

1928

- Hoover is President of US
- Gould flies with the Ford Reliability Tour from Detroit, throughout the West and back. He lives in Long Island, NY
- Willard and Ellen return to China in September on the S.S. President Jackson
- Penicillin is discovered
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie and Kathleen are in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 63, Ellen- 60, Gould- 32, Geraldine- 30, Dorothy- 27, Marjorie- 22, Kathleen- 20.

[This letter, dated Jan. 3, 1928, was written from Long Island, NY by Gould to his father and mother. He talks about the personalities living at the farm. He expresses his love for Virginia Space to his parents. He is now Chief Test Pilot for the Aviation Corp. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

45 Smith St., Hempstead
L.I., N.Y. Jan. 3, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

I guess I have procrastinated all too long about writing this letter to you. I have received all of four or more from you and many more forwarded from the sisters and Aunts, and I should have let you have a little news long ago.

This Fall I have managed to get up to Shelton a little oftener than I had expected to. I have driven the twins up three times and had my visit with the Aunts Sunday morning. The Aunts settled down finely to the business of making a living on the farm after you left. They felt a little more competent to cope with things than when they started in. Paul has done a good job. Aunt Flora can't seem to get over the idea that she must tuck his beard full of fools knowledge and that he is a numbskull because he does'nt go around devouring all printed matter that falls into his lap. Aunt Mary controls her prejudice against him pretty well, but she is decidedly cold towards him. Aunt Phebe keeps the equilibrium well tuned up for all parties and so, in their own ways they get along as well as can be expected and I guess they will break even and perhaps to even better this next year.

Paul had his hands full with harvesting the corn. He had more than he thought he had. He cut the silo full of green corn and is cutting the dry stalks in there or for day lots and feeding it our before it rots. The dairy looks fat and well.

The week end of Nov 10 Virginia, Lillian, Chas'. Curtiss and I drove to Baltimore and attended the Michigan Navy football game. Score 6-6. We had a very hilarious and nice time. Mr. and Roberta Van Amee [*Van Namee*] have invited us up four times this Fall. This Xmas I had from Sat. noon till Wed. morning and the same at New Years and I spent the time at Shelton and Seymour. I had Xmas dinner at Cousin Nellie's with the Aunts. There were five maiden ladies and three widows there so I did'nt have to do much talking. The dinner was excellent and stuffing. Cousin Nellie reminisced about the wedding.

Virginia gave me a pretty belt and buckle. I gave her a camera. She grows deeper into my heart as I love her better. She is a good sound girl and a wonderful little Sweetheart and her love is inspiring.

I got out to the Chicago Show the first week in Dec. I flew a new model of Fairchild plane out with the designer as passenger. Caught the grip and dropped in on Dot and Harold to recuperate. Had a day in Oberlin and saw all the girls. Jerry drove up from Youngstown. It was the only way I had of seeing them all for Xmas.

The girls gave me a fine leather brief case which will supplant the old one I have been carrying my maps around in.

I have forgotten whether I told you or not but now I am Chief Test Pilot for the Aviation Corp. I do all the testing of all the new planes we build and also the testing of the experimental engines built by the engine Co. The Caminez Bros. were bought out by the stick holders and were a good riddance. The Engine Co. is now the Engine Div. of the Corp.

I received your box of tea and thank you very much for it. They all think it is very pretty. Virginia is very much pleased with hers. I want to give Virginia a gold signet ring for her birthday. The kind that has our character in Chinese on it. Please give me an indication of the cost and I will foreword it to you at once. Her birthday is in April.

Remember me to all my old friends out there. I don't know who to specify, but all whom I used to know. My love to my very close father and mother.

Your only son,
Gould.

[This letter dated Jan. 17, 1928 was written from Shelton, CT. by Willard to Geraldine. The family got together in Saginaw, probably for Christmas. Willard has received the photos of Phebe's headstone. He tells Geraldine that he is checking with the American Board for possible job openings in China for her and particularly in Foochow as she prefers. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
Jan. 17, - 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

Since the family got together in Saginaw they seem to have gone out of the business of letter writing. Kathleen has written me. I believe that is the only letter from the members of the group. Whether Mother is still in Saginaw or in Geneseo or in Oberlin I do not know. Kathleen writes that you and she had a record trip to Youngstown from Oberlin. I spent the night with Uncle Wells and Aunt Etta. Tuesday I called on Mrs. Bliss and Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear. In the p.m. I looked up Mr. Nga. Together we looked up Mr. Cio- and found with him and Mr. Uong= all from Foochow. Mr. Nga stuck to me until I took the train at 5:40 p.m. At Cleveland I took what should have been the 9:10- It left a little after 11 p.m. and was 3 hours late into Worcester. I reached Putnam at 5:30 on Wed. Fri. I went to Boston. Sunday I spoke three times in the Cong'l Church and am to go up there to speak next week Thursday to the joint meeting of the Rotaries of Putnam, Danielson and Southbridge, and the first week in Feb. I go for the Woman's Miss'y Society and High School. Next Monday I go to Flatbush and shall spend Tues. and Wed. nights with either Gould or Uncle Stanley.

Today got the photos of Phebe's stone and am sending you a copy of each of the three views.

The weather here in Conn. has been quite in contrast to what I saw in Illinois, Michigan and Ohio during the whole month of Dec. Some nights it has not frozen at all here.

In Boston I asked about any possible place for you in the Am. Board Schools but they did not know of any. I shall be writing some of the Foochow people soon and I will mention your wish to go to Foochow.

I hope your Ford is behaving well. Uncle Elbert is quite agitated lest in cranking it on a cold morning it kick and hurt you. He had a narrow escape cranking his car and yesterday Uncle Oliver was here and showed me his wrist- broken when his Ford kicked once as he was cranking it.

I trust no news is good news from all and that all are well and happily busy. We had such a deep pleasure in being together in Saginaw that it will take us all little time to get back to normalcy.

Paul [*Paul Clapp – boarder and manager at Century Farm- 1930 census*] is here and doing well, - a very different man from Clifford. He is getting most twice as much milk as we were getting last Sept. and does more work in a day than the other man did in several days.

The aunts are all gapping and yesterday I did a big long days work drawing manure and am tired so good night.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Feb. 11, 1928 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He has not heard much from the rest of the family. He talks about what he has been doing and what he will be doing in the next couple of weeks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
Feb. 11- 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

The Beard reunion must have been a deep one, for mental states are often characterized by opposite extremes. We often go from extreme joy to extreme sorrow or sadness. We were vulnerable at Saginaw, and then swing to the other extreme, and it has been hard to get any expression from all since. Monnie and Kathleen have been pretty good and mother has written often for her but Gould and you have not written at all, and Dot once and mother is begging for any letters I have from "The children". She was still at Geneseo Feb. 4, and still with a lot of work to do.

Yesterday a dozen photos of the family came from Saginaw. I am mailing one to you. I am sending to Gould, all my brothers and sister, Emma and Elbert, Raymond and Mollie, Flatbush, you= 10. I have asked Dot and Harold to send to Monnie and Kathleen, Etta and Willis and Addie Paul. I do not know if others of you want to send to other people.

Did you receive that Devotion Book. I sent it some weeks ago. The family photo I have ready to mail to you. I can deliver all the others in person. We plan to take dinner with Oliver and Grace tomorrow and Monday I go to Pearl River for an address and hope to see Gould and the Jewetts on the way back. I was in Putnam last Monday to address the Mothers and Daughters Tuesday Woman's Miss'y Meeting- 96 at M. and D. Monday and over 100 Tuesday- Wed. a.m. I spoke at Assemble at Putnam High School and went to Abington for Teachers- some 30+ in the afternoon, and came back Thursday.

We are in something of a quandary about Gould. He has written Flora once since Jan. 1. and has phoned twice, - once to say he hoped to come up= two weeks ago and again two weeks tonight to say he could not come. I phoned while in New York the last of Jan. but he was not on Long Island. I wrote last Tuesday asking his landlord to open the letter if Gould was not there. But no reply yet. I plan to go to Pearl River next Monday and wanted to

go to see Gould on Tuesday, go to Mt. Vernon Wed. and Bridgeport Thursday. I am to be in Hartford Friday afternoon and back in Flatbush for Feb. 19, 20, 21.

We have had a very open and warm winter here thus far. Ice is only 5" thick and the Aunts have cut none. There has not been over three inches of snow on the ground at one time this year and 8 degrees above zero is the coldest we have seen it.

I came back from Putnam two weeks ago yesterday to find Paul waiting for me to go with him to see a cow with a view to purchasing. We drove down to Nichols- traded one of ours for two. The next day I bought another of Fred Bennett. The Aunts have sold two- traded off one and traded in two and bought one. The same number still but they are getting much more milk.

Aunt Mary announced a few minutes ago that she had 23 doz. eggs this week- had sold 21 doz. Her prices are 65 cents for those that weigh 30 g. to the doz. and 55 cents for those smaller. About $\frac{3}{4}$ are large.

After Supper

Gould phoned from Hempstead while we were at table. He is all right and I plan to see him next Tues. - spend the night with him, spend Wed. night with the Jewetts and Thursday night with Oliver and Grace. Aunt Phebe has been talking with May Palmer ever since we finished supper- Mary and I did up the dishes and I wrote to this place while they talked.

Have you heard that Fred Carpenter was found dead in his bath tub last Monday morning? He had recently bought a new gas heater for the bath room. He had told about that he would go home from his mothers Sun. night after supper, take a bath, and go to bed early, and Mon. morning go to New York after his wife. They found his clothes laid out ready, but he was in the tub half filled with water. The rubber tube that connected the gasgit [*gasket*] with the stove was pulled off. That is all that is known. He has been very despondent for some time. Not many people are able to do as he has done and keep up the show of decency after their physical power begin to wane.

This is growing into a long letter- for me. Remember me to Leolyn and be good to yourself and others and keep on God's side- then you'll not have to worry as to whether He is on your side.

Lovingly

Father



About 1928

Standing L to R: Marjorie, Gould, Willard, Harold Newberg

Sitting L to R: Geraldine, Ellen, Kathleen, Dorothy

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

[This note was probably sent to Willard's daughters in 1928. There are three different passages written down by Phebe. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

This is a sheet that I found recently in a book of Phebe's. I think it is her hand writing. The writing on the other side I think is Pricilla Holtans- a very close friend of Phebe's at Wenshan. Pass it on to Jerry and Dot and Kathleen and Monnie when she comes home.

Father

The best way for a young man who is without friends or influence to begin is: First, to get a position; second, to keep his mouth shut; third, to observe; fourth, to be faithful; fifth, to make his employer think he would be lost in a fog without him, sixth, to be polite.

To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade and to read, to think, to love, to pray; these are the things that make men happy.

Bless to us a love of they world- a fellowship with all that line- and a desire born of love to follow and to come thee as did they only see our Lord, Jesus Christ. His alone can save them from ourselves and give us to thee.

Amen

Hymn 27

[This plain post card, dated **February 20, 1928**, was written from Geneseo, Ill. by Ellen to Kathleen. Ellen is writing a note to be flown on Lindbergh's famous Air Mail flight from Chicago to St. Louis. Letter with specially marked envelope with Lindbergh stamp in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

122 W. South St.
Geneseo, Ill.
Feb. 20", '28.

Dearest Kathleen,

I thought you would like the thrill of receiving an air mail letter, especially one that went with Lindbergh on his famous flight tomorrow. If you think it foolish you may sell the Post-mark for money that is more useful. Ask Myron how much it is worth. I think in a few years it may be more valuable. In 30 or 40 years, may be very valuable. Thank you for that appreciative letter. I will write another soon. Hope to be with you before Apr. 1st.

My love to you flies high tomorrow in the "Spirit of St. Louis" on the famous flight, if my plans and Lindbergh's carry.

Affectionately,
Mother.





