

1946

- UN General Assembly meets for first time and League of Nations dissolves
- Benjamin Spock publishes book on childcare
- Willard and Ellen are at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Jacksonville, Florida
- Willard is 81, Ellen- 78, Gould- 50, Geraldine- 48, Dorothy- 45, Marjorie- 40 and Kathleen- 38.

[This letter, dated Jan. 1, 1946, was written from Manhasset, NY by Gould to Willard, Ellen, Hugh, Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia. Willard and Ellen are visiting at Kathleen and Hugh's house in Florida. Gould talks about the past Christmas. He tells about some of his work travels. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

6 Martin Place
Manhasset, N.Y.
Jan 1st, 1946

Dear Father, Mother, Hugh, Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia:

What a family! You must have had a grand time all together this Xmas. So did we with all the Spaces here at the house. Mother and Father Space and Lillian and all her family were here from Sunday nite till Wednesday morning. Roberta and Jodee came down the night before Xmas and stayed with Fred and Nancy and they were all here for Xmas dinner on Xmas Eve. Ginny had the big dinner then so that the tree could take preference on Xmas day. I carved up one 19# turkey completely Xmas eve and half of a 14# turkey for afternoon cold dinner Xmas day. We found beds for everyone except Hazel who slept on the couch cushions of the floor in our room. Roberta and Jodee slept at Fred and Nan's. The package containing the book ends, fur mittens and grand sticks of candy came, a couple of days after Xmas and we all had a lot of fun opening it.

Work was piling up so fast before Xmas that I got rather tired and had a hard time getting into the zest for celebrating that the others had. Hazel and Willard were out of school with the flu the week before Xmas but all the kids were ok on the 25th. All the kids pitched in and decorated the tree on Sunday night and had a grand time. Our tree is a little smaller this year, but is a shade prettier than last year.

Mother and Father will be interested in knowing that we flew to Tulsa that Sunday nite when we left LaGuardia. We had about 4 hrs. rest then and took off to arrive at Santa Monica at 8:00 a.m. We were very tired when we arrived, but had to stay around till the plane was unloaded and fly it to Burbank, then catch a taxi back to Santa Monica and the hotel. Got to bed about 4:00 in the afternoon and slept till 10:00 p.m. then dressed and went out to eat a leisurely, late dinner. The next two days I spent checking the DC-6 mockup. Thursday morning we took out of Burbank for Tulsa via El Paso as there were storms and cold fronts across the route and we might need more fuel to fly over Tulsa if the weather continued bad. We arrived there about 7:00 p.m. Tulsa time and after looking the New York weather over we decided to hold at Tulsa for 12 hrs and let the front pass over that was due over N.Y. about the time we would have arrived if we went straight thru. The next day we had a good trip there on top of the overcast all the way.

We had a beautiful white Christmas in the north. Christmas night it started to rain and by the next morning the rain had melted almost all the snow. We have had a rather wet snow and a rash of rain since Xmas and today it is just freezing. I suspect you had a cold snap in Jacksonville too for Xmas.

I was in hopes that a deal would come thru to send me to Eglin Field for a day or two and I could stop off in Jacksonville. The mock up of the Douglas "Mix Master" has called off that trip so now I doubt whether I get thru this winter.

Ginny is putting on another church supper soon and is on the phone much of the time making plans. The kids start school again tomorrow and all activities of the new year get back into the usual groove. This year we are to work ½ hr. longer each day and have Saturday off. That will give me more time to work around the place and my garden and landscaping may come along better than it did last year. I am still trying to get some daffodils into the ground that Uncle Stanley gave me. They will bloom in the spring if I can get them in before Feb. There is a ?d of glads still undug that I should get in to the ?? ???. I covered them with leaves and think they will be up if it does not freeze to hard.

Jerry sent us a handsome wrought iron house marker No 6 on a spike to stick in the ground by a lamp post. I also got the book of knots by Ashley which I have wanted a long time. It illustrates every knot every tied and should be a lot of fun to work with, especially if I do the cellar game room over into a ships cabin. With the money that was given me I have now a total of over \$30.00 for a drill press for my workshop. I will get it when the second hand drill presses come on the market from these war factories. I believe the government will not be too quick about closing our all the plants because they are not sure what old Joe Stalin may have in his mind for the future.

The aunties at the Farm sent us a picture of Grandpa and Grandma Beard which we have admired so much and for so long.

Further, I am attaching the interest check for the loan on the house which should have been mailed you in October. We intended to give it [to] you when you were here, but the general confusion made me forget to give it to you.

