

# 1931

- Mukden Incident begins Japanese occupation of Manchuria
- Star Spangled Banner becomes official National Anthem
- Hazel Ellen Beard was born July 9, 1931 to Gould and Virginia. They live in New York.
- Kathleen leaves to teach in Logan, Utah
- Willard and Ellen leave for China in September
- Marjorie is teaching in Labrador, Canada
- Geraldine is in Long Island, New York working in the New York Library
- Dorothy and Harold are teaching in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 66, Ellen- 63, Gould- 35, Geraldine- 33, Dorothy- 30, Marjorie, 25, Kathleen- 23.

*[This letter, dated **January 7, 1931**, was written from Seymour, Conn. by Ginny to Willard and Ellen. She is visiting in Seymour with her parents while business keeps Gould away. She copies some excerpts about Gould's work from some of his letters. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

129 W. Church St.  
Seymour, Conn.  
January 7, 1931

Dearest Father and Mother-

You see I'm still here and there is a possibility that I may continue to be so for another week or two weeks. It's fun being home and able to see so many of my friends but I do wish Honey would get back. I miss him so that it's almost agony. However I shouldn't say a word for if this trip really brings the company some good business or even leads up to some fairly soon, I shan't begrudge one minute of his absence. And he has been perfectly Darling. He has only missed writing me about three nites since he left Christmas eve and that is more often than he has ever written me in his life.

I talked to Aunt Mary Monday nite hoping to get either one of you for I wanted to give you the latest from Gould I don't know whether he has written you or not so will re-write the newsy parts of his letter.

January 8<sup>th</sup>

I had another letter this morning so will have even more news.

Written Jan 2  
Telling of trip out.

We had clear sailing against a 27 mile head wind in rough air until we reached Butler Airport, North of Pittsburg. We gassed up and started for Dayton. Shortly after leaving the Ohio River we struck light snow and it stayed with us till we reached Columbus. We landed at Dayton a few minutes before dark.

Yesterday I slept and went out to a friend of Mr. Beals (his mechanic) for dinner.

Also written Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup>

This begins to look like a long siege than I had at first thought. There are rumors of going on to Cincinnati and Indianapolis after we get thru here, which will probably be a week and a half or two weeks. Mr. Dickman (Gould's boss) doesn't know himself just what to plan on until he finds out how the Army receives our ship.

This morning we were out bright and early but there wasn't much doing and we spend most of the time trying to inveigle the officers into taking a good look at our ship. Tomorrow we wheel it out for its first flight by the Army.

Written Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup>.

I guess I'm stuck here till the ship comes home. That probably means a whole week at the least. There is really no work to this. It is a diplomatic job and one I am little accustomed to doing. Perhaps it will lead to something better for the future. Today I have been circulating around thru the various departments meeting the various officers and civilians who may come into contact with our ship. The ship was flown for the first time today which means at least a start. The army takes things very easily during peace times. None seem anxious to fly our funny ship. I mean the test pilots, for all flying to them is work and they don't like to work. If we civilians did as little work as these army boys (most of them) we'd be fired before we came into the front door. There is impossible way of nussling the army so we have to sit still and let them take their own sweet time. I think the first tests and pilot's observations came out pretty fair and I have every faith that they will like our ship to place an order for four or five of them perhaps ten. Of course there will be modifications and criticisms, but the first impressions are very good so we have hopes. At least we have had no very vicious kidding that often meets the submission of a new plane brought here for test.

The other nite (I think he means New Years nite) we were over at the home of a friend of Mr. Beals. They tuned in on the police calls to the cruising cars in Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis etc. We even got Boston. It was an eye opener. Every minute we got some order sent to some police cruiser to go to some address and stop a fight, or man beating his wife, or suspicious character hanging around, or suicide attempted or man dead etc. They got the calls on that part of the dial clear above the numbers in the higher Keto[?] cycles as far as they could turn the dial up. Then later in the nite the faster they came.

Written Jan 5<sup>th</sup>

This evening Mr. Dickman took me to Capt. Hill's house for a little visit which proved to be very nice indeed. Today was spent in studying various things in the line of equipment and ornaments and instruments they have here, and in making better acquaintance with various officers around the field. It all adds to the prestige in the game and is very well worth while!

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This last came this morning. I do hope this trip gets them somewhere in the business producing line for the company. I've been trying to get some much needed sewing done and am getting there. However not as fast as I had hoped. There seems to be so many people to see and things to do. I've been to New Haven visiting and shopping since. Been to the Dentist and had a good cleaning and thorough examination but he found no cavities at all or gum disorders. I'm coming up again in April or May to let him give them the once over and be sure that they are standing up well during this rather critical period for them. Have seen Doctor once and everything is O.K. which is what I expected.

I have one orange Russian blouse and brown satin skirt to go with it all made and worn once. A yellow crepe back satin blouse to wear with my suit about half done. I've got two little house dresses to make and two slips and two other house dresses to alternate in one way or another and then I think I'll be through such sewing for a while.

Daddy how are you feeling now? Still making good progress I hope.

Much Love

Ginny

Gould's address is Hotel Van Cleve

Dayton, Ohio Room 806

I just love to wear my lovely beads. They go so well with many of my things and the water color will go beautifully between the windows in our living room if I ever get back to get things put away and put up and taken down. Our tree still stands as far as I know.

Lovingly Ginny

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*[This letter dated Jan. 8, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her sister, Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen was at Dot and Harold's house for Christmas and will be looking for a teaching job when she gets out of school. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

2108 No. Bond St.,  
Saginaw, Mich.,  
Jan., 8, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Kathleen left Monday morning at 6:45, or rather, 7:15 by bus- the same day that the Frish.[?] at your house left. Was it hard to get up at 6:00 A.M., after being used to snoozing till 9:30, or ten every morning during vacation! You remember how it was! Kathleen and I got up first in time to have our breakfast with Harold's lunch almost every day.

I guess we did less this vacation, than any others past. We just sat around and rested, ate, slept and did much visiting (with each other.) I had two married couples in to lunch one day and it took us the whole day for just that. We cleaned and got lunch in the morning and the company stayed till about 5:30. We ate supper and it took us a good share of the evening to clean up after the big day. Grace Bray had us over to a bridge party later on in the vacation; and that was the extent of our social doings. I was going to have a bridge party for some of the teachers that were in town, but somehow neither of us felt at all like having it, and you know how Kathleen resents things like that - especially since she was here alone, so I just let it go. K. did lots of practicing, some studying and some sewing. I got lots of sewing and darning done and just about had a regular spring house-cleaning one day. Got lots of little odd jobs done around the house, that have been accumulating for a long time.

We went to see Jackie Coogan in "Tom Sawyer, saw two basketball games that Harold played in and went again to the U.W. on New Years' day to the open house.

Both Sat. nights we were thrilled by hearing the messages to Monnie- the last time ours was read. We heard the New Year's messages but not the Christmas Eve ones, for we tho't they were going in Christmas Night.

The second Sun. morning K. and I went over to the Cong'l church to hear friend Thornton preach. He did remarkably well, I tho't. When I went up to speak to him after the service, he didn't even recognize me, and when I

told him who I was and where I met him, I think it took him a little while even then to place me but when I left he said "Good-by, Dottie". He came over last night to speak at our athletic banquet and gave a most interesting talk on Athletics and Religion. Really, he held those youngsters quite spell-bound. He looks just the same as when we knew him, only a little fleshier. He looks very young to be at the head of a large church like that, but seems to have boundless enthusiasm, and the pep natural to youth. He told me last night that he had been skating five times since he'd been here. His brother, Paul, is working in Birmingham- just out of Detroit. Do you remember him? Thornton has had some mighty interesting experiences, - running in some National and International races, travelling abroad in the interests of his work, etc. I think he went to Eng. on the Cong'l tour last year.

You asked what we should get for Father for his birthday. Aunt Mary wrote that Father had bought a new over-coat, so let's get him a good hat (if he doesn't get it himself) or a good watch chain. Does he need a suit of clothes? Maybe we could help him out on that. I'll write Mother and see which would be best.

About Kathie- I'm not so terribly worried about her. She talked with me quite a bit about Hugh. She does love him very much, but from the way she talks, her love isn't the proverbial "blind" love. She sees his faults, and has thought about some of the drawbacks of marrying him, but I think she is pretty level-headed about it all. She says that he has asked her for an answer, but she is quite decided that she will not give a definite answer till she has been out away from Oberlin and him awhile, and until he has graduated and gotten into some line of work. I think she shows a bit of wisdom there. She kept saying she just didn't know whether she really wanted to marry him. She feels that she couldn't find anybody that would be more devoted and faithful to her, and I imagine that's true. I think her greatest fear is what the family and relatives would think of him. That very tactless remark of Aunt Myra's about his being small and red haired, or whatever she said, still lies heavy on her heart. She asked me one time how Gould and Harold got along. When I said they seemed to like each other very much and got along well together she said, "That's one trouble, I just don't know how Gould would take Hugh. I don't think he'd like Hugh's type." Poor girl, she's in more or less of an upheaval on that point, altho she says she's been so happy this year and has had a grand time. (Please don't say anything to K. about this until you see her and talk to her yourself.)

About when she gets out- she has joined one or two agencies and has written some letters in hopes of getting some kind of a teaching position. She hasn't enough education to teach in either Ohio or Mich., so she thinks she'll go right East and stay with Mother and Father until she gets something. If she doesn't get anything within a month, she thinks she may take a short business course- I don't know what for. She made a casual remark one day- "Wouldn't it be funny if I were up with Monnie next Christmas?". Not a bad idea- if Monnie really likes it- eh?

Kathleen finishes in about two weeks, and we have invited her and Hugh up here for their intersemester vacation, and start K on East from here. She wrote today that they were really considering, so she may be back here in a little while. I hope they don't give it up.

Yes, K. told me about Myron's [*Cousin Myron - Etta Kinney Hume's son*] break with Betty. Is he going with anybody else?

I'm so sorry that you didn't see Mother's bag. I don't even know whether she herself has seen it, for I've had no word from either of them since Christmas. I'm especially anxious to hear whether she likes her's for I want to change it right away if she doesn't. I think it's a beauty, and I'm so anxious to hear how you like it.

How provoking to think you and Gould haven't yet got your gifts. I could kick myself for not getting them off earlier. How do I know whether or not they even reached the farm? I had them insured and am still holding onto the receipt to hear whether they reached their destination. I'll send a tracer if somebody doesn't write about them soon. I'm terribly anxious to hear how you like your gifts. From the list of things you got, I guess our gift won't be a duplicate.

I guess you're right. I owe you \$5 and will send it real soon. Pay day this Fr. you see.

Kathleen was muchly interested in why you left Aunt Mollie's. She thought maybe she got on your nerves too much, or did something that made you feel you were no longer wanted there, I believe. How about it? Do you like it lots better where you are now?

Do you have any idea how long you will be in your present work? Do you plan to go back to teaching soon?

Milo and Niva Bugbee were in Saginaw for part of the vacation. They and Mabel popped in on us at about 3 o'clock on New Year's day just as we were finishing our first course of chicken. The steamed carrot pudding had to wait till they left.

Our Christmas tree is still up and is dropping hardly at all. It is a beautiful tree.

Write soon again,

Lots of love - Dot.

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[This letter dated **Jan. 1931** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen talks about looking for a future job while between semesters. She feels that her feelings for Hugh are stronger. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

263 W. College  
Oberlin Jan. 1931

Dear Jerry-

That is the best letter I have had from you in ages, and it surely sounded a harmonious note. I'm so glad that you are finding such real joy in your work and hope you are thriving on it. Are you staying permanently with the Vails or just while you are working for him?

I am sending the suitcase with the little one inside by express today. I hate to make you the trouble of going back to change it but I think you will agree with me that it is a little bigger than is convenient to lug around much, especially with a little bag to carry in addition. Well, I'm not particular about the match, so long as the leather and the size are right. I am leaving here in two weeks so I'll want it pretty soon.

My plans aren't definite yet, and I sort of feel at sea, but Dot and Harold very much want me to come up for a while between semesters after exams and Hugh will probably go to. Then I guess the Farm will be my destination, about the tenth of Feb. I will certainly plan on stopping with you for a day and want to do some job hunting in the city too. Do you know of any agencies or organization offices to visit? I am making my attack on private schools just now but realize all too well that it serves only as a random effort to satisfy my desire to be active toward something. I'm afraid I'm going to have to camp on someone for a while, but am not sure who the poor one is just yet.

You asked about Enid's husband [*Enid Elmer sister of Hugh Elmer*]. I saw so little of him that I would not like to give a definite impression but he seemed like a very interesting young man. He owns in partnership a pool room and barber shop, but neither are doing well now on account of bad business. They are living in the same house as the partner and his family, to save rent and must be rather crowded. The baby [*Rollin H. McNutt, born July 12, 1930*] is perfectly darling, and just as fat and good natured as can be. We had such fun playing with him. Enid and Rolin [*Rollin McNutt*] seemed very happy from what I could tell, and they were mighty good to us while I was there.

Hugh continues to grow in favor and I have come to feel that I really love him a lot, but still am a little uncertain about the future. My guess is that I will end up by marrying him, but I know he will not be enthusiastically accepted by all my various relations. Mother does not favor him, I know, and he is not one that shows his best side first, but if I find that my love for him continues as strong as it is now, that will not stand in my way. He has a heart worth a million, and there is much that we can enjoy in common. I have changed my mind about his intellectual tranquillity, for he has proved to be a most stimulating arguer on lots of subjects and really thinks much more deeply and originally than I do. If he can only get started in something that he is deeply interested in and can succeed in, he will not stop anywhere. It is going to be awfully hard to leave him but it will be the acid test.

Last Saturday we went in to German Opera and saw Wagner's *Gotterdammerung* which I have been studying in Music. It was most interesting to see the production after learning nearly all of it by heart, and I got just oodles more out of it than any other opera. Hugh was enthusiastic about the last act but didn't like the first two so well.

Exams are upon us again and I am up to my nose in work. I'm finishing school with a bang.

Lots of love  
Kathie

Pearls address  
124 Stuyvesant Place  
St. George  
Staten Island  
N.Y.

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KATHLEEN C. BEARD  
*Music*

Kathleen's senior photo in the 1931 Oberlin College Hi-O-Hi yearbook  
[Hi-O-Hi from the collection of Mark and Jana Jackson-purchased from ebay.]