[This letter, dated **March 25, 1928**, was written from Shelton, Conn. by Willard to Ellen. He describes his first ride in an airplane and Gould was the pilot. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Shelton, Conn.
March 25 -1928

Dearest Ellen:-

Your good letter of the 21st came yesterday. I am sorry the papers telling about Gould's flight from Wichita to Farmingdale or to be more specific his forced landing south of Utica, N.Y. in a freezing blinding blizzard- and the Sentinel telling about our trip from Farmingdale to Century Farm did not reach you. I would suggest that you write to Geneva and ask if the post office has a package of papers for you. I have one Waterville paper left but no Sentinel. Gould had a very narrow escape,- up 5000 ft. engine frozen stiff- a 50 mile blizzard on and able to see hardly to the end of his wings,- not able to see the ground. But his success in coming thru all right has been all to the much-good in his standing with the company.

Gould was in Flatbush with me Feb. 19 all day. We agreed there that I would go to Hempstead Tuesday afternoon after only address before the Woman's League, spend the night and if all conditions were favorable he would take me to Century Farm in his #3562 plane = the same one that he brought from Wichita. I went over as agreed and on Wed. had a little work that he must do before starting. I sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to Foochow. About 11 o'clock he came in to say that the engine was not running well and altho if he were going alone he would go, yet he did not want to take another up and he thought we would have to postpone the trip and I looked up and decided to go home by train. While we were talking the engineer came in to say that the engine was working all right. We went out and Gould got in and sorted about right side up and bottom side up and sidewise and came down to say that it was all right, we would go.

He brought in a big aviation suit of khaki, lined with something that looked like fleece- a one piece suit, with a zipper that fastened the thing all up front. Then a pair of fleece lined overshoes- high- fleece lined gloves- a knitted cap with a leather cap over it and a pair of aviators goggles. So the only thing that was not doubly covered was my nose. David Coming and I sat in one seat. We were too broad, with all our clothes on, to sit shoulder to shoulder, so his right shoulder lapped in front of my left shoulder. We could not put the strap around us- but we were in too tight to fall out. My suit case and overcoat were in the baggage department.

The ground was a little rough and the springs were not up to those under a Rolls-Royce car and as we taxied preparatory to riding it shook us a little. But as soon as we left the ground it was smooth enough. If I had given myself to thinking, "I'm going up off the ground where I have lived and walked and ridden for 63 years, and I may fall- oh!! oh!!- what if- " etc etc etc etc etc. I could have had a real lively time and could have had a lot to write

about my sensations. But I began to enjoy the sensation as soon as we began to rise. Then I got interested in looking at the roads, streams, autos, lakes, trees, houses etc that we were passing over. Then I began to watch for the Sound, and when we reached it, we saw from 3000 feet above it a side wheeled steamboat and a tug pulling five barges. When we reached the Connecticut shore I recognized Stamford- then Bridgeport, then I saw Washington bridge and the R.R. bridge and the Housatonic River. Then the road from Mr. Palmers to Shelton. Then very soon I saw our house. Gould came up west of the house and went up above Fred Bennetts, turned and went down to the French farm, came north to Fred's again and flew by the school house. As we passed it we were a little above the roof. We touched ground about half way between the sch. house and the lane, and taxied= rode on the ground= right up to within two rods of the bar way at the north west corner of the house. The girls were out to meet us and about fifty people were here from all over the district. Wells and Dan brought a load down and one other auto came. Dinner was on the table by the time we were undressed and washed and ready. Gould and David left at once after dinner. I enjoyed every minute of the ride- except a few times when I passed thru what they call air pockets. The plane seemed to fall- the sensation was like that of a ship when it falls from the top of a wave. I think also that Gould was pleased to have taken his Dad in his plane.

[End of letter – not signed]

[In a December 2007 conversation with Edith Valentine, she told Jana that Gould took her on her first airplane ride when Gould and Geraldine were living together in New York. Edith said she got sick and “Fed the seat!”]

[This letter, dated **April 6, 1928**, was written from Hagerstown, Md. by Gould to Kathleen and Marjorie. He is there to start and test a Cam Challenger airplane. He would like to stop in Oberlin to visit if possible on his way back. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hagerstown, Md.
April 6, 1928.

Dear Kathleen and Marjorie:

I'm not dead yet; only delayed writing to you a long time. It so happens that I am here in Hagerstown at the Kreider-Reisner Aircraft factory visiting until they are ready to fly their “Cam Challenger”. It is their first plane with a Caminez Engine in it and I am here to assist them in starting it and testing it out. They will not be ready for a day or two and I have a little time on my hands to do whatever I want to.

You ought to see my garden in Hempstead. I have one double row of garden peas in and three double rows of sweet peas each 40 ft. long. Next week I will have about 150 onion sets planted and two more rows of peas. Of course it is too early to plant anything else, but we will have everything you normally find in your garden before the spring is over. I think I have about 1/8 acre in all.

These days are wonderful for flying. It has been so warm as 65 degrees in Hempstead. Wednesday I got the fever and climbed to 15,000 ft in 45 min. It was zero weather up there and I only had on summer flying togs so came down before I got any higher and colder.

On or about the 14th I am flying to the Detroit show. My route will be Albany, Buffalo, Detroit and I hope to fly to Saginaw. On the return trip I may go to Toledo, Cleveland and Bellefontaine to N.Y. If possible I will stay at Oberlin although I don't know if there is a landing field there or not. Those are tentative plans so don't expect too much.

Hope everything is going nicely in Oberlin. Happy Easter to all.
Lovingly,
Gould.

[This letter dated **April 10, 1928** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard has been busy preaching, speaking and farming. He and Ellen are planning on going back to China hopefully in September of 1928. Willard discusses Christian Science and Geraldine's leaning towards it. He is hoping that Geraldine can come to Connecticut for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Shelton, Conn.
April. 10-1928

Dear Geraldine:

Too much time has slipped by since your last letter. The days have been very full for me during the past month. I have been running about the country preaching and speaking and the weather has been superb for farming. I have enjoyed it much- plowing, making garden, burning brush- hauling manure, repairing machinery, milking, drawing grain from Shelton, butchering 2 pigs, cutting up the pork and putting the hams, shoulders and bacon with the pickle and smoking some of them.

Next Friday I go to Boston to consider educational work in Foochow, and I expect we will talk about the date for mother and me to sail for China. They asked if we would sail Aug. 30, and I asked them to give us another month at home and let us sail Sept. 30.

It was not a complete surprise to me that you were leaning toward Christian Science, altho I do not remember that you ever mentioned it to me. Those things sort of come partly by intuition to an observant loving, solicitous parent.

Thursday, April 19- It's a shame that I have allowed this to be held up so long. Last week I was sort of knocked out and had to go on quinine to Boston Friday- back to Putnam for that night, home Sat. and preached in Shelton Sunday. Then I quit the quinine and Monday I kept to the bed and Tuesday I got only downstairs. Wed. I went out and filled the wood box in the morning. In the afternoon I went to West Haven to sit on the platform for the Am. B'd at Mr. Hubbard's funeral. He was preaching in the Baptist Church at W. Haven last Sunday and just as he was closing, he was trying to give some statistics, got mixed up, began to stagger and at last- in a moment- he sank down, saying, "God bless you all." He was gone when the doctor arrived. Wed. was a beautiful day and the three sisters and I went and from there we drove down to Uncle Oliver's. I think all the children were there yesterday except Winnie. I did not see her.

To resume the topic I had just started on when I left this, I have no intention of trying to argue you into keeping away from Christian Science. I expect that would be the surest way to drive you into it. I never knew very much about it. Mary Baker Eddy [*Founder of Christian Scientists*] has always seemed to me to be (to Christian Scientists) the whole thing. To me, she and Aunt Grace would be sufficient arguments to let it alone.

There are two lines of thought that seem to have interested you- (1) You say Ch. Science is broad. I read and then re-read your letter to find out wherein its breadth lay. But I did not find out. I had always held them as possibly of the narrowest of sects. (2) You write that a friend in N.Y. had been greatly helped to hear [*her?*] trouble by Ch. Science. I have yet to know or hear what that cult has to give are in trouble, more than Christianity. - I mean than the ordinary Christianity of a Meth. or Bap. or Presb. or Cong'l. Certain it is that Ch. Science is not more broad. No, it looks to me as if it was neither of these factors that has attracted you- nor is it Ch. Sci. as a cult or as a doctrine but it is some personality somewhere that has influenced you. You have a deep emotional nature and you open up to few people. Your home surroundings since you were 16 or so were such as to rather turn you with yourself. Ch. Sci. offers a retreat for such. As far as I know it offers much less than- what shall I call it? Ordinary Christianity. For instance. I know of nothing that Ch. Sci. offers that any one church does not offer, and I think my own church offers much more, as far, I say, as I know. A Congregationalist may hold to faith healing as sturdily as Aunt Grace and still be a good Congregationalist. I do not know what the Ch. Sci's. believe about God and Christ. One phrase in your letter might be interpreted to mean that God was some kind of our impressionality.

As far as I know Mrs. Eddy got immensely rich out of her teachings and the church as far as I know it is a wealthy church. - There are many wealthy business men in it and they have most of their thinking done for them.

Well you see how deficient I am in knowledge of Ch. Sci. If it will help you to become a more useful woman to be more helpful to God in His great work of making a world society of friendly people (Bosworth), I should not hinder you in joining,- altho I expect I should find it hard to forget the injury that our= my family has been subjected to by Ch. Sci.

It is very unsatisfactory to write on a subject like this. I wish I could be with you and talk. It is in a way unfair too for me to write- with all my prejudices and not give you a chance to reply at once. But be perfectly frank and write anything that is in your mind.

Is mother with you? I wonder when she is coming back to Conn. The Board is arranging us to sail Sept. 28.

I wrote Dot and Harold to consider spending the summer in Uncle Dan's house- sort of camp out for a month. Could you come with them? I wish I could see more of you. Last summer, your work in Yale, mother's dress, and the wedding seemed to demand our time so we saw little of each other. I suppose I must add to the list farming.

Next Sunday I am in the Ansonia Cong'l pulpit Apr. 25 in Essex- with Rev. Herbert Woodin- born in Foochow. His mother is 90+ and living with him.

Apr. 29 in Center Ch. Worcester, Mass. - go to Putnam Sat. and Uncle Elbert dress me up.

May 2 Waterbury- May 8 New Haven, New Haven Branch, Woman's B'd.

Very lovingly
Father

How is the Ford? I hope some one will write me about Easter. Not a word yet.
I found Phebe's camera yesterday- do you want it. I plan to buy some films and try it out. The last I knew it was a very good camera.

*[This letter dated **May 4, 1928** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He sends her an interest check from the mortgage and tells Geraldine about the fire at Uncle Elbert's shop. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Shelton, Conn.
May 4 – 1928

Dear Geraldine:-

The interest for the mortgage in which you have a share came the other day and I am sending the checks instead of Aunt Mary this time,= \$7.95.

I hear that Aunt Myra has held out a bait for you to be with them this summer. I am this evening writing Dot and Harold again about camping in Uncle Dan's house next July. Uncle Oliver wants to paint the house. If Harold wants to work at the painting Uncle Oliver will save the job for him. There are two houses there and either could be used.

To day I had a letter from Uncle Elbert. You have heard that his shop was totally destroyed by fire a week ago today. I was there Sat. eve'g and saw the ruins. Day before yesterday the adjustors came to Putnam and Uncle Elbert will receive the full amount for which he was insured. The coal shed did not burn. He was fully insured and he writes that the adjustor allowed the full face value of his policy on all the buildings totally burned and allowed a very liberal amount on the damage to the coal shed. He has agreed with the Wheaton Building Co. to take away all the debris and clean the place up for the wood they can get out of it. He writes that he is very happy over the outcome- if it had to be.

In my former letter I wrote that it would – just here a telephone from Gould in Hempstead called me to talk with him. He is coming up tomorrow.- be a very great pleasure if Dot and Harold and you could be on White Hills during July. We four and Uncle Oliver and Aunt Grace were looking at the house= Uncle Dan's this afternoon with a mind to your living there during July. We all said it could be made very cosy with little trouble. The Garrett here is stuffed with old furniture. There is a cook stove in the house and oodles of wood lying all about.

Well I must write Dot and Harold and get to bed. I am feeling better than I have felt for three weeks- but I'm not up to 100 yet.