I have heard nothing about plans for a class reunion as yet. Hope someone starts the idea going as I would like to see all the old friends again.

All our love and best wishes for a very happy New Year to all.

Lovingly,
Gould.

*[This letter dated **May 5, 1946** was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She tells about all the free spinach that she and the ladies from church canned for the European Famine Relief. There are new neighbors from CT. She tells her parents about a couple of items they left at the house on their recent visit to Florida. Kathleen wonders about everyone's plans for summer vacation. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.
May 5, '46

Dear Mother and Father:

Your cards have let us know that you arrived at your two destinations safely, and I suppose you are now resting up from the trip- and watching the Northern spring. This house seemed pretty empty for a few days after you left but there was enough to do to keep me from getting too lonely. The mission study book on Africa consumed most of the week after you went but it rained on the day we gave it and only eight or nine ladies showed up. On the following Monday the church ladies were cutting and canning spinach for European famine relief so I joined them in the morning and did my laundry in the afternoon. Fortunately it was a marvelous day and everything got dry. A truck gardener about two miles west of here donated about five acres of spinach because he couldn't get enough for it to pay for picking it, so all the Methodist women in the city are collaborating on the project. I can think of more nourishing foods to send than spinach but will hope they like it. Mrs. McCoy (wife of the church violinist) drove us over there, and Mrs. Sneller was also in our party. Other cars from other churches arrived later until we had about twelve people out at the field. Such straight, even, weedless rows I never saw and everything around there was in "apple-pie order". Cutting was not hard for the rows were hilled up nearly a foot and the leaves grew on stalks almost a yard long (such is Florida spinach) only the top ten inches of which we were told to cut. But carrying the hampers back to the shed and packing in the crates, which we also had to hoist, was a bit hard on our frail backs. We were not loath to quit after two hours when someone thought we had enough to keep the canners busy all day. We picked and packed 35 crates in that time, then we drove to the county prison farm where the public canning kitchen is, and a view of that was most interesting. Any woman may bring her produce there and can it herself, using all their modern equipment for nothing. All she has to pay is 4 cents per can for the tin cans she uses. There must have been over fifty women there, perhaps thirty of them doing spinach. The rest were canning meat, squash, beans, etc. for themselves. Maybe we will take advantage of that when we get our car. We stripped leaves off of spinach stems until noon and then came home.

Doctor Walters was in the hospital two days when he had his tonsils out and he says he has been getting along just fine since then. However, he has not preached for two Sundays. Two retired ministers have supplied for him, but I think he will preach next Sunday. He certainly does not look as though he had under-gone an operation- perhaps partly because he took local anesthetic instead of ether. We sent him some strawberries when he was well enough to eat normally. Our strawberries are continuing to bear copiously and there are still lots of blossoms so we will probably have them until June. We had shortcake again this noon.

Our new neighbors are getting settled now and we know them fairly well. Mrs. McNeil is from New London Conn. so we have something in common. Mr. McNeil is the son of a Methodist minister in Alabama. Their little boy is about Cynthia's age and is over here half the time playing. He goes to Sunday School with us and is named- John!!! Their baby boy is 14 months and I have taken care of him once while his mother went to town. He is marvelously good - stayed just where I put him playing with blocks, didn't cry at all, and slept half the time he was here. She gave me a pound of real butter the next day for keeping him. They can get all the butter, soap, canned milk and other scarce items at the navy commissary. He is a naval officer you know- and the navy always has plenty. We haven't been able to get even oleo lately and were days without it or butter. Mrs. McNeil seems very nice but looks of foreign descent or Jewish, I can't quite tell. She has black hair, dark eyes and a rather large nose. She seems fairly cultured and he seems much interested in fixing up the yard so they will make good neighbors. All the renters in this block have their notices to vacate in 60-90 days, or buy, so we will soon be having lots of new

neighbors around here. Copelands are going to move as soon as they can after school lets out. We will also be sorry to see the Gormans go.

We see many things around that remind us of your visit here but I think you left only one article which you didn't mean to- possibly two. The morning after you went I discovered Mother's large wash-cloth hanging on the hall rack. Shall I send it or wait and bring it? Then I found on your closet shelf two Chinese fans which you hadn't mentioned. Did you mean to leave them? On my closet shelf I found (When I cleaned) the little bulb syringe that you bought at Walgreen's. I guess from its location that you intended to leave that. Thank you. Thanks too for all the nice hangers.

