

1929

- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China. He takes a trip to the Shaowu field in November
- Stock Market prices collapse in October
- Gould is on Long Island, NY
- Geraldine is in Youngstown, OH and moves to Long Island and lives with Gould.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan.
- Marjorie is in Lorain, OH.
- Kathleen is in Oberlin, OH.
- Willard is 64, Ellen- 61, Gould- 33, Geraldine- 31, Dorothy- 28, Marjorie- 23, Kathleen, 21.

[This letter, dated **Jan. 17, 1929**, was written from Indianapolis, Indiana by Gould to his father and mother. He and Virginia are engaged but it is not known publicly. He is in Indianapolis to demonstrate a plane to someone. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Hotel Severin
Illinois, Georgia and McCrea Sts.
Indianapolis

Jan. 17, 1929.

Dear Father and Mother:

Your letter to Virginia and me are coming faster than ours to you are going I am afraid. Virginia is greatly touched and exceedingly happy in receiving a word direct from either of you. Our courtship has progressed much faster than I had hoped for. In fact perhaps faster than I had planned for it to. Between us two alone we are pledged. There has been no announcement and will be none publicly until Virginia finishes Pratt a year from next June. However the Space and VanAmees family recognize our mutual love and we are accorded the privacy of an engaged couple.

Since the failure of the last real love- the one with Vivienne I had resolved not to become engaged until the wedding seemed certain in the near future, but here I am again as deep in love as before and as much engaged as far as I am concerned and knowing that the wedding cannot be for a year and a half anyway.

The only reason I am allowing myself to be engaged so long is that I feel Virginia is truly and deeply in love and is sincere and has a sound, wholesome background to her. I believe in her- believe she will stand by me in the troubles of life and will bear with me the problems of living and share with me the responsibility of solving them. I will give her my heart, my all, and have faith in her to hold my love precious even as I hold hers.

I came out here or rather to Chicago to get a plane and fly it back to N.Y. The Chicago office wanted me to demonstrate it to a man in Indianapolis so I flew down here expecting to make a demonstration and proceed to N.Y. via Cleveland. However while we were demonstrating a sleet storm came up and covered the plane with ice and today it was foggy and tomorrow promises rain so it looks like a long stop here.

I'm very anxious to get back . Probably will fly over Oberlin en route to Cleveland.

Virginia is a constant joy in my heart and a great inspiration to me. I love her.

My love to you both,

Your son,

Gould.

[This letter dated **Feb. 10, 1929** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie's birthday is soon and Kathleen hopes that Geraldine can come up for it. Kathleen is taking swimming and diving lessons and dance lessons. Monnie played her saw to the amazement of the Talcott Hall girls. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kathleen C. Beard
Oberlin, Ohio

Feb. 10, 1929

Dear Jerry-

Last week- end was such a glorious one, it just left me walking on air. You certainly must come up real often. How about next Saturday for Monnie's birthday? She wants us all to come over there for Sunday dinner, so if you could get up here Saturday we would drive over there Sunday morning and spend the day with her. Write real quick what you think of it so we can make plans. What do you plan to get for Monnie? I am going to ask her what she needs most, but if you have any suggestions tell me. We have had a wonderful time this week end. Ronnie and she came last night just in time for the Glee Club concert and are staying till tomorrow morning. Monnie has been telling us all about the people and the work over there, which is most interesting. I guess she will give you her own account of it. She seems very enthusiastic although she really hasn't done much yet, but I bet she will do herself proud when she really gets into the work. I am so anxious to see the place and all her little Mexicans.

This week has been a very easy one compared to last semester. I hope my time is going to be more free so that I can do lots of other things. I am taking swimming lessons over in the Elyria pool on Mondays. Last week we tried the back stroke and some diving. It would be thrilling if I could really learn to dive correctly. Then I am learning to be a dancer (?) too. Gidge and I are joining the natural dancing class which meets once a week. That is a lot of fun, although I feel as awkward as an elephant. They turned all the light off except the piano lamp, so we couldn't see each other very easily. It is surprising what the music puts into you. The costumes the girls wear are so

pretty, all shades of the rainbow and so graceful. A few wore bathing suits, but they are not nearly so inducive to dancing. In March we give a public program for invited guests. If you can come up I will invite you.

It was rather lonely here without Monnie last week, but not as bad as I thought it would be. If we had been living in the same house, or had seen each other oftener it would have been worse. As it is we can see each other quite often, almost every week end. This morning we went to church and I had the girls to dinner. After dinner Monnie got to playing her saw downstairs to the accompaniment of one of the girls who plays the piano real well. You should have seen the audience gather. Girls heard it up in their rooms and came down to see what it was. A crowd of interested girls listened for about twenty minutes and were very enthusiastic in their praise. Some tried it afterwards with comical results, and several vowed that they would get a saw right away. Monnie played very well and I was proud of her.

Do come up next week if you can and better bring your skates, for the skating is still good here.

Loads of love

Kathleen.

Am enclosing a handkerchief you left here. Did you also leave a pair of scissors- (no we have found the owner.)

*[This letter dated **March 9, 1929** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. Kathleen is trying to decide what to do for the summer. She refers to Gould's flying over the farm. She inquires about Geraldine's cello lessons and tells about Hugh's appreciation for literature and poetry. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Talcott Hall

March 9, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

Today is one of those glorious times when we are deluded into thinking that spring has surely come and then learn afterwards that winter will have one more stroke at us. Yesterday it was snowing and blowing like fury, but today our thoughts turn toward Silver Bay without our realizing it. I have been thinking a lot lately about the summer and wondering what to do. I heard about an industrial project in Chicago thru the Y.W. where an organized group of college girls go right in and work with the industrial girls to get acquainted with the condition and the people. It sounds like a grand opportunity for experience to me and both Gidge and I are quite enthused about it, but there are several drawbacks. It is for only six weeks and I don't know what I would do the rest of the summer; there is practically no money in it, which I need; it would be rather hard on health, and I wouldn't get to see any of you. Yet it might be just the experience that I need and would be very educational. What do you folks think about it? Do you have any idea what you will be doing this summer Jerry? You have to move out of your house in May don't you, and what will you both do then? Oh, if we only didn't have to keep thinking of the future all the time and deciding what to do!!

Your account of your first ascent towards heaven was most interesting and especially to have flown over the farm and try the carrier pigeon stunt must have been such fun. When you get to be a pilot let us know.

How goes the cello lessons? I do wish I could be there to play your accompaniments for that is just the kind of practice I need. Is your teacher turning out to be as wonderful as you hoped? I was talking to Mr. Leedy about Pablo Casals the other day and though he could tell me nothing about his method (not being a cellist) he told me something about the man. It seems that he is the greatest cellist in the world and even acknowledged by some to be the greatest musician who draws the bow. Harold Bauer in New York is well acquainted with Casals and has done some accompanying for him. Mr. Leedy said that if your teacher is a pupil of Casals he ought to be very good. Isn't it grand to get back to your music again? I should hate to give mine up now and am very thankful that I have another semester anyway. Mr. Adam says he thinks my voice tone is improving, which is most encouraging. While I can't see very perceptible progress in piano I enjoy every bit of it and am able to spend all of the after-noon in the Con[?] every day. Mr. Leedy just gave me a new piece by Debusey which thrills me so much. It is so different from anything else I have had and is very modern.

I was down at Aunt Etta's this afternoon and heard all the latest news from the East. She told us of Edith's visit to New York- They thought it was Edith Pease. But the biggest surprise was Uncle Elberts trip to Florida. He certainly does take alarming jaunts without letting a soul know doesn't he? What will he do next?- probably run off to China on a weeks notice. *[In April 23rd of 1929, the ship's list for the S.S. Bermuda shows Elbert and Emma traveling from Hamilton, Bermuda to New York. Back in 1912, he is seen on the ship's list S.S. Morro Castle traveling from Progreso, Yucatan, Mexico to New York.]*

Spring vacation comes in three weeks. Gidge has invited me out to her home again and I think I will go. Her family is so lovely- especially do I like her sister Chuck who is living at home and working in Chicago. I think Jerry would love to meet her for she is one of these refreshing spontaneous unaffected girls with whom you can have such loads of good sport and whole hearted fun. Her other sister I have never met but expect to when she comes to visit Gidge some time in April. Her home is some much like what ours used to be that it makes you feel comfortable right away and the whole family takes you right in. We are planning all sorts of things to do in Chicago and we want to rest lots. Gidge is pretty tired.

Monday Your letter just came in the morning mail and I am glad I held this over to finish it. My goodness! But aren't you folks leading the speedy life. I don't see how you stand it rushing all around so fast. It must be a wonderful variety seeing so many people and going so many places though! Compared to our quiet studious life here yours seems like a blaze of activity. I am so glad you like Mr. Rosanoff so well. Is it every week that you take your lesson?

I know I have been awfully neglectful about writing and I don't see when my time goes for my schedule is only fourteen hours. I am going out for my basket ball and spending all my afternoon at music and I guess the rest of my time when I'm not studying goes to Hugh [*Elmer*]. We study (?) at the Lib. almost every night and have dates on Saturday and Sunday. I'm afraid it is too often but when it has once got started it is awfully hard to cut down. Last Sat. night we went up to his house and read poetry all evening. It was lovely and he has a much more developed appreciation of literature and poetry than I do. I get a lot out of being with him but can't consider it so seriously as he does. It's hard to know just what to do.

Our tea comes next Saturday and Monnie is coming over for it. Then Gidge and I are going back with her to attend a Vechemika that night. Gidge has never been to one. You say Monnie writes often-I wish she would send a few of her letters this way- I only get a card now and then. It's awfully good to hear from all you folks, so do keep us posted on what you are doing.

Must study now for a change-
Love Kathie.

In a 2001 interview, Kathleen wrote: "Hugh lived in a big house (Tank Home) while his parents were in Russia, and my family rented a house just behind "Tank" for a few years, in Oberlin. (Let nature take its course)." Tank Home is at 110 E. College Street and in the early 1920's, Kathleen and her family lived at 120 E. College Street. Hugh's parents were missionaries until 1923 with the A.B.C.F.M., so this was probably the time period that she talks about.

[This letter dated April 27, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. Kathleen heard about Gould's engagement to Jinny (Virginia Space). She attended the junior prom with Hugh. Kathleen is debating about working at Silver Bay for the summer since Hugh may and she feels they shouldn't be around each other too much. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
April 27, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

Jerry's and my letters just crossed so that neither of us have the information we asked for. Don't worry about the hundred dollars Jerry, for Father sent me a check for a hundred last month and asked me to tell you to keep yours. I have plenty to carry me thru the year now. Your request for Chinese things leaves me blank for I have nothing but a lacquer desk set which is interesting and that you probably already possess. No one would know that I was from China by the amount of oriental things I have.

Dot told us last week-end about Gould's engagement and coming wedding. I am heartily glad for you Gould and hope that you are really happier than your letter sounds. You don't seem a bit thrilled and I should think you would feel like walking on air, or is it that you have settled down into a less romantic form of love? Write and tell us all about it, where you are going to live, what date the wedding is, etc. etc. Will you give Jinny [*Virginia Space*] my love and kisses and tell her that I am feeling with her in thrills of joy. I fear that I can't get around to writing her for some time yet as things are now but I am thinking of you both just the same.

Dot's and Harold's visit was a little longer this year because they had Good Friday and Easter Monday off. They drove Ruthie Brooks and a friend of hers down with them. We had lots of time to talk and be together since we didn't do much and they were driving between Lorain and here most of the time. It was a treat to have rides in a car for which I sometimes hunger. Sunday noon we Beards and Humes and Newbergs all put our most elegant airs

and clothes on for a rip-snorter dinner at the Hotel. It was fun and I think Aunt Etta and Uncle Willis enjoyed the change. Sunday afternoon we all went for a ride but Harold and in the evening we visited with Ruth for a while.

This last week has been filled with blue books and in the next month two term papers are due. Work-work-work. But last night we forgot work for a while in the gaiety of the junior prom. Debbie and I went with Hugh and his room-mate. It was a beautiful dance and the art building was wonderfully fixed up for it. Flowers were looped in great strings between the arches and a huge bouquet of snap-dragons and carnations occupied the center, illuminated by colored lights. The floors were all waxed as never before and the side rooms were dim with subdued lights. I wore my red dress again and Gidge lent me her marvelous white Spanish shawl for a wrap. Did I feel swell?!! And we actually stayed out until twelve-thirty. It was all very lovely and of course was not as big a thrill as it was last year since the novelty of formals has sort of worn off. Favors were little clocks with blue leather encasing and an Oberlin seal in the corner. Today I woke up as early as usual in spite of the late hours.

Jerry, we are all extremely concerned over what you are going to do next year. Am I right in guessing that you may keep a gift shop somewhere around there and take cello lessons? Or do you consider going back to teaching? The sale that you had at Aunt Mollies sounds very encouraging for future business and it would not be straining as much as school work. Dot has signed her contract for another year since her "family" is still a myth and a hope. Aunt Etta says that I am welcome to stay with her next fall and room with Milly [*Etta's daughter, Millicent*]. It will be a good contrast after four years in a boarding house. After that I must "step out into the world" and shift for myself- but when and how. If you see any bait just let me know for it is already beginning to weigh on me. Debbie and I are applying at Chatauqua for summer work but have little hopes. I don't want to go to Silver Bay because I have no one to go with and then Hugh is going to be there and I'd rather not be with him so much. I ought to work somewhere but can't locate a place.

Monnie was over for a few minutes yesterday and is very busy getting Ronnie ready to leave. She is actually leaving this week and their new worker comes today I think. I am so glad for Monnie for it will be a relief- at least a change even if it is added responsibility in breaking in the new worker.

My love to you both
Kathie

[This letter dated May 18, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to her siblings, Jerry and Gould. She wonders what Jerry and Gould's new home is like and would like an address to write to. She has decided to work at Silver Bay for the summer. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

How about an address!

Talcott Hall
May 18, 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould,

Are you economizing on postage or stationary? Maybe both, but how about a penny postal once in a while? You are all moved by now and how is the new home? Are you still taking cello Jerry and selling Churchill things? Have you talked over the radio any more Gould? We couldn't get you that night so you will have to write out your speech for us. Hugh tried and tried on the radio up at his house but it was the wave length area where the stations are thick and confused so we had to give it up. Aunt Etta said that they were unsuccessful too.

For the past two weeks I have been deep in an English term paper which I got off my hands last Friday. I emerged from that tunnel only to plunge in again for a Soc. paper for Family course. We have to tell the whole history of our family characterizing each member and criticizing the training. I wonder what will be left of each one of you when I get thru with you.

Yesterday I had one of the biggest thrills that I can call such. We have just been taking up "Hamlet" in Lit. and this is my first reading- Imagine! I can't see how I have escaped it for so long. Walter Hampden presented it in Cleveland yesterday so the whole bunch of us went in to see it. To read it for the first time and see it right away is just too ideal. Hamlet was supreme in his acting and even some of the supporting staff were very good. The soliloquies especially brought out Hampden's power of dramatic expression and I will always connect the parts of that play with Hampden's interpretation of them. I expected that the intensesness of it would not be so straining with a knowledge of what was to come but I think, if anything, it was more so. We all sat there just spell bound, and there were places where the whole audience sustained a dead silence. It is the greatest stage production I have even seen and I am even glad that I missed opera to have this chance. Three weeks ago we went in (again by special bus) to see "The Rivals" with Mrs. Fiske acting. While it was very enjoyable I did not get nearly so much out of it

because it was not so familiar and hearing was extremely difficult. I surely am thankful to have these opportunities and as such reduced rates or special buses afford.

Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma will be out here in about two weeks and will go on to Ill. directly. He may bring Myron [*Etta's son*] with him I hear. Did Mich tell you that he was going to preach out West this summer and that Fulton [*Etta's son*] was going to be advance man on Chatauqua? I have decided to go to Silver Bay again as no other opening offered itself to me. I will have to go alone but it will probably do me good. I am rather dubious about getting off for the wedding tho and I hate to think of missing it.

Monnie was over today to bring her new worker to Oberlin. I was fast asleep when they came in and got up to meet Miss Evans in a daze. She is a very jolly easily met girl and is a good tonic for Monnie. I can see that she has pepped up already and is fast snapping out of her laxidazical depression that Ronnie cast upon her. It was pouring all day today so Miss Evans did not get a very nice impression of Oberlin.

I'll be expecting an airmail letter any day from you-

With my love- Kathie

*[This letter dated **June 9, 1929** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard has been travelling in the country lately for conferences, weddings and visiting. He enjoys talking to the Chinese natives in what he calls "Ferry boat talks". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow China.

June 9- 1929

Dear Geraldine:-

It is 9 p.m. Sunday. The thermometer stands at 83 degrees and the humidity is great. When I wrote you last, I do not like to tell, if my correspondence register is correct. The past month I have been away to the country much= up in the hills ten miles west of Kuliang for one Sunday, to Ing Hok for a Student Conference for another and stopped off at Chong Ha over two nights to perform a marriage ceremony, and two or three times to Deng Chio and Nang Seu. It is beyond me to be away from home three days in the week and do all my work here and keep up to the mark with my letter writing.

Mother bought a string of amber beads for your landlady the other day. Better not tell her till the beads get to you. We've been buying lots of things for Marjorie's Conference. I hope they get there all right and that they meet her expectations. It pleases me much that you girls are able to get together so often. Kathleen writes that she is going to Silver Bay this summer. A week ago Friday I ran up to Kuliang and gave directions for repairs to the cottage. For two years the poor ranch has been allowed to shift for itself largely and it will take well over \$100.00 mex. to put it into shape. If all goes well the rent on the rooms will meet this. Mother and I plan to be selfish and take the large west room with the round end. - The one that you children used to use for paper doll weddings with Gould as minister. What pleasure Phebe used to take in recalling those incidents in her childhood.

Last Sunday I was over at Nang Seu- I did not take a scrap of foreign food and the preacher with whom I staid is 71 years old and his wife in the sixties. Well the fare did not tempt me to overeat. The rice was good, but one dish or pork was too fat. The dried salt shrimp did not appeal to me. The little shell fish I could get down. The gourd was tasteless but I could eat it. The one good condiment was the bean curd. I always like that. The dining room was my bedroom, and the bed was put up against the wall by day. There was no partition between my room and the kitchen. I dressed Monday morning while Mrs. Ding was getting breakfast. Just as I was putting on my trousers she came in and set the table.

At the Sunday morning communion service two men and a woman united with the church. The men were learning Christianity under Mr. Hartwell. You can

He died early in 1905, just before we got back from the first furlough, so you may compute the number of years they have been connected with the church. The woman was the wife of a church member.

Sunday evening two brothers= Christians= invited Mr. Ding and me for a feast. After eating a dozen young men gathered and we talked till I got tired. I prefer such a gathering, where anyone can ask questions, to a formal church preaching service. Then Monday morning I took a ferry boat 2 hrs to the landing this side of the river. There were some twenty fellow passengers. A foreigner is still a rare bird and the subject or object of conversation and by keeping a discreet silence for a time, I can always direct the conversation. Thus far these ferry boat talks have been of great satisfaction to me. The men are of all ages and in different callings- farmers- coolies, merchants, students. I can turn the conversation on education. Then last Monday morning I asked them how much money the village of Nang Seu spent recently in the procession of the idol Taisan. They got quite enthusiastic over reckoning and finally

settled on \$20,000.00. This was what other people had told me. Then I asked them about schools and education- how many boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 15 in Nang Seu. About 2000- How many are in schools- perhaps 600 or 700. Why not the rest- no money. Well cut down the idol procession in honor of Taisan one half and you may have good schools for all the boys and girls. They are not likely to do it next year. But shocking things are being done here in Foochow every day. Do you remember the big grave yard back of our Gek Siong Sang house? Well, they are putting the main road 48 feet wide right thru that grave yard. It will run thru our Gek Siong Sang property. There was a large temple on the road half way between the city and Ponasang. In the old days of sedan chairs, the coolies used to put the chairs down there for a smoke and a rest. When the road was widened to 24' in 1917 that temple stuck into the road about 4'. The shops on either side were cut back. But no power could disturb the temple. It is torn down now and about 15' taken off the whole side. And a large Banyan tree that nothing has been able to disturb has been cut down and entirely removed to make way for the new road. Some one told me today that in one city the modernists had sawed off the head of the principal idol and hung it up just as the Chinese hang up the heads of culprits with the sins he has committed. This idols sins were – the money he had caused poor people to spend in worshipping him, the fear he had caused people who were ignorant and superstitious, etc.

The city wall is obliterated between the south and west gates. I rode over the new road that is now built on the side of the wall the other day.

There is the ten o'clock bell of the college- Good Night. God bless you, - keep you, - and make you a blessing.

Lovingly
Father

*[This letter dated **June 29, 1929** was written from Silver Bay on Lake George, New York by Kathleen to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She is working at Silver Bay for the summer and mentions who else is there and tells about her job. She finds the boy employees to be a disappointing lot. Kathleen suggests that her siblings get together on a new tennis racket for her birthday present. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

The Silver Bay Association
For Christian Conferences and
Training
Silver Bay-On-Lake George
New York

Box 184
June 29, 1929

Dear Jerry-

I bet you are having one glorious time on your trip. Do write a long letter telling all about your impressions of the South and your experiences. I am particularly interested in that part of the country just now because there are so many girls from Southern states and it is like music to hear them talk. I could sit and listen to it by the hour.

Was it thrilling to see old Eagles Mere again? I should like to make a visit there sometime just to see the place. Did Millicent think she would like it? You certainly are right about the comparison between S.B. and E.M. Eagles Mere doesn't hold a candle to this place in quality. The very first night we were here Mr. Speer got us together and made us feel like a big family. There is a boy here from China who knows several of our acquaintances and who went to North China American School. There is a boy from Oberlin whom we didn't know was coming, and a girl who is going to Oberlin next year. We were helping her fix her schedule this morning. Do you remember Grace Vinning (I guess she was more a friend of Dot's than of yours) in Oberlin? Well, it is her sister Peg and she is a very sweet girl, popular with everybody and socially capable. Of course Henry is still here and Milton. I told Henry who I was and he was all interested immediately, asked all about you two and said he hoped you could get up here. He has been darling to me since, given me little special favors and been nice in general. He is wonderful to everybody though isn't he? Mr. Speer is at the head of things and his daughter, Syble, is assistant head waitress while brother Speer is boat house manager. You know the Spellman girl too don't you? I recognize her from some of your pictures because her blond hair and features are so striking. I think that is all that you would know here now unless it would be Miss Huges in the office.

The service is certainly simple isn't it, especially compared to E.M. It is so much like that at Talcott that there was practically nothing for me to learn. We serve in dishes, family style now, so don't have to bother about stacking dinner plates. The kitchen is arranged so that the steam tables are right in front of the dining room doors and there is no need for going clear back where you used to. We change tables in the dining room every conference

and since this Missionary one is a small conference about a third of the waitresses can be off every meal. I was off all day today but didn't know it beforehand so didn't plan anything. The last conference was the girls Y.W. They were here for a week and gave us plenty to do but left few tips. Each of us got \$2.45 out of it- really not so bad for girls. When they went we followed the old time custom of singing them off at the dock. It was piles of fun only we didn't have many songs learned.

Sports have been rather submerged the last few days by the rain and cold. It was melting but when we first came and, as luck would have it, I couldn't go in the water. Now it is so cold that I don't want to. Consequently I have been in only a few times, but enough to get used to the lovely clear water. Tennis courts didn't have time to get dry between showers so we stand and look with longing eyes at the mud puddles while they slowly evaporate. We have done some hiking though. Gidge and I went up Sunrise one morning after breakfast and were never so thrilled over anything. Gidge loves the country which is all new to her. It is such fun to see her reaction to this new environment. All the kids like her a lot because she is so good looking and so sweet. I have heard many remarks about her beauty. We have also hiked to Uncas and S.B. Post Office. Today we got bold and bummed to Ticonderoga between lunch and dinner. Had dandy luck on rides and had about an hour to shop and look around. I didn't know it was so easy to get there or I would have gone before. You can't get a thing here in S.B.

Tonight we have our first emp party over in the gym. There is going to be several clever stunts I understand and we will get better acquainted. I'll tell you more about it afterward for we are going to it right away.

June 30- The party was pretty good last night. We had some cute stunts, one by each department of labor, and made attempts to play games afterwards but that wasn't a great success- because there were too many to handle easily. The bunch of girls here is lovely and most of them are dandy sports, but oh, the boys! I expected some real nice fellows from your experience but the disappointment is overwhelming. Most of them are dumb nuts with a big line, or little innocents that don't dare speak. I really shouldn't make such snap judgments for I don't know any of them well but you can tell a lot from the looks and actions. The spirit is very friendly though and we all have lots of fun around the kitchen.

You know, I have thought of a big idea! If you are considering giving me a birthday present this year I have a suggestion. All you kids could go together on it for it is a big and rather expensive thing. I am just crazy for a new tennis-racket for mine is no good and I am convinced that I can't learn to play any better with it. I would just be thrilled to bits if you could get a real good one and the sooner the better. Nothing like asking for a thing (?) I have tried a few other rackets and I think about 13 or 13 ½ lb. is all I could wield. If you think that is too much for me at once just say so and I can get it with my summer earnings.

Dot wrote me on her way out to Galesburg so I know that she is there but I have only had a card from Monnie. I suppose you are all as busy having a good time as I am, but it is such fun to get mail. It's awfully hard to find time and opportunity to write letters here. Yesterday our room was full of kids all day long and we just raised the roof. When there is nothing to do outdoors we gather inside and have regular talk fests. It is interesting to learn all about other colleges and find out how other girls live. There certainly are all kinds represented here from the flapper to the school marm. You can't tell anything about ages though. Some of the high school girls act the oldest.

Well, I had better get this off before the news gets stale. Do write me all about the place where you are and how you are getting along with your transient teaching.

Oodles of love
Kathleen

*[This letter dated **June 30, 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She talks about her trip to Galesburg and what she has been doing there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.
Galesburg, Ill.
June, 30, 1929

Dear Jerry:-

We were mighty glad to find your letter here when we landed. We had quite an eventful and varied trip down this time. Started from Saginaw at about 8:00 A.M. Wed. morning and made Hammond, Ind. where we stayed over night with a college friend of Harold's. Started on the next morning for Chicago where we attended Al Adams's wedding at 2 o'clock. He married a girl very much the type of Vivienne, and, I'm afraid, as Harold and Johnson say, is going to "learn a lot about married life" very soon.

We started at about 5 o'clock and spent that night in Joliet, and reached Galesburg in the evening on Friday.

Found all well but Mother Newberg. She has been having attacks of head- and eye aches, that make her nose, eyes and forehead swell up terribly. Some doctors say it is caused by her goiter and others, her teeth. I think it is from both, so Harold and I are going to try to fix her up this summer- have her teeth and goiter removed.

I've been thinking often of you- where you were and how much you must be enjoying yourself.

Yes, I got your letter from Aunt Mollie just before we left and I didn't have any idea where to send it, so tho't I'd wait till I heard from you. Gould's letter is certainly "straight goods" isn't it? I wonder how she answered it, and how Gould took her answer. Did Gould say anything about her when you saw him?

So you've started to invest? I do hope your stick goes the right way.

Where did you stay at Hempstead? Did you see the family that Gould is with?

Harold fixed your insurance up at the same time that he did ours. He paid \$10 down on the amount, and they said it would be O.K. to pay the rest later, so we'll send the rest to him out of the check you sent and send you the receipt and the change. The total was around \$27.

I'm so sorry that Gould and Virginia can't be with us at S.B. I think both of them would enjoy it largely, and wouldn't it be a grand rest and change for Gould!!

Just how much and what is Patsy coaching?

How and when are you going to find your home for next year? Is Gould going to hunt this summer, or are you going there early, and hunt with him? And did you decide whether you are going to get a house, or an apartment?

Kathleen's first letter from S.B. didn't sound quite as enthusiastic as the first letter I wrote from that dear old place. The little rascal had a date the first night and decided the boys on the whole were "Under average". That's sort of snap judgment, I'd say. I dare say that they won't have quite as good a time there as we did, but I do hope to get more enthusiastic letters as the summer goes on.

We may take a camping trip to the Dells of Wis. over the 4th of July with the Johnsons.

Had a card from Monnie while she was at Bowling Green.

I also had a little stork announcement from Hazel Geeson Peterson.

Much love and write often,

Dot.

*[This letter dated **Summer of 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). She is keeping busy helping out at her mother-in-law's house. She is looking forward to the trip to Silver Bay. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.,
Galesburg, Ill.
Monday-
[Summer 1929]

Dear Jerry:-

Yesterday, I wrote long letters to Monnie and Kathleen and was so tired that I waited yours till today. I'm glad I did not, because your letter came just this morning.

Did you get the letter from Aunt Mollie that I sent you?

We were sorry to hear the fate of poor Lizzie, for just last night we had talked of taking it from you and either using it ourselves, or trying to sell it up in Saginaw for you. Well, I guess the big question is settled now. Yes, it's a fortunate thing that Don came out as well as he did. He seemed rather chagrined about the whole affair, didn't he? Harold is very much provoked that he didn't pay \$12 more, when he was settling insurance on your car, and cover this accident. Did I tell you that our insurance took care of the fender on our car? They didn't put a new fender on, but hammered ours out and welded the hole and finished it up so that you could hardly see any fault in it. We will send your policy right to Youngstown tonight.

Before coming here I wondered what on earth I should do around here to busy myself. I brought plenty of sewing and mending along and looked forward to doing a lot of reading, but have touched neither. When we arrived, Mother Newberg was sick- had had some very severe headaches, and her eyes, forehead and nose were badly swollen. We took her right to an eye, ear, and throat doctor and he sent us to the dentist. He found three old roots in her upper jaw. Her upper teeth have been out for 20 yrs. He took them right out, cutting her jaw open. That left her real sick and the duties of this household fell upon me- cooking, doing dishes and cleaning for this family of

eight. It keeps me humping. This afternoon Harold and I did a fine-tub washing and I have all that ironing to do tomorrow.

I never saw so much sickness and so many ailments as there are around this neighborhood. They need a good deal of Christian Science around here. It wouldn't be so bad if we didn't hear so much about it, but it is always the main topic of conversation and is very boring.

I am real anxious to get up to Silver Bay aren't you? I suppose you are having such a good time that you don't care to have it end. When are you planning to go up? Monnie will be at camp the first week in Aug., so I suppose we shall drive through and pick her up about the beginning of the second week. How are you going up? - Meet us at Lorain, or go straight up by train? We'd love to meet you somewhere and take you up. We are getting together some camping things. Have our little camp stove already, and are going to get either a double, or two single cots and some blankets, and some utensil. I have written to Punk asking whether or not she's done anything about our camp site. What would you think of trying to get on the little island right across from the bay.

Over the 4th of July we took a trip up to the Dells of the Wisconsin River. We drove the first day, up to Stoughton, Wis. where the Johnsons live. Stayed over night with them. We took Ralph and his girl with us. Six of us started on from Stoughton the next day and took the boat trip through the Dells. They are really very beautiful. They are just peculiar formations of rocks along the river bank that the river has worn through centuries and centuries. We got off the boat three times and walked around - once through a perfectly wonderful canyon. That night we camped in tents. The next night we camped in the lovely Tourist camp at Madison, Wis., going through the Univ. the next day. That night we saw "The Trial of Mary Dugan" in the talkies. It was very good.