Very lovingly
Father



Uncle Dan's Home

Grandfather Nichols's Home



The top house is labeled on the front as "Uncle Dan's House" and as "Daniel A. Nichols place- White Hills" on the back. [*Daniel A. Nichols is Nancy Maria Nichols Beard's brother- Willard's uncle.*]

The bottom photo is labeled as "Grandfather Nichols Place" [*Nathan Bennett Nichols, father of Nancy Maria Nichols Beard.*]

[*Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

MARJORIE BEARD
Shelton, Conn.
Psychology



WILLIS FULTON HUME
Oberlin, Ohio
Pre-Medical

Monnie and her cousin, Willis Fulton Hume's Oberlin College senior year photos in the 1928-29 Hi-O-Hi yearbook.



Left to right: Probably Stephen Beard, Marjorie Beard, Willard, two unidentified children (probably Nancy and Ruth Beard), Kathleen Beard. Probably Summer of 1928.

[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



This is probably Willard and Stephen Beard taken the summer of 1928.

[Photo from negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Written in album: "On Canadian Trip 1928"



Kathleen and Marjorie - Canadian Trip - Summer of 1928 - Harold, Dorothy, Ellen, Kathleen, Geraldine, Dot
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left to right: Dorothy, Geraldine, Kathleen, Marjorie and Ellen
Probably taken on the same Canadian trip in 1928

Note: On the back of the car at the left are two banners. One says "Hamilton" (possibly Hamilton College in Clinton, NY?) and the other starts with "Burl..." (possibly Burlington?)

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and given to Mark and Jana Jackson.]



Dorothy and Harold – Canadian trip Summer 1928
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

MOST ALL ARRIVE AT INDIANA FIELD; ONE DOESN'T COME

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 2—
(U.P.)—Ten of the 24 Ford reliability
tour airplanes which left Detroit
this morning, arrived shortly before
noon today.

The following arrived shortly
after noon:

Richard W. Peers, Fairchild;
Robert Canwell, "Lockheed Vega";
Lewis Steward, Stinson-Detroiter;
Randolph Page, Stinson-Detroiter;
Eddie Stinson, Stinson-Detroiter;
C. P. Clavenger, Eagle Rock; Jay
Sadowsky, Swallow; E. W. Cleve-
land, Ryan Brougham; Dan R.
Robertson, Curtiss "Robin".

Mrs. Omie in her tiny "flivver"
plane, arrived safely and with the
exception of M. Gould Beard, in
his Waco biplane, all the fliers
were on hand.

Those arriving after Mrs. Omie
were George B. Peck, Travelair,
and George Atkinson, in a mono-
coop. An unknown, in a Bellanca,
also was on hand.

Article mentioning M. Gould Beard and the Ford Reliability Tour of 1928

From: The Sunday Messenger, Athens, Ohio

July 2, 1928

[Ancestry.com]



Dan Beard and the Cam Waco.

(M. G. Beard)

“Dan Beard” (Gould) and his Fairchild Cam Waco during the 1928 Ford Reliability Air Tour. [Photo provided by Myron Gould Beard to Forden, Lesley. *The Ford Air Tours 1925-1931*. New Brighton, Minnesota: Aviation Foundation of America, 2003. Originally published by The Nottingham Press, 1972.]

[This letter, dated **July 27, 1928**, was written from Chicago, Ill. by Gould to his mother. He has just finished the 1928 Ford Air Tour and sums it up very briefly. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

THE STEVENS

Chicago, July 27, 1928

Dear Mother:

Tomorrow we arrive in Detroit after completing the 6500 mile National Air Tour of the Western states. This has been grand, thrilling, marvelous, exhausting, exciting, discouraging, entertaining and humorous. The mountains were grand and marvelous and our climbs over the ridges and sweeps thru the narrow passes were thrilling beyond description. The deserts of Texas, Arizona and California were grand, bleak and barren and one could not help but be a little on edge about a forced landing in these desolate wastes. Baring thru thunder storms and picking holes thru clouds and mountain passes when the clouds hung low offered all the excitement and thrills a man needs for stimulation. The trouble- unending, incessant trouble we had with our engines was discouraging for we had hoped to make a record with them. The entertainment we received from the western people out did everything the East has ever given the preceeding three tours.

The pilots and mechanics and other people accompanying the tour were the best bunch of boys I have traveled with since College. We have had a great time together.

After the celebration and feasting is over in Detroit we will give our engines the once over and hit for New York about Tuesday or Wednesday. I intend to take a short vacation after I get back which may be for the remainder of next week. If you can give me an old bay board to sleep on I will spend it with you in Shelton.

My love to all and all my love to you.

Your son,

Gould.

[This letter, dated August 12, 1928, was written from Farmingdale, NY by Gould to his mother. Ellen writes that Gould wrote this letter after being on the farm for 5 days after his Ford endurance flight. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[In Ellen's handwriting:]

Written just after returning to Farmingdale after his 5 ds vacation here at the farm after returning from the four weeks endurance flight thru the south-west, west, n.w. cities.

[In Gould's handwriting:]

Sunday
August 12, 1928.

Dear Mother:

Nothing much has happened since I returned. We are all sitting tight and watching for whatever may develop, but something will in the near future.

Tonite I am going to Schenectady, N.Y. to get the plane, then fly it down tomorrow next day. Rain has been the weather style ever since I got back here. The garden has given us a lot of beets, carrots, turnips and corn with swiss chard and spinach. Tomatoes will be ripe soon. The weeds killed the squash completely out. The flower garden is gorgeous with color. The whole garden has been a great success. The K?? ?? bearers[?] are going to be fine.

The week with the family was wonderfull and I am very glad it happened so I could get it in. Am sorry I could not have made Putnam. I'll have to try a week end up there later. The Kelso's all raved over the Chinese things of Phebe's and thought they were excellent. I will pack them away to putter with this winter when the weather is inclement outside.

Have been swimming twice since I returned. Its great on the beech. We go at nite and don't wear bathing suits. Of course its just our guys at the shop and the beech is barren and desolate there.

Will hope to have a visit from you all before you go back West. Write us as soon as possible before hand.

Lovingly your son,

Gould.

[This letter, dated Sept. 13, 1928, was written by Gould to his father and mother. Willard and Ellen are on their way back to China. He is glad that they know of Ginny (Virginia). He tells them not to worry about him and his flying. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Sept. 13, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

When this reaches you, you will have bid good-bye to all east of the Hudson and to Ginny and the two kid sisters in Oberlin. I hope you are up to schedule.

My own status is very different from that I hoped it would be when you were on your way to this country. What the future will bring is only known by God. I am glad though that you know the girl who is my love now. I do love her and I am going to stand by till she gets her education. Of course she is rather young yet and has many changes of thought to go thru. Some of them may be disastrous to our personal relations, but I feel she is stable and pretty sound and has a good Christian foundation to pull her thru. I have faith enough in her to want to carry it thru till she is ready.

This year with its few glimpses of you has been a treat I will always cherish. Somehow I didn't see as much of you as I had hoped to, but enough so I feel I know you again and you know me.

My work for the next few years is to be intensely interesting and I hope I grow in it as I see the chance. I most certainly am going to study toward that end. The new management in the company is a new chance for everyone that stayed by and was retained and I must work to make good and even more.

Don't worry about my flying. It is not as dangerous as most people make out. There are a lot of gray haired men among us who have flown for a long time.

Will write you at Berkeley again.

Your loving son

Gould.

[This letter, dated Sept. 21, 1928, was written from Gould to his father and mother. He writes them expecting that they are in San Francisco and hopes that his Aunt Leolyn will show them around. He has listened to speeches by Hoover and Smith on the radio. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Sept 21, 1928.

Dear Father and Mother:

You are now staying at Leolyn's home where I was only last July. I hope Leolyn will show you all over the campus and that some of the nights will be clear so you can see the lights of the city.

The fog was just rolling in over the hills from the Pacific as we landed at Mills Field and it was all foggy as we took off Monday morning so that we could not see Golden Gate at all.

Last Saturday night I was invited to go up and spend the night at Pleasantville at Mr. and Mrs. Vanamee's [Van Namee] home. All the Space family except Mr. S. were there. The next morning after church we went to a friend's home in Yonkers and had a lawn lunch party. It was a most enjoyable afternoon and week end.

We have been listening to political speeches over the radio by Hoover and Smith and various others. One is impressed with the very high and dignified way in which the Republican speakers present their platform. The Democratic speeches seem too full of much slinging and are too jazzy to make a very favorable impression on the majority of people. I think Smith has lost more votes than he has gained by his last two speeches.

Our factory is still running slowly and will be for a long time. Dot and Gerry are the only ones who have written me as yet since they left for the West.

I'm going to send this letter Air Mail so it will be sure and get there before you sail.

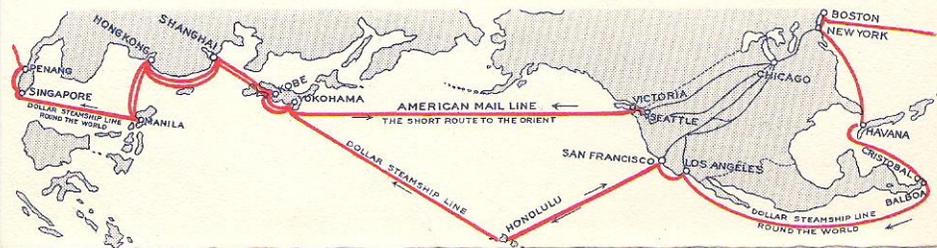
Give my love to all the Morgan family.

May God be with you on this voyage and may it be the best voyage you have ever taken across the Pacific.

Love to both my father and mother from your son-

Gould.

ON BOARD S.S. PRESIDENT _____ EN ROUTE TO _____
MESSAGE



THE SHORT ROUTE
TO THE ORIENT

POST CARD

LETTER
RATE
OF
POSTAGE
APPLIES

This postcard is from the S. S. President Jackson. It is folded in half and then mailed. The other side is the menu for the day as shown before the letter dated October 6, 1928.

[From the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

[This letter, dated Oct. 6, 1928 was written from the S.S. President Jackson en route to China by Ellen to her children. She describes the clothes that many wore on board ship for the dinner with the theme "Hard Times". There were tournaments and contests on board to participate in. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line

Saturday evening, Oct. 6", '28.

8:45 P.M.

Dear Children All,

We are settling down to something like quiet after one of the most up-roarious dinners we have had thus far.