Easter was a lovely day here. We got up at 5:30 to attend the sunrise service at our church and all wore coats. There were perhaps 20 people out to it, but I was a bit disappointed in the service, for it was just a short edition of regular church service- nothing special except candles and additional flowers. The Sunday School and church services were capacity crowds with additional folding chairs in the aisles. The choir sang the "Holy City" and dragged it unbearably but otherwise it was a good Easter service. We left our coats at home for the second service and the bus made a special trip down here to bring church-goers home that day. Now it is May and the summer heat is coming. After such a delightfully cool April I hate to have it get hot. It may hurry my tomatoes along a bit tho. I have about forty plants set out now and will not have room for all the rest of them so may give them to the McNeils next door.

Are you still planning to go to Oberlin next month for commencement? And what are your plans after that? None of the girls say a word about summer plans and summer is almost here. As far as we know our vacation is still set for August 9/18 unless this coal strike cuts off all the trains and gives Hugh the whole summer off. It seems as tho they must settle it soon or there will be chaos.

All four of us send love to all there
Lovingly
Kathleen

*[This letter dated **May 23, 1946** was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She tells them that all of the maple syrup they ordered was delivered to her and what should she do with it all. Hugh is caught in the rail strike. She lunched with Monnie's roommate, Eleanor Edwards. The house has new paint on it now. Cyndy said "iniquickity" at a bible study one evening. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.
May 23 '46

Dear Mother and Father:

The pressing subject of this letter is maple syrup. Its here- all of it, and I would like to know what to do with it. The Mr. Smith who drove you to the station was kind enough to bring it out here for us, since it weighs 70 pounds and now it is standing in your room awaiting instructions. There are five gallon tins, two half gallons and a large can of maple sugar which melted on the way down and leaked all over the carton and other tins. I put it in the ice box but don't think it has crystallized yet. If you wish me to send each piece to its destination from here it will probably save quite a lot of Express charges, or we can box it all and send it up to you. Just let me know soon for I don't want it moulding or fermenting on my hands and the weather is hot now.

Well, what we have been dreading for the past weeks has finally happened- and the rail strike caught Hugh up in Florence. I don't know whether he will stay there until something definite is announced or whether he will try to get home by bus. Either one will be costly and he will miss his run. What a mess this country is going to be in and how angry everyone will be at the train-men. If the coal strike is called too we might just as well all quit.

Last week Thursday I met Eleanor Edwards (Monnie's college roommate) downtown for lunch. We decided to go to the Coffee Shack where you both lunched with me one noon, but found the restaurant part of it closed and the store being remodeled so E. took me to a new Chinese Inn recently opened near the Post Office. It was very nice, air conditioned, quiet, not crowded and the Chinese food was fairly good. It was a little more expensive than the Shack so she insisted on treating me. (Seeing as her husband had got a raise and mine hadn't I thought maybe she could afford to!!) We exchanged clippings, pictures and news for an hour and I'll enclose this one that will interest you- from her town paper in Penn Yan N.Y. of which her brother is owner and editor I think. She spoke again about how thankful she was to Father for speaking at her WSCS meeting, and said they were going North late in June for a vacation. We also planned a beach trip together after school closes and just today a letter

came from her asking if David could stay with us for two days while she goes to a convention down state. Of course the girls are delighted. That will be June 5 and 6.

You should see our little house now with its new shiny coat of paint. All the passers-by look at it and probably smell the fresh paint. The two men who talked to Hugh while you were here finally came back and they did a quick job- two days. We have been messed up a bit and have had bugs in the house without screens but it certainly does improve the looks. The yellow is a shade deeper than before and the shutters are more brick colored than maroon but it blends very well. Next year we'll have to paint the inside. The piano tuner also came during the painting so we got everything done at once.

Cynthia was reading at our bible session the other night and came upon the word "iniquity". She called it "iniquickity" and it was very hard to contain our laughter.

Ants are getting more strawberries than we are now and the rains are rotting them, but they are still bearing and we have given Walters, Copelands and Edwards some. I have a few green tomatoes on my plants now and red poppies in my flower bed.

The painters told us that our house has termites so Hugh is going to creosote it underneath. Much love
Kathleen

Your Shanghai Evening Posts are still coming here. Do they know you have gone back north? We enjoyed your collective letter very much and hope we do get a vacation. If the strike lasts long all vacations may be cancelled.