We've been golfing once, but that's about all the excitement we've had.

Write me often for I get lonesome for letters from you girls.

Much love- Dot.

*[This letter dated **Summer of 1929** was written from Galesburg, Ill. by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). They are planning on travelling up to Silver Bay in August to camp and see Kathleen. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

430 Lombard St.
Galesburg, Ill.
Monday
[Summer 1929]

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter was wonderfully interesting. I'm so glad you're having such a grand time. You must be getting just about all "rested up". I'm looking forward to camping at S.B. to do my resting this summer.

Your plans have changed a bit haven't they? We have been planning all along to leave here about the third, fourth, or fifth of Aug., and pick Monnie up and camp the second and third weeks in Aug. Harold and I thought we wouldn't visit around the East this year. I'm afraid it will take too much time and too much money. We've spent about all the money we saved for our vacation already, so I guess we'll got to S.B. and stay put till we start for Saginaw. We want to get back to Saginaw early, too, to have all the settling done before school starts.

Monnie is at camp the first week in Aug. - I imagine from the 1st to the 7th she will probably want a day or two to get ready to go East, then it will take us two or three days to get to S.B. At that rate we ought to be there by Aug. 12 or 13. Would you mind if we got there before you do, since you're having company? I think it's fine that Rose Mary and Mary Ann can be with us there. "The more the merrier." I think they ought to like it, altho it may be a bit tame for them after the gorgeousness of the South.

We are pretty well equipped for camping now. We bought a double cot which is very comfy- a spring with iron frame. I made a partition of heavy khaki cloth to hang through the middle of the tent to divide it into two sleeping rooms. We bought a little two-burner camp stove and the neatest and most complete and compact set of camp utensils- a big aluminum pail in which are packed two sauce pans of different sizes, a coffee pot, six each of cups, plates, knives, forks, and spoons (soup and tea). The cover to the outside pail is the frying pan. There are two detachable handles to use on frying pan, coffee pot, and sauce pans.

We still want a few things more to complete our camping outfit- a flashlight, another blanket, a gallon thermo jug and some pillows.

Yes, I do hope K. can arrange to get the island for us. I think that would be just the place for us. It's a shame that she isn't having a better time up there. Monnie wrote that she received a very disillusioned letter from K. about S.B. Poor thing, she should have been up there with us. The place and the personnel must have changed a whole lot.

Well, I turned from housekeeper to painter. Mother finally got well enough so that Harold and I could start painting the house. It hadn't been painted for seven years and sadly needed a new covering. We are painting it light grey with darker grey trimming and green blinds. We got all of the first coat on in 2 ½ days. The second coat and trimming is going to go much slower. We started on the second coat today and finished up one side. My arm got powerfully tired after the first day and a half, but it's acclimated now.

It got so hot about a week ago that we could hardly breath in our little bedroom, so we pitched our tent out in the yard and have been sleeping on that new cot ever since. It's lovely and cool out there in the evenings.

We've played gold only twice this summer, but have been swimming several times after painting in the P.M. We swim in the clay pit near the brick yards about two miles from here.

Today we received an announcement of Theodore's wedding. At last he decided to "hook up" and I hear Harold is engaged. Who to?

Aunt Myra wrote that they are going to be at Diamond Point, Lake George, with Uncle Rob for a week or so. I believe they are to be there for the second week in Aug.

I haven't put up a can of anything this summer. Last summer I got to Saginaw well stocked with blackberries, blue-berries, applesauce, peaches, etc. and, believe me, they came in mighty handy during the year. This year we'll have to live out of store cans, I guess.

Much love- and do write again soon.

Dot.

Thanks for forwarding the letters. I had one from Father, too.

[This letter dated July 10, 1929 was written from Foochow, China by Willard Beard to Kathleen. In it he gives her fatherly advice about her boyfriends. He tells her about the heat and their recent return from Kuliang. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
July 10th 1929

Dear Kathleen,-

Your last letter shortly before you left Oberlin was a most interesting one. I'm very glad you wrote about your relations with George Linco. It will help you to write it to us and it will help us to know you better. I judge you have treated him wisely and kindly. If anything you have been over indulgent. Any man who will threaten to kill himself because any woman refuses to marry him is not fit to be a husband of any woman much less a father. You will likely continue to return his letters unopened and refuse to see him if he should ever call or try to call on you again. Such men are to be pitied and dealt with firmly. Argument or the reiterating of your inability to return his affection is only to add fire to his flame. I hope you will not be further bothered with him.

The other interesting feature of your letter was your application for the Shansi work. It would be very pleasing indeed to have you in China next year. Of course we should expect you to spend the summer with us in our Kuliang Cottage. But we'll count the chickens after they hatch. I did not think much of the Skinner boy when I saw him in Oberlin – was it last year. He may be smart but he lacks common sense, which to my mind ranks higher than what is commonly known as smartness. I do not remember that I ever saw Hugh Elmer. So I have nothing to say there. Mother did not say much about him.

I am writing this in Foochow. Mother started from home a week ago today at 12:30 p.m. almost to the consternation of Dr. Dyer and Miss Atwood- the only foreigners left here. I started at 4 pm. Mother walked all the way arriving at 6 pm. I walked all the way and got there at 7:15. The day was a very hot one in fact I never felt the heat so much any summer before as I have this summer and last week was well up in temperature.

July 24 – I have just found this sheet and am sending it on. We have been on the mountain almost two weeks. I came up a little seedy as the British say- with a bad cough. I can realize it is getting better every day.

Yesterday mail bro't a card from Geraldine and one from Aunt Etta. They were on their way east in Uncle Elberts car.

With love
Father

Yesterday had a good letter from Virginia.

[This letter dated July 29, 1929 was written from Silver Bay on Lake George, NY by Kathleen to Jerabee (Geraldine). She has found a good sight to camp while everyone is at Silver Bay. Kathleen talks about horseback riding, tennis tournaments and secretly sleeping out under the stars. Hugh is not working there this summer but may come to visit. Letter in the collection of Jana Jackson.]

The Silver Bay Association
For Christian Conferences and
Training
Silver Bay-On-Lake George
New York

Box 184
July 29, 1929

Dear Jerabee-

You must be having one grand and glorious time and I envy you all your wonderful trips etc. Your letter sounds so enthusiastic about the South, I would just love to go down there. You didn't say anything about this itinerant education that you were going to take up. Have you decided not to try it?

I am so glad Rose Mary is coming up with you. I want to know her better and she will be such lots of fun up here. If you are not starting until the middle of August you won't have much time here though. We leave the third of Sept and that would only leave about two weeks if you don't stay longer than we do. Does Monnie's vacation begin the first of August and are you going to pick her up as you come thru Ohio? Nobody seems to know much about the plans for you all sound so uncertain in your letters. I do hope you finally all land here anyway. As for camp sites, I have picked out a nice one just above Evergreen cottage, if you remember where that is. It is near a grove of pines and, I think, will have about as few bugs as you can expect up here. I have talked to some cottagers who have a camp up in the woods back of our house and they are not badly disturbed by bugs. Of course I will have to see the association about your camping there first, for it is on S.B. property, but if they don't permit it I can find another place.

Things are a little livelier around the grounds now than they were during the other conferences. The Y.M. conference is here now and it seemed so funny to serve men at first. Some of them are very nice and others are terrible pills.

Did you ever go horseback riding up here? I would go every week if I could afford it but as it is I have been twice. The last time it was with a party of ten on a moonlight ride over Hague mountain, such fun! We had a three hour ride for two-fifty getting back at eleven. Of course we couldn't run the horses much in the dark for they stumbled occasionally but we had a wonderful time all the same. When we got home three of us girls decided to throw rules and convention to the winds and keep the moon company all night. We crept in and got our blankets and crept out again going down to Skin Point right by the water. Really I have not felt such exuberant freedom in ages. You can imagine how thrilling it was in the quiet night with the moon shining full upon everything and the water softly lapping the rocks. It was so perfectly intoxicating that I was afraid I couldn't sleep at all but the cool breeze and light spray on my face soon lulled me off. We woke up at five and watched the sun outshine the moon over Spruce mountain and then stole into our houses before any suspecting eyes should be cast upon us. I have heard nothing from it but one of the girls was recognized and gently advised to let that be the last time. I am crazy to sleep on Sunrise Mt. and see the sun rise from there some day.

We are running off an emp. tennis tournament both girls, boys, and mixed. I have played my first round in singles successfully and think I have a good chance in the second round, but don't know after that. I have been asked for the mixed doubles but that hasn't started yet. We play basket-ball and baseball occasionally but there are scarcely enough to two teams. The rest of the time we swim and sleep. I am having more fun learning diving and life saving with all these physical directors around. I can almost do a jackknife and swan half decently now but not off the high board.

Did Monnie send you some Chinese confections? I enjoyed them so much and the girls like them too. Wasn't it fun to crack the dear old watermelon seeds again?

You know- Hugh may come up for a day sometime in August. We have been corresponding all summer at the rate of once a week (about) and he is awfully nice to write to. He doesn't write wonderful letters at all, but they are cute just like him. He seems quite smitten but you can't always tell thru letters.

Last night we went out with a couple of fellows from Saginaw. One of them said he knew Harold a little and we had the best talk.

Do write me your plans when you know of them
I'm off for a swim and more tan.
Lovin' you always.

Kathleen.

[This letter dated Sept. 4, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Kathleen. She tells about their trip back from Silver Bay and stopping in Cleveland to see Gould at the air show. Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart were both there. Gould took Harold and Dorothy for their first airplane ride and they were thrilled. She tells about a couple of unfortunate accidents at the show. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.
Sept., 4, '29

Dear Jerry and Kathleen:

Here's hoping you are both together somewhere in the East.

The "good old Summer-time" is all over and we start on the grind tomorrow. Jerry, I sorta envy you being your own boss. I do love my work after I get into it, but, oh how I do hate to leave all you sisters and get started!!

Monnie left for Lorain this morning, and oh how lovely this day has been. One meeting is all we had today.

I wonder if you have heard of our wonderful thrilling trip home. We made Canandaigua the first night, and the edge of Cleveland, the second. The next morning we went in to find Gould, and really, before that night came we began to think he wasn't there at all. Instead of going right out to the field in the morning, we went into the exhibit at the Public Auditorium which was very well worth the while. We saw the Curtis St. Louis Robin which made the endurance flight. Nobody there knew anything about Gould. At noon we went out to the field and the events had just started, so we decided to get tickets and go in where we would be more likely to find him. We got so intensely interested in everything that was going on that we just sat right through it all. There were two or three airplane races, manoevers by the army planes and by the navy planes (perfectly wonderful!) stunts and stunts and stunts that just made your hair stand up on end, beautiful formation flying, and just lots of thrilling things that I've never seen the likes of before. We saw Lindy fly down doing stunts in formation with two other fliers. We saw Amelia Earhardt christen a huge blimp and then a lot of noted lady fliers climb in and take a ride in it. One of those perfectly immense Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes went up and did beautiful loops and flew upside down 'n everything. The announcer said that that was the first time in history that one of those mammoth things had stunted. Last and by no means least, we saw about 10 or 15 parachute jumpers. It was a contest to see who could land inside, or nearest to a big circle drawn on the field. We later learned that Gould flew the plane for one of the jumpers that landed pretty near. I just could hardly look when they jumped from the planes. I was so afraid their chutes wouldn't open but they all did. That was "awfully" thrilling.

After the events were all over for that day we drove around to the hangars to find Gould, just to discover that he had just left the field for a dinner engagement, but would be out at about 9 the next morning. We were planning to leave for Saginaw, but changed our minds and drove to Berea and camped.

We arrived at the field at nine sharp, but had to wait till 9:30 before our millionaire brother rolled up in the back seat of a taxi with his nose in the morning paper. Well, maybe he wasn't flabbergasted to see us-all! He told us that he was to race in a cabin plane race that afternoon, so that decided us right away to stay. Then Whoopee!! – he took us all three up for a ride in that very cabin plane. Oh, what fun it was. Just as comfy as a chair car on a train. We went around the race track four or five times at about 500 ft., and 150 miles per. The coming down was perfect- lots of fun- and a wonderful landing. Now, Jerry, it's your turn. Monnie's ahead of us all with two rides.

Gould got us grandstand seats for that afternoon, so we saw everything much better, but, alas, didn't they have to go and call off Gould's race till the next day- the very event that we were there to see. Gould will probably tell you all about it. The events for that day were much the same as the day before, except that we saw a lady's race.

You probably saw in the papers the ado about Lindy's being proved. We saw him leave his two stunt companions and chase the passenger plane and order him down. It did look rather funny- rather "all-powerful", because of popularity.

Gould rode to Berea with us and ate, then took the bus to Cleveland. We started out for Saginaw and drove all night and slept all day Sunday.

Jerry, do you remember Myron's friend Lady Heath? The night we camped on the edge of Cleveland we heard of her smash-up. You probably saw it in the papers. She was going around the smoke stack of a factory and

her wing hit a guy wire and she and her mechanic went right through the roof. The factory was just a little way from our camp. The last I saw was that they were fearful as to her recovery. I wonder if Myron heard about it.

The first day we were there, we sat and watched a man who was trying to break the solo endurance record, fly slowly around and around the field as the events went on. When we left the field at night we still heard the plane purring away up in the dark sky, and they said he had four or five hours to go to break the record. As soon as we reached the field the next morning the news boys were shouting "Extra! All about the endurance flier's crash." The poor man had broken the record by about two or three hours and then people thought he fell asleep. He came down right near the field. We read in the paper that his wife is to get the money for his breaking the record.

We're all so glad we stopped in Cleveland to see Gould, and if any of you see him you tell him that all the thrills we got there are going to last a long, long time. About the first thing Harold says upon greeting old friends now is, "Well, I had my first aeroplane ride this summer."

Kathie, I thought of you so much the day you left S.B. [*Silver Bay on Lake George*]. I wondered whether you had the same sad feelings I used to every time I left there- this last time included. I'm so glad you found your knife and the fork. My, I do wish that by some mysterious act of fate, Jerry would get her camera back. Jerry, do you want another camera for your birthday present now?

I should think you would be just about ready to settle down and take a rest from your roving now. Jerry, I bet you did most of the driving. Gould said that he was to have two weeks vacation soon after he got back, then he may come out to Detroit for some air meet in Oct. so you may not get settled down for a while yet. We may get to see Gould again in Detroit, or here.

Monnie helped a lot in getting settled and getting our clothes washed up, etc. She went with us to our first two meetings, where we heard a Psych. Prof. from Columbia talk- Dr. Kulp- very interesting.

It is so hot and dry around here. Harold just read in the paper that Saginaw hasn't had rain since Aug. 13. That is the day we left for S.B. My how it poured that day- all the way down to Lorain.

What was your total for the summer Kathie- salary and tips? How did the pajama parade come out? You should have read Father's letter. It is very interesting. I'll send it on just as soon as I answer it.

Tomorrow classes start, so it's up early in the morning again.

If you are at the farm give our love to all there, and tell them we are mighty sorry not to get down there to see them this summer. Of course, we came within an ace of seeing Aunt Phebe, but "a miss is as good as a mile," and we said "Hello" and "Goodbye" to Aunt Mary, but we did miss a real visit with all three of them on the farm.

Love to all Dot and Harold

[This typewritten letter dated Sept. 29, 1929 was written from Nang Seu, China by Willard to Gould, Virginia and Geraldine. He tells them about a typical Sunday in a village chapel and the wonderful hospitality of the people there. He and Ellen took a 16 mile walking hike with some younger people to Kushan Monastery and Kuliang and were quite proud of how well they kept up. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nang Seu, Foochow, China.