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*[This letter dated Feb. 1931 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). She thanks Geraldine for helping her find agencies for teaching jobs. The association that Marjorie works for in Canada has encouraged Kathleen to apply to go work alongside Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Tuesday  
[Feb. 1931]

Dear Jerrabee:

That was a quick communication after my leaving and swelled my mail this morning to the sum of five letters. I guess you won't be lonely long with all the going that you do, but I know how hard it is to go back to routine after someone leaves. We did have a grand time didn't we? And we did enough to fill three weeks instead of four days. It was loads of fun but we couldn't keep it up long at a time. Thanks muchly for guiding me in looking for agencies. I would have felt absolutely lost without you to help me. I wouldn't be surprised if I was down there again soon for after talking with Uncle Oliver and the Aunts I rather lose hope. However I am going into New Haven with Father Thursday and can tell better then.

Do tell Mrs. Vail again how much I enjoyed being with them that little while. It is good to find an alumna who is still so interested and so well in touch with the Alma Mater. I liked the whole family so much and just hope I wasn't a nuisance. I do believe I forgot to say goodbye to Mr. Rogers and Aunt Nettie. Give them both my regards and I hope I'll see them again soon.

Bravo for making the decision on Dot's gift and I'm so glad it will arrive on or very near the day [*probably Dot's birthday on Feb. 26*]. Mother doesn't take to the idea- thinks it foolish. But she has some silly desires too. I see that I am in no position to get it here just now and appreciate your promptness. Am enclosing my share of it and keep the change, you deserve it. I don't happen to have any single bills in my purse. I hope this reimbursement will carry my poor poverty stricken sister thru the month. Wait till I get to making 200 a week and I'll send you more copious resources. Ha, ha.

You know I left my filing apparatus with you and my claws are getting dangerous. Not that I can't borrow one but my own is best. If you will send it along in your next letter I guess no harm will be done here. It's on the little shelf of you bureau I think.

"De head man" of the Grenfell Ass. wrote me a very special letter today urging me to apply. They have now heard of Betty's leaving and he says that the cooperation of two sisters would be very good for the school. Ahem! He also said Marjorie had done very good work there so far.

We made butter yesterday which was very interesting. Mrs. Space also called and I see now why we couldn't find Lillian [*Lillian Space – she is the twin sister of Gould's wife, Virginia Space*]. She was sick and went home that day.

That unsigned message was from Mother and she said all their messages were bungled terribly.  
Much love from all of us – Kathie

P.S. Mother found the linens and will send them soon. The pond is frozen so come on up and we'll have a skate. I wasn't a bit stiff or sore, were you?

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[*This letter dated **March 9, 1931** was written from Putnam, Conn. by Kathie (Kathleen) to Gerrabinee (Geraldine). Kathleen is looking for a job. She took Willard and Ellen to see their first talkie, "Abraham Lincoln". Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

Putnam, Conn.  
March 9 [1931]

Dear Gerrabinee:

Father just sent you a letter but I want to get in my little word too. Are Mrs. Vail and the children still there or have they gone South? If they are staying South long it would be a good time for me to visit you while they are gone wouldn't it? But I'm staying here at least until April 7 anyway. We are having lots of fun here and are planning several trips. I may even go up to Wellesley to see Peg and Van.

I don't believe I ever acknowledged receipt of your check. You were a rascal to send it for I owed you double every cent, but I won't send it back if you promise not to send me any more. Father says he will lend me all I need until I get a job(???) But I really am trying every place I know. I went to New Haven to the Y.W. and the school Superintendent both of whom sympathetically told me that nothing was doing. Then I looked in Hartford the other day when we passed thru. The city Sup. wouldn't see me unless I had a state certificate, so I trotted up to the State Board of Ed. for that and am now making out my application. Lets hope that will help me if I can get it. I am also answering ads in the Boston paper but have heard nothing yet. A job in the Bank house for children sounded interesting. If you see any governess adds or other interesting ones in N.Y. papers will you sent them up?

When in New Haven I looked up Shirley Harvey and made a date with her for lunch the following Saturday. She had a half day off so we spent it together talking over old times and new times. Her experiences are fascinating but deliver me from nursing. She doesn't like the East as well as the Middle west and is rather anxious to get home, but she says the work is no harder than college work. It was lots of fun exchanging news on our class mates and reading letters. She wanted to be remembered to you.

Father told you about seeing the Talkie "Abraham Lincoln" in Derby. It was very very good and I was so glad that they saw it for their first one. There was almost no loving in it and it was historically true, which cut a lot of ice with Mother. I felt indeed honored to be able to take them to their first talkie and we sat far enough forward so that they could hear perfectly. They both enjoyed it greatly but when the comedy came on they were shocked. I should have taken them right out, but Mother insisted that she wanted to see the part of the picture that we missed and I, forgetting that it was a matinee, sat back and laughed at the jokes- some of them. Even Mother laughed, and quite often too.

Is the chair that I broke mended yet- or discarded? That was a terrible brake! The trouble of it is that I repeated my stunt here. I merely sat on the bed here and it collapsed with me. The folks were all downstairs and when the crash came they rushed up in anxious excitement for fear I had fainted (??). A big laugh went up when they saw the bed. Uncle E. fixed it with a wooden box. I'm too heavy for old furniture I see.

We want to know who Monnie's "Stranger friend" is. Did you listen to the last broadcast? Then tell us who "Gazelle" is or isn't that it? We must send Monnie more messages. Where have yours been lately?

Well, I'm working awfully hard- doing nothing, so I have lots to write about.

Mush luf too u

Kathie

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[*This typewritten letter dated **March 22, 1931** was written "at home" by 27 year old Myron (Hume) to his cousin Jerry (Geraldine). He has been ill and missed many classes in school. He is hoping to find a church to be a student pastor. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

At Home

March 22, 1931

Dear Jerry,

Your cheery and therefore most welcome letter of the 8<sup>th</sup> of the month is on the table before me. What a bold, legible hand you write! Surely no difficulty in reading it. Your letter was newsy too. I was frankly interested in all you had to tell about the visit of your Father and Mother and Kathleen, about the brief but exciting chat you had with Ernie and Ruth Edmunds upon their return from Scotland, about hearing Pres. Wilkins at the Oberlin banquet, etc. By the way, I hope you enjoyed your 12 lecture course under Laki. You ended your letter with your sincere wishes that I'd soon be my old self again.

I'm pleased to report, Jerry, that I am quite my old self again. Indeed, I have been feeling so well of late that 10 days ago I flirted a bit with the idea of returning to school. I realized that I had missed six weeks of lectures, yet I felt sure that by getting them from some of the students in the courses I should elect, by staying there and studying during the Easter vacation, and by attempting no outside church work I felt, I say, that I could successfully pass the exams at the end of the semester, and could, therefore, get credit for the semester's work. I didn't know whether "the powers that be" at Union would agree to it or not; but I saw no harm in trying. I did write to Pres. Coffin, and he conferred with Sec'y Tryon, but they both did not see how I could make up six weeks of lost work. Anyway, they didn't see how an attendance at only the remaining lectures could yield me credit for a full semester's work. Well, a kind but rather final reply for Pres. Coffin punctured that bubble. I'm still convinced that I could pass all the exams in May. Even so it would possibly be unwise to attempt so much so soon after a recovery from the condition I found my self in.

Since the realization that I could not return to school I have been quite vigorous in my efforts to get a church as soon as possible. I wrote to Dr. Frank L. Moore in Chicago who has oversight of all the home missions work of the Congregational Board west of the Mississippi, explained that I had to drop out of school because of a temporary failure in health, but that I had not quite recovered and was looking for a church. He thought there might possibly be a place for me in South Dakota and wrote to the supt. there. He wrote back, that there is no opening at present. Well, Dr. Moore himself stopped off in Oberlin about 10 days ago on his way east. I had an interview with him, and he took a picture of me which he said he would send to all the state supts. under his supervision up there in the northwest. He felt quite sure there would be some place for me. On my own hook I wrote to the supt who had charge of my work in Shoshoni, Wyoming last summer and inquired if that pulpit would be open again or not for a student-pastor. He said he had made arrangements for the regular pastor of a town to the west to come to Shoshoni twice a month to hold services. He stated that he would quite likely have a church for me, however, this summer. With my name in the hands of a dozen state supts, then, my hopes are bright. Really I should like to go out by the 1<sup>st</sup> of April, but I may have to wait until May or the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. Well, I can keep busy.

Since I've been home I've been doing a good deal of reading in the field of biography. To date I've read "Lincoln" by the Englishman, Lord Charnwood, "Goethe" by Emil Ludwig, "Herman Melville" by Lewis Mumford, and the "Life And Letters of Phillips Brooks", two thick volumes by a Professor Allen. In the field of the novel I've read "Jude the Obscure" by Thomas Hardy, and George Eliot's "Adam Bede." Next I shall read I've wanted to read for some little time, especially the life of Phillips Brooks. What a man he was! He is indeed worthy of ranking among the great.

I had a most delightful visit with Don [*Myron's brother, Donald Hume*] and Helen in Alliance. Incidentally, I left Oberlin on Friday, the 13<sup>th</sup>, but met no mishap. How silly some of these superstitions are when really taken seriously! I found them well and happy as a young bride and groom should be. By the way, have I ever confided to you my opinions of Helen? Perhaps I have. Well, in case I haven't—She, like Don, is not very intellectual, yet it would not be fair to say that she takes no interest in things intellectual. She's not very imaginative either, - easy to "kid." When all's said and done though, I must say that she's "a peach of a girl." My, how she can cook! When the rest of us have children, I'm sure Don will be known as the "Uncle with the double chin." Tho she's lived in very comfortable circumstances, she seems quite willing to live within Don's means. Well, there's really nothing exciting to report about my visit. I never got up till noon during all the 10 days I was with them. Most of the afternoons I spent in reading or in having some work done at Don's office. Mirable dictum, I still had a touch of the trench mouth that I acquired late last August. He quite cleared it up, however. Most of our evenings we spent in playing Hearts. Don's business is nothing to rave about during this depression, yet he's able to keep his head above water and pay his bills as they come due. While I was there, I was impressed again about the "give and take" that is necessary to happy married living. Was also reimpressed with how marriage increased one's responsibilities. It will probably be at least 3 years yet before I think seriously of marriage. Well, in the first place I've got to find somebody. Our Putnam Uncle [*Elbert Kinney*] considers finding The RIGHT ONE one of the gravest problems in this existence of ours. Well, who'll be the first to say he's wrong. Not I.

I must get this off to the office, Jerry. Think I'll take it down myself for the exercise. You recommend a good deal of the same, I believe. I fear I've not been taking as much outdoor exercise as I should. When I get up in the A.M., I go thru a series of exercises the Uncle finds helpful.

I trust you still find your library work interesting. What letter have you reached now? How I'd like to be at Union and dine with you again.

Love,

Myron [Myron Hume, son of Ellen's sister, Etta]

P.S. Do you listen in to the Sat. nite broadcasts? Putnam has one in most every week. I sent my first last Sat. nite.

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[This letter dated **July 1931** was written from Putnam, CT by Dorothy to Jerry, Gould and Kathie. Brother Gould has a baby girl named Hazel. Dorothy, Harold and others drove up to Boston with Uncle Elbert to see Bill and Pearl (William Lonsdale Tayler and wife, Pearle Tayler) arrive by ship from somewhere. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Sunday- [July 1931]

Dear Jerry, Gould and Kathie:-

We have been thinking of you all at the farm and Seymore this weekend. Gould has held little Hazel in his arms by now, and did you girls have that great pleasure?

Today we are all "resting-up" after a very exciting day in Boston. We followed Uncle Elbert's usual plan of rising at 5:30 in order to get off by 7:00. We ladies were going to "do" the big Boston stores in the morning, while Father went to the Beacon St. offices, but, alas, we found the big stores closed at noon, so Harold and Fulton went to the ball-game and we ladies idled away a couple of hours by looking at a few little dress shops, the big flower gardens and taking a nap in the car. The boat was supposed to come in at 5:00. We got down there early and drove in just as Cousin Ed and Raymond drove up. They knew nothing of getting passes for meeting people on boats. Father had got one in the morning and we argued for three hours as to which two should use it, but, tho't it our duty to make someone else take it, and so it went till we saw Cousin Ed and Raymond [*Raymond Chamberlin is Pearle's brother*]. The question was settled in a hurry then. They took it without much hesitation. We saw the boat lying out a way in the harbor, then ran around to a place where we could see her dock. She was quite a big boat and the newest on the White Star lines [*probably the Britannic 3<sup>rd</sup> - maiden voyage was June 28, 1930 according to [www.titanic-whitestarships.com](http://www.titanic-whitestarships.com)*]. After we had seen her dock we got as near to the place where they would come out, as we could then waited, and waited and waited, watching scores of people come out from the customs and meet their friends. Finally, Uncle Elbert screwed up courage enough to ask if he might go in. The man said yes. That started the ball rolling. Fulton and I did the same thing and one by twos, by threes we all trailed in. Pearl [*Pearle Leonard Chamberlin Tayler*] was nearly bowled over with surprise, for Cousin Ed and Raymond had kept it a secret that we were all out there. They had a little trouble with their baggage that they had to straighten out. That's why they were so slow in getting out.

Pearl said she had been sea-sick most of the way over, and she looked quite tired, but Bill [*William Lonsdale Tayler*] hadn't been sick at all, and he was looking fine. They were both delighted to get back home. It was Pearl's birthday, so we all chipped in and gave her \$3.00 with a cute birthday card. We were going to find something in the stores for her, but they were all closed. They invited us right up today, but we thought they'd be rather tired, so are going up later in the week. Uncle Elbert is planning a day at the Gildersleeve's cottage on the shore and Pearl and Bill are going with us. Wish you all could be with us.

Tomorrow evening we are to call on Roger and Harold will deliver his lecture (?!?!).

Later on in the week we are going to crescent Park for our annual shore dinner, where Harold will glory in the class course- I don't think! Today we went to the Baptist church for the Union service. Saw Mr. Converse, Katherine Lown and her little girl, Ralph Pierce (one of my classmates) and his wife, who is one of Hazel Converse's cousins.

Kathie, on the way to Putnam we were discussing the greatly argued frog rock when all of a sudden we came right onto it and in five minutes came to a sign saying "Pomfret town line". Who wins? I've forgotten who said which, and I do believe Mother herself has too.\*

Before we left the farm Aunt Mary gave me a little butter with which I was to greet the birthday Uncle, and he got it right along with the hello kiss. He said he was glad that was over with right at the beginning.

