I came near forgetting another industry that is saving us about \$75.00 a term. The barber was charging 2 cents a head for cutting the orphans hair last spring. In June he doubled the price. In Sept. he wanted 8 cents. I suggested that some of the boys learn the trade. At once two of the teachers said "One of the boys in my department know how." This made two barbers, ready made. I said go quick and buy the clippers and shears etc. "But" said one of the teachers "the older boys may not take kindly to a little boy barber." "Leave that to me" I said. I went for a hair cut. "You had better have the boy come to your house. It will be quieter." "Yes, but it would defeat my purpose." So I was barbered with many eyes looking on. Thus far I have heard no objection from the older boys. Two fastidious American ladies pronounced my hair cut a good one.

We know all about the special ships coming to Shanghai to take away Americans. We know all about the efforts to get Americans to go home. We plan to stay here on the job. As far as I know no one has asked for a reservation on a Pacific steamer for the U.S. Mrs. Beard and I have seen several tense situations here in Foochow during the past 46 years. We are pretty sure that if God wants us to leave he will make it clearer than we have yet seen this time.

Your help in helping Ing Tai Orphan boys develop into helpful Chinese citizens with Christian attitudes toward world problems.

Willard L. Beard

The next five photos were probably taken in 1940 when Willard and Ellen were stationed in Ing Tai.



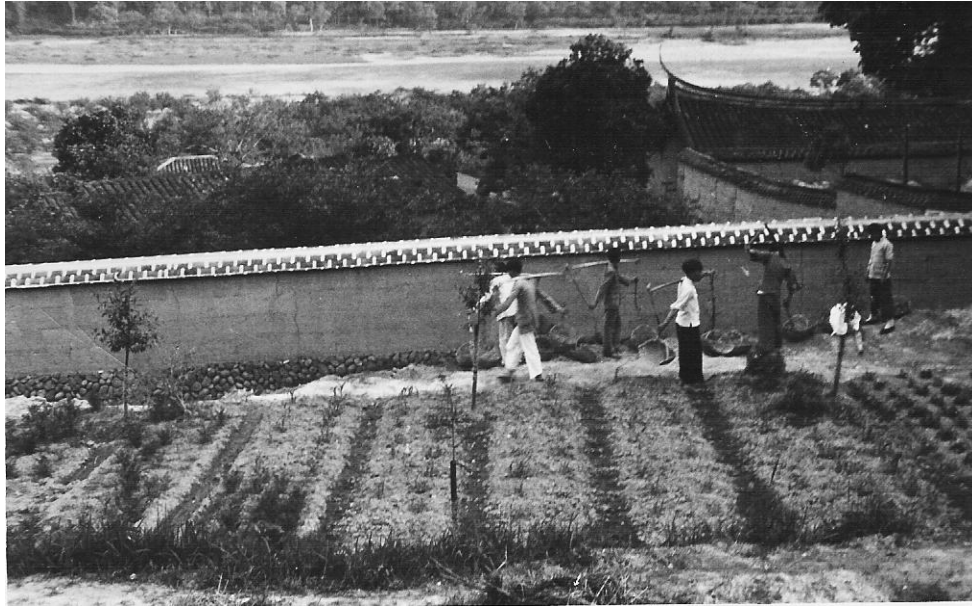
Written on back of photo: "Large farm house Ing Tai"



Written on back of photo: "Bridge Ing Tai Country"



Written on back of photo: "Inside front door of large farm house Ing Tai"
Note farm implements



Written on back of photo: "Students working.
Basket Ball court and garden."



Written on back of photo: "Gardens Ing Tai "

The Ingtai Station. The whole aspect of the Ingtai station has been very greatly changed as a result of the war. This town has suddenly become an educational center of first importance, and a visitor is as conscious of the student life as when visiting New Haven or Cambridge. Ingtai has been very hospitable in the manner in which it has provided for the many guests from Foochow, but it has not been easily done. I believe that the Ingtai Academy itself now has more than eight hundred students, so it is making full use of its regular equipment. However, there has been a good deal of "doubling up" and room has been found for everyone. Nearby houses have been rented, a number of new buildings have been constructed - mostly of the famous Ingtai tamped earth, and a Buddhist [Buddhist?] Nunnery was purchased! The town has suffered only one bombing raid, and at that time no student was injured, so the move into the country has seemed to be justified. About five miles above Ingtai, further into the

mountains, at a large family estate, the P'ei Ching Middle School from Diongloh is housed. This is a school for boys and girls. Here in the solitude of the mountains is such a place for study as the ancient sages of China found so stimulation and there have been few thoughts of the bombers that have so often threatened the Foochow region. – Arthur O. Rinden

The Foochow Station. The work of the Foochow station has probably been affected more than that either Diongloh or Ing tai as a result of the war. By the end of April (1940) there had already been sixty-five bomb raids on the city, which destroyed a large amount of property, and were the cause of large numbers of people leaving the city; a great deal of government pressure has also been exerted to this end, as a safety measure. Some bombs have exploded so near to our churches that a considerable amount of property damage was suffered, but I believe that no one of our workers has been killed. – Arthur O. Rinden