September, 29th. 1929.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Geraldine:-

Nang Seu is a village about fifteen miles southwest of Foochow. I'm writing this in the chapel here and I'm going to try to bring you here with me for this Sunday. It is a sample of what I have most of the Sundays.

Yesterday I was up a little before 5:00 a.m. At 6:25 I was in a ricksha with my baggage,- a thin cotton mattress that weighs 7 lbs., a mosquito curtain, a thin blanket, and extra suit of palm beach cloth, an extra B.V.D., and shirt,- four corn meal muffins, four pieces of sponge cake, half a dozen Cheefoo apples, and a few dates. At 7:00 a.m. I reached the Min river where I had planned to take a river launch to a point near this place. I had taken special pains to find out when the launch would start and was a bit ahead of time only to see it moving down the river. That meant to find a man to carry my forty lbs. of baggage and walk five miles,- to make this five miles the launch must go about twenty miles. A man was found to carry the load for about 35 cents U.S. money. This stage of the journey was finished at 9:00 a.m. The next stage is by small boat, with six or seven other passengers. At 11:30 a.m. we reach Nang Seu. (South Hill). The preacher here is 70 years old, half blind. His wife is 60. Both are unwell. They are poor but they have done faithful work in God's Kingdom for over thirty years.

I climb a very unsteady wooden ladder into the loft over the chapel. Furniture, - a rattan bed bottom on two wooden horses (stools), - a rough table, two leather seated folding chairs. The rafters are jet black with years of soot and dust. The walls of the room are newly whitewashed. To save the whitewash I try to give it a wide berth. In one wall are two board windows with hinges at the top, that may be propped open with sticks. Lunch is served in the

dining room. This is sort of a public room for the occupants of the whole big house, which is home for four or five families, or that branches of one family. The church and parsonage are also in this house and they have a right to this public room. English words will fail to give you a true picture of this. The door sill is 18 inches high to keep the children in and the pigs out. Not a pane of glass. Open the doors for light and air. One side of this is the public parlor-parsonage-bedroom and living room. On the other side is the chapel with the prophet's chamber over it.

I come down for lunch. Mrs. Ding is of the old type and does not eat with men. She serves. The food;- a bowl of rice, in the idle of the table are bowls containing bean curd, rice vermicelli, jelly fish (raw), bamboo sprouts cooked with a few pieces of pork. Utensils; a pair of chopsticks and a Chinese spoon. It's a good lunch and I rise satisfied. The floor of this room is of mother earth with the dirt of a few hundred years added behind me as I eat lies an old pig on a bed of pine needles. She is unwittingly waiting to be converted into pork Sunday morning. Just to my right are tube and racks used in slaughtering pigs. Back of these stands an old unused loom. Many women still use the hand loom for weaving. Back of these on an old table are four ancestral tablets. I am of the opinion that many of you would have indulged in some things as you sat down to this lunch in this room, at the table with no cloth and on a small four legged stool with no back.

At 8:00 p.m. we are in bed. The walk yesterday was a good sleep medicine. In addition I went about the town in the afternoon with Mr. Ding to call on some of the Christians. As we passed a cool inviting temple front a dozen men of all ages sitting there invited us to "sit". We sat. One of the young men said, - "Yes I have heard this Jesus' mother was Mary". As we rose to go I took from my pocket a Gospel of Mark and said to him, - Here is the story of Jesus' life. You must buy it and read it- only two coppers. "All right, I will", feeling in his pocket for the money. "No money. Here friend" to a man near him "Lend me two cents." Here it is" and the sale was consummated. Then we call on widow Ding and her eighteen year old son. One room is bedroom, kitchen dining room store room and parlor. Mrs. Ding is preparing supper, she keeps right on while she boils water for our tea and talks with us. The son sleeps in the loft over this all-purpose room. Next we stop at Mr. Tiang's medicine shop. He is a fine old gentleman- not very talkative at any time and today he has a cold that makes it difficult for him to talk at all. We make sort of a Quaker call. But he and preacher Ding understand each other, and I have called on him and seen much of him. One realizes that spoken words are not essential to a successful call of this kind.

We are back at the chapel at dark. Supper is ready. The very same that I had for dinner, - except what I had eaten, - in the same dishes warmed over.

Sunday morning I shaved to the rhythm of the squeals of the pig that was my dining room companion on Saturday at lunch and supper, as she was becoming pork. This process was carried on right in front of the dining room, and the sides of the house were ventilated in such a manner as to allow me to see the process. When I came down to breakfast the last man was just finishing up after the slaughtering.

About 8:30 a.m. the Christians begin to come in. They come on foot from as far as four miles off in the country. Here are two old women 70 years of age, not yet church members. Here comes a blind boy- walked four miles, not yet a church member. Here is a fine man of forty who has carried his little girl two years old and asks to have her baptized. Her name is Pek Nguk. Let's hear you pronounce it. Here is old lady living with her children and grand children. Her grandson asks to unite with the church today. 12 years old. I wish you could hear and see him as he talks with me. It is no easier for a Chinese for a Chinese boy of 12 to talk with a man of 60 about his religious experience than it is for an American boy to do the same. You must add the further fact that that man is a foreigner and a comparative stranger. Tears will come to the little fellows eyes, but his conversation proves that he knows the Jesus way of life. His grandmother tells me that she wants him to become a minister. He says he would like to be one.

How the people listen to the foreigner as he tries to tell them what kind of man Jesus was. Fifteen partook of communion.

I climb the ladder again and the next I know preacher Ding is sticking his head up thru the hole where the ladder reaches the prophet's chamber, and announces, - "Lunch is ready." Only he says, - "Dau Bieng lau." (pronounce it) Sleep must have taken a good grip on me. Menu rice with the leavings from breakfast, with a dish of sweet potatoes added.

This afternoon I feel that duty calls for a rest, then a bit of reading and then this letter. About 4 p.m., while I write a Christian calls and says, - "You, Mr. and Mrs. Ding are not very well. Let Mr. Beard come over and take supper with us." Agreed. But Mrs. Ding adds, - "You must come over and lead him to your house. He doesn't know they way. And just at dusk, a boy of twelve who is an apprentice in the Christian's shop, comes carrying the baby of the family in his arms, with him are the host's ten year old son and a still younger brother and sister. They escort me to their home, for supper. My! I wish you could have been there. Talk about cordiality, hospitality. You folks in city homes in America are still in the first year of the kindergarten. "Come right in and sit down at the table. Right here on this end of this four foot horse i.e. stool. We have nothing to eat. - only a few scraps of very coarse food. We

could not find any beef or pork, - only a little poor fish. But there are two ducks eggs that we have poached for you and we'll try to find some rice before long. Have some wine. Nothing to eat." In the center of the table were,- a big bowl of fried fish, a bowl of bean curd, a bowl of pork, a bowl of small shell fish over which had been poured boiling water, a bowl of alt fish, and a bowl of soup with a few greens in it. Then in came a bowl of rice for each of us. Each bowl was nearly six inches in diameter. Grace was said the then the host and his brother, also a Christian, with three workmen and three children fell to, - so did I. No one will ever see any of that rice again. Neither will they ever see those two ducks eggs, nor quite a portion of the general dishes in the center of the table. , - hygiene? Forget it. Monday before light I am up bed folded and tied in a bundle with an oiled cloth about it and other things in a suit case. It is raining- the first rain in six weeks. Mrs. Ding has all the rice and other things that were left warmed up and I eat breakfast and start for the ferry boat. I have only one pair of shoes, white canvass, nearly new. I hate to walk in them five miles in the rain. I brought along a pair of grass slippers as bedroom slippers. They have a piece of braided grass over the toes, otherwise only the bottom or soles. You keep them on by cinching your toes to them. They cost 2 cents a pair. I tie them on with some string and the shoes are saved for I walk the five miles in them= grass slippers.

On the ferry boat which takes me about five miles in about an hour and a half I hope to find a company of from fifteen to twenty people going my way and I have never failed to have a good time with them in talking about the realities of life and bringing the talk right down to their everyday life. But today the rain has kept people at home. One woman and I are the only passengers. It is not the right thing for me to talk much. So here you have as best I can give it a little travelogue that comes to me about once a week and its pleasant work. I have tried to give it to you, - travel-social- eats-sleeps-preaching in chapel and on the street-selling books all jumbled up as they come to me in the days work. That is the way I have to take them. The realities of these three days work of each week, tho are the personal contacts I make with others all along the way when Jesus is one of the company of, - it may be two or three or a dozen or fifty. They may be business men or farmers or coolies and there may be women in the company. It is worth while.

October 15th. 1929.

You will see by the heading that I wrote this two weeks ago. And it was in the Nang Seu chapel. I read it to Mother and she thought it would be of interest to more than one so I have copied and am sending it to all the children and the brothers and sisters.

A week ago last Saturday and Sunday I was at Deng Chio across the river from where I wrote this and last Sunday I was at Chong Ha about five miles from Nang Seu. Since we came down from Kuliang I have been away from home in the country on evangelistic work fifteen days. We came down on September 13th. When I am at home there is teaching that fills completely two afternoons, and more committee meetings than you can shake a stick at. This week I am auditing the books of the University. That means get up at daylight to catch a launch and go down the river three miles and stay to lunch there. I get back home about dark. This I hope to finish this week.

Last Thursday Mother and I took a whole day off and skipped the country. We went as protectors of a party of younger people. Started at 6:30 a.m., went to the river took a boat three miles down to the foot of Kushan mountain, walked up to the Kushan monastery, stopped for an hour for lunch, went on to our cottage at Kuliang. There we built a fire and took lunch. There were nine in the party. Three were Chinese girls, one a Chinese man. Two other men foreigners and Mother and Betty Cushman. We left our cottage at a little past four in the afternoon. It was plump dark when we got to the city and found rickshas for the last mile of the trip. Mother and I walked every bit of the way. It was a good sixteen miles. Both were up and at work the next morning feeling all the better for the trip. It was a beautiful day not too hot nor was it cold.

It is getting time that one thinks of Christmas. Mother and I have agreed to tell our people in the good old U.S. not to send too many presents and not to put too high a value on them. The Chinese government is out for all the duty it can possibly get. We have to pay two duties. And practically nothing except books are on the free list.

Well this is getting to be too long so here is love to all of you with best wishes for a happy Thanksgiving. I hope to get another letter to say Merry Christmas.

Love to All,
Father

[This letter dated Oct. 6, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry (Geraldine). She talks about what they have been doing. She saw that Gould did not make it on a tour with the Fairchild planes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 Bond. St.,

Saginaw, Mich.,
Oct., 6, 1929.

Dear Jerry:-

I'm sorry it's been so long that I haven't written you. Your two long letters came in the same mail.

My, yes, that full moon in Sept. reminded me every night of the dear old camp site on Lake George [*Silver Bay*]. Kathleen wrote that it was hard for her to settle down after the summer. It was for me too- mighty hard.

We were waiting to hear whether you and Gould were flying out for the Ford tour. We watched the Detroit papers and failed to see Gould's name in them, so gave up hopes of seeing you. We read that three Fairchild planes entered. Poor Gould, he must have been terribly disappointed not to be able to go.

We got the package of pink silk. My, how glad I was to see that it wasn't lost. The other package of Chinese things also came. Thanks for sending them.

I think your idea of a Chinese dinner cloth for Pearl is fine [*Probably Pearle Leonard Chamberlain*]. I think if we sent to Mother right away and tell her what we want it for and to rush it, she'll do it quickly. In that case, you'd tell Pearl what we are doing, wouldn't you? I really think she'd appreciate that as much as anything we could get her. If you don't do that, let me know what you get and how much my share is.

Your house looks darling! It is very much like ours, isn't it? I hope you have just the very best time ever in it this year. I bet Gould will enjoy it a lot. I wish we could go out there and see you two sometime. Maybe at Christmas, if Gould can't get off to come here, we can drive out there. Poor Monnie doesn't think she can get much of a Christmas vacation this year.

Do remember me to Edith and any others of our friends that you see out there.

So Gould finally did get back to Aunt Molly's. I bet she was glad. She did seem so hurt to think that Gould's confidence in her was shaken.

You said that you saw Mary Carpenter. Didn't Eleanor say that she wasn't a bit well? What did you think when you saw her?

How did it happen that Gould came back from his vacation early? Was it to help you both get located and settled before he went back to work?

Yes indeed, Harold and I have intended all along to give Theodore and Ruth a gift. I think she also would like something Chinese. The rug idea is fine. You go ahead and get it and include our names on the card. That is, if it's O.K. with M. and K. Let us know and we'll send money for that, too.

Poor Ruthie! Has she had her operation yet? Let me know when and where she is to have it. I'd like to send her something.

My Parent-Teacher's gym class starts tomorrow night. From the interest shown and the calls for information about it, I'm going to have quite a crowd this year. I have asked for more money this year- at least, a definite amount. Last year each person that came gave a dime. Toward the end of the year people began to drop off and sometimes I'd get only a dollar or \$1.50 for two hours, which wasn't hardly worth my time.

We were hired for the Ames work again this year, at a meeting held last week. This year we are each going to try to get an assistant to divide the work with us. We also tried to get out of teaching our S.S. classes, but it just seems absolutely impossible to get out. It makes me so provoked the way they shove work off onto those who will work. Of course, we could flatly refuse, but in a church like that where there are so very few capable persons, and leaders one just hates to do it.

We wrote the girls inviting them up to the Ohio-State game and "The Miracle" which will be playing in Detroit then. That is their Migration Day and they had planned a big spree, and since "Jerry's Lizzy" is no more, they didn't think they could afford it, so I guess we won't see them until Christmas, unless we drive to Oberlin sometime.

Have you had your air-plane ride yet? I haven't gotten over the thrill yet.

Much love to all there and to Gould-

Dot.

Monnie sent me a clipping from the Lorain paper saying that Betty Garland has been appointed Dean of Women at Wilmington College, Wilmington, O. Can you imagine our Betty a Dean!

[This letter dated **Oct. 17, 1929** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Kathleen. He heard she had gotten a tan over the summer. He gives her a little advice on bothersome boys. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Oct. 17 -1929

Dear Kathleen,-

This is just a hug and a kiss for you alone- the general letter is too public for such personalities. Others have written of the brown color you got [at] Silver Bay and the good time you had there this summer. It was very pleasant that you could see so many of your own people at Silver Bay and then go to the homes in Putnam and Shelton. I wonder if airplanes will bring you over here or us over there for a week end before we come home. Men are fast attaining some of the attributes that used to be attributed only to God.

Will you let Aunt Etta and Uncle Willis read this and then send it on to Marjorie.

I think of you frequently in your relation to the young men of whom you have written. I hope the one that bothers you has become tired of receiving his own returned letters, and that your own common sense rectified by your continual association with God and Jesus will guide you in all choices and actions.

Very lovingly Father

[This letter dated Oct. 27, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. They have been trying out different radios to see which they would like to buy. She is teaching a ladies gym class in addition to regular school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Oct. 27, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:

I can't find any of your letters that I haven't answered, so I don't know whether you owe me, or I owe you.

I picture you two as nicely settled in your little bungalow, and I bet you're having a grand time. Have you had time to do much entertaining?

I'm sorry that you weren't fortunate enough to get in on the tour, Gould. We kept track of it all the way around, in the papers. Has Jerry been up in the air, yet?

I haven't had any word from Monnie or Kathleen for almost two weeks. I do wish they could have come up to the game. We had such a good time. Sat. morning we drove to Ann Arbor for the Ohio State game. It was a wonderful football game. We sat with no cots all during the game. It was an interesting game even tho Mich. didn't win. From Ann Arbor we drove right over to Detroit, got a room at Webster Hall (where we stayed at the time of the Board meetings) and went right to see "The Miracle". It was beautiful! Sunday we started home at about 11:00 A.M.