What do you think- they have a new electric ice-box here- a beautiful Majestic. This is quite a "Majestic" household now. They got it a couple of days after they got back from L.I. [*Long Island*].

Well, Kathie, did you find that we left anything? We forgot just one thing- to our knowledge- and that was the Aunt's cot which they probably told you about. Be sure and have Gould take it up next week-end. It's in the garage.

How are you coming with the work? Is Hugh down there now, and when do you leave?  
Lots of love to all from us all,

Ice Pan! - - - - - Windows! - - - - - Heater!

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In an interview with Kathleen by Jana L. Jackson in the year 2000, Kathleen shared the following:  
Kathleen and Hugh worked at The Silver Bay, Lake George, New York Conference Center over the summer during college. It was a boy's school in the winter and a conference center in the summer. Kathleen was a waitress and Hugh started out washing dishes. One day, he took Kathleen out for a row boat ride. He rowed for about 12 miles and when he got back, had horrible blisters on his hands. He had to be hospitalized for a week because of infection and almost had to have them amputated. They had to drain them. This was in the days before antibiotics. After that, he couldn't wash dishes, so they gave him a job renting out the canoes and boats.

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*[This letter dated Aug. 14, 1931 was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry. Monnie would love to have sister, Kathleen, come up to Canada and work with her. She mentions that they are aunts now that their brother has a baby girl. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[North West River]  
Aug. 14, 1931

Dearest Jerry,

What ages it has been since I've written you yourself! I've liked your letters so much- your work sounds so fascinating. You know, enthusiasm is contagious! As you said, one would never think that books in themselves could ever be so interesting.

I'm ever so glad that the people you are living with are so congenial. And you are getting about so much, and are seeing a lot of the family. Poor you! It will be lonely for you when Father and Mother go back, and Dot and Harold leave, and Kathleen finds a job and everything settles down for the winter. But you are near everyone and ought to be able to see quite a bit of them during the year. I do so wish Kathie would come up. I don't think I've wanted anything so much in my life before. I'm sure this one year wouldn't make any difference in their love, and there's no one for her to fall for up here, anyway. She ought to get away and see some different things before she settles down; Betty declares that she won't get married before she's 30 at least, there's so much to do and see before settling down! She's a dear! You must see her a lot next winter. Do you know, she gave you a compliment the other day. That Sunday when the Lorimers came to the farm, they didn't know what to expect Marjorie Beard to be like. Aunt Flora was the first on out, and Betty thot the new principal was she! Then as each one appeared, she thot that one might be the lady. But when you appeared she hoped it was you; she said that you had the most sparkling, loveliest eyes she had ever seen- she loved you right from the start! I'm jealous! But Betty has been such a dear to me all year. Her philosophy of life is so different from the one to which we were brot up- and just by being her own dear self, she has changed me more than Ronnie ever could with her "helpful" advice and suggestion.

By the way, did you know that Ronnie's baby has arrived. It was a boy, Robert Ayres Edwards. But he came prematurely and there was some injury to his head, which may prove serious, and also he has a collapsible larynx which affects his voice. The latter, they say may mend itself when he is about a year old. I am waiting for the next mail to find out whether the poor thing lived or not.

It was so sweet of Percy and John to remember me. Do please give them my best, and tell John I simply am crazy about Labrador! The only good reason I can think of why Kathie shouldn't come up, is that it will be such a wrench to leave it- she'll never be the same girl again!!! Poor Betty can't bear the thot of leaving. If her father and mother knew how she felt about leaving they would telegraph right away and tell her to stay.

Some Mr. McLeod in the States sent me up a brand new and very expensive radio and sending apparatus. So we can get the messages beautifully next winter, thank the Lord! - and we can also send you messages about once a month. Little good- no, he? (a Labradorism!) not oftener, for the Canadian Marconi Co. has a monopoly on all the wireless business up and down the coast, and once allowed the Mission at St. Anthony the privilege of sending messages. That privilege was abused, so the Co. is loathe to grant another. So we'll have to be very careful about personal messages.

Here I have been rambling on about everything- not at all as I had planned this letter!

First of all, would you do a favor for me? I sent some one a list of things that I shall have to have for next winter. I for got my blouses, of which I shall need two or three. One is to be silk- long-sleeved. The others may be cotton, - broadcloth or voile, etc. and may be sleeveless or sleeved. White or cream are the preferred shades. Also we have found two complete ping-pong sets, and only one ball. I'm afraid the children will break too many of the celluloid balls, so am getting some hollow rubber balls about the size of ping-pong balls. Could you send about 50 of them? Wouldn't they be about 5 cents apiece?- that's \$2.50. Then 1 silk blouse at \$5.00, and 2 at about \$15.00 to be sure- and to cover depreciation from Nfld, to U.S. money. Thank you just ever so much for the favor.

The last few days have been just perfect. The sun is so bright and warm and the Bay sparkles just the way I have always imagined that the Mediterranean must. The heat certainly gets you here- we just seem to be good for nothing on hot days, almost more so than in the States.

My, I do wish you could come up, Jerry. You'd love it! If I come back in the fall of 1933, to complete a 5- year term, as I'm thinking of doing, wouldn't it be grand if you could come up for a year's leave of absence?! Betty would be here and we three could have a grand time- the Paddons would be back then, too, and Jack and Annie Watts would be here. They are all that matter. But it's too rosy a dream to plan on!

How does it feel to be Aunt Jerry? I find it quite a thrill- me! (another colloquialism). Betty is an awful pun-ner and of course she would see Hazel Beard as a shade of Whiskers! She thinks it a rather unfortunate name for the youngster. It's not too bad, tho. I like Hazel. Do write me your impressions of the first niece. I do hope they send a picture soon. I'm so glad Father and Mother could see the first grandchild so soon.

We are getting beets, carrots, lettuce and spinach, Swiss chard and radishes from out garden every day. It's fun being a gardener!

Do write again soon. Lots of love, Monnie

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Written on back of photo: "Century Farm Aug 1931"

L to R: Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Flora Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Willard Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Phebe Beard, Myra Palmer Beard and Stanley

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



Written on back of Photo: "Century Farm Aug 1931"

Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Flora Beard, Willard Beard, Phebe Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Stanley Beard

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



Photo taken same day as previous photos as you can see from the same clothing worn. August 1931  
 Back row left to right: Stanley Beard, Stephen Beard, Oliver Wells Beard, Harold Newberg, Oliver Gould Beard Jr.,  
 Nancy Beard, Myra Palmer Beard, Willard L. Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard behind Dan Beard, probably Ruth  
 Beard.  
 Middle row left to right: Mary Beard, Phebe Maria Beard, Abbie Jane Hubbell Beard, Flora Beard, Ellen Kinney  
 Beard, Dan Beard's wife Beatrice.  
 Seated left to right: Dorothy Beard, Kathleen Beard, Edith Beard, Geraldine Beard.  
*[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



Written on back: "Dot and Harold Newberg"  
 August 1931 -Taken same day as previous photos  
*[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*



A blurry photo of Willard and a calf taken in 1931.  
 [Photo from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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*[This letter dated **Late Aug. 1931** was written from Chicago Station by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen is in Chicago visiting her friend, Gidge before heading off to work in Logan, Utah. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Late Aug. 1931]  
 Chicago Station  
 Saturday

Dear Jerrabee:

It was dear of you to have a letter waiting for me at Gidge's house. I was tickled to hear all the news. And thanks so much for the garter belt. I thot it might be the bridge set so opened it in front of the girls. What a howl it sent up. Gidge said it was perfectly alright about the set and she will be in Oberlin next Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were away so I saw only Chuck, Basil and Gidge. Chuck is still wildy looking for a job so if you hear of anything do drop her line- teaching, social work, secretary- anything. The other two are so happy, they act just like a couple of kids all the time. The wedding was very simple given in her home informally. She wore a white crepe de chine and had one maid of honor. She didn't even march in or have music, but just stood in their big bay window for the ceremony. They gave a supper, then took the Chicago boat up Lake Michigan and spent two weeks hiking and camping along the shore. Her wedding presents were lovely and more numerous than I supposed with such a small wedding. I stayed from five yesterday P.M. to 10:30 this morning, then shopped in Chicago a bit. It is

almost time to take my train, and I feel as if I were going to drop off the edge of the world. My train goes right thru Lombardi so they are coming down to wave to me as I fly by. Fun! Monday noon will find me in Logan.

Too bad about Nancy. Those children seem to get everything going. I was not surprised at Aunt Flora, for it is probably the affect of the let down after Father left. I'm glad you are located. Do give me your new address and tell me how you like it. Are you getting the room free?

Dot, Mother, Father and Harold are seeing the air races today. How I should love to be there. It was hard to leave them. I have heard nothing from Hugh for days, but know that he is in Cleveland hunting work. Tell me how much I owe for the bridge set and I'll pay when I can. Here is the card I meant to send last time. Hope I'm not too late with it. Off for the West- Goodbye- Love Kathie.

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 1, 1931** was written from the "Glad Tidings II", Rigolet, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry and Kathie. Marjorie tells about 2 airplanes coming to the area from the Forbes expedition and the pilots gave most of the people of the village a ride. She sends some deerskin moccasins trimmed in deer fur. Marjorie is expecting a new teacher soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

On board "Glad Tidings II".  
Rigolet, Labrador.  
Sept. 1, 1931.

Dear Jerry and Kathie,

I'm really on vacation! The new minister for N.W.R., Mr. Burry, came down in his little boat to meet his wife who is coming on the "Kyle" from St. John's, and he allowed me to come down with him for the trip. A bunch of five of us made the trip together- he and his man, Mr. Locke, Miss Mason, a St. Anthony nurse on vacation, Mr. Jarrett, wireless man from Grigus, Nfld., and myself. We have had more fun- and this is such a cute boat. It's 35 ft. long, has auxiliary sails and is most completely equipped; every chink is used. The United Church board of Nfld. had it made for Mr. Burry.

Last week we had quite a thrill. Two airplanes from the Forbes expedition came to N.W.R. to use it as a base for a short trip to Grand Falls, 200 odd miles from us, and which are the next highest falls in the world to Victoria Falls in Africa. It seemed so queer to be hearing and seeing planes again. They took almost all the staff up that afternoon. N.W.R. looked so neat with its little white, red-roofed houses, white fences, and garden patches. And we got such a good idea of the relation of the bays, lakes, mountains rivers and streams to each other. It was so interesting. Now I can say, "Ahem! the last time I flew was on the Labrador!"

The airmen spent two and a half days at Grand Falls, and then returned. One afternoon they took up almost everyone in the village, in relays. My, how the people loved it! Only two that I heard of were at all afraid- and they were both men!

When the men left, they were going to fly straight across the Mealies to Cartwright, on the way looking up a high mountain range which Mr. Forbes thot he saw on their way up, and which is not on the map. When they heard I was coming down the Bay they suggested my flying to Cartwright with them and taking the "Kyle" back up to Rigolet. Wouldn't that have been perfect? But of course the naughty little Waco had to go and get engine trouble, and they decided to fly straight to St. Anthony and cable for parts, for they were afraid once they landed they'd never be able to get her up again. So goodbye trip!

I'm sending by this mail, two pairs of deerskin moccasins trimmed with deer fur to Jerry. She can take her choice and send the other pair to Kathie. They are quite good deerskin, and I love the deer fur for trimming, don't you? When they get dirty, just take a scrubbing brush and some lukewarm water (not hot) and soap and go after them. After rinsing, shape them again, and dry in not too hot atmosphere. It will help keep them soft if you work them a bit while drying, tho that isn't necessary. They soon get soft on your feet again. Water doesn't hurt the fur- just fluff it up again when it's dry. I do hope Kathie has a good job by this time. We hear what awful times the U.S., Canada and Nfld. are having with employment. The new teacher is expected on this boat. So is Miss Buxton- and that's all we know about here. Jack, Stella and I have a bet on her age- a 5 lb. box of candy! Speculations on the new-comers is half our diversion here! How I wish it were Kathie instead of the old Miss Buxton!!! Loads of love to you both, Monnie.

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 1, 1931** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Willard to Geraldine. They drove from Shelton to Saginaw. They took Kathleen to the train station to go to Chicago and then on to Logan, Utah. Willard and Ellen visited Detroit and saw a parade and air race in Cleveland. Willard gives their address on the Empress of Canada*

*which will be their steamer back to China. His operation earlier in the year was a one hundred percent success. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

263 W. College St.  
Oberlin, Ohio  
Tuesday morning Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1931

Dear Geraldine:-

Someone dropped you a card on the trip from Shelton to Saginaw. At Watkins Glen we all sent a little word to someone back East. The whole trip from Shelton to Simcoe, to Saginaw, to Oberlin, was successful. The first day we drove thru Binghamton and stopped a mile this side with a Mr. and Mrs. Steer- a very neat, clean, well furnished place and pleasant people, \$5.00 for us five. The next day we stopped about noon and walked part way up Watkins Glen and stopped in Niagara Falls that night. We saw the falls lit with electricity. That night, Saturday, we were with the Wallaces at Simcoe. Sunday I went to S.S. with Mr. Wallace prepared to sit as a listener, both in S.S. and church service, but ended up with an address before the whole S.S. a talk during lesson hour to the Adult Bible class and address as sermon in the regular church service.

In the afternoon Harold, Dot, Kathleen and one of the boys Malcomb(?) drove over to Hamilton and got Sarah who is studying nursing in the hospital there. Bruce the oldest boy was away. I had not seen Sarah since 1910 when she was 20 months old. She is a very pretty young lady now Kathleen's age. I judged the family was in better circumstances financially than in 1928 when you were there. We reached Saginaw Monday afternoon about 7 p.m. Fifty miles from Saginaw the auto stopped dead. A little spring ¼ in. in diameter and 1 ½ in. long had broke. I chanced to pick one up by the roadside that answered to get us home. The car had run some 6000 miles during the summer without a stop. It was interesting to get within 50 miles of home and have it stop.

While at Saginaw Kathleen bought a very pretty travelling dress, hat and shoes and Dot a hat and suit for school. Harold and I shopped for a house jacket for me. It is gray with fancy trimmings- collar and cuffs- just what I want and Mother is pleased with it. I understand it is a Christmas gift from you children and this is a big THANK YOU to you. The bandits borrowed my old one in 1927 and have not returned it. It was well worn. Mother gave it to me in 1904.