It was the occasion of a "Hard times party." When first announced we couldn't understand how they came to choose that sort of a social function when every one's baggage on a sea voyage, is reduced to lowest terms and those few togs are perfectly proper attire for ordinary occasions plus a few "glad rags"; but next to nothing that cannot be put to practical use in the requirements of decent habiliment [*clothes*]. No one expects to go equipped for special and extra or rare occasions. We wondered what kind of costumes could be conjured up and still more what we ourselves would appear in. I hesitated between my shoulder strap skirt with the blouse that goes with it a silk that is "loaded" and was breaking out- it looked sure like hard times;- and a new gingham dress, the least expensive of dress materials which was also a bit old-fashioned but which was not at all strikingly illustrative of the idea of the occasion, viz. a costume party. I finally decided on the latter, as entirely respectable, good-looking and entire keeping mildly with the idea of the occasion. Father's old clothes, overalls and so forth were all in his big trunk and the wooden boxes on their way to China. So he wore his knickers, long-stockings, oldest shoes, a mused shirt with sleeves turned up above elbows, collar turned in and open at neck, and his cap on the side of his head. He surely looked a case of hard times but he proved to be only a mere circumstance to most of the men who changed their dress at all. They unquestionably were a tough looking lot of human beings. One tall big stout man impersonated a negro in working clothes, red bandana, blacked up face and hands, carrying pail and broom: One wore a tow colored wig, patched blue checked shirt and blue overalls and he used lots of pink powder on his face to make it look burned in the sunshine. One man had a coat much too big for him and a stand up stiff collar end turn over corners and one side of front sticking up by his ear because the button hole was broken out, and a blood stain on his collar. Another had his collar with turnover corners on hind-side - before and a big "swallow-tailed coat," and some change below I forget what, - one thing was a different shoe and stocking on each foot. Several had "black eyes," painted on and beards or mustaches also painted on. One was in his gay ones. Several had mustaches and goatees painted on and one had a false nose of great size stuck on. Several had little white sailor caps on or dinkey little hats or caps on their heads tilted at all angles and sometimes the visors behind. Several of the girls and ladies were dressed as men or boys in white trousers, knickers, overalls, or something very old. Two or three were in Japanese kimonos; one had a tin can tied on her head for a hat and a costume made distinctive by hdkfs of all sorts and colors attached by one corner all over it. Several had a 'kerchief' tied over the head, of any old cloth; one had a big straw poke hat; one had a simple costume made of one big flour bag for the blouse, and one for each leg of the trousers with the lettering all on in full color on the outside of each leg and at back and front of blouse. Miss Allen of Foochow and Miss Coe of Japan impersonated flour girls with baskets of roses and calling their wares in a little song in Chinese and Japanese. Some women wore men's shirts; some men had their shirts hanging outside their trousers. One lady represented a news boy and went around selling newspapers. Miss Bement tied a cloth over her head and wore a kitchen dress and represented a beggar and went around to near tables begging money, grapes and other food. She and Father had a scrap and he set her down in her chair and backed another chair up against hers so she couldn't get up again till the table boy took it away. He snatched away Miss Allen's basket of roses from the floor beside her chair where she had set it while she ate the next course of the dinner, and then began a chase to recover it. Every body was playing all sorts of jokes on others, which kept continual running about all over the dining saloon; few people kept their seats through the entire meal. Those were the ones who didn't dress up specially for it, or who didn't approve of it, or were too quiet to participate in such chicanery, or were too fat and lazy to exert themselves. I was one who did not leave my chair during the dinner and who conducted herself perfectly properly throughout (you may put me in whichever of those above named classes you think I fit best); the Catholic priest also did not, nor the six nuns, nor two lady missionaries and a Mt. Holyoke College teacher (for 30 yrs there) the last three sit at our table, nor a young Chinese Dr. returning from U.S. to China, nor his mother and sister, nor Ne sing, and a few other quiet, orderly people. The last half of the dinner hour there were anywhere from 3 to 8 couples dancing on the middle of the dining saloon in front of the orchestra. But they do that every evening and sometimes at luncheon,- leave their plates just brought in hot and dance till that piece is finished, then return and go on with their dinner. Some people dance 3 or 4 times during a meal. Gay tunes!!

The man who was in the tow wig and pink face took first prize and the negro second. Of the ladies, the flour-bag dress took second and the news-boy first. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing by the people so inclined. But the next day everybody kept his seat throughout the meal. I guess they had had enough for one while.

The notices are up on the bulletin board of the tournaments and passengers are requested to sign up for the game they want to try for. I went into mixed doubles in shuffle board only. Father went into that also and into deck tennis, and deck golf. My partner was AJ Thomas and I helped him a lot- to lose. I felt awfully sorry for him for he seemed glum about it but was courteous. We played against Mr. Kopf the Catholic priest and Mrs. Nash the wife of the Y.M. sec. of Korea. Father got to play the second time I think in shuffle-board. I tried quoits all by myself the other day and threw 105 rings before I got the first one on [*similar to horseshoes except with rings*]. So you see why I did not enter that tournament. You would hardly think one could throw so many really trying and not get one on; but I stood on the gentleman's line instead of on the lady's line 14 in. in front of the men's. It is hard to see where all the time goes to on the steamer; I hardly get time to do my washing and stocking darning! But you have to take certain opportunities when you find them.- I forgot to say in connection with the hard-times dinner that we had a very simple menu (which gave the cooks a rest) had paper table cloths, paper napkins, tables lighted by candles, and the silver just thrown on in a bunch at each place instead of being set out in order. Also the floor was all covered with sawdust to simulate a cheap stool restaurant. The Capt. said as we passed out of the dining room, "Well, I'm glad that's over with."

Oct. 14.- Sunday P.M. 2:40

I have just three hours to finish this letter and do lots of other writing for the mail closing at 5 o'clock.

Father preached again today and altho a good attendance can be claimed, not quite so many came as the two previous Sundays because we reach Yokohama tomorrow morning about 6 o'clock and many get off there and are busy packing up. "Reaching port," is in the atmosphere! Along with the packing, every body is desperately writing and many are desperately visiting with the new-found friends they are going to leave tomorrow. A few are madly reading to finish library books that must be in by 5:30 tonight. Some others are putting in a few last games of deck sports with some one whom they want to beat at least once.

The Jackson is slowing down her speed so as not to get there too soon. And tomorrow morning at sunrise we see the hills of fairy-land Japan. All hands, both passengers and crew must be on deck at sunrise to be counted. If any one fails to appear on deck he will keep about 450 people waiting as the Japanese officials will not pass any one through the quarantine inspection until every soul is seen and counted. Interesting memories of former voyages arise! Next we have to pass the passport inspection and get our slips for going ashore. We have only until five o'clock to shop when our boat leaves for Kobe.

A few days ago we had the contests and races and deck sports for grown-ups. I went into a potato race, egg race, and tug of war; I lost in the first two but was on the winning side in the last, married women vs. single. We pulled the girls right over the line as tho their shoe soles were greased, both times, pulling toward bow and toward stern. I am sure I helped my crew to win it, but I haven't seen my share of the prize yet, which was presented to the capt. of our team at dinner last night. All the prizes for all events, costume parties, tournaments, and sports were presented after the "Capt's Dinner" Saturday evening. At that time also the wife of the American vice-Consul to Harbin (of Russian extraction I think), did some Russian dancing to entertain the company. Her first costume was Martha Washington style with white wig, only the full skirt was deeply scalloped so that when she whirled the skirt stood out straight on all sides showing her white-legged tights which were bright red from her waist down to just below the seat. The next costume was a very full skirt of black tulle over red tulle and heavily trimmed with full-pleated six in. ruches of the same two materials, one row at the bottom and one a foot higher but we could see right through it anywhere; worn over the same tights. She danced or walked on her toes (ends) kicked very high and kneeled on one knee bending her body and head away over backwards. There was nothing especially graceful or pretty nor evenly rhythmic about it; only interesting (to certain people) as a physical feat. In the Martha Washington costume she danced a minuet. She had danced in a Russian dancing costume a few evenings ago at the hard times party which was pronounced indecent by some, and which is better described in a private conversation than in a circular letter. She was given a prize for the costume but many tho't. it unjustly awarded.

At the Capt's dinner the dining saloon was decorated as before Honolulu, in flags of many nations, small, descending from strings run along the ceiling, Japanese lanterns, colored shades over electric lightbulbs. On the tables were fancy paper cups for all, the snapping bonbons for all (balloons in some of them) and coils of streamers to throw. I don't think there was quite the enthusiasm this time as their was the first time, but there was a jolly time. Father received as his prize for his costume, a handkerchief case of leather silk-lined which was marked \$4.00.

(Continued from Kobe two days hence)

Breakfast

S. S. PRESIDENT JACKSON

JOHN GRIFFITH, Commander

- 1 Iced California Grape Fruit
- 2 Sliced Sunkist Oranges
- 3 Fresh Pineapple
- 4 Stewed Figs
- 5 Chilled Water Melon
- 6 Corn Flakes
- 7 Grape Nuts
- 8 Puffed Wheat
- 9 Oatmeal Porridge with Fresh Cream
- 10 Fried Filets of Whitefish, Butter Sauce
- 11 Finnan Haddie in Cream
- 12 Steamed Salt Codfish Tongues and Sounds, Globe Potatoes
- 13 Grilled Chicken's Liver en Brochette
- 14 Curried Eggs with Rice
- 15 Minced Beef with Onion on Toast
- 16 Grilled Sugar Cured Ham
- 17 Broiled Breakfast Bacon
- 18 Chops and Steaks to Order
- 19 Eggs: Boiled, Fried, Poached, Scrambled, or Shirred
- 20 Omelettes any Style to Order
- 21 Mashed Potatoes
- 22 Diced Potatoes
- 23 Buckwheat Cakes with Maple Syrup or Drip Honey
- 24 Assorted Fresh Breakfast Rolls
- 25 Dry or Buttered Toast
- 26 Milk Scones
- 27 Oatmeal Cakes
- 28 Assorted Tea Garden Preserves and Jellies
- 29 Imported Marmalade
- 30 Instant Postum
- 31 Tea
- 32 Cocoa
- 33 Coffee
- 34 Hot Milk

Wednesday, October 10th 1928. J. H. Newey, Chief Steward

(Beef Tea will be served on Deck at 11 a. m.)



[This letter, dated Oct. 10, 1928, was written from the S.S. President Jefferson on the way to China by Ellen to her children. She describes her tour of the ship. Letter in the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line
President Liners
Orient
Round the World

Wednesday, Oct 10th
28.
3:25 P.M.

Dearest Children All,

We have just been down into the depths of the Pacific, 15 ft. below the surface of the ocean, but we had the hold of the ship all around us, so we didn't get wet, but we did get pretty dirty,- all of which means that we have made a tour of the ship.

At first, I asked the ladies of our table if they would like to make a tour of the boat in case the officers were willing to let us go. They were all glad to go; but before we had completed our negotiations with the officers, Miss Hinsdale, who is a teacher at Mt. Holyoke College and sits at our table, had been offered that privilege by the Dr. of the boat who discovered after long thinking that she was his High School teacher in Joliet, Ill. over 30 yrs. ago. When he first saw her on the boat he knew he had seen that face somewhere before. Her face haunted him, but he could not recall where it was till yesterday when it came to him and he came and introduced himself, at the same time asking her if she would like to take a tour of the ship bringing her friends along. Of course she accepted and our problem of how to get it done was solved.

Right after lunch we went beginning with the bridge. But on our way he showed us 2 suites of rooms for wealthy people each of which costs \$2250. for the trip from Los Angeles to Manila! There is a large bed-room furnished with 2 beds just like home furniture with dresser, wardrobe, chairs, chiffonier and all the necessities; a living room with table large enough for dining table so that meals can be served there if desired, couch, easy chairs, draperies and walls covered with the same striped satin material as the draperies instead of wall paper; a completely furnished bath-room very compact but room enough. One of these suites was occupied, one was not. He showed us the Capt's room; very fine. Also 1st Officer's, Purser's, Chief Engineer's, then we went to the bridge and saw the compass,- the old fashioned one wh. they still use also the gyator compass of which they have four on the boat. The biggest one was down stairs near the engine room and it makes 35000 revolutions a minute and requires 1 ½ hrs. to stop after they shut down the machinery when they get into port! There was also on the bridge in the steering room a wonderful machine that is run by electricity, which guides the ship itself without the aid of man when once man has set it in motion. They can all go off and leave the steering room all alone and the ship will continue on its way keeping its course accurately, in fact it is more accurate than the human brain in its action. They first set it to a certain course and if any thing, as wind, wave, swell, deviates it the least bit from the true course set for it this machine,- humorously called the "Iron Mike,"- (I did not learn its technical name) corrects it at once automatically and exactly accurately. So now, a man does not have to stand at the wheel all day and all night to guide the ship. It will do in a second what it takes 4 or 5 seconds for the human mind and hand to do, coordinately. The machine was opened and we saw it correct the ship several times as we sped along. It is absolutely beyond my power to give you any clear description of it as I do not know the technical terms of the mechanical parts nor do I understand its electrical action; but you have heard of and have some faint conception of the electrically automatic action of the electric stoves, refrigerators and electric flat irons and I imagine that this is similarly operated on a much grander scale. It was contained in an iron case, resting on the floor, and stood about 3 ft. high, was a foot deep 15 in. wide. The thick iron door fully an inch thick, was on the front side and opened, the full side of the case. Inside were many pieces of brass, of different sizes and shapes intricately arranged to do the fine work it was made to perform. At the bottom near the floor many insulated wires entered the machine to conduct the electricity which was the motive power of their almost intelligent machine, "more accurate and speedier than the human brain and hand"! On the wall back of it, "Iron Mike" recorded his own work and every detail with unfailing accuracy. The record was made electrically in red ink on a roll of paper which moved thru the machine as a movie film moves thru its machine; there was a line of little round holes on the right side. The 1st Officer unrolled the paper record of the last 24 hrs. and showed us the report. The red ink path of the point that recorded the ship's deviations and the machine's corrections looked something like the line down the left margin of this page. When the zig zag is slighter there was less deviation or, in other words, the sea was smoother and the wind had dropped; while the wider variations due to heavier sea and greater velocity of wind, are recorded by the broader zig zag. I think the hour was recorded

periodically but am not certain as I was too far away to see well. There were several other instruments in the steering room which he did not stop to explain. But there was another which he did explain most interestingly. It was the fire alarm. In a wooden case about 5 ft. high and 18 in. square with a slanted top of glass, were about 40 square brass pipes 1 ½ in. in diameter coming up vertically and side by side in rows into the case, and each row shorter than the one behind it with the open tops slanted at the same angle as the glass top. Each tube bore a number on its inner rear wall thus: which could be easily read through the glass. Each upper corner of the case had a small red glass disc behind one of which was a tiny electric bulb; these bulbs were connected with the two motors of the machine which run the fans which pump air up through these tubes from all parts of the ship. Only one of the motors run at a time and they are changed of periodically to cool off the motor; the red lights indicate which motor is running. In each state-room, social hall, dining saloon, tea-room, writing room and all over the ship, there is on the ceiling a circular arrangement of insulated wires and loose flat coil about the size of a tea-plate (8 in. in diam.)