Jerry, do you have the Chinese dolls, or does Monnie. I would very much like them for two occasions. One is on Nov. 8, - sort of an International dinner, where they are representing as many nations as possible, hearing a little about each. They want curios. The other is an exhibition at the library of dolls of various nations. Irene Gelinas asked me for that. They are to be on exhibit the week of Nov. 17. If you have them could you send them right away, please.

We have been trying out radios lately. Have had lots of fun with a couple of them already- the Edison and now we have the Victor. The Edison is a wonderful machine but rather steep in price. My, what perfectly enchanting concerts and programs we get on Sundays, - all day long. Six thirty to seven is still my favorite hour, with the Whittall Anglo Persians. Does your complete establishment include a radio?

Have you started work on your cello, and are you selling Chinese things and Churchill Weaver things yet? You two must hurry up and write us all about yourselves.

Last Sunday evening for the church service I delivered an "address: (?) on China. At least, so it was called on the church calendar. Mr. Watters, said today, that the Meth. church in Bay City was going to ask me to talk there soon. Fortunately, Father's last two letters were rich with news that I put to good use.

My ladies gym class has started on Mon. nights. My volley-ball (school) tournament has started. My girls have won the first two games. Tues. night our teacher's sextet organizes again. I'm having them here this time. We've been asked to sing at the Bay City broadcasting station again this year.

Have you done anything about those wedding gifts? We must be thinking of gifts for Father and Mother soon.

Have you people been thinking about what you are going to do for Christmas? We must get together somewhere. I do hope Monnie can get a vacation- and Gould, too.

I saw Ruthie Brooks at the Teacher's Convention at Flint. She wanted to be remembered to you girls. I am going to have her up here some week-end soon. Much love to both of you- Dot.

I received the cake decorator and am so anxious to try it. It looks like a lot of fun. I've got to experiment before I decorate Harold Charles' birthday cake. Thank you so much for it.
Dot.

P.S. (Private for Jerry)

Can you give us an idea of what Gould would like for his birthday?

[This letter dated Nov. 3, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to Jerry and Gould. Kathleen jokingly scolds them for not giving out their new address yet. A Dr. Ames has been at the college that week giving lectures on sex and talked to the men and women separately. It is the talk of the campus. She thanks Jerry and Gould for the new tennis racket. Aunt Grace has had a stroke. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Kathleen C. Beard
Oberlin, Ohio

Talcott Hall
Nov 3- 1929

Dear Jerry and Gould-

You kids certainly don't deserve my mail if you don't let a body know your address. But I found it out, all the same, and would like to give you a good bawling out. But I haven't the time, space, or heart to do it so thank your lucky stars that you are spared.

How is the little house and the people in it? The diagram that you sent of it perfectly splurious[?], but I am crazy to see it in reality. Are you having just heaps of guests and parties or haven't you got that far yet? Have you found a cello teacher yet, Jerry, to take lessons of? I wish you could be here Tuesday night to hear Gregor Piatigorsky play.

We went to the ringration[?] day game two weeks ago, Gidge and I had never been up for it and this was our last chance. Monnie and Millicent make it a party of four so we did the day up brown. Shopping kept us busy in the morning and for lunch we went to the loveliest place. It was called "Charm House" and was decorated in Old English style throughout- even to the waitress uniforms. The day was real warm so the game seemed more like a spring track meet, but we won and nothing else mattered. The Bamboo Gardens kept us entertained through the dinner hour and then we saw "Blossom Time" which was very sweet but nothing tremendous. Monnie stayed with us over Sunday and we had a good visit. She seems as disoriented as last year with regard to Ronnie and is definitely planning to leave in June. Ronnie is resigning too, for that matter- to get married.

The whole college has been in a big uproar this week about the lectures given by Dr. Ames. I don't know who got him here or anything about him, but he talked to the men of the college about sex and was asked to speak also to the girls. There was some objection by a few members of the faculty to his giving public addresses (probably the dean of women) but he was permitted to speak twice and to answer any questions which were handed in. I attended his second lecture, which indeed left almost nothing unsaid. He spoke very frankly and very scientifically, yet not professionally, if you get what I mean. More interesting to me than the lecture itself is the reaction of the students to it. Some were highly pleased and thought it a very good thing, while others didn't like his open way of presentation. Mother would have been mortified and shocked to tears. It was probably just what some girls needed but I know that others were rather overwhelmed by such a dose without previous information. It has been the subject of every group conversation since, you know how a thing like that can be discussed and hashed over. It shows what a liberal attitude most people take toward it and I think they are overdoing the educational side of it a little.

This is the second man who has talked on it this year here, the other one being an English Minister and presenting more the general moral attitude, instead of information. Well, one just has to maintain ones balance these days or be swept by every current. Don't worry about me, Jerry.

Last night we had an all girl's dance representing the sailor idea. About half the kids were dressed as sailors and the old gym was decorated to resemble a ship. Those parties are such fun for you can just let go and act as crazy as you please. After it we had an onion spread - so we are all strong today.

The tennis racket that "you all" gave me is doing good service for me. I entered the class tournament and will probably play in the finals for class championship. I have one more match to play which everyone says is simple. I am much thrilled but know that I can't get the championship because I will come up against the college champion of two years back. A racket sure makes a difference, though.

Oh Jerry, Mrs. Lawrence informed me that you wrote her about George. I don't know what you said, but, for heaven's sake, don't say anything more to anybody about it. Do let the matter drop for good, for I am sure that nothing more will come of it, and I hate to have it talked about so much.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes of Sturbridge (is it?) stopped here on their way to Conn. this week and I went down to see them for a little while. They were here for just a day after having a month's vacation out west where they saw Cousin Carl and Addie. They say that both of them are rather poorly.

I must stop and study History which is the very bane of my existence. It is awfully hard for me and I can't seem to find time to study it properly. My work in it has been very poor so far and I will have to brace up pretty soon.

Do, both of you write and tell us everything we want to know. Aunt Mary wrote that Aunt Grace has a stroke and that Ruthy had her appendix out!!!! I fear we are way behind on family data.

Oodles of love to you both
Kathie.

*[This journal, dated **November 1929 through December 3, 1929**, was written while on a trip to Shaowu by Willard. He tells about the trip upriver and of the stops along the way. From the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

Shaowu trip – Nov. 1929.

At 5:45 p.m. Saturday Nov. 9th I left home for Kienningsien to help in the Shaowu Mission Annual Meeting. At 6:30 I was on the motor launch that is to take me as far as Iong Kau on the main Min river. This is about 175 miles from Foochow. From Iong Kau to Shaowu is about 75 miles. Just before I left home the American mail arrived with letters from Geraldine, Mary and Marjorie. I read the letters instead of eating supper and ate a muffin, a doughnut and a small piece of pumpkin pie before going to bed on the launch.

This is the fourth time I have made this trip. The other three times were in a man propelled boat. Twenty seven years ago it took me one week to reach Yeng Bing and two days more to Yeng Kau (Iong Kau). This time I should be in Yeng Kau in 3 ½ days. This is a high powered motor launch. The engine is running smoothly and sort of purring- like a good auto and we are flying thru the water. Last night I slept well. The launch is completely covered with iron plates to turn the bullets of the bandits. But there are sliding doors – or a door in each section, so the passengers can have light and air- between the nests of bandits. There are however hopes that we will not encounter bandits on this trip up. Two soldiers are on with bayonets and ammunition. My head is next the sliding door, my “berth” is long enough so I can lie full length if I lie cornerwise. I have a suit case and a bamboo basket on one side of me so I am quite “secluded”. Two Chinese occupy the rest of the compartment. I can sit up if I am careful to get my head between the beams that hold the flat top of the launch. I really am cang Huai= very well fixed, for breakfast. I ate with four Chinese, rice, rice, rice, peanuts, bean curd, bamboo sprouts, small shell fish. It is now 8:30 a.m.

Shaowu trip- Nov. 1929.
8:30 a.m. Monday, Nov. 11th 1929

Last night was clear and much colder. This morning is fine. We anchored at Uong Cheng for the night. The rain last week raised the river 3 or 4 ft. and we are sliding up the rapids on good time. For breakfast we had rice. Please note we had rice – plenty of it. There were six of us at the “table”. The table was a tray 16 in. X 26 in. We= two other men and myself, pushed our bedding aside to make room for the table. On the table were empty bowls for rice,- a plate of bean curd, one of bamboo sprouts, one of peanuts, one of olives,- about as much on each plate as we would put in individual dishes at home. We are a polite crowd however and no one eats all the condiments. I can afford to be polite for after each meal I open my country basket and cut a “shoestring” of pumpkin pie which mother hid there, and which I found- strange!!- it leaves a good taste in my mouth- so do the honey dates that I found also.

It is the same river that I went up 27 years ago, but its very different going. Then the 8 men often pulled an hour to make 30 rods- now the twin screws, each with its engine push the boat steadily up every rapid. We are at Iu Ka Kau = the mouth of the branch that goes in to Iu Ka. A launch is on its way down. One of its screws is injured, a man is in the water up to his mouth with a monkey wrench repairing it. It is rather cool work. He has completed the job and come up.

Tuesday, Nov. 12th 1929

At daylight the trusty engines began to spit and we backed out of our berth and nosed up stream. A fog had settled on the river and it was damp and cold. The bed felt comfy. But at 6:30 the "boy" came to say "hot water. Wash your faces." I opened my iron window, took my wash cloth and reached out and dipped it in the river and had a good sponge, cold water bath, while the "boy" and other passengers shivered for me. To be sure I had to set in bed and be careful to keep my head between the beams above me or it would be bumped. But then it was better than no bath. Each time before when I have gone up I could jump into the river. The boat was man-propelled and I could jump in from the bow, come up and swim and catch the stern. But this modern launch cut out that bit of fun.

The river is getting narrower. The rapids are steeper. Twice 8 men have got out and towed. The launch stuck her nose up into the rock just at the side of and below the rapid. The screws purred gently- just to keep the boat from going backward while a man fastened her to the rock, until all was ready. 200 ft. of 7/8 in. bamboo toe line was let out. The water, only ten feet away was boiling, seething, rushing down past us, jumping up into waves 6 ft. high like an angry wild beast as if it were defying this man made contraption to attempt to invade its age long domain. One boatman took two small sticks of incense, stuck them in a crack of a rock and lit them. To him and to all the crew this was a prayer to the gods to take us safely up this rapid. The 8 men stood ready 200 ft. up ahead on the shore to give succor to those two little engines. The levers were pulled back a bit to let her back away from the rock. The rudder swung just a trifle. The levers were pushed gradually up and the throttles opened slowly, until they were wide open. The screws hummed. The 8 cylinders of the right engine and the 4 of the left engine went up and down in perfect rhythm and with increased rapidity until it was almost one continuous spark. The men on land straightened the tow line. The water seemed to gather all its strength to resist our attempt to go forward. We were in a raging torrent- only four rods wide. Rocks on either side waited with gaping mouths to devour us. The waves came over the deck. We stood still for a minute. Two men on the boat seized bamboo poles. Stuck them into crevices in the rocks and pushed. The water redoubled its fury. But man's brain had calculated correctly an after ten minutes of steady, combined pushing, pulling and engine power. The launch perceptibly advanced, and with every inch gained speed. The poor torrent was worsted. But undaunted it rushes on still waiting for the next invader, who is sure to conquer as we conquered. These motor launches are already driving the large 10 + 15 men powered boats off the river. The little so-called rat-boats are still at work. But will not long compete with these swift birds or fish. I am making this journey of 175 miles in 3 days. It used to take ten in the lightest, speediest boats. Freight was often a month on the way. This launch has walked up all the rapids but two thus far without the help of the tow line. How long before these launches will be replaced by airships?

Last night two launches tied up side by side for the night. Some of the passengers from the other launch came over and we had a company of ten or more- all intelligent business men- one an agent of the B.A.T. - British and American Tobacco Co. We talked of conditions in China, Japan, India, England, America. I had the Scientific American for October with me. This is given largely to aviation. We talked for an hour. I did not preach but I talked and got them to talk of the injury to man of superstition and idolatry. They were interested and very thoughtful. One of them stood by me when the man stuck the incense in the rock at the foot of the dangerous rapid. He smiled and said "superstition."

It pleases me greatly to see so many of the hills covered with trees,- the farther up the river we go the more trees are to be seen. This in spite of bandits and soldiers. We had the "protection" of ten soldiers for a few hours this morning. We left them or they left us when we drew up to a raft of logs. They jumped from our launch to the raft and both fell flat as they slipped on the round smooth surface of the logs. Their grins and caps parted company with them and they looked anything but "protectors". If they live three or four years they will be able to grow mustaches, but they are not old enough now.

5:45 p.m. at Yong Kau

We made a fast trip up- arriving at 2:30 p.m. today= 2 ¾ days. From Foochow to Yong Kau. Here I find Rev. E.D. Kellogg and Miss Josephine Walker. Miss Walker makes her head quarters here now instead of at Shaowu.

Great changes have taken place here since I was here in 1909. Then the hills about were bare, now thick groves of building trees cover them- about 8000. They are perhaps 15 years old and worth 50 cents each now standing. Then there was a church parsonage and boys school. Now there are added a hospital, another boy's school, a girl's school and another parsonage. Beside these an electric light plant with 700 lights in the village and a water system- all the work of pastor Guang. It is wonderful what one man can do in a place like this in China. It is intellect, backed by altruism and character. There is plenty of intellect all about in China, but public spirit and character are at a premium, when one finds it. There is something doing. Pastor Guang is always thinking of the

other man. The water (gravity) system, the electric light plant and the forest are for the hospital, for orphans, for the church – not for himself.

Wednesday Nov. 13th 1929. 4:15 p.m.

This Gould's birthday. Last night I slept on my own cot bed in Kellogg's room at Long Kau. This morning we were up at 6:00 and on the boat- a little rat boat at 7:00 and off at 7:30. The District Magistrate of Kienning is on several other boats with his retinue and several soldiers. We are keeping in sight of him, as protection from bandits. The boatmen said we might meet bandits this a.m. but we saw none. Reached Song Chiong at 12:30. Because of the fear of bandits we spent the afternoon here- also tonight and go tomorrow,- should reach Ciong Lok Friday before noon. From there we are to walk.

This has been a beautiful day- sunny and warm. We have taken off our coats. The boat is just wide enough so we three can sleep crosswise in it tonight and tomorrow night. There are five in the party going to Kienning.

Thursday Nov. 14- 1929

Last night we were tied up at Song Chiong. All turned in at 7 p.m. and went to sleep. We live in the open air and this is a good medicine for sleeplessness. About 9 p.m. things got of interest outside. 50 or 60 soldiers seemed much exercised- in mind and voice- not so much in body. There was a great conglomeration of tongues. I could hear the Foochow, Mandarin and other dialects that were entirely unintelligible. Between some 15 of us on our two boats we made out that a soldier had come across the river saying that he was one of some 20 who wanted to pass thru Song Chiong. Could they pass? But he had no credentials, could not tell to what regiment he belonged etc. etc. There was much commotion for an hour. Then the Song Chiong guard decided to let them pass. We lay down and slept.

This a.m. we were off at 7. But we are going up very leisurely. The Magistrate has about 25 boats. This region is infested with bandits- our boats are light. The Magistrate's heavy. He is slow, and our men dare not get much ahead of him. It will take us three days instead of two to reach Ciong Lok. My soul, possess thyself in patience. Be calm. Rest. The world was not made in 1 day. It is not finished yet after 6,000,000 years.

Friday morning Nov. 15 1929.