Friday morning we put Kathleen on the 6:50 a.m. train for Chicago. She was planning to stop in Chicago to see her room mate (Gidge if that's the spelling) and go on Saturday at 2:30 arriving at Logan just before noon Monday. She is the only one of our girls that I have seen start out on her own. Phebe, you, Dot, and Marjorie started out when I was in China. Then we four drove to Detroit saw the big new Fisher building and the Masonic Temple and came on to Oberlin arriving at 8:30 p.m. Sat. with Aunt Etta we went into Cleveland. A flower parade was advertised to begin at 11, and the Air Races at 1 p.m. We saw the flower parade from Union Sq. 12:20 to 2:30. It was long, beautiful and interesting, but it cut us out of the Air Races. We got to the Air Port about 3:00. Saw stunts, gliders, parachutes, comet trail- and got home at 11 p.m.

This is Tuesday. Last night about 1:30 Stewart got home. He is still sleeping so we have not yet seen him.

Sunday morning Harold found the picture of Marjorie's associate for this year. I'm addressing a copy to you. We think she appears to be a society girl. But I trust she and Marjorie will find enough in common to be real friends and mutually helpful.

Mother and I plan to leave here this evening about 6, go to Chicago, get tickets there for Seattle, stop at Geneseo Sept. 2 to 7, going to Galesburg during this time leaving there for the coast Sept. 7<sup>th</sup>.

Our address will be

Passengers

S.S. "Empress of Canada"

Sailing Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> for Shanghai

Canadian Pacific S.S. Co.

Victoria, Canada.

(122 W. 2<sup>nd</sup> St. Geneseo Ill.)

The year has been one of very great satisfaction to me. The operation, the doctor told us the last time I saw him was 100% successful. I feel that way myself. We have been with our own all the time and our own have been very good to us. We have seen much of all you children except Marjorie and her letters and decision to stay in Northwest River give me great satisfaction. You are all making good. Every one of you holds the confidence and respect of those with whom you are associated and of all the members of the two families. I feel that Kathleen will make good. Hugh has ability and he will grow up and wake up. I shall watch with interest and something akin to anxiety to see what he finds for a job.

If God wills, Mother and I will try to be helpful friends in Foochow until 1935, about June then we will hope to see you all again. In the meantime letters and prayers will keep the heart strings in tune.

Lovingly father

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 2, 1931** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Willard and Ellen were visiting Dorothy and Harold and went shopping with Dorothy and Kathleen. Kathleen left by train to teach in Logan, Utah. Dorothy, Ellen and Willard visited Detroit. In Cleveland, Willard and Ellen saw a parade and air races. Aunt Flora is not well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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

Sept. 2, 1931

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter was here to greet us when we all arrived here at Saginaw.

Yes, we had a lovely visit with the Wallaces. Got there Sat. afternoon, went to church Sun. morning and Father preached, drove to Hamilton to get Sarah in the apt. She is in nurses training there and likes it a lot. She has one more year. She had Sun. afternoon off. That same aft. we went up into the carillon tower at the invitation of the operator and watched him render his Sun. afternoon concert. It was mighty interesting. In the evening while some of them were taking Sarah back Mother and Harold and I drove down to listen to another carillon concert. Father enjoyed the visit there hugely.

We had fine places to stay both nights we were on the road- one at Binghamton and the other at Niagara Falls.

You spoke of the Festival Toys. We found another box of them, so Kathie took one, I took one and we sent you one. I'm going to give them away as favors at parties.

The folks were here only Tues., Wed. and Thurs. and we spent nearly every one of those morning and afternoons over town getting Kathie and Mother and me fitted out. Kathie got a darling brown outfit- a natty two-piece silk suit, a cute brown hat with a brown plume on it and a pair of tie-pump shoes. She really looked very chic. Mother shopped for more odds and ends and I got a brown suit and a darling brown new-style hat with an orange plume across the back- just exactly what I have looked all summer for.

Fri. morning we got up real early and saw poor Kathie off all alone. It doesn't seem possible that she is ready to start out into the world by herself. We were a lonely bunch that came back to the house for our breakfast, then we set sail for Oberlin. We stopped in Detroit, saw the Fisher Building, part of the Masonic Building (where we ate) then went on down arriving at about 7:00.

Sat. we went into Cleveland and in the A.M. saw a long parade of floats for the flower show and in the P.M. went to the Air Races. We were so late getting out there that we parked just outside the grounds and watched the rest from there. Mother and Father and Aunt Etta enjoyed it all very much.

Sunday we all went to church at the Methodist Church. I saw Betty Garland. She has resigned her position as Dean and at present has no work.

Right after dinner we had another sad parting when we said good-bye to Mother and Father and had a long, lonely ride back to Saginaw.

Today we had our first teacher's meetings. Tomorrow more meetings, and Wed. away we go on the teaching. It always takes me nearly a month to get back into working order after such a delightful summer. My mind and heart are still away back East with all the family and relatives.

Did you hear that Aunt Flora had another shock? Aunt Mary writes that her foot and hand are considerably weaker and that her voice is quite thick. Aunt Mary also wrote that Nancy had been operated on for appendicitis and was coming along nicely.

When we ladies were doing our shopping Harold took Father around to find a house jacket for his Christmas present from us children. We found a very pretty gray one for \$10. Did you ask Gould if he wanted to help with it, and do you? We couldn't get out of Mother what she wanted, so we'll have to send her hers. Also, we forgot to fix the Christmas lists!

Yesterday Harold got the Cleveland Sunday paper in Oberlin to read up on the Air Races. In the picture section, what should we see but the picture of a girl in a white fur-trimmed dickie. Under the picture it said that the girl's name was Miss Nancy P. Buxton of Newport News, Va. and she had had this eiderdown hood made to go up to teach the Labrador boys and girls in Northwest River. We were all very much excited and went right down and ordered more papers to send the picture to all the family and relatives. Isn't that an interesting coincidence! She must be an aristocrat to live in Newport News, and to have an eiderdown hood made and to appear in the Cleveland News. I don't know whether Father is sending you one of the pictures or not. I took the original and sent it out to Kathie. I think I told Father that I'd have K. send it back so I could send it out to you. I'll do so anyway. You may see one before it reaches you. Write and let us know your new address.

Much love- Dot.

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 3, 1931** was written from Rigolet, Labrador by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie adds a brief note to a previous letter. A Viking aquaplane came to the area. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Sept. 3, 1931]

Rigolet, Labrador.

Dearest Jerry,

I forgot to send these pictures with the other letter I wrote you, and that's mailed now. Would you circulate them around the family and relatives and see that they eventually get to China? Thank you so much.

More airplane excitement here. Donald McMillan sailed out of the sky yesterday in his "Viking", a beauty of a red and white aquaplane. His ship, the "Bowdoin" steamed in last evening. He flew Dr. Paddon to Indian Harbor and back, for a conference with Sir Wilfred whom they didn't finally find there at all. Indian Harbor is the summer hospital station for Labrador.

The new teacher has arrived- on this "Kyle". She came in at 1:30, this morning. Her name is Miss Buxton, and she evidently has just graduated from the Univ. of Richmond- and is quite Southern. She looks rather likeable.

Must close and get this off- maybe by the "Viking" which is going to N.W.R., Grand Falls, then home.

Lots of love,

Monnie.

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*[This typewritten letter dated **Sept. 3, 1931** was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Dot (Dorothy). Marjorie thanks Dorothy for her box of gifts. She also received a typewriter. The new teacher has arrived. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

North West River

Sept. 3, 1931.

Dear Dot,

I got the two boxes you sent, in the last mail, which came just today, and I just had to write you right away- on my new typewriter! All the things in the boxes were O.K. - - and it was dear of you to stick in the little bottle of perfume. I'm almost out of what I have. Thank you so much. The bathing cap is a beauty. And the shoes are so pretty. My! I feel rich with two really good pairs of shoes. You ought to have seen Betty and me going around this summer with huge holes in our soles. There wasn't a pair of shoes to be had in the place! I sent away to a mail order house in Halifax for a cheap pair of sneakers, among other things, and they came a while ago and saved my life. The shoes that came in your box are almost too pretty to put on -- I just sit and look at them. This ground up here is awfully hard on shoes - - it's a combination of sand and gravel, so you hate to wear really good shoes every day. We all wear sneakers - - they are cheap and seem to stand the sort of rough usage that shoes get here better than anything else. I especially love the combination brown and cream shoes. They are an exact fit and oh, so comfortable. I think I shall save them to wear out next summer.

Father's little gift of the jade buttons was a surprise. I shall use them for cuff links, I think.

My typewriter came in this mail, too. I am so proud of it. It's a Corona portable - - green, and with trimmings on it 'n' everything. Quite new not at all like the one Ronnie used to have. You see what an expert typist I am - - Note the seventh line down. I shall be afraid to write to Jerry on it. But I ought to get plenty of practice on

it this winter. There is a short course in the touch system given in the booklet which came with it, and if I have perseverance enough, I ought to be able to accomplish some thing with that.

There is only a little over a week now before the beginning of school. You begin next Monday, don't you? You haven't even written whether you were planning to teach this year or not. In fact, have I heard from you at all this summer? What have you been doing all your leisure time? Do you love me still? I do realize tho, that it is awfully hard to settle down to writing letters while you are visiting - - I never could at Putnam or the farm, either. And with Father and Mother there is must have been all the harder. I do wish I could have been home for awhile this summer. Did you have a family picture taken? You ought to have - - Jinny could have taken my place. No one has written me anything about what the family did while they were all together. All the letters have been so general - - I haven't much idea what everyone did, except fly hither and yon with astonishing rapidity. It's only thru other people's letters that I know you were east at all.

"Nuff said - - let's change the subject. The new teacher seems quite nice. Her name is Nancy Buxton and she is from the U. of Richmond class of 31! - - her home is at Newport News. I only met her yesterday at 4 a.m., when she got off the boat at Rigolet, so I haven't much idea what she's like. But she went at painting the school floor this afternoon right willingly, so she must be a pretty good sport.

I wish some of you had sent Father's sailing address. I should like to have written them a steamer letter. I could have gotten it to them too, for those McMillan flyers took letters to mail with them, and were planning to be in the States tomorrow or next day.

Just contrast the bottom of this page with the top. I'm getting better already - - eh, what? Maybe you'll be able to read my next letter to you.

Lots of love to both of you, Monnie.

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*[This letter dated Sept. 3, 1931 was written from Geneseo, Ill. by Willard to Geraldine. Willard discusses getting Marjorie a new typewriter which unbeknownst to him, she already has one. He talks about the trip to Saginaw, putting Kathleen on a train, visiting Detroit and Cleveland, then visiting Cousins Addie and Carl in Geneseo, Ill. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

122 W. Second St.

Geneseo, Ill      Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1931.

Dear Geraldine:-

First I'll set down the business and after that the news. In some letter Marjorie suggested that she wanted a typewriter. Dorothy spoke of it and suggested that the family give it as a Christmas present. Mother mentioned it again this morning and suggested that I write. I said if it is to be done it should get under way soon so as to reach her while the ships are going to Northwest River this Fall. I suggested that I send you a check. Mother thought you were the logical one to make the purchase and ship it. To get a line on the cost I looked in Sears, Roebuck Catalog. They advertise a Porto Rite for \$47.50. This is specially made by the Remington Co. for Sears, Roebuck and Co. It is ten or twelve dollars cheaper than most small typewriters. I think it is as good as others that cost about \$60. I am afraid it will exceed the maximum weight for parcels cost to Labrador = 15 lbs. = This weighs in the case 11 ½ lbs. I should think it would need a wooden box with packing to go so far. You will know about this. I am enclosing my check for \$60.00 to you, and I am writing Dorothy. Mother and I will give \$30.00 toward the machine and the cost of packing and freight or express. I'll tell Dot that the other givers, and the amount, I leave to you and to her. Send any money to Aunt Mary and she will deposit to my account in Derby.

All has gone as we planned when we left Shelton, Aug. 20<sup>th</sup>. That night we spent 1 mi. west of Binghamton with a Mr. and Mrs. Steere- very fine rooms and people. The next nite we spent in Niagara Falls and saw the falls lit by electricity. The third nite we were with the Wallaces at Simcoe. Sarah came home from Hamilton, where she is studying nursing. Sunday afternoon, Harold, Dot, Kathleen and one of the boys went after her and her brother Gordon took her home in the evening. The oldest boy Bruce we did not see he was away on a vacation. The others Malcomb and Margaret were there. Sarah was 20 months old when I saw her in 1910. I judge they are in better financial circumstances than when you were there in 1928. We drove from there to Saginaw Monday Aug. 24. The Hupmobile went some 6000 perfectly. But stopped 50 miles before we got to Saginaw. An hour and a quarter was spent in finding and repairing the gasoline pump. A little spring had broken and a little steer pin had fallen out. Harold chanced to find the pin, and I chanced to pick up a spring that did the work on the road side as we waited for the mechanic. So we reached Saginaw in good season. We were with Dot and Harold from Mon. night until Friday morning. We put Kathleen on the 6:50 a.m. train for Logan, Utah Friday a.m. and at 9:20

we four were off for Detroit. We looked at the new office building- The Fisher Building. Then saw part of the big Masonic Temple and then drove to Oberlin arriving at 8:30. Saturday we four with Aunt Etta drove to Cleveland. A large flower parade with many beautiful floats and bands and women's clubs and schools and group of foreign nationals= Chinese, Italian, Slovaks etc. etc. formed a parade that kept us on our feet watching it from 12:20 to 2:30. There we went out to the Air Port and watched students, parachute, gliders, autogyros and last the plane with the tail of fire like a comet. It was all worth while. We were home by 11 p.m.

Dot and Harold left for home at 2:30 Sunday afternoon. Monday Mother went to Cleveland to see her oculist. Stewart got home at 1:30 Tuesday morning. We left on the 6:26 p.m. for Chicago. Yesterday we purchased our tickets for Victoria, so we are all set for meeting the Empress of Canada, Canadian Pacific Line sailing Sept. 12 from Vancouver and Seattle.

We arrived here at 7:50 last evening. Cousins Addie and Carl are as well as usual. Carl looks better but his asthma does not improve. This evening we are to take supper with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brewer, Sheffield. Saturday we go to Galesburg, = all four of us. Sunday I preach for Mr. Brewer.