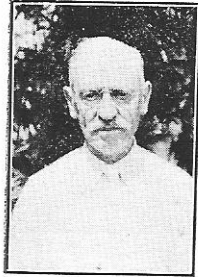
Diongloh Station. Diongloh has been affected by the war in much the same way as Foochow. Many people have moved away - - about all those who were financially able, but not a few refugees from occupied regions have moved home again. Various places in the district have been bombed, and two of the churches have been damaged - - one on the coast where it was shelled by war boats, and the other at Pagoda Anchorage, located all too near the Navy work shops. There has been a good deal of work by the women of the churches in preparing clothes for refugees in other regions; this same work is done in the churches of Foochow largely under the direction of Miss Martha Wiley. – Arthur O. Rinden

Industrial Work. A certain amount of industrial work - - sewing, embroidery etc. was started by Miss Josephine Walker for the women who came as refugees from Shaowu to Foochow; this was later carried on by Mrs. Topping, when Miss Walker returned to Shaowu, and is now being cared for by Mrs. Beard. It makes it possible for a group of Christian women to earn their own living. – Arthur O. Rinden

From: Getting Acquainted with the Foochow Mission, China by the ABCFM, 1940-41 [*From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]



Willard (standing by the pillar) and students from Ing Tai Academy (see flag). About 1940.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Willard L. Beard

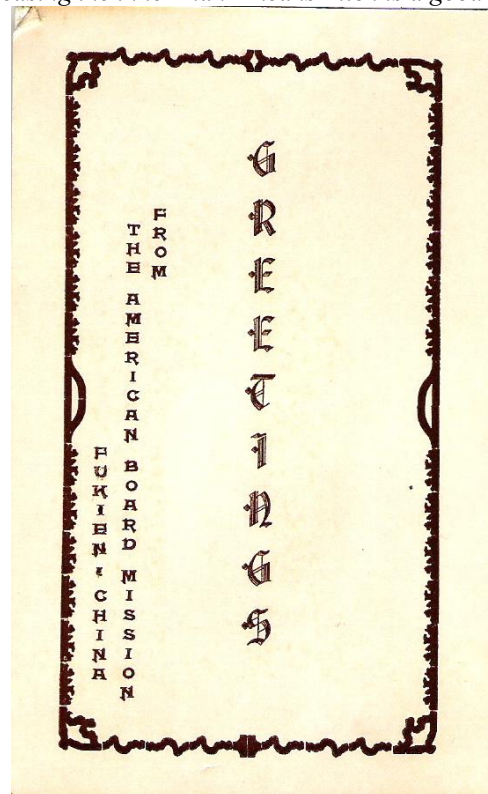
FAMILIARLY called the "Bishop of the American Board," he carries a heavy load of activities with a vigor that belies his forty years in China.