About noon we reached a city of 2000!!! named Moh Buo. Here there was a tense secretary. None of us could make out just what was the trouble. That bandits had operated was certain but how we could not tell. No two stories agreed. I was going up in the village to mail a letter. Pastor Ding said, better not. I did not go. About 3 p.m. We all went up to the village and found a Meth. pastor and two or three Christians that pastor Ding knew. They told us that the bandits came across the river on the opposite bank the night before. They seized a farmer whose house was across the river. He was too much for the 2 bandits who attacked him. Shook them off and ran. But a third bandit came up and shot the man thru the upper thigh. All the soldiers of Moh Buo had gone to drive off the bandits. We waited till about dark and finally got the promise of 4 soldiers to protect us as far as Ciong Loh for \$13.00.

This a.m. the boatmen were up and off as soon as they could see. The past two days we have made about 60 li. or a little less than 20 miles. It is 70 li on to Ciong Loh and the men are to get us there tonight. The soldiers had not appeared. But we were off just the same. You see if the boats started before the soldiers came the soldiers would walk and the boats are so much lighter. We stopped after about 2 miles and the boatman started back for the soldiers and met them coming. It rains a little. But we are sliding up river fast. The commanding soldier has just pointed to a path coming down to the river from the hills. "That is a very bad place,- many bandits there." It is where Mr. and Mrs. Christian were robbed a few years ago and where Charlie Storrs and the pastor who is with us were robbed a month after.

Evening Nov. 15 at Ciong Loh

We reached Ciong Loh about 4 p.m. We had two soldiers with us. They were apprehensive at 2 points. At one place the leader took his rifle. But no bandit appeared and when we got within about 5 miles of Ciong Loh they left us and returned saying it was perfectly safe the rest of the way. Here Mrs. U and her 2nd son who had [a] drug store and hospital here gave us a very good supper. The boat fare for three days, 3 times a day has been rice, greens and bean curd.

All arrangements are made for starting tomorrow at daylight. A pastor, a preacher, three delegates, Kellogg, myself, 3 chairs = 6 men, 3 soldiers and one boy and 3 load men ==20- quite a caravan.

Mrs. U the wife of the preacher here 27 years ago when I came here said she remembered me. Her husband is dead. One son is in charge of the hospital at Yong Kau and one has a hospital here. Her husband is dead. The church here has acquired a fine property since I was here.

These hills between Iong Kau and here are bare – no trees. This region is surely bandit ridden. I have seen two houses- that have been sacked by them.

Monday evening Nov. 18th 1929.

Since the last writing Fri. Nov. 15th I have been on the road. Sat. morning at 5 o'clock came the call to get up. Breakfast had been prepared and sent on to us by Mr. U where we are Friday evening. At 6 a.m. we were on the road,- 8 of us. We had three chairs- 2 men to carry a chair. We moved steadily until 2 p.m.- climbed 2000 ft. and went down again,- stopped for dinner, 18 min. In 40 minutes we were off again,- dinner = rice, greens, bean curd, rats, rice flour dumplings. All the morning and most of the afternoon we were in grand scenery. It was very mountainous, and the hill sides were very steep, and covered with hard wood forests- so far away from any stream that the wood is almost worthless. The background was a dark green, with here and there a very beautiful dark brick red not brilliant as at home but sober, and a few yellow trees, the effect of the whole was very pleasing. I have never seen so much forest in my travels before and never such beauty as between Ciong Lok and Tai Ning.

It was a long day and the puo = 10 li = 3 1/3 miles about grew longer in the afternoon. The coolies on two of the chairs gave out about 3 p.m. and as one of the company said, "We shall have to carry them." We reached Tai Ning about 7:45 p.m. The moon was full and it was not bad. Before dark we had emerged from the forest and came out into open country.

The church at Tai Ning is a large house. Pastor Laiu had gone to Kienning to Annual Meeting. At 7:45, unannounced 22 men = 2 foreigners, Mr. Kellogg and myself, a Chinese pastor, 3 preachers, 2 delegates, 6 chair coolies and 4 load bearers suddenly enter her front door – with 4 soldiers. Her neighbor calls over the wall to her. "There are soldiers knocking on your front door." What would an American minister's wife say to such a gang coming into her house at 7:45 p.m. Sat. night? And she had a good supper ready for 8 of us at 8:30. How is that for efficiency?

Sunday morning we were up at 8 and invited over to the home of a druggist – the leading church member, - for breakfast at 9:30, then a dozen of us walked about the city calling on some of the Christians, and on the government school, headed by a man who learned how to run a school while monitor of the Boy's Academy at Shaowu some years ago. We brought up at the new church and parsonage, not yet completed, and pastor Ding [*Chinese character*] who had come all this way with us from Iong Kau preached on the boy with the 5 cakes and two fishes. This new church, to seat 400 comfortable and the parsonage has cost \$1800. mex. about \$900 U.S. gold.

At 12:30 we were on our way to Mui Kau 12 miles toward Kienning,- arrived at 5 p.m. Here we have a house, no part worker – several Christians. They were arranging for us all -8- to sleep in a room 12 X 15 ft. but Kellogg and I begged to go up stairs where there was oceans of room and plenty of air. After supper, in that little room with four beds all ready for sleepers, there gathered over 30 men and boys and listened to four sermons, and sang two hymns and at the close we had a prayer. That meeting was worth coming 12 miles for.

This morning at 5 a.m. came the call for breakfast and we ate by lamp light and were off soon after 6:00. Another mountain about 1500 ft. high had to be climbed and descended. At 2 p.m. we were at the home of the Shepherd's – Mr. George, Mrs. Dr., three girls and one boy ages from 18 months to 6 yrs. Mr. Storrs, Mr. Riggs and Dr. Judd arrived Sat. I have three days in which to do nothing. From Tai Ning we have had no guard,- no bandits operating in this region just now. But from Foochow or 25 miles up the river from Foochow to Tai Ning bandits may appear anytime.

Thursday, Nov. 28th 1929

This is Thanksgiving Day – I am still in Kienning. Riggs left yesterday alone for Shaowu. Dr. Judd left this a.m. with two ladies for a city 2 days away. The husband of one of the ladies is magistrate of that city. They plan 2 days to go, 2 days there, 2 days back to here. Yesterday there were reports that the Communists were marching toward that city, with a program to come to Kienning, then Tai Ning. Then Shaowu. All take this report and salt it down and go on about the day's work.

I wrote last Monday evening Nov. 18.- just 10 days ago. On Tuesday, the day after I arrived my schedule was given me- made entirely by the Chinese. Friday Nov. 22 an address at 2 p.m. The church in the present social Environment. Sat. evening 7:30. The Spiritual Life of the Church. Tuesday 11:30 a.m. The Relation Between the Older and Younger Churches.

Sat. morning I rose, bathed, shaved and went to bed and stayed there till Sunday I got up for lunch. Kellogg took my time Sat. evening and I took his Monday evening.

The big excitement in this Council's Annual Meeting is (1) the election of the Executive Committee. They elected 9 and 3 at large – no restrictions of sex or nationality = 6 Chinese pastors, 3 Chinese women, 3 missionaries. This newly elected committee elect a Chinese and a foreign General Secretary. This body then goes to work. It

elects a superintendent for each of the three districts – centering at Shaowu, Iong Ken and Kienning and a travelling evangelist for each district. The travelling evangelist is apart from the general treasury entirely, and cannot hold a pastorate. The Superintendent also. After electing these 6 the Comm. appoints the pastors and preachers and decides their salaries. All not on the Comm. wait about for the results. The minutes are read when the Comm. are thru with their job. Last year 8 men were retired with full salary for a year. If a church called any of these men the Comm. would consider reinstating them. The idea was to take the money thus released and increase the help given to the faithful ones. But nothing was said last year to the men retired about their work being under par. It was only on a financial basis that they were retired. They all wanted to be reinstated this year. Different members of the Comm. could give good reasons for reinstating each of the men. Kellogg voted for reinstating three of the men, then when he saw that all 8 were likely to be reinstated he resigned from the General Secretaryship and left and thus “bust” up the Comm. But the next morning a compromise was effected and the Comm. finished its work and reported last = Wed. evening. This Comm. takes its work with a tremendous seriousness. I think the Chinese pastors rank higher in integrity, fairness, singleness of purpose and unselfishness than the pastors in Foochow.

The weather has been superb all the time since we arrived. Cold clear nights with the mercury hugging 30 degrees above. Bright sunny days sending the mercury up above 70 degrees on the front porch. I must mention father Geser of the Catholic mission here – a German- was in the war, wounded, very friendly – very sociable was over to afternoon tea last week – dropped in a moment yesterday to say that Dr. Judd had just pulled 2 teeth for him and had got the tooth roots and all. We were by his place last week on an afternoon walk. He showed with great pride, but wholly unaffected – all the church – chancel- the cabinet he had himself designed for the Vestment etc. Then asked us to sit down to coffee, bread and cake. We are invited to his place again this p.m. [Dr. Walter Judd would eventually become a Republican member of Congress for Minnesota in 1942 and serve twenty years.]

Shaowu, Dec. 3rd 1929. Tuesday.

Last Friday all the pastors, preachers and women left Kienning on 2 rat boats bound for Mui Kau. It was a perfect day, warm, sunny, very restful. Arr’d Mui Kau 5 p.m. Water low and travel slow. We slept in an Inn this time.

Sat. a.m. at daylight were eating breakfast, and off at 7, walked to Tai Ning arr’d 11:30. I had a good nap= dinner and off again at 1:30 for Cio Kau arr’d 6 p.m. walked today 80 li. Here we had a good clean room in the church. Sunday the father of a boy in Union Middle invited us all to breakfast, ate about 9:30. Then all debated whether I should stay here for church which would be late because it was market day,- or go on with Charlie Storrs. It would make me arrive Tues. in Shaowu. I started at 11:30 with Charlie. We reached Duoi Buo Gong at 5:15. It was full of soldiers going to Keinning to guard it against the Communists reported to be coming fr. Ting Ciu region. We have met soldiers with rifles and machine guns all along the road. They say 400,- We finally found a room with 3 beds wh. Rev. Ding, Charlie and I occupied. Monday a.m. before light we were up and off at 7,- reached Shaowu about 4. Stopped a minute at South Gate to greet Mrs. Riggs, then on to the Storrs house. Four beautiful children greeted a proud father- a proud mother and wife also greeted him. A real American bath tub never looked better. I was tired all thru, feet and legs ached for keeps [*or weeks?*]. I had walked during the past three days about 60 miles.

[This letter dated Nov. 13, 1929 was written from Song Chiong, Fukien Province, China by Willard to Gould. He writes a birthday letter to Gould. Willard was glad to hear that Gould got to give Dorothy and Harold their first airplane ride. He is on his way to the Shaowu field and they were shot at by bandits on the way up river but no one was hurt. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Song Chiong, Fukien, China
Wednesday, Nov. 13th 1929.

Dear Gould:-

Because this is your birthday, it decides to whom I am to write the home letter to day.

Last Saturday at 6 p.m. I had my hat on ready to start for Kienning in the Shaowu field, when the American mail came in. I was just going to take a bite before leaving. The rickshas were waiting. But I had to read those letters and take the “bite” after I got on the boat. Marjorie’s letter was a thriller. She can now outboast the rest of the family. She has flown twice and the rest of us only once. I can imagine your delighted surprise at Cleveland when you saw Dorothy, Harold and Marjorie, also your pleasure at giving Dot and Harold their first air ride. Also your disappointment when your race had to be postponed, and the three would not be able to see you fly the race. Marjorie wrote that they drove all night Saturday night reaching Saginaw about 6 Sunday morning and went to bed

and slept all day and then all night. It was a pleasure to read her letter. It shows that she is well and enjoying her work and enjoying life. She feels that she is doing things worth while and is successful.

I'm going to hang up for today with my heartiest congratulations.

Thursday morning. Nov 14-

We were all asleep shortly after 7 p.m. yesterday. About 9 p.m. there was much shouting by the Song Chiong Guard. All the dialects of this much dialected region were floating on the still air. We at last gathered that a band of soldiers were across the river- about 20. One had come across to ask permission to pass thru Song Chiong. He had no credentials, could not tell his regiment and caused much doubt to the Song Chiong Guard. He might represent a band of bandits. For an hour no one slept. They ran up and down and there was general commotion. A little after ten they became quiet and we slept. We are right in the open air- both ends of the boat are open. At 7 a.m. we were on the move. But the boatmen were careful not to get much ahead of the magistrate with his soldiers. Bandits may appear at any time. Last Sunday at 10:30 a.m. while on the armored launch the launchmen rushed to cover behind the sheet iron sides of the launch, all the iron windows were pulled shut and I could hear bullets pelt the sheet iron covering the sides of the launch. One struck a bale of cotton carried as freight. That bunch or bunches, for they were on both sides of the river, were all we have seen thus far. This letter is very scrappy. I am writing Mother every day and am also writing a diary with a carbon copy which I am sending to Mother to be sent to Kathleen to go the rounds as follows- Kathleen, Marjorie, Dorothy, Geraldine, Gould and Virginia, Century Farm, Putnam.

We are just now right in the reported bandit region, near where Mr. and Mrs. Christian and later Mr. Storrs were captured. When I called on the Am. Consul and told him I was coming up here his first words were- "You're a brave man." I do not feel so at all. One of my principles has always been to first consider carefully, and if I felt it was my duty- if I could be sure that God wanted me in a certain place to do a certain work I made all preparations for safety and went ahead. As far as I can learn there is a minimum of dangers on this trip. Rev. E.D. Kellogg of Shaowu is with me and a Chinese Pastor- a bright fellow of 36 who has been in bandits hands right in this region twice. Also two church members. These all are going to Kienning to the Consul meeting. We should reach a city- Ciong Lok tomorrow noon. From there we plan to walk 310 li. One li= about 1.3 of a mile. 310 li= 310 divided by 3 1/3 miles. I finish at Kienning Nov. 26. Then I want to go to Tai Ning for a church dedication. Then to Shaowu to look see and say hello to the people= Storrs, Riggs families, Dr. Judd, Miss Dr. Nutting, then down the river home.

Before Nov. 1st I mailed to Geraldine 3 boxes of lacquer, and two boxes of linen. In letters I sent to her the invoices with prices in mex. of each article- also the original receipted bills for the goods- some of the linen Mother had bought previously. We had no bills for these. I hope Mother will get off to her about 20 boxes of tea. I am not getting any Christmas presents off this year. Getting ready for this trip and the trip came just at the time when the presents should start. So all you children and the Uncles and Aunts will not likely receive any Christmas reminders from us this year. I'll try to get something off later, or you and Virginia may play that the pin and ring are for Christmas. I should like to know how much duty Virginia had to pay on the pin and how much you had to pay on the ring. I hope also that Geraldine will write me how much she paid on the lacquer and the linen.

One of the business men- Christian- delegate to the Annual Meeting has taken the cards of Kellogg and pastor Ding and gone ashore to ask for an escort of soldiers. The 20 + boats of the magistrate are too slow for us. We have left them and are going by our lonesome.

Tell Virginia I know she has written us two letters since I have written one to her direct, but I have included her in some to you. I'll write her specially sometime if all goes well. We enjoy her letters immensely. I want to help train her to write for its not natural for the man to have to write all the letters. Mother has several times started letters to you children but she does not get them off. I hope all of you will keep writing her- address your letter to her alone and urge her to write. You'll win out in time. She likes to see your letters addressed to her.

The mail last Sat. brought Aunt Mary's letters telling of Aunt Grace's illness. I do not see much hope for her.

May God keep you in touch with Him= Gould, Geraldine, Virginia. I think of you as housekeeping and you have a home to write Virginia to now. Lovingly Father.

[This letter dated Nov. 24, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy to Jerry and Gould. She talks about various day to day subjects and updates them on people from the latest Oberlin Alumni Magazine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich
Nov., 24, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:-

We were mighty glad to get Jerry's long epistle, after such a long wait. You both seem to be having one jolly big time there in your little home, and visiting around among the relatives.

I wondered why my check didn't come from Aunt Mary. It was a good idea of yours to take that as my share toward the rug. Are Monnie and Kathleen going in on that? If they are, they might be able to give two or three dollars apiece, and you and I can divide the balance.