It has given me much pleasure to see how much you enjoyed your present work and that you were standing up under it so much better than under teaching. You will let us know your new address as soon as possible.

Very lovingly  
Father

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*[This letter dated Sept. 7, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Dottabee (Dorothy). Kathleen tells about her impressions upon arrival in Logan, Utah. School starts soon and she tells about her duties there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Please send this on to Jerry so I won't have to write it again. I just wrote Father and Mother yesterday. I do wish they could stop here.



Logan Utah  
Sept. 7, 1931

Dear Dottabee:

Your letter was so good. You know how much mail means in a new place like this. We just look for it every time we go to the office. The lovely part of it is that we can get it on Sunday, Holidays and all, for we have a school box and trot up after it twice a day.

Wasn't that exciting about Monnie's new teacher? I think she looks sort of laxadazical but no telling what she may do for Monnie. I'm sending it back with this letter.

Just a week ago today I pulled in at the little station on the old gasoline car which we call the "Galloping Goose." If you could be bounced around on that with dust and hayseed whirling around you all the time you would see why the name. Miss Frick was right at the door to meet me and as the fat friendly conductor helped me off he yelled "Here's your boss." We walked up to the school, four blocks, and right then I got the surprise of my life. After the little hik towns we had been passing and after climbing way back into the mountains beyond Ogden I naturally expected just a four corners, but Logan is a neat clean little town with some really rich looking homes, lovely lawns and quite a few trees. If you could see the dry treeless plains over which we rode for miles and miles you would appreciate the description more. And there is nothing backwardsy about the place either. We are thoroughly modern with a Woolworth, a Piggly Wiggly and a J.C. Penny Co, besides two colleges and a beautiful Mormon temple into whose holy sanctums we can never go. State agricultural college of 2000 is just outside of the

town and a small Mormon college makes the other one. We have wide boulevards here and a whole block of green park up town. Really, you won't have to send me a thing I think, I almost believe I can even get my winter coat here.

Three miles to the East of us rises a range of grand mountains, the Wasatch range, so we are right in a valley which used to be a big lake once. A canyon cutting the Wasatch mountains for 40 miles thru the summer resort for the valley and we teachers had the wonderful opportunity of spending two days up there in the cottage of the only gentile doctor in town. His wife took us up there in her Packard and left us to ourselves, seven of us. (The reason why the doctor is so wealthy is because he is a good obstetrician and Mormons believe in having as many children as possible.) We had a marvelous time getting acquainted and climbing the mountains. Three of us went on a six mile hike over the crimson trail along high cliffs and hazardous crevasses. Oh these mountains are real mountains and you have to cling onto any little shrub you can to get up. They aren't anything like S.B. [*Silver Bay*] mountains because they are so rugged and rocky and steep. But we got superb views from the cliffs and I'll send you some pictures when I get them developed. Coming down we just slid all the way snatching here a limb and there a bush to keep from going too fast. It was jolly fun. The girl's camp is also in that canyon and when we all go there in May the snow is feet deep, they say. And they tell of winters with the mercury at 30 degrees below zero for weeks at a time. Monnie will have nothing on me in the cold line. They have dandy sliding and skiing here too.

Just a little about the school, then I must get to work. We have had faculty meetings every day and are now fairly well prepared to withstand the mob which will over run the place tomorrow. School starts Wednesday. I will have about 5 piano pupils, the Glee Club, choir, choral class and one Latin class. That isn't the half of my duties though. We have numerous little extras like tending study hall, day and evening, saying grace at meals, escorting the girls for Sunday walks and keeping an eye on them every minute. We will get so sick of them that we will want to flee to the mountains. Ten of them are here now working to fix the place up so we are getting used to them gradually. I find that a great deal more is expected of me musically than I had thought and some of the girls are quite far advanced. Yesterday I was church organist for the first time and I was so scared. My worst error was to start a hymn one too many times and when the minister looked around I ended in a hurry. Their singing is atrociously slow and I had to keep a measure ahead I can see. I will be able to tell you more about things a week from today so I'll desist now.

I hope school is going nicely and you are all over the summer loneliness.

Much love to all – Kathie.

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*[This letter dated about Sept. 9, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy forwards a letter from Willard and refers to the typewriter gift for Marjorie. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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

Wednesday  
[About Sept. 9, 1931]

Dear Jerry:-

This letter came from Father the other day. I should have sent it on right away.

I wonder who all wants to go in on it. Probably Gould will. Let us know how much it is and we'll divide up the cost as evenly as possible. Better take care of it as soon as possible so it will get there. Father sent two huge long letters from Monnie, which I am starting off on a long family itinerary today, so you'll get them soon.

So you're out on L.I. [*Long Island*] now. I bet you like it there. You'll see a lot of Edith now I suppose. Give them all my love.

I haven't heard from Kathie since she started her work. She must be powerfully busy.

I'm terribly sorry that we all let your birthday slip by with just a telegram. When they were all here, the plan was to send you \$5. from all of us five. We mentioned it at the Wallaces, and after we got here, but our minds were so full of a hundred and one different things, and nobody seemed to take the initiative so it just didn't get done. My plan was to help you get a bathing-suit, and just as soon as that blessed first check comes rolling in this Fri. I am sending you \$2. to do whatever you want with. Pardon the awful delay.

I had such a glorious time out East this summer, that I just can't seem to fit into things here yet.

Went out to the lake with the Crowley's last Sunday and went sailing and swimming. Mon. went on a picnic with the Johnsons and went swimming. I missed the old salt water and the surf. Much love Dot

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*[This letter dated Sept. 16, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Gerry (Geraldine). She sends an accounting of the Chinese items that they sell. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sept 16/1931

Dear Gerry:

Am sending your check of fifteen dollars as agreed upon this summer. Checking over what we have here I find:

1 pr red candlesticks @	1.75
1 pr blue " @	4.00
1 lavender flower bowl @	4.00
1 small blue bowl (with frog) @	2.50
2 gold oval boxes @ 2.25- 2.75	5.00
2 Scrolls @ .65	1.30
4 Pictures @ 40, 100, 90, 40	2.60

As far as we are able to figure out this is all we have that belongs to you. I hope that your figures agree with ours here. The check for \$15.00 is for the tea and other things sold that were not returned to you this summer. Shall we keep what we have here and try to sell it or shall we return it to you.

While Harold's settling up, I'll fill out the rest of the space with a word or two.

The little Chinese towels I got from Aunt Mary went like hot-cakes at first. I've sold eight or ten of them already. I want some left for my Christmas sale. Regarding your linens- if you have any doilies luncheon sets for around \$6. or \$7. I'd like them for wedding presents to Ralph and Grace. If you aren't going to have a sale and want me to put the rest of your things into my sale send them along, with an itemized list and prices.

Last Wed. night we received a phone call from Harold's home saying that his Grandfather died that evening, so we planned to drive home over the week-end for the funeral, which was to be Sat. afternoon at 1:30. As luck would have it, our Supt. let us out at 2:30 Fri. aft. because of the terrific heat and the possibility of an infantile paralysis epidemic [*polio*] so we got an early start. Harold wanted to drive right straight through the night, so we did and arrived there at about 5:00 a.m. to find that half of the family had sat up all night. Why - I don't know. It was lucky too, that we had Mon off for Children's Fair Day. Luck was with us at both ends of the trip. Going down we went through Benton Harbor - the big fruit district and got some peaches for the folks at home for thirty- five cents a bushel! The bushel-baskets themselves cost \$.20.

I had a letter from Kathleen in which she told her first impressions of Logan. She was surprised to find it such a large town. She said she didn't know your new address. Maybe you have written her by now.

Have you done anything about the typewriter for Monnie yet? On her list she wanted to know about photographic supplies, and Uncle Stanley said they'd like to take care of that. Do you know whether or not they have sent any? If you see them, would you ask them, for time is getting short.

Father and Mother are out on the high seas now, and it ought not to be very long before we get a letter from them.

I have a chance to sing in the Cong'l Church choir and am debating whether to or not. I'd adore to do it if I were sure it wouldn't prove to be just one thing too much. I'll have to hurry up and decide.

Am enclosing the picture of Monnie's helper that I wrote you about.

Very much love-

Dot

P.S. We got Father a good-looking housecoat, or "smoking jacket" costing \$10. Mother didn't know what she wanted (as usual) so we'll have to send her something later.

K's address is Logan Academy, Logan, Utah.

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## CANADIAN PACIFIC

*S. S. EMPRESS OF CANADA.*

*4 hrs. out from Honolulu,  
Friday, Sept. 18, '31.  
Dearest Kathleen,  
Yesterday morning, the  
most spectacular event of all our ocean trips*

[This letter dated **Sept. 18, 1931** was written 4 hours out from Honolulu on the S.S. Empress of Canada by Ellen to Kathleen. It talks about the trip from Victoria to Shanghai on the S.S. Empress of Canada, the King and Queen of Siam, description of arrivals and departures in Honolulu and Yokohama, Japan, military planes in Honolulu, description of 1<sup>st</sup> Cabin Smoking Room, Japanese/Chinese tensions and purchases made. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

*S.S. Empress of Canada*

4 hrs. out from Honolulu  
Friday, Sept. 18, '31

Dear Kathleen,

Yesterday morning, the most spectacular event of all our ocean trips thrilled the hundreds of passengers on the Empress of Canada.

I should go back a little to give you the back-ground. Perhaps Father has written you that we have the honor of being fellow passengers on this boat with the King of Siam and the Queen and their entourage [*The King of Siam was in the U.S. for optical surgery.*]. They occupy the suites deluxe in first cabin, and no one ever sees them except the necessary functionaries of the ship, - so much for the "fellow" part of being fellow passengers of a King! The royal party embarked very quietly and unostentatiously, and according to the Canadian Press, they did not want any demonstration or publicity and requested the Canadian gov't to keep things as quiet as possible. I saw them come on the boat, and they took tea with the capt. in first cabin reception room on the boat and I saw while I was straying about to find our cabin. But all the way from Victoria to Honolulu nothing was seen or heard of the Royal travellers, and we were all just common people together like any passenger list of any boat on any ordinary voyage.

But soon after we sighted Honolulu harbor, while we were slowly moving up the bay to the entrance of the harbor, the sound of motors was heard from the sky. Every one who was not already there lost no time in getting on deck and close to the rail. There, in the blue dome floated the winged parade of more than sixty of Uncle Sam's Army planes, a greeting of welcome to Honolulu in honor of the King and Queen of Siam and their entourage. Round and round they flew in formation of three, then of five then of seven, in huge circles, passing very close to the ship and dipping low to the water as they passed the portholes of the King's suite, opening the throttles of their motors wide, making a tremendous noise. It seemed as tho we could almost put our hands out over the rail and touch the tips of their near wings as they passed. There were two men in each plane and the ones in the rear seats waved to us as they passed. This demonstration lasted a full half hour and I think all the planes passed the ship closely three times. If the King and Queen got anywhere nearly the thrill out of it that the rest of the passengers did, perhaps those hundreds of dollars of expense to the U. S. Gov't. were not wasted. Just as Uncle Sam's demonstration of welcome was drawing to a close, a group of 8 or 9 amphibians appeared in the sky in a somewhat higher altitude, presenting the welcome to Honolulu, and the compliments of the Inter-Island Airways Corporation, the Supt. and part owner of which Father and I met on our trip home last Oct. on the Chichibu Maru, of the N. Y. K. Line.

We drew up to the dock at about 11:40 with the diving boys thick about our port side, sixteen in all I think. But the passengers were not very generous with their coins.

The twenty arches of the pier gallery were filled with people three or four deep and I scanned the rows critically but could not see anyone who looked like Allen Thayer our neighbor's son in Putnam, although there were several men dressed in the military uniform, in the crowd, and one carried two leis on his arm.

Everybody knew the King and party were aboard and waited expectantly to see them come off the boat. Passengers booked for Honolulu and those going ashore for the day went off first, then after a short interval of suspense the King and Queen were escorted off the boat by the officers of the ship in white uniforms, and were followed by a whole bevy of other white uniformed officers. At the foot of the gangway two U. S. Army officers in dress uniform waited to receive the King and Queen and they fell in as leading escort as soon as the Royal party reached the pier and lead them to automobiles in waiting and they were driven away, presumably, to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel for lunch. Father had gone off on to the pier to look for Allen Thayer while I staid on the deck of the boat to receive him if he came up there, and he, Father, saw the King and Queen take the auto,- police had to keep the crowds back and clear the way for them. It was interesting to see how quickly the crowds in the pier gallery dispersed after the royal passengers had passed down the gangway.

Just before the King's party left the boat, I was looking over the crowd in the pier gallery just opposite the deck of the boat where I was standing, for the thirtieth time probably, and who do you suppose I saw?!! Mrs. Geo. W. Andrews of Oberlin! She was just turning to leave and I caught a side view of her face but of course could not attract her attention and was too far away to speak to her.

When Father returned from a fruitless search, we went down to the ship's dining room and had lunch then went ashore.

First we went to the P. O. to mail our letters; then to the Y.M.C.A. (Navy and Army) to see what we could do about finding Allen Thayer, and finding its impracticable to go about 30 miles from the city to see him, I wrote him a letter telling him when we were leaving and posted it at once by special delivery. But he did not appear before we left.

After posting the letter we telephoned Gerald Kinnear or his wife rather at his house that we would just drive out to call. We drove around by the University which he is treasurer and business agent to see if he had left for his house and found his office closed. But as Father was coming back to the auto, he saw Gerald crossing the campus and waved to him. He was much surprised to see us as his wife had not telephoned him that we had called up or rather she had not reached him. Our driver knew the way and we led off and Gerald followed us in his car. When we reached the house, it was raining hard,- it rained anytime on the least provocation in Honolulu!) And up their valley they have 225 inches a year and on another section of the island less than ten miles away they have only 25 in.

After a pleasant call, Gerald and Mrs. K. took us in their car to a Chinese Restaurant for a Chop Suey dinner, -the best I ever ate of that sort I think; they are immensely fond of it. I am not; but they didn't find it out; and it was very good.

Gerald keeps two cars, - one for his use and one for his wife to drive to her card parties, lunches, shopping etc.