[This letter dated July 14, 1946 was written from Jacksonville, FL by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She inquires about her sisters and if they are coming east. She declines the offer to stay in the north longer as she must get home to entertain father Elmer while Hugh is on his train runs. She tells about the 17th anniversary of her church. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

1038 Bunker Hill Blvd.
Jacksonville 8 Fla.

July 14 '46

Dear Mother and Father:

Your letter, Father, was most welcome and we were glad to hear about your trip, details of which we can hear from you in person, but your allusion to the mangos was most mystifying. I'm afraid I must disclaimed any knowledge of them for I have not seen one myself this year and we can't get them here. I'm certainly glad you got them but you had better look again on the crate and find out the right person to thank. Are you sure they came from Florida and do you have any friends in South Florida who might have sent them? Perhaps Gould ordered them while he was in California. A good letter from Gerry came last week saying that Gould was out there recently. I was glad to know that Gerry is quite definitely coming East and so we will see her at least. Now how about Dot and Monnie?

Thankyou for your offer for me to stay on and come home by train but I guess I had better not do it this time for several reasons. I should help Hugh with the driving on the way back and be there to entertain Father Elmer while Hugh is gone on his run, and then school comes pretty soon after we get home and we need a little time to get ready for it. However Hugh says he will ask for an extra trip off with his vacation so that we can stay over the week end. He will have to take it without pay, of course, but four days does seem awfully short. Do you know yet how we are going to distribute ourselves without making too much "discombobulation"? Will Gould's family be able to come up too? The children are getting all excited about riding the ponies. I do hope they are gentle ones for neither of my girls know a thing about riding.

Today was "Homecoming" and 17th anniversary of our Church. The lay-leader of Jacksonville Methodists spoke and gave a very good sermon. There was a community dinner on Mr. Sneller's lawn following the service, but it rained before we began to eat so tables were placed on their screened porch and it was pretty crowded. The shower was a short one tho, and most of us took our plates out and stood around the yard. Being a "pot-luck" there was about everything one could imagine to eat, and plenty of iced tea to drink. It was really most enjoyable. Last night was Hugh's class meeting at Mrs. Green's. We had the best turnout yet, about twenty, counting children and we had quite a hilarious entertainment with Mrs. Walter's giving comedy readings. She had us in stitches. Tomorrow begins our daily vacation Bible school so it will be a busy week - and I hope not so hot as this week.

Lots and Lots of love

Kathie



Beard in-laws and three of the grandchildren- probably August 1946 in Shelton
Kathleen refers to taking a trip up north in her previous letter.

L to R: Ralph Butt with son, Johnny , Hugh Elmer with daughter, Cynthia, Virginia Space Beard, Jill Elmer and
Harold Newberg.

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

*[This letter dated **about July 25, 1946** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He kept busy with a council meeting and talks when he visited Dot and Harold. He now has a hernia on both sides. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

July 25th [about 1946]

Dear Geraldine:-

It seems long and it is long since I have heard a word from you. It seems longer because I have been over a trip (Chinese expression) and done and seen people and things- many. The council meeting was interesting- all of it and the 12 days with Dot and Harold with a little work for me, two talks at the boys camp were very pleasant and after I got back I realized that that 12 days gave me a good rest. Both Mother and I slept, slept, slept. One morning it was 9:30 when we appeared for breakfast- so late we did not eat lunch, - two meals that day, - nothing to do but eat, sleep and rest.

Gould and Ginny stopped a week ago on their way to Vermont or N. Hampshire to the Spaces camp, - stopped about 15 min. and again 15 min. on their way home. They appeared well and said the children were enjoying camp.

It remains hot and dry. A little shower last nite and now at 2:15 p.m. it looks like more. I am ready to go see Dr. Edson again about my hernia- one on each side now. I wanted him to let me wear a truss, but he was unfavorable in June. I have talked with one man who has worn one for 10 years or more- with others who have known men who wore them and all favor the truss.

I wish I could write something that would help you decide your momentous question but that no one but you can decide. In any combining of people- whether two or more or nations each must give up something to make a success and the success depends on the how of the giving up. In your letter to me you say Roger is an ardent Episcopalian and you are a heathen. What is your definition of "heathen". Look it in the dictionary. My private conviction is that you would not be classed as a heathen, by an interested person. There is some Being outside yourself to which you lean at times. I should- always have done so when a problem baffles me, and I have been helped. I have talked with my Being outside myself about you and told Mother you were built of her- she kept me waiting a long time for the definite answer- but she does not remember it.

Lots of love
Father



Undated photo of Marjorie, Gould, Ellen, Willard and Geraldine before 1947
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson. A copy is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Written on photo: "Fall 1946"

Left to right: Willard and Ellen Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Phebe M. Beard with Myra Palmer Beard behind her, Mary Beard, Stanley Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]