I was glad to hear about Mary Carpenter. Where and when did you see her last?

I got your Christmas package to China, and have added to it a pair of washable cotton gloves for Father and a pair of double silk gloves for Mother. Are you sending Father anything? Don't you generally send him a diary?

Yes, let's group the other gifts the way we did last year. Can you remember who you had. I had Aunt Mollie's family and Aunt Grace and Uncle Oliver I think. I'll take them again if it's O.K. I'll write Monnie and Punk that I'm taking them. I'm really going to try hard to get all of my things off real early this year.

By the way, will you please send me a list of some things that you and Gould really want for Christmas. Do it soon, please.

Good for Gould and his Buck!! I bet he was one tickled hunter- boy! How I would have loved a taste of the poor beast. I haven't tasted venison since the bit we got from the one grandpa killed, when we were in Mt. Vernon. I hardly remember what it tasted like. My deer are coming down on cars from the north by the score, -two and three and four on a car. I guess they get the best hunting in the upper peninsula here. Where did Gould go and for how long? Gould, you must write us all about it, yourself. [*Stanley Forbes emailed a story about Oliver Gould Beard Sr. and a deer: "He is the one who shot at a deer (about 50 yards away) in the field in front of their house, and when the gun went off, it not only knocked the deer down, but also Oliver." This may be a different time period than 1929 though.*]

I'm sorry our parcel was not the one for which you got the notice. I hope the Romeo's fit, and that Gould will have some use for them. Harold wore his so very much- all Sat. and Sun., and every evening that he was not out.

I'm waiting for the second part of your letter telling of Gould's party and the one Edith took you to. Did Gould get my telegram?

I shall send your letter right on to the girls.

We have not as yet decided on a radio, but are still trying them out. So far we had an Edison, Victor, Atwater Kent and now a Brunswick. I like either of the first two best.

Our work at the church starts next week. I haven't found an assistant yet, but am really going to try to.

We are driving to Galesburg for Thanksgiving- leaving right after school Wed. What are you doing to celebrate?

We drove down to only one football game this year- the Ohio-State, which was not very good. The Harvard would have been much better. However, we've had the radio for all of the games, and have listened in on most of them. Harold has had several opportunities to officiate at High School games this year. He worked his last yesterday.

My Volley Ball is ending in a rather exciting way. My girls have one more game to play this Tues. We play South school who haven't lost a game. The only game we've lost is the one to them on their home floor. I'm hoping that my girls can get them on our home floor, so we'll tie. In that case, we'll have to play off the tie after Thanksgiving. We have a chance for the banner.

What are we going to do for Christmas? Have you found out anything about possibilities of coming out here? I do hope you can.

I have forgotten whether or not you get the Oberlin Alumni Magazine. There are some mighty interesting personal items that I know you'd be interested in. If you do get it and have read these just pass this part over.

1. Dorothy Garland is revising in the catalogue dept. of the Princeton Univ. Lib. She spent the summer in Eng. Scotland, Switzerland and France.

2. Rudolf Hertz is in charge of the Indian work of the Amer. Miss. Assoc. He and his wife spent a three months vacation in Portugal, Italy, Greece, Austria, Switzerland, Germany and Eng. (I'd like to see him again; wouldn't you?)

3. Jo Dum is in charge of Phys. Ed. For Women here in Albion College, Albion, Mich.

4. Alice Lockwood Andrews is studying for her Master's in Columbia Univ. (Have you seen them yet) George is teaching 5 classes a week in the Amer. Institute of Banking night school. Their address is 631 W. 152nd St., Apt. 4H. N.Y.

5. Rev. James Fifield married a Helen Ramsey of Ann Arbor. I guess he has a new church at Grand Rapids where they were married.

6. The Ludwig twins are both teaching at Shaker Heights High School. Their pupils shave a hard time recognizing their teacher.

7. Frances Dunscombe sailed for Peru in Aug. to be principal of a missionary school under the Christian Missionary Alliance. Her twin is teaching math in Cleveland.

8. Rufus Lunery and his wife have a little son- Sept. 9.

9. Mr. and Mrs. K.P. Harten (Natalie Stapleton- have a son Philip Henry, born Aug. 2. Address- Hampt. Str. 38, Wittenaw, Germany.

10. Alfred Carlton was married Feb. 1, to Mary Cashmore of Jericho, Vt. He is in Hartford Theological Seminary. He graduates in 1930 and is going back to Turkey.

I hope you haven't read all this before.

I guess I told you that I spoke one Sun. evening on China at our church. Soon after I was asked to give the same talk at a Meth. church in Bay City.

Write soon- both of you and let us know what you want from Santa.

Ever so much love

Dot and Harold.

[This letter dated Nov. 24, 1929 was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathleen to Jerry and Gould. She visited Monnie in Lorain for the weekend and attended the Causey Conference on Peace and War at Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Talcott Hall
Oberlin Ohio
Nov. 24 [1929]

Dear Jerry and Gould-

We heard thru a letter from Aunt Emma about your house-party over Armistice day and about Jerry's spending a week at Aunt Myra's while Ruthy was at the hospital. Is Ruth alright now, and is Aunt Grace holding up? I am just crazy to see your house and hear all about your good times. How about that deer that you killed Gould? I bet you had venison for a month.

I have just got back from a week-end over at Lorain with Monnie. She was all alone over this Sunday so it was especially opportune for me to go. I helped her decorate one of her display windows for the community chest. It was a group of dolls of many nationalities with their respective national flags gathered under the American flag. The effect was very good when it was done and it was lots of fun.

We went to a show after that and got home real late. Her new apartment is much nicer than the old one although no bigger. The Greek lady downstairs burned incense last night and filled the whole house with the musty odor. It was much worse than Chinese. This morning we went to visit a Bulgarian family who had two of the dearest kids. Monnie certainly does have some adorable friends over there and they all think the world of her. She seems much happier than she did earlier this fall and is getting along better with Ronnie. I do hope that she can be with us for Christmas but she is very dubious about it. You write her about it will you?

Oh! we got a new evening dress between us yesterday and it is a flaming glory. I am invited to the Junior Thanksgiving formal so had to have one. It is flame color and very modernistic in style with a low close fitting hip line and a beautifully dropped full skirt. It was very reasonable and looks much more costly than it is.

Don, with his girl, and Stewart are coming home for Thanksgiving and Aunt Etta has invited Monnie over for dinner. Isn't that nice? I am curious to see what Don's girl is like for they say that the affair is almost settled.

Last week has been one of the fullest this fall. Edith Matheson gave a recital of Shakespeare on Wed. which was perfectly exquisite. We have been reading some of his plays in "rush Shakespeare" and she gave several familiar passages. Then "Disraeli" with George Arlis was here in the movies and we had to see that. Do see it if you get a chance for it is supposed to be even better than the play. The biggest thing of the week, though, was the Causey Conference on Peace and War. You would have been real interested in it, Jerry, for dear Mr. Jazzi had a good deal to say on the subject. They first took up efforts toward Peace since 1918 explaining in brief detail. The League of Nations, Lacorno treaties, Kellog Pact etc. The speaker who had this topic laid a great deal of faith in these mechanisms, whereupon Mr. Jazzi violently disagreed. He got very much excited over his reputation and spoke with some difficulty. The substance of his argument was that the former presentation was much too optimistic for the future and that machinery like the League of Nations would not alone bring peace. They mean nothing unless

you get at the fundamental causes of war such as economic imperialism, nationalism, racial animosity and fear. Mr. Jazzi spoke at nearly all the conferences and, I think, greatly impressed the conference leaders in his thorough thinking thru of the problems. There was some general discussion after each meeting but not as much as I expected on a subject like this. It was very interesting, however, and I got a lot out of it. I am sending you a program of the conference. Do you know any of the speakers?

Have you gotten off your Christmas presents to China yet? Monnie and I both have ours and are sending them this week. Isn't that too bad about the heavy duty? Will you both send us a Christmas list of what you are wanting and needing, and are we dividing up the relatives as usual? You know, Aunt Etta's family wish not to exchange gifts this year so we have agreed not to give them any. O.K.?

Well, I am still hoping and praying that some day I will find at least a penny postal from you to show that you have not forgotten that I am still listed in the column of the living and sane.

Love and then some

Kathie

Your bank slips are enclosed, Jerry, which I ran off with this fall.

[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1929 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Kathleen. Willard is on a trip to Shaowu and will be gone for over a month. They get visitors in Foochow from different organizations often now, whereas years ago it was unusual. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China

Dec. 6th, '29.

My dearest Kathleen,

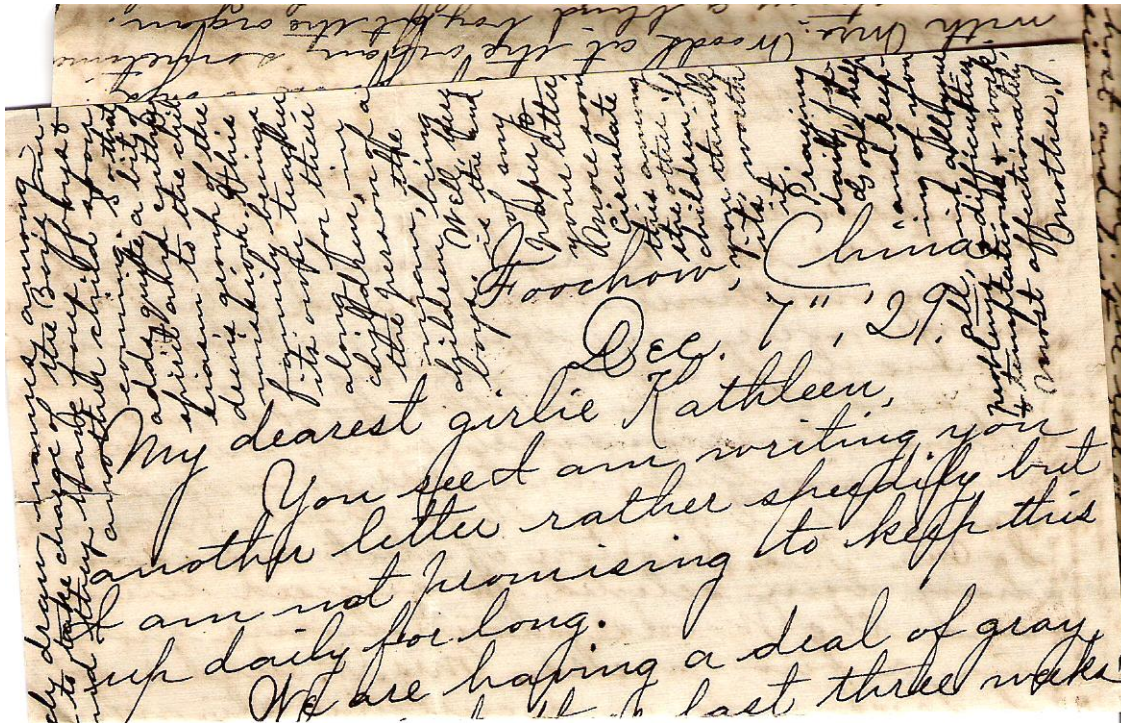
Perhaps father wrote you that he was going to take a trip to Shaowu, 250 miles up the river. He went about the middle of Nov. He has sent me his diary letter and wants me to send it on to you and you will see on the back of the first page how he wishes it forwarded to the different members of the family. Will you all please forward it promptly.

Never before have I been all alone in my own home so long without any of my own family. It will be almost a month when he returns. (I am getting sleepy and can't write straight.) I have just returned from an informal reception to Miss Hurlbert and Dr. Hurlbert, her brother and a Mrs. Carey, all just arrived from America, on a voyage around the world. The two former move on in a few days but the latter stays a year with Miss Hartwell to help in the work of the Christian Herald Homes,- an orphanage for boys and girls and also an industrial school. Miss Hurlbert represents the Woman's Board and is from Chicago. We get a number of visitors like that now in these later years; formerly it was an event to have anyone visit us from America.

Christmas is almost here; how the time does fly! I am going to send each of you girls a string of beads-choker- that I bought this summer on the mountain from a man who came [*edge of page torn*] beds ?? was selling last summer. Each string is different and if I haven't assorted them among you four as you would have chosen, you may change at your convenience as it makes no difference to some of you. The price varies a little but the average price is about \$2.00 silver. I was so busy at the time they should have been mailed to avoid the Christmas rush in America that I could not get them packed and mailed; so now I am waiting till the Christmas rush will be over so as to give them a little better chance not to get lost or broken open. I shall send them separately to each of you, and hope there is no duty on them. We got a big order of things off to Geraldine for her sale, most of which ought to have been received by her before this time. We are soon sending Dorothy an order of tea; we did not get here letter in time to get it to her by Christmas and I guess she did not expect it when she wrote. She evidently did not care to have a sale this year. I have never heard how either hers or Geraldine's sale came out. I was interested to know how some particular things sold; what sold well and what did not; how much they had left and how much they made etc. They only wrote in general terms about it. I hope you have not sent us much this year. Don't send more than a small gifts here after as it costs us so much duty to get them out of the P.O. since China has raised her duty. I hope you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and a good get together.

...in two places if not in one. We have enjoyed your letters very much and will try to write you again soon. If I could only find time to pen all the letters I ?? out to you when I am in bed, or doing some other work you'll get many.

I hope many things for you, especially that you are improving all the opportunities you have there in Oberlin for cultivating your Christian life; and that you are not allowing yourself to be led away from established standards of right and good breeding by the silly and dangerous social fads of ?? present. ?? conservation ?? Enough ?? maintain ?? high standards of character ?? conduct.. forget or discard ?? ?? Most of ?? is ?? [torn edge]



[This letter dated Dec. 7, 1929 was written by Ellen Kinney Beard to her daughter Kathleen. It discusses the Blind Boy's School and the upcoming Christmas. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 7, '29

My dearest girlie Kathleen,

You see I am writing you another letter rather speedily but I am not promising to keep this up daily for long.

We are having a deal of gray weather just these last three weeks but not much rain.

Today there is a sale at the Girl's School but I fear I'll not be able to go as I have a tailor and a woman to wash house. You remember that is at Sie Buo over in the English Mission.

Thursday, Dec. 5", day before yesterday, The Blind Boy's School had an opening for their new building which will house the school and its industries much better than it has ever been before. You remember Mrs. Wilkinson, Dr. Wilkinson's wife, established the school some 25 years ago with one boy. Then 2 more wanted to come and she took them and built a small house and hired a matron. Then 2 or 3 yrs. later she built on another room, later another and another; and thus the sch. grew and was housed,- in these later years very inadequately. A new building was imperative. Mr. and Mrs. Woods whom you will remember, he a great joker and she a little short stout lady very cheery have been in charge of the school 2 yrs. with a furlough right in the middle. Now the Eng. Mission Board in Eng. is suffering a great falling off of contributions and have got to curtail their work so they are calling home some of their missionaries who are nearest to the retiring age, and Mr. and Mrs. Woods were the ones selected to go from Foochow. Everybody in all the missions just thought it must not be; the school could not get along without them; and they themselves were very loath to go. There was some talk about getting up a petition to send home to the board asking them to reconsider and let them remain here; but Mr. Woods said, "No, let it go as they have planned". So Mr. and Mrs. Norton of that mission have been selected to succeed them and the Woods start home now in a few weeks. Mrs. W. had a lot of dress-goods and curtains, etc. which she wanted to dispose of

so I took them and had a sale for the ladies of the mission, with afternoon tea. We didn't get them all sold, however. Mrs. Woods let her cook go before they left as the place he was to go wanted him at once; so when they had the opening she asked me to make two cakes for the tea served in connection. Mrs. Christian also was asked to help out that way. Both Mr. Woods and Mr. Norton made very good talks at the opening, the one historical and retrospective; the other appreciative and anticipatory. The rest of the program at the opening was tea and inspection of the building and work from 3:30 to 5. And Band playing, organ solos, cornet solos, singing in chorus and duets and quartets by the boys with Mrs. Woods at the organ sometimes and sometimes a blind boy at the organ. 8 of the older boys have been to England with Mrs. Wilkinson and played before the King and Queen. Those 8 are all teachers now. Some of them are married and have families. At their work they earn about \$8 a month the most advanced of them- and help support their parents brothers and sisters. And a part of it is saved and put away for their own old age. They have a waiting list of over 60 who want to get into the school; if they could have raised another thousand dollars, they could have built a 2nd story on the new building and made room for 20 of that 60 but they had to put the roof on to the first story, lacking the needed thousand. It is a most interesting work.