We had planned to attend a lecture at the Museum of Arts but couldn't get away from this entertainment; so spent the evening with them. After dinner we took a long drive about the island seeing places by electric light and by moonlight and finally called on Dr. and Mrs. Andrews at their home. They received us very cordially and we enjoyed it ever so much. We had been there a few minutes when Mr. and Mrs. Leete, missionaries going to China on our boat and both graduates of Oberlin, came in; they had been entertained at dinner by some friends in Honolulu and had, also come to call on Oberlin's well-known organist. Gerald saw some music paper and a pencil on the table of their dining- room and remarked to Dr. A. that that looked like work and asked him if he hadn't got to the place where he could rest yet. Dr. A. replied, "Well, I've taught fifty years and I think I ought to have a chance to study ten years now." Characteristic? Gerald and his wife took us back to our boat at about 10:15. It was registration time at the U. and he was very busy. So they wanted to get to bed early and did not come in to see the boats.

Next morning we rose at 6 and at 7 started on a 2 hr. drive over one of the highest points on the island. We took just fruit for breakfast as it was too early for the cooks and stewards, and 4 other ladies went with us on our invitation. They were Miss Walker of our mission in Foochow; Misses Cole and Cooper of the M.E. Mission in Foochow the former of the Girls College at Hwa Nang, the latter of the Anglo Chinese Boy's College of the M.E. Mission; and Miss Lee of the Southern Baptist Mission of ----- near Shanghai, - a southern lady. This drive was up a hill 1600 ft. high, thru tropical forest, and the road wound back and forth in easy grades up the ascent many of the turns being literally "hairpin turns" and most of the others were almost that angle. I feared after we had bargained for the drive (\$6. for 2 hrs.) that I should be in an agony of fear over the steep grades but I was most happily disappointed. A fine 7 passenger car, a competent, careful driver, easy grades, congenial companions, a fine day, and magnificent scenery made the ride a never-to-be-forgotten one. Guavas fallen from trees by the roadside were lying in the road in several places. Night-blooming Cereus, Ginger flower (one of the flowers they make the leis of) Bouganvillas, Lantanna, Hibiscus, and other flowers grew beside the road. We picked two buds of Night-

blooming Cereus and bro't it back to the boat and put it in water hoping it would blossom but it hasn't yet and I fear will not. It misses the sunshine.

Returning from the drive we went to the Agricultural Experiment Station and got seeds of Honolulu trees and plants. Here they have envelopes of seeds, 8 or 9 kinds put into a large manila envelope already to give to visitors who ask for them. Each of us ladies took one. Father, who had waited outside and had given us a time limit because our driver 2 hrs. contract was nearly expired, was amazed when we came back in less than three minutes all fixed up, for he tho't we would have to look over scores of kinds and each have a pkg. done up and each pay a bill and get change etc. etc.--- proverbial shopping! Our driver then took us down to the center to one of the big department stores where we dismissed him and each went our own way to shop, and meet on the boat which sailed at 10 a.m. We separated at 9:15. I bought an orchid knitted suit. 3 pcs. that was big enough (Dorothy and Kathleen) but not nearly so pretty as the blue one in Saginaw. Father went to the office of the Inter-Island-Airways Co. to call on Mr. Arthur Armitage, our friend of the Chichibu last year and left his office at 9:40 to go to the boat. After the boat had sailed and we were about an hour out, I went down to our cabin and there on the floor sat a big bouquet of double white tube roses, a dozen sprays, and 4 dozen red roses! All nicely done up in green paper and parafin paper. I rushed back up on deck to ask Father about it. He was innocent and ignorant of its source. We opened it and found the card of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Armitage. He certainly did some hustling to get that bouquet on to the boat in 20 minutes; for they did not know of our presence in Honolulu till Father called at his office. Wasn't that fine of him?

The Hawaiian band of about 15 pcs. played in the gallery of the pier as they always do for outgoing boats and a Hawaiian woman said to be of Royal Hawaiian blood, a relative of the last ruler, Queen Lillioukilani, sung solos and with a Hawaiian tenor, sang several duetts. The band and vocal music continued thru nearly a half hour before the boat sailed. She had a fine, full, strong clear voice for such open-air service, and, as always, was greatly appreciated by the passengers. The deck steward passed around the tray of rolls of paper streamers which were thrown generously by the passengers at the rail to their friends or to any one on the pier gallery opposite our deck, many missing their mark and falling to the pier below near to the water level and picked up by those standing there. As is always planned by the band master, the most appealing melody of all was timed for the moment just after the last deep whistle blast announced the boat's departure. The engines started, the housers were thrown off, the tug that was to pull the Empress out of her berth steamed away, the multicolored paper ribbons that attached departing friends on the pier waved in the breeze tightened and broke and the huge white ship slipped slowly out into the harbor while the dark-skinned soloist sweetly sung the "Aloha Oe" "Goodbye, till we meet again". The diving boys come close to the ship's side as soon as she moves away from the dock while several stand on the top-most deck of our boat waiting the strategic moment to make a spectacular dive; one by one they slip gracefully thru the air past the gazing crowds at the rails down into the water with so little splash and up again in an instant ready to dive for a coin. Several times I've seen it but this time, I saw an unusual thing which I've never seen before. As the tug that was pulling the Empress out into the harbor, swung around and came along up beside us, I noticed that one of the diving boys was being pushed before it. At first sight I thought him in great danger and distress, but after watching a few seconds, I saw that he was doing it as a feat of skill in the water, for the benefit of the spectators, and that the crew of the tug were working with him to produce the desired effect, for when he had carried it as far as he desired the tug crew shut of the power, brought the craft almost to a stop and gave him a chance to swim away to safety. He apparently was in the ordinary swimming position, with head held well up out of the water and his feet braced against either side of the prow of the boat and thus was pushed rapidly thru the water, his neck parting the water instead of the prow of the boat, the big foamy riders of water flying of over his shoulders. We all expected to see him go down under the boat any second till we caught on to the idea. Something new under the sun!- in the way of feats.

Everybody's interest had been held intent on what was happening at the water level, and few if any had thought to look skyward till the sound of motors from that quarter drew every one's attention aloft to behold Uncle Sam's big birds circling the ship in formation again. In threes they dipped low to the water in front of the king's port holes with wide open throttles (I guess this Gould, by the terrific noise they made!) then rose immediately to the higher altitude and were off and away following the leaders. This time, as soon as each group had finished the salute and risen, they fell into line single file until the whole group of 60+ planes were moving in a perfect circle over the ship. Their next move was to dip before the king's port-holes in single file with roaring engines and rise. Looking back in the opposite direction they dipped again singly to the ship's side rising sharply to the right and immediately turning left banking deeply, a very pretty stunt seen repeatedly, singly, and in rapid succession (Gould would explain the feat in three words where it has taken me fifty words to describe but I don't know the technical terms). As the noisy, but graceful, birds soared away in the distance, homing, our ship put on speed, turned her prow to the open sea, and with the fragrance of leis still wafting to us on every breeze that swept the deck, and the melody of the

Aloha Oe still ringing in our souls and the green shores of the tropical island fading in the distance astern, we realized with a definite pang of regret that we were leaving Beautiful Honolulu perhaps for the last time.

I didn't buy a single thing as a curio, but got the flower seeds and a few little things we needed that we had forgotten before, I looked for a knitted dress like the one I tried on at Saginaw (3 pc. suit) and found an orchid one with white blouse; it is pretty but does not compare with the blue one. I took it however and it is large enough.

On Monday we just didn't have any day at all because we went over that arbitrary 180<sup>th</sup> meridian that takes one day away from you every time you cross it going west and gives it back to you in addition to your full quota when you go back over it east. We didn't notice any hole, or blank space in time however; things went right on just the same as tho we hadn't dropped out a day. We didn't really miss it altogether however, for we lived 40 minutes of it each morning as extra time in bed. So, you see, it didn't drop out with a bang, but little by little, - so gradually that we didn't notice it.

We have now seen the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess several times and they look really quite like ordinary humans. I came so near them at a lecture on typhoons in 1<sup>st</sup> Cabin Lounge the other evening that I could have shaken hands with them easily, but did not presume on that privilege. At the close of the performance, the rest of us were asked to stand while the royal party crossed the front of the room and entered the elevator to be taken to their suites. Last evening at moving pictures in 1<sup>st</sup> Cabin, we arrived (at 8:45) too early!) and were sitting in the reception room or foyer just outside the dining room waiting for the first cabin passengers to finish dinner and the stewards to clear the tables and set the chairs for the picture show when the doors of the private dining room opened and the royal party emerged, (the king smoking a cigarette!) and crossed the foyer in front of us 10 ft. away, and entered the elevator. We also saw them once on deck. They looked just like their newspaper pictures and are, (the king especially) diminutive. The prince and princess are a little larger, - at least more portly.

Last Tuesday, (I am now writing on Sept. 26) and we are waiting in the 1<sup>st</sup> Cabin Smoking Room, 40x45 ft. containing at least 25 large stuffed chairs, and 25 other armchairs with stuffed seats; about a dozen 3 or 4 seat, stuffed divans or sofas, 25 card tables glass-topped, six triple windows, 6 electric fans- large, -13 indirect ceiling lights 18 side- wall double- candle lights indirect- globed ( or shaded) etc. etc. and a very ornate carved mantle and over mantle and fireplace, - this just to give you an idea of size, proportions and sumptuousness. - We are waiting, as I said, to get our pass-ports checked up so that we can go ashore, - 1<sup>st</sup> and tourist passengers all together assembled, and 3 Japanese officers working at full speed negotiating these all important credentials with reference to their authenticity, legality and integrity of ownership. As soon as this is over we go down to breakfast. Later: - Well that was not much of an ordeal aside from the long waiting, and breakfast was quickly over for we wanted to get up on deck to see the boat dock.

All the steamers in port were decorated with long lines of small flags of all nations strung on rope and draped over the mast from prow to stern. No salute was fired that we heard, and no gun-boat escorted us in, as we heard there was to be.

There was one, the officers tell me, just one, that we didn't hear, - while we were at breakfast. The gunboat also did escort us in before we were up.

We reached the entrance to the harbor at 4 o'clock in the morning and stood off till 6:30 when the Dr. came on and began quarantine inspection. At 7 the mail came on and the pilot boat was along side, and the immigration officers arrived in another launch about 7:30. At 8:30 we were up at the pier; it was interesting to see the men on the pier put the boat up to it. A small rope was thrown to the pier from the prow by which a larger rope was drawn thru the water to the pier. All of the ten men got hold of this one behind another at the front edge of the pier and pulled the boat up by walking to the back of the pier. As each man reached the back he let go and returned to the starting point to get a new hold behind the last man. This was repeated many times till the boat touched the pier. Probably the same was preceding at the stern but I did not see it. Those two ropes of human strength handle this enormous bulk and weight so easily tho slowly. Then the 3 gangways were placed by three crews; one midway, the other two from the lowest deck at points about halfway from the middle to the prow and stern respectively. The two latter were soon in place and in use. But the middle one to the deck above took the longest time to adjust that I ever remember to have observed at any port in all my travels. But, - there was a reason; - it was being especially prepared for a King and Queen. It had a cover over its full length of cream white heavy canvas, was lined on both sides with a strip of the same, and carpeted with two thicknesses. We awakened to a cloudy, misty morning and could not see Mt. Fuji. By eight o'clock it was really raining and ever since 10:30 a.m. it has just Poured. It is now 10 p.m. and the officer of the ship who is playing cards in the deck saloon where I am writing has just remarked that it is "coming down in bucket-fulls, and will probably rain all night!" Well, finally the gang-way for the royals was completed and one of the men stayed by it constantly, pushing up the sag in the top to drain off a few qts. of water that collected in the dips, at intervals, and wiping the rain off the handrails with a big cloth the rest of the time. Nearly all of the passengers were gathered at the rails on the promenade deck and the deck below waiting to see the

royal party go off. A few hundred had gone off soon after we docked. A group of Japanese officials and dignitaries in cutaways and high silk hats stood waiting in the pier gallery opposite. Police in dress uniform of white trousers, high topped black boots, brass buttoned blue coats, and white gold braided caps, and swords hanging from their belts were guarding the pier below and were sprinkled about generally. Away off at the far end of the pier five hundred ft. away a crowd of people under umbrellas waited to meet their friends or to see the King disembark and were roped off and police-guarded, to keep the pier clear till the king had gone off. On both decks of the boat Japanese police guarded a section fifty feet each side of the King's gang-way. The Japanese dignitaries and one Military official in lots of gold braid and brass buttons and very ornate hat went on as soon as the troublesome gang way was adjusted and everybody tho't the Royals would soon appear, - but there was a lot more waiting still to come. I suppose the Capt. of the Empress had to entertain them all to tea; moreover Japanese ceremony is proverbially deliberate. One after another of the passengers who had been so anxious to see the King and Queen go off, got tired of waiting and gave it up and left for they couldn't afford to waste so much of their precious time on shore. A Bishop's wife (Methodist South) stood beside me; her husband wanted to give it up and go but she said, "This will be our last chance to see them for we get off at Kobe." The King's party left the steamer at Yokohama, went by rail by Kobe where they came on again just before we leave that port. And still we waited, not caring to leave the rail for a minute lest it all happen while we were away. I remarked to the Bishop's wife Mrs. Keru, that I wondered if the King and Queen realized at all how many hundreds of people's time they were consuming by their delay. Presently, a small group of the Japanese dignitaries escorted the prince and princess out, - the mother and father of the queen; she carried a large bunch of yellow roses which had been presented by the Japanese. Then more waiting:- I suspect the King thought he would fool the people into thinking it was all over and that the prince was the king and would go away satisfied that they had seen the King. Then he would come off quietly and unobserved. But they were not so easily fooled. They still waited. The top layer of the canvas on the floor of the gang way was now wet and well traced up by so many important Japanese going in and out executing their various functions of reception and entertainment. And when we saw the two men in charge of the gang way rolling up the wet one and taking it away leaving the other one dry and clean with a speed that was certainly significant we were sure the King Is Coming. Father had just been down stairs and returned just at this juncture to confirm our prediction for he had seen them come out of their suite into the foyer just as he was passing. Every one's eyes were riveted on the gang way. After a few minutes more waiting a murmur ran thru the crowd "There they come", then perfect silence as the military man and silk hatted Japanese men led the way and the queen in brown hat and coat and carrying a bouquet of red roses followed by the king, proceeded up the gang way. Two ladies in waiting followed and more Japanese dignitaries brought up the rear. The younger of the two other ladies was dressed in red and the other all in white. Conspicuous among the rear guard was the one Japanese lady in blue Japanese costume, probably the first lady of the city. It was very evident that they were all keenly conscious that we were all getting a good look at them as they passed out thru the pier gallery to their automobiles below. Then there was a grand rush on the passengers to get ashore as soon as possible.