with a small white disc ½ in. thick and 2 in. in diam. in the center of the coil and applied over it. We had all wondered much what it was for; these were the other ends of these brass tubes. The officer told us that if a fire started in any part of the ship, as soon as any heat was produced, it would affect these wires and the bell in the steering room on the wall would ring and at the same time, or before, the smoke would come up one of those tubes; looking at the number of the tubes from which smoke was issuing, the officer in charge could tell just where the fire was. Another bell is on the wall of the Capt's room and beside it is a number-recording board similar to those in hotels in connection with the bell system for calling the bell boy, which also records the location of the fire. He said if a person should light a piece of paper and hold it near this instrument on the ceiling of his cabin, it would set off this fire alarm. In this connection, I think I have not written that we have had three fire-drills on this voyage thus far. All the crew, sailors, stewards and officers hasten at the sound of the whistle to their assigned positions by the life boats. At the second whistle, they swing about 4 of the boats out over the water each time but do not lower them to the water; the crews of the other boats go through the motions of letting out the ropes but do not swing the boats out. I think they take turns with the different boats instead of doing all boats every time; for it is a great deal of work since each boat has a kahki canvas cover which has to be removed and then laced on again when the third whistle blows; at the fourth whistle all hands file back to their work. The fire drill always comes after the 4 o'clock tea is served about 4:30.

Then the Dr. took us to the kitchen and showed us the great coffee urns 3 of them, the huge stoves and ovens, the electric arrangement for boiling eggs exactly so many minutes 2, 3, or 4, or more and it takes care of itself automatically. The dishes were all stacked on shelves with racks in front of each pile of plates, saucers etc. to keep them from sliding off in rough weather. The pantries, with stacks of bread and the meat room where the meat and fish just taken from the refrigerator were being cleaned and prepared for dinner; the great pots 2 ½ ft. across and as high wear soup meat was boiling; the immense buckets of vegetables all prepared for dinner; the potato mashing machine; the potato peeling machine, etc. From there he led us to the laundry where 3 or 4 Chinese laundry men were ironing in a temperature at least up to 95 degrees perhaps higher. I felt sorry for them. But when we got to the engine room it was worse. As he opened the door to go down the narrow stairs a hot blast struck our faces which was a bit disconcerting and made us wonder if we could stand it after all. Miss Allen turned back here, and so did Ne sing, Miss Bement's Chinese girl but the rest of us went on. As we took hold of the iron (polished steel) handrails to help us down the narrow steep stairs, they were so hot we could hardly hold them. But this was worst at the top as heat rises and grew cooler as we went down. Two flights we descended into the hold and were then several feet below the water line. All the tubes and machinery that could be painted at all was painted light yellow which made it look clean and more cheery. And there we stood in a little open space amidst a bewildering array of pipes and tubes, big and little and intricate machinery of which I do not even know the names. Here I shall have to cut off this chapter to get it into the mail. Continued in my next mailed I hope at Kobe.

Very Lovingly, Mother

[This letter, dated Oct. 16, 1928, was written from the S.S. Jackson on the way to China by Willard to Marjorie and Kathleen. He is taking chickens to China and feeds them on the ship twice daily. He visited with Mr. Abe Iso, his friend from Seminary and now a member of the Japanese Parliament, while in Japan. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

American Mail Line
President Liners
Orient
Round the World

Inland Sea, Japan.
Oct. 16th, 1928. 9:15 a.m.

Dear Marjorie and Kathleen:-

Just before we reached Yokohama Mother and I mailed a dozen or more letters, post cards and menu-post cards. She sent you something in one of these lines.

It was a #1 good mail that met us- part at Leolyn's, part after we got to the S.S. office in San Francisco and part after we went aboard. Your letters were most interesting. Before I forget it I must assure you that my shaving brush has stood on end on the little glass shelf over the washstand all the journey thus far and has not needed to keep awake[?]. The sea has been very smooth. The ship has been loaded heavily and has been very steady. I never enjoyed a voyage as much as this one.

The chickens are getting on well. I found two eggs the first week, none the second but day before yesterday I found one and another this morning. The twelve in one coop are a bit crowded and I shall be glad when I can give them more room. The ship carries a lot of green vegetables- cabbage and lettuce and I found ends of onions and some garlic. The chickens like all these, and this green food keeps them healthy. The room steward gives them left over rice and potatoes and meat. I bought in S. Francisco 100 lbs of corn, oats, barley, wheat, etc. mixed and I feed this to them myself twice a day.

Yesterday Mother and I went up to Tokio. We went to the Japan Tourists Bureau in the Tokio Station and an attendant there telephoned Mr. Abe Iso, a classmate of mine in Hartford Seminary. [*See photo with letter dated April 8, 1895 by Willard.*] He replied that he would come down to the station where we were. We had a visit with him from about 12:45 till 4 p.m. He taught in Waseda University, Tokio for nearly 20 years. Last year he was elected to the Lower House in the Japanese Parliament by the common people- that corresponds to the Commons or Labor Party in Great Britain. Waseda University is controlled by the Higher ups and when Mr. Abe was elected as the representative of the common people the University Board did not want him longer. I have been told that the students came near striking if he left. But he could not hold down both jobs and the work as a member of Parliament was in line with his ideals so he is now a member of the Japanese Parliament. He has always wanted to help the working man and the poor. He is chairman of the Purity Committee for all of Japan. He has already drafted a bill against prostitution which he plans to bring before parliament at the next election. Mother was much interested in talking with him about the coronation of the new Emperor which is to take place in two or three weeks. As a member of Parliament he is to attend. Mother I think is writing more of the details of this. Mr. Abe was ill with typhus fever last winter and spring- just as he had taken his seat in parliament. For three weeks he was unconscious or out of his head- he does not remember anything that took place during those three weeks. He is not yet well- shows his illness some, and is very careful with himself, hoping to be able to work hard for righteousness when parliament again sits. Abe is one of the great men of Japan. It was worth a day of time and ten yen to have the privilege of talking with him for four hours. We talked of China and of Japan's attitude. He remarked, "When the United States settled the Nanking affair with the Nationalist Government, independently of Great Britain and Japan, the Japanese Cabinet officers were very much surprised"- He said this with a chuckle, characteristic of himself. He said, "My party does not want Japan to have Manchuria. Manchuria belongs to China and should unite with the Nationalist Government." These two remarks pleased me specially for I have for several years felt that Japan's attitude toward China was the attitude of militaristic Japan only, and this from Mr. Abe confirms my feelings. On the way back from Tokio, we got off at the large new station opened only a day or two ago. It is a huge affair with all the modern improvements of a station in the U.S.

I was astonished at the amount of building going on both in Yokohama and in Tokio. Mr. Abe said that most of it was to replace the buildings destroyed in the earthquake. Our ship left a lot of autos at Yokohama - one lady said most "Stars" [?]. I saw one Ford- owned by a Mr. Nash of the Seoul Y.M.C.A.

Going back to Foochow with us here are Miss Bement and Miss Allen. The Storrs family are ahead of us. So are Mr. Kellogg (Shaowu) and Mr. Newell.

The past summer was a delightful one to us - I got better acquainted with all the children than ever before. We were on the go more than any of us intended, but perhaps we saw sides of each other there that we would not have seen if we had been quietly in one place. I have the "farmerette" picture and the one of Monnie on the horse

rake in my vest pocket diary and I look at them frequently. *[Kathleen told Jana that she and Marjorie would play "farmerette" at Century Farm when they were younger.]*



Marjorie and Kathleen 1928 as "Farmerettes"

Marjorie, Ellen, Kathleen and Dorothy

[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

I shall often think of you Marjorie and pray that you will find just the best work for yourself after you finish at Oberlin- the work in which you can make the most helpful contribution to society- in which you can be the most useful to God as He is moulding society in a great world society of friendly people. That was Professor Bosworth's idea, and it means much – no more war- no more hatred- no more jealousies- or secret plottings- no more trying to get the best of the other fellow for our own selfish advancement.

Remember us to Aunt Etta and the family. I'll write some of them soon.

In the fancy dress I took first prize for an original costume. I was "Departed Spirits"- a ghost moving about the dining room distributing my cards. The prize was a beautiful leather-silk turned handkerchief holder.

May God keep, guide and use both of you.

Very lovingly

Father.

[This letter, dated Oct. 24, 1928, was written onboard the S.S. Chosa Maru by Ellen to Marjorie. As the boat approaches the Foochow area, Ellen anticipates sight of Sharp Peak, where Phebe was born years before. Ellen discusses where they will be living in Foochow. She sent some Japanese clothing items to her daughters. Letter from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and donated to Yale in 2007.]

Osaka Shosen Kaisha,
On board S/S "Chosa" Maru
Wednesday 8 P.M. Oct. 24" 1928.

Dearest Marjorie

Before another sunrise, we shall be in sight of the rambling old sanitarium of hallowed memory, the birthplace of our first dear baby daughter. A strange emotion thrills my heart as I near the soil in which her dear form rests. Sacred associations cluster around the old building in which her voice first sounded. I shall view it from the port-hole tomorrow at early dawn and recall many pleasant scenes and happy events.

We anchor off Matsu at about 3:30 A.M. and reach Pagoda Anchorage about 9:20 A.M. We have to wait for tide to enter the river on acct. of the bar. We ought to be up to the bund and the long bridge by noon, and in the city by 1:30.

Betty Cushman came on to the boat at S'hai and surprised us. She had been up to Shanghai about two weeks to meet her sister Mary who was at Wenshan School teaching music when Phebe died and went home after

we did; and “met her fate” in Shanghai when waiting for her boat to go home and after she got well again she became engaged to him and came out two weeks ahead of us to be married in S’hai. Betty came up from Foochow to meet her and attend the wedding and be her brides-maid. Their boats arrived the same day and almost the same hour; Mr. Brown went first to meet his fiancée then they both went to meet Betty. The wedding over, B. went to Nanking on business and the bride and groom went to Foochow on their honeymoon. We’re hoping they stay until we get there but we may pass them on the way returning to S’hai. Interesting, isn’t it? Mary going home, health impaired, to get well, met this man casually at a social or some place, very short acquaintance, few days at most, they corresponded, proposed, she went to his home in Missouri to look him up and meet his people; found them very similar to hers, interested in church and missions, were engaged and a few months later came out and married and will live in S’hai indefinitely; he is an employee in the customs. Beginning a life like a story!

Betty says the Hodous house in the city has been made into two apartments, upper and lower, and we are expected to live in the lower, the upper being already occupied by Dr. Campbell’s family. I don’t like to sleep on the ground floor but I guess it’s “no hwak.”