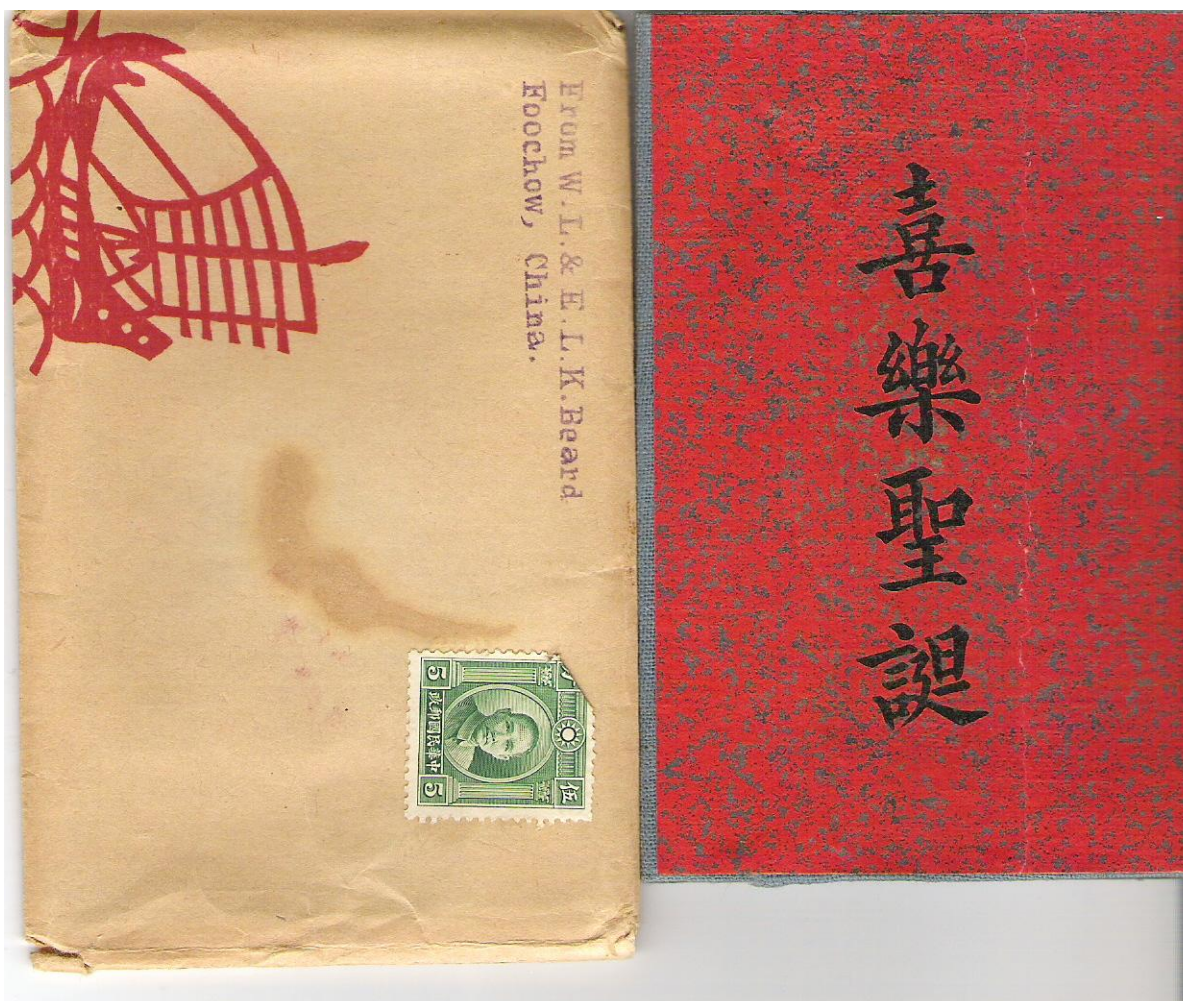


Mrs. W. L. Beard

PAST mistress in the art of pleasing the inner man, but never lets this interfere with teaching at Foochow College and other missionary duties.

[*"Pleasing the inner man" means Ellen is a good cook.*]

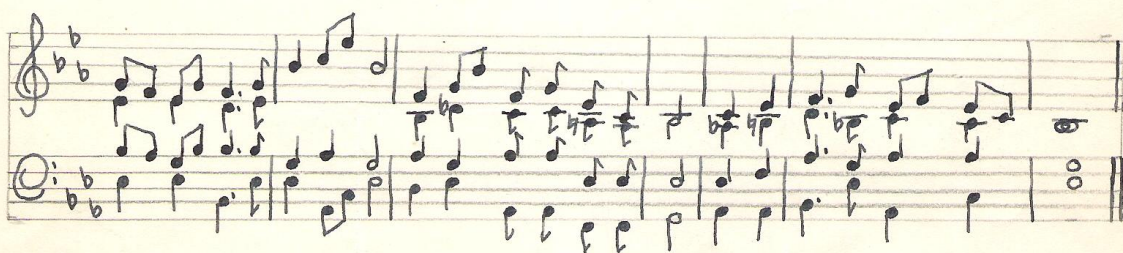




The envelope and cardboard covering or sleeve that holds the directory. The directory is in a fan folded fashion.
Other missionary photos from this directory have been inserted throughout these letters. Dated before July
1936.

[Directory in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

1. Hô-sék ngô cã iu siu-dik,
Cung dô hung-ak gik chok lik,
Siang-nôi siang gung sông lải ương,
Gaukchey hiông chông ik cã cık.
Hô dẽ ẽ hiông iu nguông mỉnh,
Ik ciông giẽ ngiẽ iing lải lỉnh,
Ik ciông giẽ ngiẽ iing lải lỉnh.
2. Ê-duãng siã-gâu buông bók kék,
Hung cũi sủk sỏ giêng siã pék,
Ciũ hong, ẽ-piêng, bẻng đũ-baũk,
Hũng-hũng bẻi-sủk huai iông-sék.
Hô mủ bók Chĩng, cũi bók kểu,
Bẻng-iũ bók sẻng cã sông ấu,
Bẻng-iũ bók sẻng cã sông ấu.
3. Giêng iu siu-dik siók bók cẻng,
Pỏ hiẽ ciẻng-cải hẻi sẻng-nẻng,
Lỏk lủng lỉnh-hung gẻng chẻi-chẻk,
Siông dỏ sẻng đong kủ i-sẻng,
Siỏn ói Gẻu-Ciỏ cẻu đong sẻng,
Giũ i gẻng-gẻng gẻu hủa mỉnh,
Giũ i gẻng-gẻng gẻu hủa mỉnh.
4. Gẻ-Dỏk cẻu sẻ iẻng-sẻng nguỏn,
Đũ cẻ gẻng ửi Gẻu-sẻi-bẻng,
Tẻ-nẻng sủk-cỏi mủ Gẻu-Ciỏ,
Cẻi-nẻng Ông-Hẻi đũ sẻk cẻng.
Kỏng-giũ Tiẻng-Hỏ Gẻng Sẻng-sẻng,
Sẻi nẻng sẻng Ciỏ cẻng hủng-lẻng,
Sẻi nẻng sẻng Ciỏ cẻng hủng-lẻng.



Please return to

WYLLIE WOLFE
WYLLIE WOLFE
WYLLIE WOLFE

When you have finished with it