One hour and a half we had lost of our precious nine hours in port, waiting for a one minute's view of a King and Queen! Foolish people? Yes, I guess we were; but for most of us it would be the only opportunity of just that kind we would ever have. Then too, every one was thinking, all that hour and a half, that it would all be over in five minutes and so they kept on being foolish lest, if they gave it up and left, it might happen immediately and they would wish they had been patient a few minutes longer.

All the business of the ship had been held up all that hour and a half as they wanted to keep the ship quiet and tidy till the social ceremonies were over and the Royal party were off and away. As soon as they were gone the cranes and deck machinery began working to lift the heavy covers of the well into the hold and to carry the mail bags and cargo to the pier. By the time we went out across the pier a huge pile of mail-bags was already out. O, how it rained. We walked all the way up town to Benten Dori, and began looking thru the shops. Every little while some of our ship mates would drop in to the shop where we were looking about or we would go into a shop to find some of them already there. One girl of ten years was in one shop her older sister in another, older brother in another and father mother and younger brother in a fourth shop. She asked me if I knew where her parents were. I told her. You girls weren't quite so venturesome as to go about by yourselves when you came thru were you? Well I should not have been willing to let you go about alone in a strange foreign city.

I bought for Dorothy's sale Pictures, place cards, correspondence cards, writing paper and env., combs in cases, purses, grape clusters, place-card holders, puzzles, toys=tops and apples. For myself I bo't fans and looked for a hour but did not find what I wanted. I'll get it at Kobe. I bo't another china set for somebody. I am sending Geraldine two crystal necklaces and a crystal ball drop set in silver mounting. She wants one and will dispose of the others as she sees fit.

Father took his lunch in a Japanese restaurant on shore but I used my time otherwise. He returned to the boat at 4 o'clock to receive the things I bought as they were delivered by the messengers of each shop. Our boat was scheduled to sail at five p.m. but we had an inkling of some possible delay; so I staid up on Benten Dori feasting my eyes on beautiful things till 4:30 then dashed for the ship expecting to walk all the way; but it was pouring so hard that when more than a third of the way there I saw an empty rikisha and bargained for a ten sen ride to the pier. The runner was old and couldn't go any faster running, than I could walking but he took the wetting and the exercise while I kept dry and rested so it was worth the cost. I arrived at the boat with 12 minutes to spare and found Father getting off his wet clothes. That was one rain that made him buy an umbrella! Hurrah!

Did you meet any rain on your journey to Logan, Kathleen, that was sufficient to teach you the wisdom of carrying an umbrella? And how about that fresh new suit with its white silk scarf-tie after your train trip to Logan of two days or more?! [*Sad face drawn here*]! If it was as hot and dirty as our trip was across, it must have been a sorry sight!

No sooner was I on board than I learned that the boat would not sail till the next morning at 8 o'clock. Some of the passengers went ashore again after dinner and returned at 11 o'clock; but for once I had had enough shopping in the rain and was content to stay on board and go to bed.

Sun. 27 " We sailed this morning at 8 o'clock with very little ceremony or excitement, I fancy; but I was not on deck to see. Possibly it was more quietly done because of the strained relations between Japan and China. We are hearing various reports of their activities and got a radio newspaper at sea every day, but do not know what to believe and can form no opinion till we reach Shanghai. We hear the Chinese have refused to sit with the Institute of Pacific Relations if the Japanese do, on account of the strained relations between China and Japan. So the members, many of whom are on this boat, have decided to meet in the international settlement of Shanghai, as China was to be the host of this remarkable gathering, and if she has refused to sit with them, of course she will not act as host to them. It is too bad that this important conference has been marred and handicapped by unpleasant international occurrences just on the eve of its convening. Three of its members gave us lectures, on board a few evenings ago. Very interesting. The Institute was to have met at Hangchow, by China's invitation she acting as host of the Pacific Nations.

Sunday Sept. 27 This is my 2<sup>nd</sup> sitting today on this letter and I forgot I had written any of today's news. We have not been at all religious today, - no service at all has been held on board today except the Catholic early this morning. There are 7 minister missionaries in tourist cabin, and plenty more in first cabin besides three bishops and yet no religious meeting at all! The more spiritual leaders, the less religion it would seem! Every one waits for one of the others to take the initiative, so nobody does anything. It hasn't seemed like Sunday, with no service and everybody playing cards and deck games and majong. I have always thought that it was the rule on all British and Canadian ships that a service must be held every Sunday at sea. I don't understand how the Capt. got around that. Possibly 1<sup>st</sup> Cabin had a service but did not invite tourist cabin as there are now more Chinese on board going home from Japan on account of the troubles. They got on at Yokohama Monday- We arrived in Kobe about 6:30 this morning and official inspection was brief and easy. I stopped to pack some things I had bought for Dorothy's sale so as to mail them in Kobe, that day so did not get out on the street as early as I intended but we had until 4:30 to shop as our steamer did not sail till 6 o'clock. we mailed two pkgs. to Dorothy registered, of Japanese things, - water color pictures, gauze, center pieces, and doilies, writing paper, correspondence cards, place-cards, place-card holders, combs in cases, (cute) purses, grape clusters, apples with tops in them, apples with a game in them, puzzles, - I guess that's all. They should reach her before this does about Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>.

Having mailed the parcels I picked out ½ doz. more cups, saucers and plates; but as my money got short and the rest of the patterns where he would break the sets were not specially new or interesting, I did not buy more. I added to these a large milk pitcher and a funny little water jug with a little bird on top under which was an opening which acted as a whistle when water is poured out the spout and air rushes in thru the whistle. I bo't this merely as a curio. Then I bo't a houri for myself! It has an iris pattern in pail lavender and yellow with green leaves on the outside and pale lavender lining with iris on that in similar shades, -not the prettiest thing I have seen but, will do. I did not buy one for Kathleen as she had the Chinese coat and will probably appreciate hers more when she is married. Nor did I get one for Marjorie for she may go to China next year and will prefer to pick hers out herself. But I did buy one [*for*] Myra with green flowers on the outside and green lining with gray flowers on it. And I bought one for Virginia with conventionalized chrysanthemums (similar to the to batik dresses a bro't home last) the flowers outside were in red white and yellow, lining orange silk with same flowers on in red black and white. We mailed these to the respective parties or ordered them mailed and shall be interested to see if they get thru alright. I can get other houris for any of you any time.

Father went back to the boat for his lunch but I couldn't afford the time. He came back up to Moto Machi where I was shopping at about 3:30 and told me to get back to the boat quickly if I wanted to see the demonstration

for the king. We just stopped long enough to order the two houris mailed- (I had picked them out before) and then he went right back to the boat and I went back up the street a few doors to pick up mine where I had seen it an hour before. Then I made for the boat. The special train that brought the royal party and their entertainers right down to the pier was just moving out as I came up to the pier. So they had gone on to the boat before I arrived; but I saw all the decorations and the school children about 2000, the boy scouts, several score, the soldiers, about 200. All,- every individual, had the national flag in several sizes from 1 in. long to forty or 50 in. long; the largest were carried by the soldiers, were of red silk, I think, with gold fringe all around, only about 15 of these; then there were many large ones of bunting with no gold on them and of cotton also. Every few minutes all these groups would cheer and lift their flags and wave them at the same time. I could not understand what the word was that they said,- it apparently was not "Bonzai" the old cheer word that I used to hear which means "A Thousand Years". The pier gallery was lined at the rail and at the back- against the house, also all down the long staircase, both sides, leading up to the gallery from the street with white and red striped cloth about 3 ½ ft. wide, the stripes about 6 in. wide and running cross wise. Also the same cloth was draped (straight) along the back of the pier warehouse where the train came in. The floor of the whole length of the pier gallery was carpeted with one width of heavy white canvas 2 ft. wide as was also the whole length of the staircase and the gang- way. The schoolchildren, scouts, and soldiers were arranged in a long double 2 deep line facing the pier, along the whole length of the street where the train came in, but on the opposite side of the street from the pier and the train, where they could be seen to better advantage from the train than if they were standing near it. After the King's Party had gone up the stairs and on to the boat, I think the carpeting was taken up and the school children went up on the gallery and arranged themselves in a double or triple line along the rail with their flags resting on it, while those behind held theirs at 45 deg. between the children of the front row and the back row held theirs between those of the second row and as the larger flags were at the back and had longer staffs all the flags showed to good advantage and were a unique sight when they waved. Add to that the flags and banners of the scouts and soldiers below, and the hundreds of citizens without flags but wearing hdkfs., and hats and you have a picture that strains your imagination to visualize!

We left Kobe at five as scheduled. As the boat was moving slowly out of the harbor day fireworks were put off from the break water (wall) that bounds the inner harbor. Rockets were sent up which burst with a bang releasing the Japanese flag which descended slowly by a parachute. About 4 of these then three of those that break and spread out into a great tassel of sparks, and several that were all noise. Had it been dark they would have appeared to better advantage,- all except the flags, perhaps. Now we are wondering what China will put on at Shanghai as a welcome to the King.

We shall reach Shanghai Wednesday at about 2 p.m. I will send the next detachment of news from there.

Please send this letter around as follows:-Dorothy, Geraldine, Gould, Marjorie. I am not sure that this is interesting enough to send to Etta, Emma, and the farm; if you think so send then to those places before it goes to Marjorie. Mail it to her as soon as it makes the rounds even if it is winter as she will get it at Christmas or when the first Spring mail goes.

Very much love to all,

Mother.

Reached Shanghai at 2??

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 19, 1931** was written from North West River, Labrador, Canada by Monnie (Marjorie) to Gerry (Geraldine). She talks about the sociability of the people around her and she tells about the people she lives with. She tells about the moccasins, sealskins and blankets that are available up there. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

North West River, Labrador.  
Sept. 19, 1931.

Dearest Gerry,

The mail goes today and I must get off at least one letter to the family! There are so many to write for the school that I always leave personal letters till last, then they sometimes don't get written. My family gets few, and my friends almost none! We always leave letters till the last thing before the mail goes, anyway. It sounds so foolish, but when there isn't a mail going everyday there is [*isn't*] the urgent need for writing away, and there are so many other pleasanter things to do when you have time away from work. We don't get out for walks nearly so much as we'd like to- and N.W.R. is a beautiful place- ideal for walking, and so many different walks to take. I've splurged enough so that you must know that already by this time.

Last year- or rather the year before last, I felt almost no sense of social obligation toward anyone, if that expresses what I mean. Ronnie was usually taken up with Carmen, and when she wasn't she was the aggressive one in planning what we should do, and did it in a way that made one withdraw into oneself rather than reach out to meet the suggestions and match them with others oneself—just passive acquiescence. But here everyone is so generously sociable. When you have to see anyone on business, you always stop and have a talk, or even a cup of tea. And everyone notices when you are tired and hauls you out for a walk, or invites you out for supper and the evening. And if you don't see people in the course of your work, and don't then make occasion to see them, they ask where you keep yourself and why you don't come out of your retirement once in awhile and be sociable. One can't keep talking all the time and giving nothing- and being friends takes time! That's a big reason why not more letters.

This year the teacher's cottage was let to the new minister and his wife, since Dr. and Mrs. Paddon are to be in the States, and all the teachers except me are living with the nurse and housekeeper and dentist in the hospital. I, fortunate I ! am living with Jack and Annie Watts in their lovely new house. I have the nicest room, overlooking the river. It's as much fun helping them christen their new dishes etc. as it was helping Dot and Harold use some of their wedding gifts. Annie's kitchen is all cream and green with a complete set of pots, pans and utensils in the same colors, sent to her by a wealthy lady who spends summers here often.

Betty and Mrs. Paddon, with the P. boys are probably just now reaching the states. You must see and know Betty and I have arranged with her to have you meet Mrs. Paddon. They are both such dears. Betty lives at 37 Grant St., Chicopee, Mass. Do write to her and invite her to drive down some Sunday and take you over to Westville (I think that's the name) Conn, to see Mrs. Paddon. She promised me she'd do that.

By the way, if there's anything you'd like me to bring you when I come out next summer be sure to write me soon, for I can't always get anything at a moment's notice. I am having a short deerskin coat (sport) made. They are the warmest things and would cost somewhere around \$10 or \$15 I think, finished. Then there are moccasins, sealskins and anything made from them, the warm duffel blankets I gave Gould and Dot, all sorts of mittens etc. If you would like anything wire soon so that I can be sure to get it. I am going to try to get a big black bear rug for Gould. There are such lovely ones for only 5-8 dollars. Don't tell him, tho, I want to surprise him. Will you pass the word along to the others to write their wants, too? Thank you.

In the spring at our fair, we have a fish pond and each of year we have the dickens of a time finding enough white elephants to fill it. Do you suppose you could take up some among your friends and from the farm people or the other relatives and send them as soon as possible- for the last boat comes up the last of October. For girls- ribbons, pins, handkerchiefs, beads, pictures, pocketbooks, any sort of novelties- for boys, ties, stickpins, handkerchiefs etc. Any little thing which could sell for 10-25 cents. Don't break your neck to do it, but it would help a lot, if you could find a few things. I always am in some sort of work that requires begging, am I not?!! Thank you so much! Must close and go to school. We started last Monday. Lots and lots of love – Monnie. Write again soon- I mean you!

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*[This letter dated **Sept. 28, 1931** was written from the steamship "Empress of Canada" in Kobe Harbor, Japan by Willard to Geraldine. The King of Siam is on the ship which causes some changes in normal ship life. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Kobe Harbor, Japan

Sept 28<sup>th</sup> 1931

On Board the  
Canadian Pacific Steamship  
"Empress of Canada"

Dear Geraldine:-

I have just mailed something to you for Mother. I think it was a crystal of some kind. This is just to appraise you in case it does not come I have the receipt.

The trip thus far has been fine- a little- what I call rough a day out from Victoria and yesterday. But not sufficient to make me sick – only lazy.

Your photo reached us at Seattle or rather at Victoria. It is the nearest to having you yourself with us and we thank you for it. I have in my pocket the picture Mary and Stanley took that Sunday at the farm and also four views of Hazel. Very likely you see her more frequently than others of the family.