Later- We find the up-stairs floor of the big hospital house back of the tennis court is also vacant, painted, whitewashed, etc. and ready for our choice of it, or the other (Where the Ruman’s lived when you were here.); Father wants this and I like it better as we can sleep up stairs; also the view is better and more light and air than on ground floor where we look out on walls and just our own compound.

Now about the buys. Geraldine’s letter from me, which she will let you all read (promptly please,) will explain why I have not sent more things and earlier. I’m sorry not to have had more time to browse around in Japan. But I’ll try to get the gifts to you by Christmas. I may send several things to let you select from and what you don’t want you may put into Dorothy’s or Geraldine’s Christmas sale if she is down in Oberlin any time to get them or you could send them by mail to her. I have already sent to you from Japan, two Happi coats, - a little different from Haori coats. You did not ask for a kimona, I suppose because you expect to be able to select one yourself before many years; so I found these happi coats comparatively cheap and tho’t you might like one. They are shorter, shorter sleeved, unlined, wool challis (instead of silk) as compared with the Haori coats. They are worn inside by Japanese ladies, the Haoris outside. I think they are comparatively new as I have never seen them before, - not new to the Japanese women but new to the foreign trade. I should imagine a college girl could use one for an evening wrap in summer. You may be too modest to wear so bright a blue as one of them is and the other is white with red bamboo on it, - very dainty to wear over a light summer dress. Then when I got to S’hai, I was so sorry I had not bought a black one that I went into a Japanese store and paid 1 ½ dollars more for a black one which you may like better to wear than so bright a blue. All I saw were bright red or bright green, or vivid orange or royal purple, or this black one. The black one I bought would be prettier with the light blue left out and less compact and loose clusters of cherry blossoms. The blue one has a tiny spot on the front where the blue color did not take well. I may be able to send you something to wear on that spot, to cover it perhaps one of the little charms I am sending Dorothy to sell. There are also some tiny blue specks on the front of the white one which are not very disfiguring but probably cannot be removed. You are to have your choice of these three and if the other girls don’t want them let them have them all if they can use them. The others Dot or Geraldine may sell them. The blue one and the white one which you will receive together are 4 yen each or \$1.87 cents gold. The black one is 5.50 yen or \$2.57 gold. I hope you have enough money to pay the duty without inconveniencing you until the girls who take the others can pay you. If Dot doesn’t want any surplus coats to sell, but they surely will, perhaps you can sell them to college girls in Oberlin- let our daughters have first chance at them. But don’t sell them till all you girls have a chance at them if you want them.

Another thing, I am sending some braided silk ties which I tho’t you and Kath might use in some way when you wanted to wear the Oberlin colors, as at a ball game, instead of ribbons. They are worn by the Jap. women to tie the inner coat or something of the kind. These two are the Oberlin colors and caught my eye. You may divide them as you like. There should be no duty on these as they cost less than \$1. mex. each. \$.35 and \$.55 So don’t pay any. I was sorry not to have time to go out to the wholesale bead shop for your pink beads but Geraldine’s letter will tell you why. I felt that the time was so limited I would better get what was close at hand than to spend all my time hunting a place which might be closed when I had found it. I may be able to get them by correspondence as I have his card.

Morning- Thursday Oct 25”, 6 A.M. – I am all alone on deck, watching the last flash of the light house on White Dogs (island); watching the Island Matsu near which we have been anchored all the latter part of, - to be accurate, the last 8 hours, recede in the distance, watching the rosy tints of the sunrise on the thin uneven veil of gray clouds with which the sky is almost completely overcast and wondering over just which peak of the dear old Fukien Mts. the sun will appear; [*she switches from pencil to green ink here*] and watching for Sharp Peak Island as it comes into view. There I’ve finished up, that sentence properly and now I’ll tell you that I’m finishing this letter

on the Monday morning following that Thursday on which I wrote the last 8 lines of pencil script above. The intervening days have been so busy that I've found no time to write. And I can't finish the description of our arrival now as I must write you information about things I'm sending or they will arrive before the letter does and you'll not know about them.

Dear Kathleen:- I have sent your Kimona to Geraldine with hers. She will pay the duty on yours and you may pay her when you can. She will bring it up to you about Thanksgiving time I think as we mailed it at Kobe (after we left) on the ship, and it was to be transferred at S'hai to a Dollar Line Boat going to Seattle. So by this time it must be 2 or 3 days out from Yokohama and will be in Yokohama [*does she mean to say Seattle?*] in a week. 10 days later it should be in Geraldine's hands. You have read above what I wrote Marjorie about the crimson and gold silk ties which I am sending you and her to wear as college colors on occasions. I shall send them to her address, or one to each; I haven't planned which yet. But, however sent, you can suit yourselves which has which. I fear you will not like your kimona for a Japanese one because it is not Japanese enough, but Geraldine's letter tells all about it. Write me just what you do think about it to guide me in further purchases. I am writing this while two women clean the house, floors, windows, furniture; the walls have been whitewashed and the woodwork newly painted white; floors newly painted a pinkish drab, which is pretty; but they are dusty and need washing.

Yesterday we went to give Gue Ging Miong's [?] church, the serious faced preacher rather small; you may remember him. At the close of the sermon he asked Father to speak, and me. I first said 2 sentences and gave the floor to Father. We walked both ways. Foochow seems very quiet and peaceful. Few soldiers here and no trouble. It has been very dry here for a long time and the grass is pretty brown and the flowers dried up. Ever since we arrived it has been as warm as summer. I am wearing white dresses and father white trousers. I suppose you are wearing wool dresses and sweaters, and the autumn leaves are all fallen and burned up, and flowers all gone. Houses heated and frosty nights. Much love and prayer, Mother

Am using just a single envelope that I took to use when on steamer but didn't get letter finished. I didn't sponge their stationery!!

[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1928 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Geraldine. Willard and Ellen are back in China and Ellen tells about the trip she and Willard took to Kuliang in one day. She describes the process of making sweet potato rice. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Foochow, China]

Nov. 1st 1928

Dearest Geraldine,

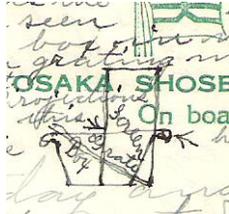
We have been to Kuliang today and not in sedan chairs as you used to go. Starting at 8 A.M. we went by rickisha out across the plain toward the Mt. to the village where the chair coolies used to take the first rest, drink tea and smoke, about 2 ½ miles. There we paid them off, 3 ½ dimes each, and they returned and we started on across the plain walking. It has been a pleasant warm day with a few clouds which shaded the sun a part of the time and it is very dry. The farmers all across the plain are very busy reaping the second crop of rice and the fields are about half reaped. When we reached the foot of the Mt. we had walked 3 ½ miles and we did not stop at the rest house there as we used to do but kept right on up the mt. a climb of 3 miles, stopping only once to rest. We arrived at our first stop on Kuliang at 12:10 having made it in a little over 4 hours. Mrs. Matheson, wife of an English Dr. wanted to go up with us as she wanted Father to help her decide on the repairs on her house. We let her know the night before what time we would start and she started from her home over south side in time to meet us at the foot of the mt. where our roads meet, as nearly as she could judge. Just about 10 minutes before we came to the foot of the mt. father said "There is a foreign lady just starting up the mt. road. And it is a foreigner, for Chinese do not wear yellow clothes." He waved his hat but there was no response. But as we neared the first rest house, ¼ the way up, she shouted back to us and waved and waited for us at the rest house. On reaching the top, we went to her house first, looked it over and decided on the repairs with the mason, ate half a pomelo together in place of a drink of water. Then father and I went on up to our house leaving Mrs. M. to eat lunch alone and do some things about her house. At the village father ordered rice and sweet potatoes cooked by our landlord and brought up to our house. We rested a half hour and looked over the house then started to eat what we had brought and soon the landlord came bringing a big bowl of hot rice, 4 hot sweet potatoes, 2 boiled eggs, 4 slices of fried fresh pork and a tin of boiling water. We ate a part of ours and a part of his and left him all the rest giving it nominally to his little boy who was with him, wearing a pair of English men's khaki riding trousers, - a lad 10 yrs. old! Some sight! I imagine that after the Kuliang season is over and the summer residents are all gone, there is quite a gay parade of foreign cast-off

clothing among the native population. As we started down the mt. and came to the branch road leading to Mrs. Mathesons house, we boohooed across the fields and soon heard a reply and in a moment she appeared and we all walked down together without stopping to rest. At the foot of the mt. our ways parted. We found our rickshas waiting at the end of the richisha r'd and rode home reaching home about 5:40, just about dark. One of the summer store buildings on the mt. had been burned since we were there last; a part of the church lawn, retaining wall, and stone walk had slipped down into the valley below in a land-slide during a fearful rainstorm late last summer, a part of a typhoon which everybody is telling us about, and we saw two other land slides up there which occurred at the same time. A fine new stone building of squared stones has been put up since we were last there, by a mason, "out of his squeezes of the foreigners", father says.

Our landlord uses our house harder all the year thru, especially Sept. Oct. and Nov. than we do in the three summer months. He had the lawn all covered with bundles of sweet potato vines drying for winter feeding for his cattle. The veranda was covered with shredded white sweet potatoes drying to make "sweet-potato rice" which is a substitute for rice, which is cheaper and an inferior food which nobody really likes but which a great many of the poorer people of this section of China have to eat a part of the time. The ends and fragments and little potatoes which couldn't be "riced" were drying on the veranda floor too, for pig food. Out on the stone walk in front of the house were two of our bureau drawers filled with chunks of snow white stuff which looked like huge lumps of laundry starch, drying. I asked what it was and gathered that it is a byproduct of the "sweet-potatoe rice" process; presumably the juice which drains from the sweet potatoes as they are being shredded by drawing them over a series of corrugations in a piece of tin attached to a board (2) ft. long and 7 in. wide; this instrument lay on the window sill in our dining room. The juice is dried out till this sediment is left and when dry enough to turn out of the receptacle in a cake it is broken up into lumps and dried perfectly dry. I tasted it and it seemed exactly like starch. I think it was. I tried to get out of the landlord what it was used for but all he could tell me was, "O, you can use it in making anything" meaning in cooking I suppose. Then on the back lawn was a hogs head 4 or 5 big water gongs, and one or two buckets, all filled with dirty water where they had washed the potatoes before ricing. Inside, the house, was cluttered and somewhat dirty and it didn't look like our summer home at all; but by next June he will have the lawn all cleared off, the veranda all cleaned off and washed, the inside all arranged and cleaned; ready for our arrival. Then I'll have our servants do it all over again after him and white washing, painting and oiling, will make it a home again. On the road across the plain there were two or three bad washouts or bridges gone; one place where we had to cross a canal on a board nine inches wide; another place had a bridge much slanted from a higher to a lower bank over a stream, which consisted of four narrow thin boards held together by strips of wood nailed across for steps, a rickety affair, insecurely set. At another place we crossed the stream on stepping stones. I crossed them all alone (unaided) and safely; but coming home my knees were so shaky from the long walk and especially the walk down so many irregular stone steps, that I had to stop and gather courage and poise as much as two minutes before I could venture the 9 in. board. After that long flight of steps down the mt. was finished, the muscles of my legs and especially knees had been on tense strain so long, holding back, and at the same time stepping down those rough, uneven, irregular stone steps, no two successive steps exactly the same height, width, slant, or surface, my muscles were so unresponsive and my feet so unmanageable and unwieldy that in walking on the level(?) they struck the ground at almost any angle and any time, and my gait was a ludicrously laborious amble, as I negotiated the uneven half-paved roads. But, - I did it! Walked up the mt. and back the same day and am able to sit up till 11:30 and write this letter to you on top of it without even lying down a minute to rest either. And I carried my own sweater all across the plain and Father's brief case filled with lunch, up the mt. and my umbrella all day either over my head for shade or as a cane. Also on the walk down the mt. I picked a bouquet of flowers, wild chrysanthemums and asters and wild lavender, and carried them all the way home. And I don't feel tired a bit. So I guess your mother isn't getting so awfully old, even if she is 60; thirteen miles including a mt. climb. I wonder how many of my 60 yr. old acquaintances (women) could have taken it with me? As I had no rubber heels, father took my arm and supported me the last half of the way down the mt. steps as my leather heels slipped so on the smooth, foot worn but irregular stones.