At our Thanksgiving dinner they asked Mrs. Christian and me to be hostesses at the children's table, so we had 10 children at our table in the veranda. The rest of the people were seated at four other tables with a husband and wife as host and hostess at each. Now the committee are getting ready for the Christmas celebration of the mission. We have already drawn names to give gifts too. Each couple draws a gentleman's name, a lady's and a child's. Then the children each draw names among themselves for an exchange of gifts. A new family has come out, the man to take charge of the Boy's industrial work of the Christian Herald Orphanages, in the boy's dept. and they have four boys and another child soon coming. So that adds quite a bit of spirit and enthusiasm to the children's group of the mission, this family brings it's own teacher along for their children, in the person of a man, the children being boys. Well, here is the end of any paper and your letter. More soon. Circulate this among the other children if you think it's worth it. Praying daily for God's help and keeping of you all, in all your problems and difficulties and temptations and work. Most affectionately, Mother.

*[This letter dated **early Dec. 1929** was written from Lorain, Ohio by Kathleen to her brother and sister. She and Monnie will be going to Saginaw the day after Christmas and stay through the day after New Years. There was a fire and a fire alarm in the middle of the night at Talcott Hall but little damage. The next day, Kathleen sprained her ankle and had to be taken to Aunt Etta's. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

1612 E. 30th St.
Lorain [Ohio]
[Early Dec. 1929]

Dear Brother and Sister-

It really looks as if this Christmas would not see a family gathering of the W.L. [Willard Livingstone?] tribe doesn't it? I just wish that there was some way for us to get out there for I am crazy to see your little home and all you folks, but we will be thinking of you anyway, you see where I am now from the heading, but not for long. Monnie and I are going to Saginaw Tuesday to stay until the day after New Years. My vacation began Friday but M. couldn't get away until the day before Christmas. She is very busy now with clubs Christmas parties, and distribution of gifts, all of which is most interesting to observe on the side. This afternoon they had a childrens meeting in their club room at which they showed slides and sang Christmas carols that you could barely recognize as such. Just now they are out with a bunch of kids serenading the neighborhood. I am rather thankful that I don't have to listen in for it is almost excruciating. Carmen (Ronnie's fiancé) and I are holding down the house and making cocoa for them when they return.

Last week was a busy one in Oberlin. A week ago we got up early as usual to go caroling and I think I enjoyed it more than ever before. Our house had practiced diligently on three part harmony and, if I do say it, the singing sounded well. That night the carol service by the choir increased the Christmas spirit. Mr. Christianson, the new director, has done wonders with it and all the carols, with one exception, were sung a capella. The effect was beautiful and they kept in perfect time. The rest of the week was a big rush to get ready for vacation and several tests to add to the misery.

On Wednesday night we had a most thrilling experience that was the talk of the town next day. About four o'clock when most of the girls were peacefully sleeping clang! clang! went the fire gong- you know how that can ring Jerry. It just threw me right out of bed and automatically Gidge and I put on shoes, coat and grabbed our pocket books. As we rushed down the third floor corridor the smoke poured up from below getting more dense as we got

down to the parlor. Our little hearts were beating loudly and I had visions of being cast out into the snow with next to nothing on. I have never had such a real scare over fire before, but the congregation of tousled and sleepy girls seemed very calm and we numbered off our fire numbers in orderly manner- only one missing who was immediately sent for. Nobody knew how the fire started but the Christmas decorations on the parlor mantle were burned and the picture hanging above the fireplace had gone up in smoke. That made the mantle piece and wall badly scorched but did little damage beside that. An application of the fire hose soon put out the sparks (no flames were in evidence) and in twenty minutes we were ordered back to bed. The humor of the whole thing struck us after danger was past, for such a funny looking gang I never saw, with pajama legs hanging below coats and heads done up in curlers. All sorts of valuables were in evidence, from violins and jewel boxes to semi-trunks and pocket books. We didn't sleep a wink afterward so stayed up and studied for a test next day. Did you ever have a Talcott fire Jerry? You had a theft anyway didn't you?

That wasn't the end of excitement for me tho- Thursday while playing basket-ball in the gym I somehow fell on a turned ankle and gave it a royal sprain. A couple of husky girls carried me way up to Talcott (I pitied them awfully) and deposited me in a bathtub of hot water. Dr. Moulton was "Johnny on the spot" and gave it excellent care, taking me right into her apartment and treating it with ice packs and hot water. It was an awful time to have it- just before vacation, with a thousand and one things to do to get ready. My poor room-mate had to run all my errands, including breaking a date with Hugh for that night. Everybody was as sweet as honey-pie about helping - "a friend in need"- you know. Mr. Lawrence brought me a box of candy, which Don later demolished. I managed to get up to my room next morning to pack, and after Dr. had taped the foot up she took me down to Aunt Etta, for I had to get out of Talcott and couldn't get over to Lorain. Aunt Etta is the dearest woman to take us in any extremity; it seems as if we always land on her when we are disabled or sick and she is always the most wonderful nurse. I feel almost wicked encroaching so on her hospitality. Don and Milly were there but the other three boys are not there yet. We had lots of fun setting up and trimming their tree and playing games. My ankle wasn't supposed to be used for two days so you can imagine me hopping around on my left foot "up stairs down stairs and in my lady's chamber". My left leg is much over developed by now but my right is beginning to do a little service. On Saturday one of Hugh's friends offered to take me over to Lorain in his car, at Hugh's suggestion, the dear boy! I was glad to get over here as I had previously planned, and get out of poor Aunt Etta's way. We got stuck in a snow drift on the way over and had to turn around and go by way of Elyria. You know what an awful blizzard we are having out here. The special busses west were taken off because they could not get thru and the report for Friday was- no trains running west of Chicago. I hope Gidge got home alright. We were thinking of taking the bus up to Saginaw but a heavy snow has set in again so I guess we will take the train. I can walk almost normally now so travelling won't be so bad. (Danny Kantalus is sitting on my lap helping me written this letter. The little boy down stairs.)

I am sending five dollars which Monnie says is to be toward a bathrobe for Uncle Elbert. Aunt Etta sent you two dollars for it, she said, which you are to put with this and send to Uncle Elbert. Is that O.K.? We got Aunt Emma a lovely chiffon scarf, gray and white. Poor Monnie had to do all our shopping while I sat up here looking over cards. My presents to you kids are going to be late. I'm afraid, as all my gifts were because of this catastrophe but you will get them some time.

This vacation has to be one of study for me. History is improving a little but I have just got to study this week to pass the course at all. I never felt less interested in making good grades before. I just don't "give a darn" what I get so long as I pass and am not a bit interested in the material. Oh, to be intellectual like you both- but I guess I wasn't cut out for brains- worse luck.

Well- I suppose you will be up in Connecticut for Christmas won't you? Have a real good time and may Santa be good to you. Think of us as up in the little red brick bungalow making merry around a little tree.

Loads of love to all the folks dear to us there and Merry Christmas.

Happy New Year

Kathie

[This letter dated Dec. 24, 1929 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children. He notes the fourth anniversary of Phebe's death. He tells about the death of the McLachlin's daughter, Helen, and the circumstances of it. He also tells of the unannounced marriage even to the parents of the McLachlin's other daughter, Margaret. Pirates have caused some problems on steamers. He very briefly mentions some of the adventures of his Shaowu trip. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 24th 1929

Dear children:-

Four years ago this afternoon Mother and I with a very large number of friends of different nationalities said farewell to the mortal part of our dear eldest, Phebe. Four years ago just now 8:20 p.m. Mother and I sat at home all alone, four years ago this evening. Some of the richest experiences of my life I had during the six weeks that Phebe was in the Hospital. Her beautiful character came into full bloom then and it was my privilege to see it in all its beauty. The numerous letters received during the next months testified to the very broad influence she exerted. In the brief span of thirty years she lived much and well. I am sorry the others of you did not know her better- during the last few years of her life. I count it a privilege to go to her resting place over in the American Cemetery occasionally and stand with bared head in her presence and think of her influence on me as well as on such a large number of others. Aunt Elizabeth once remarked that she hoped people would continue to talk of her after she was gone. I think Phebe would have it so too.

I am led to write as above just now because of the very sad news of the very sad occurrences in the McLachlin home recently. Mr. Mac and Margaret came to Shanghai a little over a year ago. We knew that Margaret smoked and went with rather high society, but knew nothing more. Mrs. Mac and Helen came out a few months ago. Not long ago Margaret came in to her home one day with a young man and introduced him as her husband. Mr. and Mrs. had known nothing of it. About Dec. 1, Helen called her parents one morning about 2 o'clock. She was in great distress. The doctor was called and could not seem to find the seat of the trouble. After some time she told them she had drunk Lysol. She died in spite of all efforts to save her. She had been coming home late from parties so drunk that she had to be carried in from the auto. She was only 19 years old. The parents were so deeply sad that they could not attend the funeral which was very largely attended.

Wednesday= Christmas Day.

With me Christmas began last Saturday and each day is full up to and including next Wednesday. Jan. 1- Day after tomorrow I start for two country chapels at Ding Chio and Deng Chio and hope to get home for lunch Monday. Sunday I was at two places- Sang Bo in the a.m. with Mother. It seemed best for one of us to stay for the afternoon and as I had agreed to preside at the foreign children's Christmas on South Side Mother staid as Sang Bo and I got home first. She had to stay for a long feast after the exercises and I could leave immediately after the exercises. Jane Campbell aged 3 yrs. spoke a piece. Her mother says that she had been very uncertain about it. Sometimes she would do it and at others she wouldn't. I went to her before we began and told her I would come down from the platform and help her up. She did it all night and I got a feather in my hat for it. To day I went to Au Ciu in the a.m. and to a feast after then home and fed the hens and then to a Christmas at the orphanage and this evening Mother and I have taken a feast at Lau Memorial church. I get my breakfast at home.

Mr. and Mrs. R.E. Lewis parents of our Dr. Neil Lewis of Ing Hok arrived in Foochow a week ago Sunday, Dec. 15. According to their cable from Hong Kong they should have arrived on Monday Dec. 16. But a day or two before they left Hong Kong pirates took passage on one of Jardines steamers going from Foochow to Hong Kong and between Swatau and Hong Kong they opened fire on the Captain and crew, - shot and killed one foreigner of the crew. The other foreigners held the pirates. The wireless sent an S.O.S. for help and a British gun boat came very quickly and every one of the pirates was captured and taken to Hong Kong. There have been 4 or 5 or more steamers pirated on the China coast during the past five years. Most of them have been cleaned out and the pirates have taken their loot to a place between Swatau and Hong Kong= Bias Bay and then let the raided steamer go. As I have seen the accounts, more Chinese steamers and more Chinese passengers have been the sufferers than have foreign boats or foreigners. The British crew in this last instance were very brave and did a valuable piece of work. Due to this pirate raid the steamer the Lewises came and got in a day ahead of time. Mother and I had been away from home to a chapel three nites down the river- walked- took dinner with the Bible Woman there and walked back in the afternoon to find a carriage standing at our gate. The Lewises were at our door. The son Neil appeared about 8:30 p.m. They left Tuesday morning for Ing Tai and will be back about Jan. 20. They are our guests while in Foochow.

Last Friday evening the Anti Cobweb Society held its Christmas Meeting at Wenshan. The program consisted of Christmas music- and readings "A Christmas Carol"-Dickens, by W.L. Beard. There were eleven solos and choruses. Some of the pieces were, "Here we Come a Carolling", "The Birthday of a King", "The Angels and the Shepherds", "What Child is This", "Bring a Torch Jeanette", "O Myh Peaceful and Blest."

On Jan. 5th I am to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon for the Union Middle School. As far as I know now this is my only appointment for commencements.

There have recently come to Foochow Mr. and Mrs. Culver and four boys from 3-14 yrs. and another coming soon- no age as yet. Mr. Talbot, tutor for the Culver boys, Mrs. Carey 60+ and Miss Chittenden. They are all connected with Miss Hartwell, - not in any way with the Mission except as we ask them to prayermeeting and Christmas exercises etc.

I hoped before this to write up my Shaowu trip but the chance has not yet presented itself. I am not putting it in here. It is too long but I'll get it to you before many weeks. It was a very interesting trip- bandits, soldiers, communists- long days on the road a foot, sleeping in inns, new steam boats that climb rapids. All the trip planned by Chinese who were perfect hosts. But I'll not anticipate more. - Will you children share this, Kathleen, Marjorie, Dorothy and Harold, Gould, Geraldine and Virginia, - keep it on the road.

Often I talk with the Father about each of you by name- If you are in any special need- remember that I am talking with God about you and asking him to take care of you.

With lots of love

Father

[This letter dated Dec. 29, 1929 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dorothy and Harold to Jerry and Gould. Monnie and Kathleen made it up to Saginaw Christmas morning. Dorothy thanks Jerry and Gould for the check towards a new car and mentions her other Christmas gifts. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2108 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
Dec., 29, 1929.

Dear Jerry and Gould:

We're having one grand old time here together, but, needless to say, it would be much grander if both of you were here. We've missed you ever so much, and have spoken of you many times.

Kathie has told you all about their lengthy journey up here. It was quite thrilling to arise at 3:30 on Christmas morning and go to the station for our company. It made a short Christmas day for us, but we managed to get everything in.

Of course, we had a tree- and lots of gifts. You and Gould hit just the right spot with Harold and me. Harold was in dire need of new ties and I was just waiting to see if Santa brought me perfume, before I bought some for myself. You remembered my "brand" too, didn't you? Thank you both so much.

Were we surprised- And How! - when on Christmas day, that generous check arrived. Well, that just started a realization of a dream we had had for some time. With a starter like that it will be easy to add to it, till we have our car. Thank you a hundred times for the check.

Other gifts I got were three pairs of stockings, a little telephone pad, a Chinese brass letter opener from Dorothy Jewett, two boxes of candy from my girls, a pair of ship book ends from Aunt Molly (they are exactly like the ones Hazel Converse gave me for a wedding gift, but don't tell Aunt Molly.), two aprons, four handkerchiefs, pictures of Kathie, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Johnson, and the two Lappiner children, a pretty quilt from the Aunts, nuts from Uncle Elbert, and last and by no means least, a beautiful bureau set with ten pieces, from my husband, I was so happy over that, for I have always wanted one, but never hoped to get it.

Harold got lots of socks, ties and handkerchiefs. I gave him a big pair of driving gloves.

I am having a bridge party tomorrow night, for the girls. Am getting a big kick out of getting it up, for it is the first one I've ever given. You might be interested in the guests- Hazel Curran and her sister, Alice Stapleton, Irene Gilenas, Margaret Curtis, Ruth Avery, Lillian Ryman and Grace Brady. It's going to be lots of fun. I wish you were here.

We've just done nothing but visit, eat and sleep, but we've had piles of fun doing it, and the vacation is going all too fast.

We are trying to decide now of a radio. I guess it's between a Victor and a Spartan.

Much love and many, many thanks for everything from us both- Harold and Dot.