The grains of Sweet Potato Rice are about seven times the size of ordinary grains of shredded cocoanut and resemble it only not so pure white,- grayish white. Everywhere on the mt. it was being dried on matting trays 8 ft. long and 4 ft. wide set up at an angle of 45 degrees facing the south. Unhulled rice also on mats of bamboo flat on the ground were drying in many places. As the rice reaping was going on sticking up all over the plain could be seen the tan colored coarse cloth screens on 3 sides of a rectangular box in which the rice is threshed off the stalks by beating it by handfuls, on a grating made of 1 ½ in. strips of wood nailed 1 ½ in. apart on a rectangular frame 2

ft. X 3 ½ ft. set into the big box washboard fashion. The box has projections at all four corners for handles, is large



and heavy and looks like this.

Box = 4 ft. X 12 ½ ft. X 2 ¼ ft. – screen 6 ft. high bamboo frame.

Use your magnifying glass,- reading glass to read these post scripts. I'm not out of stationary. Didn't know I was going to write so much.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1928 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Geraldine. She tells about pricing Chinese items for sale and about some fabrics she sent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Read [these](#) privately.

With love, Mother.

Tai Bing Ga Compound

Foochow China

Nov. 7th, '28.

Dearest Geraldine,

This must be business strictly, as I must get this on its way to you that you may be prepared to receive the goods I am sending for your Christmas Sale.

First,- let me say, that I quite forgot when in Yokohama that you had asked me to buy things for a sale in Youngstown and in my haste sent all the beads (12 strings, assorted) to Dorothy for her sale. But later remembering it I wrote Dorothy she was to share equally with you and asked her to send you half of them after making her own selection. Handle them carefully as they seem strung on very fine thread that would break easily. In price they averaged about 60 sen a string but the small ones and the long ones always cost more. Don't price them quite up to what is being asked for them in American stores as I think these may be seconds, or, at least, not inspected for foreign trade. But you don't need to tell that; neither should you publish the exact cost of your goods. People in their thought of it don't make allowance for the time spent in buying, wrapping, posting and necessary writing about them; not the cost of packing and postage and duty and your work, in the sale. So it would seem that you were making several hundred percent. Don't forget to add to the gold cost, the postage, duty etc, in fixing your selling price. And you will have to ascertain at the P.O. when you get your parcel and pay your duty what rate % is charged on each kind of thing in order to fix your prices proportionately and fairly. You ought to make at least 10 % on everything after all cost items are added to the purchase price. Some things, the best sellers, much more.

Yesterday I sent you your first parcel- shipment! – if you please, which contained one thing which unless I miss my guess, never gets as far as your sale. If you like it as well as I did, it will probably go straight into your own wardrobe and no one else will get a chance at it or a peep of it till you wear it. Now, perhaps I am getting your hopes too high so come down quickly before your anticipations are rudely dashed. For it's only a piece of Japanese wool challis and you may not think it at all suitable for a dress. But it is so pretty, to me, and they are wearing the large patterns somewhat; and the color combination is so harmonious and the whole thing so very distinctive, - you'll not see anything like it anywhere in America; not that it is ultra refined in its tone but it's just pretty, - and different. I wish it were silk instead of wool. But perhaps it will not appeal to you for a dress, perhaps it is too large a pattern; remove it one stop down, then, and call it cloth for a kimono; I think that will surely make a go,- only,- it's not silk. The goods is very fine and thin, the dyes are good, and the colors harmonious. It combines, black, lively dull blue, and henna in about equal parts and the pattern which is not at all definite or set, reminds you of the sky lien of trows of trees gracefully and charmingly indefinite and irregular and easy in arrangement. I'd give ten cents for your mental picture of it right now! And shall be interested to hear how your mental concept delineated by this description compares with the real thing. Please be very frank. I ought to add two more touches of my brush to this picture. The three colors are arranged in irregular horizontal bands regularly repeated. The work "indefinite" refers to pattern, not to the line which separates one color from another- which is very indefinite. My imagination makes this venture- that in choosing these particular colors, the designer intended to represent earth, blue sky, and dark shadowy trees silhouetted against it at eventide. The Japanese are poetic even in their arts

and industries. - There are nearly six yds. of it and it is 30 in. wide I think, altho I did not measure it. For such a pattern one would want a straight plain dress I should think, so as not to disturb the art in it by many pleats and shirrings and drapings. So it would hardly take 6 y. to make one dress. There would be enough for two if one, at least, combined solid color material with it in one of the colors of the material; possibly preferably black. I think that would make the prettier combination altho the other two colors would do, especially the henna. Both dresses might have black combined if need be. Some smooth thin plain wool material might be found I should think, if not exactly challis. In any case I should think it best to face the skirt with satin (thin) so it will slip easily on the stockings and not cling and be kicked up on the legs with every step. So much for suggestion! Now do just what you want to with it. Sell it if you don't care for it but not until all the other sisters have had a chance at it in case you don't care for it, or for a second dress if you find there is enough for more than one, for yourself. The whole piece of nearly 6 yds. cost 8 yen or \$3.73 gold exchange in Japan that day being \$2.14 silver for \$1.00 gold. I sent this to you instead of Dorothy as you have more dress-making done than she; she buys more of her clothes ready made. If you decide to use it for dresses for the family let whichever sister wants or admires it most have the other if it is possible to tell; i.e. if there are two. It makes no difference to me. I sent Dot a rather pretty hand painted white silk scarf from Canton. In this first parcel, I also sent 10 Japanese Christmas Cards, 15 sen each or .07 gold, 2 calendars, 30 sen or .14 gold each, a linen towel, cross stitch, \$1.00 silver and a linen tray cloth in cut work \$2.90 silver or 1.36 gold. That was all in that parcel and it was registered; so write at once when you receive it as the time is so long anyway before we can hear that if it doesn't arrive we should begin to look it up from here. It should arrive by Dec. 10, I think.

Today supposedly, the lacquer man will post to you a box of small pieces of lacquer which I chose yesterday and he promised to post today. It should contain 30 pcs. of lacquer, - napkin rings, paper knives, ruler, boxes, small trays, oval, sq. long, and one set of larger oval trays. I bot 2 sets and sent one to Dot and one to you. But wanted each of you to have both colors so divided each set sending part of each to each. I tho't you would not sell them altogether anyway, but separately, and I tho't you'd each like some of the red ones and some of the black ones. If any one wants the full set we can send it easily if you take their order. But most people will probably want to buy only one. I did not have at hand capital enough to buy two sets for each. This shipment is just a sample to see how it sells and if you want to go into it further you can forward a draft for purchases and I'll get as much as you like.

Today I am sending you a small parcel- Father is just starting out to mail it, - containing two Pin trays, Chinese Canton Black wood, two trinket cups, Japanese, three Japanese tops, and a lacquer box of tea. All of it cost only 75 cents gold so you should pay no duty on it.

	Box	25 ⁴ Silver	12 ⁴ Gold	Gold
Lacquer Box of tea,	28 ³	"	13 ⁴ "	.25
2 Jap. Trinket Cups, @ 30 ⁴ =	60 ⁴	"	28 ⁴ "	.28
2 Chinese Canton Pin Trays, @ 15 ⁴ =	30 ⁴	"	14 "	.14
3 Wooden Japo. Tops,	17 ⁴	"	.08 "	.08
<u>Gold Cost Each.</u>				<u>.75</u>
Box Tea,	\$.25	Take care of this		
Trinket Cups,	.14	so you can fix		
Pin Trays,	.07	your prices for		
Tops,	.02 ² / ₃	these for your		
		sale.		

Tomorrow I will send you another parcel containing Japanese cotton print, red and white; my thought in buying this was that it might be used for covering a comforter. If used for one side only, with a border of plain red all around the four sides, 5-10 in. wide according to size desired, and a different material or plain red used for lining it could be used two comforters by dividing the piece exactly in the middle; and each half exactly in the middle to make two breadths. It is about 30 in. wide and 11 1/2 yds. approximately, long. It might also be used for draperies in some places I suppose. I sent Dot an all-over chrysanthemum pattern in several colors. I bot't them because they were so pretty and cheap, thinking they might prove salable as oriental things. The red print cost 4 yen for the 11 1/2 yds. or

1.87 fold, for the piece or 16 ¼ cts. gold per yd. Keep your accts. In this sale, accurately and strictly so you will know 1st whether you are making anything; 2nd How much you owe Dot and me.

We are having a real thunder shower just now, Nov. 8th 3:30 P.M. Rather unusual! No rain recently, very dry.

[This diary written from **Jan. through March of 1928** was written by Geraldine. Diary donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]

Diary for 1928
[Geraldine Beard]

Sun. Jan. 1, 1928

We are all together at Dot's in Saginaw, except Gould who is in Kansas or Long Island. Went to church, had a fine chicken dinner, then Father, Kathleen and I started back to Oberlin. A bitter cold day with much snow but we were comfortable. Reached Monroe and are spending the night here.

Cold Monday 2

Started at 7:30 from Monroe, reached Oberlin at 12. Had lunch, went to Aunt Etta's, left Father there, and K. and I started on at 2. Reached Youngstown at 5:30, had dinner in town, then came out to the house. Evelyn came soon after. It is not so hard as I tho't to be back ready for work.

Tues. Jan. 3, 1928 Cold

Kathleen went to school with me. The youngsters seemed glad to be back. We left soon after school and K. and I looked for coats. Found none, so I telegraphed Dot to get one I saw there. Studied in eve. Had a hard time getting the car started.

Wednesday 4

A kind lady on our street came out with her car to push mine till it started. All generosity isn't dead. Kathleen did not go to school, but I went into town for lunch with her. She phoned that she got a coat, and I went for it after school. She left at 2:35. The girls reported on their visits to homes to take Christmas baskets. Went to lunch then to Jane Polly's and hear Dodge's radio program.

Thur. Jan. 5, 1928

Uneventful so far as I am concerned. Am so busy with school work that the world could turn Red and I should be none the wiser. Our schedules came out, and I still have 5 preparations next semester! No rest! Exams begin a week from Tuesday. But, oh yes! I went skating!! That saved the day.

Friday 6

School let out 15 min. early and we all went to the basket-ball game against Cheney. I almost believe sports do make for manliness if conducted rightly.

Planned to skate again, but all is melted. Went to skate again, but all is melted. Went to Mary French's and played a bit.

Sat. Jan. 7, 1928 Warm

Went to town on errands. Got a pretty fern for the room. Graded papers. Was going walking with Mary French in the eve. But it rained. Our seasons are certainly confused. All the beautiful banks of snow are gone.

Rain. Sunday 8 Warm.

Went to the Unitarian church with Mary French. It is a beautiful little edifice. Mr. LeFevre seemed to be reading an apology for Liberalism and deriding all other sects. To me, now, no belief gives the satisfactory sense that Christian Science does. Worked all day on exam questions. Such a schedule gives no time for feeding one's soul.

Evelyn went to church for the first time.

Mon. Jan. 9, 1928 Warm

After school came thru town, got supper, and worked on exam questions. My coat came from Saginaw- a beauty, grey with black Martin[?]. Wrote Rose Mary.

Tuesday 10

Went to hear Cornelia Otis Skinner- She is delightful! More exams to do!

Wed. Jan. 11, 1928

Our club supper was very nice tonight. Took Alice home and tried to get to prayer meeting but failed.

Thursday 12

Went to Jane Polly's for a sewing club.

Saturday 14

Heard "My Mary land"- a musical light opera performance. It somehow did not impress me tremendously, tho' the others tho't it good! Got a pair of shoes and a 1 dollar hat.

Sun. Jan. 15, 1928

Church in morning. The Fultons took dinner with us, then we all went to the Steinbaugh Auditorium to hear Dean Chas. R. Brown of Yale in the Y. [*Youngstown*] Forum[?] 4000 people were there!

Monday 16

Last day before exams. Spent the eve. duplicating questions.

Tues. Jan. 17, 1928

In assembly Mr. Barrett gave out letters to football men- very well, nicely done. Two exams this afternoon. Duplicated more for tomorrow.

A letter from Rose Mary! Those mean so much. And this one just sparkles with love and scorn for would-be oppressors.

Wednesday 18

Gave 3 exams and corrected at school till 5:30. Went to prayer meeting and talked with Mrs. Delanto about joining the Science Church. I feel an abounding freedom already- merely upon having mentioned it. For years the orthodox church has not given me what I craved in spiritual truth. There must be a great power which for some reason we ?? because of false belief.

Thur. Jan. 19, 1928

Corrected exams all day. Patsy visited with me for an hour. He is going to Oberlin with me. Graded papers all eve.

Friday 20

Grades were on cards by 11:30. Children came for cards at 1 P.M. Patsy couldn't go with me, so I started for O. alone at 4. The wind howled and swept in gusts, being against me all the way. I felt lonely yet cosy in the car, with dark, stormy clouds threatening ahead, and cold, gusty winds blowing about me. Reached O. at 8. Monnie has been to Cleveland for ??

Sat. Jan. 21, 1928

Slept till 11:30. Took lunch with Monnie at Baldwin. K. and I looked thru the book-store in the afternoon. I got the "Educ. of Henry Adams." We sewed and visited. Took supper at the tea room. Visited all evening. It is as nice just to be with the girls. Talcott and Baldwin both had formal parties tonight.

Sunday 22

We visited in K's room after breakfast there. I made a collar and cuff set of grey and white silk. Took dinner with Aunt Etta. Started for Y.[*Youngstown*] at 4 and was here at 7:30. The girls do me worlds of good!

Mon. Jan 23, 1928

The new semester started and my classes are fairly well numbered. A fine Roman History class. I have library the 2nd period.

Tuesday 24

Got a new battery for the car and it is ten times better.

Wed. Jan. 25, 1928

Joined the Chorale Club of the Monday Musical. Could sing only about 2 notes. If I can't read any better, I'll be of no use. Frie Le Ser Cit held election of officers.

Fri. Jan. 27, 1928

This day I did not write, so will dedicate the space to Lindbergh. He is a hero of the age. I do tremendously admire his thorough-going mastery of his art, his persevering, patient fulfillment of the task, his courage, his unselfish use of his achievement to further peace and neighborly understanding, and his selflessness, simplicity.

Saturday 28

We cleaned house, ironed, mended, went to town, and did school work. A full day, but got quite a bit done.

Sun. Jan. 29, 1928

Church. Saw Mrs. Delanto and got an application blank. Its tenets are stricter than I thought. We had a nice dinner, then worked, listened to Robt. E. Speer by Radio. Wrote to Dot and to Rose Mary. Tired.

Monday 30

Ossip Gabrilorively[?] - Harold Bauer played in a double-piano recital. It was delightful- a light pretty program. Got paid today- I needed it badly.

Tues. Jan. 31, 1928

We entertained the sewing circle this evening. Served puff shells filled with ice cream, and chocolate sauce, with tea.

Teacher's meeting.

Wed. Feb. 1

Went to chorale and am much encouraged, for it seemed much easier. The selections are lovely. Frie Le Ser Cit held installation of officers and election of new members. The service really went finely.

Thur. Feb. 2, 1928

The first night in this week. School seems to be running to chaos. It is a ship without a sail or rudder. I believe I could do better myself as principal.

Friday 3

After dinner I went to the Lib. with Mary French. On the way home we stopped at Raver's tea room- all in Czechoslovakian decoration. Mary is adorable. Perhaps we'll take a trip south right after school is out.

Sat. Feb. 4, 1928

Expected to walk this morning, but it rained. A most peculiar nanter[?!] Went to town and back. Slept for two hours. Graded papers, washed hair. Evelyn went home early this morning. I enjoy being alone- or with Mary French. Wrote for a letter of dismissal from the Congregational Church. It is here.

Sunday 5

A glorious day. Rose in time for church. After lunch, Mary French, Annmaria and I walked in the park. Melted banks of snow and icicles still decorated the ravines and cliffs. It was beautiful. Heard Senator Shepperd of Texas in a good talk. Baked some muffins and brown betty. E. came back at 6, and brought some lovely honey. Wrote Aunt Molly.

Mon. Feb. 6, 1928

Tired to begin the week. Mary French went with me to a Christian Science Lecture. She is a dear thing.

Tuesday 7

Got cakes for the supper tomorrow and table decorations. Worked till late. Letters from both Marjorie and Kathleen.

Wed. Feb. 8, 1928

Our new monitor system started with Mr. Barton as head. No cooperation from the office made matters difficult. Our Frie Le Ser Cit supper was ever so nice tonight- up in the teacher's balcony. We took in 5 new girls. Went to chorale. Tired. A long letter from Gould telling of his exciting flight from Wichita to N.Y.

Thursday 9

A little more order has resulted in the school halls with the monitor system. Perhaps a ship can sail without a rudder if all the oarsmen pull together to steer it aright. A joint committee of Frie Le Ser Cits and Four Square boys met to talk over cooperation.

Fri. Feb. 10, 1928

The boys and girls are checking on delinquents and are planning to supervise the cafeteria. I came home, leaving Evelyn at a basket ball game. Read a Monitor all eve. Mrs. MacDonald came up and stayed over an hour. Read Edna St. Vincent Millay for an hour. She is sweet in some places, but fatalistic in others.

Saturday 11

Mary French and I walked in the park this morning. The snow lay in pretty fluffs all on the fir and spruce and pine trees, and on every bush and twig. It was like a fairyland. I did the purchasing, then came home and washed, mended, cleaned and ironed. - till 10 P.M.! Mother's letter tells of the whims of an eccentric - Cousin Addie!

Sun. Feb. 12, 1928

Rose, cooked, went to church. Saw Irene Smith again. Had dinner and went to the concert by the Minneapolis Symphony. It was delightful- The New World Symphony- Dvorak was one.

Monday 13

School is still a "mess" so far as order and discipline are concerned. We heard Caswell give Abraham Lincoln readings. He looked very much like Lincoln and kept us spellbound. Martha and Florence Cook took supper with us, before the lecture.

Tues. Feb. 14, 1928

Some of the Frie Le Ser Cit girls were in my room talking about their trouble in school, with boys, etc. and I feel I know them much better. Gertrude has a little one- Margaret Louise; and Constance Russell is married.

Wednesday 15

Mrs. Fitzgerald talked to our Club this afternoon on the ideal girl and really struck home to the hearts of the girls her message. Chorale Club at night, then went to a teacher's party, with a genuine good time. We came out to Mrs. Swagger's and are spending the night.

Thur. Feb. 16, 1928

After school I studied, washed hair, prepared clothes and read. Tomorrow Mary French and I go to Oberlin. Ate supper at the Campbell Methodist Church.

Friday 17

We came from school, packed and got off about 5:30. Mary drove much of the way. Arrived here at 9:30 and are staying in Baldwin. Had some of Monnie's birthday cake.

Sat. Feb. 18, 1928

We went thru some of the buildings before lunch, but did not attend classes because Mr. Mager[?] was ill. After lunch we called on Ruth Burueson, and a friend of Mary's and on the Jaszi's! They are truly wonderful. We took dinner at the hotel- Oberlin Inn, then heard the Men's Glee Club Concert.

Sunday 19

Took breakfast at the Hi-O-Hi tea rooms. Church was held in the newly refurbished First Church. Cornelius A. Patton preached. His is not of this age, and did not seem to be overflowing with my conception of Truth. Dinner at Baldwin, a short call at Aunt Etta's, and left for home at 3:30. A fallen bridge sent us 10 miles out of our way. Much work to do.

Mon. Feb. 20, 1928

Nothing of note happened in my little orbit today, and I should have been too tired to have noticed it if it had.

Tuesday 21

No school tomorrow! Chorale Club rehearsal. I feel more and more that I lack voice control and quality for such a chorale. Would that I had taken it! Discussion in Frie Le Ser Cit.

Wed. Feb. 22, 1928

Rested a bit, duplicated questions in History, and got ready for a party at Helen's (Oldekers). Twelve girls were there- such a lovely group, and such a nicely planned party. I won a little prize in a- "Nation" word glance[?] We heard Tito Schipa in the Auditorium. His is a sweet tenor, lovely but not powerful, and his presence is gracious and charming.

Thursday 23

Lindbergh has furnished another thrill - to me and 99,299 others, who received letters in his St. Louis to Chicago Air Mail Flight. Mother wrote me, and we are all tremendously thrilled. I shall cherish the envelope! It is his first mail flight after retiring. We took supper at Trinity Church.

Fri. Feb. 24, 1928

School is a model of disorder still. A weak principal and shiftless janitor combine to make a head-less institution. Went to the Nature Club banquet. There was the most interesting group present, and the address by Dr. Alexander on weather was fine.

Saturday 25

Mary French's birthday.

Cleaned house, washed. Went to library and read a criticism of "The Merry Wives of Windsor", then went to the "Park" to see it. I've never enjoyed Shakespeare so much, that is for sheer fun. Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and Henrietta Crossman played. After a little dinner, we went to Mary and Ann Fulton's for a sewing get-together. Saw Helen Estabrook at the theatre.

Sun. Feb. 26, 1928

Rose in time to get a bit of the dinner ready before church. After dinner we went to the Staubaugh Auditorium to hear Ed. A. Steiner on "Can the race be educated." His use of humor to bring out a deeper thought is rarely fine. Studied and washed in the eve. A free Sunday would be a blessing!

Monday 27

"Payday"- not much more of note.

Wednesday 29

Frie Le Ser Cit had a party with Four Square boys and we had a fine time. Staid till 11 o'clock to clean up. Missed chorale.

Sat. March 3, 1928

Mary French and I took a walk in the park. I cleaned did school work and sundry jobs. Evelyn went home early this morning.

Sunday 4

Went to church. Helen Zimmerman Mrs. MacDonald's daughter, had a birthday dinner here and they brought up a lovely tray-full to me. I went to Campbell and got all the Senior girls in our club and took them to the Auditorium to hear Mordecau Johnson, Pres. of Howard Univ. They seemed to enjoy it much. Evelyn came back at 6:30.

Mon. March 5, 1928

Heard the Russian Quartette from the cathedral at Moscow I think. Enjoyed them ever so much. Many papers to grade. A letter from the board about a position in Kok College!

Tuesday 6

Papers and more papers but my eye bothered, so are going to bed.

Wed. March 7, 1928

My eye began to pain today, but I staid and got grades on cards, but left at 3. Called Mrs. Guthridge and she is working for me. The tear duct seems to be stopped. Did not go to Chorale.

Thursday 8

Staid in bed. They eye is badly swollen. Mrs. Guthridge called and my tho't is much cleared. Mary French and Annmaria came and bro't a lovely primrose and some gingerale.

The eye started to drain tonight so will probably be better. The students took charge of classes.

Fri. March 9, 1928

Did not go to school again. They eye drained all day and is much less painful. A good letter from Father telling of a position in Kok Col. and in Yenching.

Saturday 10

Called Mrs. Guthridge and told her I could take care of the eye myself. Helped wash and clean. Ironed in eve.

Sun. March 11, 1928

Did not go to church. Got dinner and then went for a long walk in the Park with Evelyn and Annmarie. Got tomorrow's lessons but did not other work.

Monday 12

Went to school and got along pretty well with one eye. Worked in the eve on it. Read over Tues. lessons.

Wednesday 14

My eye pained again and I lost faith in Truth and yielded to the teacher's entreaties and went to the doctor. He calls it an abscess in the tear sack. Went to the Y.E. and met the Frie Le Ser Cit girls for a supper and party. We played games, danced and sang. Did not stay for all of Chorale. Mary French drove me home.

Friday 30

School closed. I sold about 10 boxes of Father's tea. We heard Singrid Ouegin of the Metropolitan Opera-Wonderful. Evelyn packed up to leave tomorrow. We took dinner with the Fultons.