We are to go at 5 p.m. today, - if the King of Siam does not upset it. Several passengers are not 100% pleased at travelling with Royalty. It is too sacred and common people are denied privileges that are given to all when Royalty is not aboard. Very lovingly

Father.

[Addressed to:]

Miss Geraldine Beard  
Room 304  
Public Library  
5<sup>th</sup> Ave and 42<sup>nd</sup> St  
New York City  
U.S.A.

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*[This letter dated **Late Sept. 1931** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy thanks Geraldine for getting a new typewriter to Marjorie. She tells about miscellaneous family and day to day things. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Wednesday-  
[Late Sept., 1931]

Dear Jerry:-

How's good old New York? As busy as ever? I get quite homesick for the East at times. It must be lovely to be within walking distance of Edith's. Do you get over there very often? Have you heard from the Vails to see how they like their new home?

That was tough to have so much chasing to do about that typewriter. I guess none of us realized that it would entail all that trouble to you when we asked you to do it. We really should have seen about it while we were all there in N.Y. It got to Monnie post haste, for I received a letter a while ago from her, that she wrote on it. Also, she said that my two boxes of things- sent several weeks before-came in on the same steamer. The shoes just fitted her and she is delighted with them. That relieves me greatly, because Kathleen was so positive that they would be too small.

Kathie writes that she can't sit in on the family radio chats on Sat. evenings any more because they can't get KDKA.

Have you got your Empress Eugenie yet? I do wish you could see mine and my whole brown outfit. I like it so much.

Have you had your sale yet? I don't expect my things from Mother till Nov. sometime. I do hope they'll get here before everybody has done all of their Christmas shopping.

Do you get the Bertha Studio Christmas cards? I have been getting them every year, and each year I think they grow prettier. I got my box just last week and I sent it right on to Monnie. I think she will be able to find use for a dozen of them. I am having the Bertha Studio send both you and Kathleen a box, too. It will be all paid for, so don't let them charge you. I think you will like the cards.

Have Monnie's two big letters reached you yet? I do wish those pictures would hurry up and get here. Did I tell you that she sent us a lovely warm bright red duffel blanket, with black stripes across the ends- a 4-point

blanket. It's a beauty and real heavy and warm. With the blanket came a pair of little white deer-skin booties for a much-craved little personage. My, they're darling! By the way, did you deceive Donald Hume Jr.'s little announcement? Another "Junior"! We got ours just today.

Day after tomorrow- or, rather, Saturday- the Johnsons and we are driving down to the Ohio State game. This year we didn't send ahead for tickets, but are going to take a chance on getting them down there. After the game, we go on to Ypsilanti to spend the night with the Lappinems. I hope to see Margaret Wilder Menzi this time. Her husband teaches right across the hall from Matt Lapppinem, in the same building. Do you remember the time you drove the girls to see one of the games? Wasn't that fun? Are you going to get to see any games this year?

Next week Thurs. and Fri. are our Teacher's Convention days. This year the convention is held right here in Saginaw. Just today, I wrote to Ruthie Brooks to see if she wouldn't come up and stay with us during that time and over the week-end. This is my third invitation to her and she hasn't come yet, because each time she has been busy. I don't even know whether she's down there again this year or not, but I'm taking a chance on it, and I hope she accepts this time.

I just read in the paper tonight that we actually have a spring vacation this year- along in the last of March- a week. We haven't had one for two years. We get just fourteen days at Christmas. That's a lot more than you get, tho, eh?

The wife of one of our men teacher's at North has two brothers teaching at West Haven, Conn., and she and her husband are planning to drive her father and mother out there for Christmas. It just makes me want to pile along with them so awfully badly!!

Have you seen Hazel Ellen recently? I haven't heard a word from any of them.

Do you still have that crazy old fur coat? I was thinking that if you're sure you can't use it, I guess I'll send it to Galesburg and let either Florence or Grace use it if they care to. I'm sorry it's been such a white elephant on your hands. Send it right along, and don't bother to insure it.

I have bought some beautiful straw flowers and bitter-sweet and have fixed up two or three winter bouquets for the house. They do brighten things up so.

I must stop and go to bed early and try to sleep off this cold. You see, I haven't started to take my cold shower every morning yet.

Much love and write soon again. Am enclosing a check for \$6. for our share on the typewriter. Dot.

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The Headquarter of Bandits Suppression  
of Kiangsu Province

Yangchow, Kiangsu, China,

October 1, 1931.

To all Christians, Chinese and Foreign, and all members  
of Christian Institutions,

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

As we know, China has a history of four thousand years and her people have always preserved the old virtues such as loyalty, fidelity, benevolence and righteousness. Through this long period the reason why she could remain as the oldest nation is simply because of her adherence to the above virtues. At present, the so-called modernists, coated themselves with imperfect western civilization, urge for the throwing away of all the old moral restraints so as to enjoy themselves in the new evils. Thus God is punishing us with much suffering. First come the bandits then the flood which falls upon China as a very heavy stroke.  
(Isaiah I; 4-9)

while we were in deep sorrow and suffering all busy trying to relieve those suffering people, imperialistic Japan attacked us. They occupied Mukden and other cities murdering our officials and citizens but spreading false reports to all other nations so as to make them believe that we were at fault. According to the international law all nations ought to interfere with them since their actions are barbarous indeed. we, Chinese, offered no resistance as we wanted to seek Justice through the League of Nations by which we plainly proved our high moral standard.

when we read the Book of Judges in the old Testament we find that whenever the Isrealites disobeyed God their country was always invaded by enemies until they cried for God's mercy. when they showed true repentance, they were soon delivered by God. So we can be sure that the suffering we meet is meant to teach us to repent.

Therefore the first important thing is to arouse all Chinese up to seek repentance which may stop the anger of God. Here at Yangchow we have co-operated in organizing prayer meetings. The place of meeting is not important nor is the number of people. Two or three coming together and praying to God in spirit and in truth fulfil God's conditions. Now we wish all Christians to join us in this earnest praying. In ancient times God promised not to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah if only ten righteous men could be found there and we believe there are more than ten in China but we have to help each other to cleanse ourselves and then pray for china. This is the greatest responsibility of Christians.

In these recent days Japan is ready to fight, her government on one hand calls back all Japanese immigrants along the Yangtze River and on the other hand refuses to allow the interference of other nations. She tries to force General Chang, the chairman of Kirin Province, to sign a statement to prove that Chinese soldiers attacked Japanese first. When he refused, they put him in prison and gave him nothing to eat. These are all facts. Alas! It is inhuman! So we beg all foreign friends to write to your friends and relatives in your native countries and if possible to your governments, telling them the true facts of the Mukden incident so that they may uphold justice for China preventing the Japanese from making use of their false reports. This shows the difference between Christianity and imperialism. Since we Christians, no matter whether foreign or Chinese, are brothers and sisters in Christ you will surely be willing to help us (Psalm 9; 7-10).

We need your earnest prayers and we also ask your help in presenting the real facts to all whom you know.

May God bless you and your holy work. Amen.

I am,

Yours in Christ,

Chang Tse Kiang

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*[This letter dated Oct. 28, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie to Jerrabee (Geraldine). Kathleen has heard that Geraldine is living on Long Island and studying at Columbia. She jokes about Ellen's long letter written from the ship about the King of Siam. Halloween will bring many parties. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Oct. 28 [1931]

Dear Jerrabee:

Indirectly I hear that you are all settled on Long Island and are studying in Columbia. Bravo! You are probably rushing your head off again in a whirl of activity. Now don't get all tired out this time. Write me all about your new location and how much you have to pay for it.

You probably have the news of our new cousin-first-removed, Donald Corbin Jr. Aunt Etta wrote me a proud letter about him and gave me a lot of Oberlin news. She does write the newsiest letters of anybody I know. Poor Don, now he has a family on his hands and business is pretty slack, I guess. Aunt Etta said that Mill [Millicent] was enjoying her work but especially the checks that it brought. She would! Do you see Myron very often? He wrote me a nice long letter which I have never answered, but tell him I intend to when you see him next.

Did you ever get that bridge set off to Gidge? She has never mentioned it in her letters and I wondered if you forgot it. How much do I owe you on it?

A great big, long letter from Mother is on its way around the family. It came here first on its way East, but I'm just warning you about it so that you can ask for a day off from work to read it. The whole thing is 14 pages of fine writing, a detailed account of their trip and a full description of every demonstration for the King of Siam. It is really very interesting and enlightening but I had to read it in installments.

What is happening at the farm now, do you know? I haven't heard anything from that quarter since leaving Saginaw and am wondering about how Aunt Flora is.

Next Saturday is Halloween and we have numerous parties to attend. I don't have any costume but I guess I can scrape up one. We have already had a kid party on one Saturday night which was lots of fun. The girls danced all evening and acted as crazy as they wanted to. It is so different attending a party like that as a teacher from the ones we used to have at school. I don't enjoy them nearly as much - just watch others have fun. In a way I am getting very tired of being a teacher, for we never can come out of our "shells" so to speak. I am longing for a chance to "let out" and be myself once instead of being Miss Beard all the time. The eternal strain of acting the superior is getting on my nerves and there is no escape from it until Christmas. It is just 50 days now until the "brats" go away and leave us in peace. They have the days all counted just as we used to, and notify us of it every day. I can't wait for the vacation; for work is piling up on me and I am beginning to feel rushed, as of old.

I mustn't write more now for my mood is none to good for an interesting letter. Much love anyway and remember me to the folks at the Lib. - Kathie

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*[This letter dated Nov. 1, 1931 was written from Northwest River, Labrador, Canada by Marjorie to Jerry (Geraldine). Monnie feels Kathleen has matured from the sound of her letters. She had a quiet summer and a vacation trip to Rigolet. Winter is coming and she has been on 2 hunting trips with no luck. She thanks Geraldine for the typewriter which is on its way. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Marjorie Beard  
Northwest River  
Via Rigolet  
Labrador

Nov. 1, 1931.

Dearest Jerry,

Your last contrite letter was most touching. Cheer up, that last mail was a corker! Letters from almost every member of the family - not only the "immediate", either. And photos galore. Kathie sent two dandy long epistles, with pictures, too. My! that child has matured! Some of the expressions she used, and her really masterly description of the country, made me feel quite humble. I hear she's getting to be quite attractive, too. I'm anxious to see her - that kid sister of ours!

I'm so glad you've found so good a place to move to - you've been so happy with the Vails. Aren't you glad to be out on Long Island? - and so near everyone, too. You're lucky.

I'm looking forward to your next installment. I got so many letters telling about separate events, from so many different points of view, that the impression I have received of the whole summer is that of a whole tribe of

whiskers [*a fun way of referring to the "Beard" family*] flying to and fro- now in multitudes together, now in smaller companies! which it probably was – and I know how much fun it is! No wonder you all had no time to write. I didn't write over much my self, if you noticed.

Our summer was rather quiet- spent mostly at gardening, writing (mostly business letters) when there was mail, helping paint the school and school cottages, going off for an occasional (very!) trip. I am enclosing a letter I wrote to you, which came back to me for some unknown reason. It tells something of my vacation trip to Rigole. That was fun!

Our first snow was day before yesterday, so winter is really beginning. However, it probably won't last, and will get warm again before winter sets in for good and all. We had been hoping for a lot of partridges this year- that was the rumor. But we have been hunting twice and have had absolutely no luck. And the native hunters have not done much better. Today tho, right at the end of our path leading to the house, two partridges flew up off the ground. The silly creatures knew it was Sunday, when shooting is a sacrilege, and six of them, we heard, flew about the portage path, just back of the village, just to tantalize everyone! I'm getting up at the crack-o'-dawn tomorrow morning, and am going out with the trusty 22 that Betty left me, to see whether I can find any of the fowls- for they don't fly far. I'll have to make it early, too, for all of N.W.R. will be along out after them, too! When partridges are so scarce, one is not to be sniffed at! We have had them just twice, and last year at this time we were having them every day.

Thank you so much, Jerry dear, for your part in the typewriter which is coming, I hope on this next boat. Your part is larger than any of the others', for you had the trouble of ordering it. I shall appreciate it so much, and will try to do what I can with the book of lessons, tho I am busy and shall probably have to go on until at least Christmas vacation with my old Hunt and Peck method.

Many, many thanks for your package. The blouses are so pretty- especially the satin one. I declare, I'll have to have a skirt made to go with it- all mine are too old. I'd like a black velvet – maybe I can get some up here. And where did you unearth that white silk blouse that I used to have? Did I give it to you? I had an idea I gave it to Ronnie. That was awfully good of you to send it along. The little toys included in the box were cute. I love the little Dutch family and am going to save it for a time when the children are studying Holland. It will make an adorable sand table scene.

I do hope your next letter is on the next "Kyle". And don't feel badly about not having written, for the letters served all the better, for my not having heard for so long.

Would you do me one more favor? Namely, get a lb. box of Chinese jasmine tea in a red lacquer box (\$1.25, I think- from Mrs. Davis, Oberlin) and send it to Betty Lorimer, 35 Grant St., Chicopee, Mass.? I want her to give it to Mrs. Paddon for my Xmas present. I haven't the money to send you now- but tell me how much it all is- postage included, and I'll reimburse you. Thank you. And now- goodbye until January Love- Monnie

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*[This letter dated Nov. 6, 1931 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. Willard sends a brief note to Geraldine with her birth certificate. Sherwood Eddy is in Foochow again. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Friday evening 9:30

Nov. 6- 1931

Dear Geraldine:

Just a word before I retire. I am enclosing 1. Your birth certificate. You may never need it but if you do need it you will want it badly. 2. A writing making you the beneficiary of your life insurance policy. The company will not accept this but it will show my intention and when I come home in 1935 if all goes well I will satisfy the Company's demand for a Notary Public's stamp.

Sherwood Eddy arrived in Foochow this morning. The Chinese almost worship him because of the telegram he sent to America from Mukden relative to Japan's doings there. He will speak three or four times daily for ten days in all parts of Foochow and to all kinds of audiences. Mrs. Eddy is with him. Mother and I are to meet him at dinner tomorrow evening at Mr. Munsons- and at lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Siek (Hseuh) Principal of Foochow College next Thursday.

Annual Meeting comes in a few days. Mother has promised to entertain the Beaches.

The mail today brought a good letter from Dorothy. With love Father

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*[This letter dated Nov. 8, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). She is forwarding Ellen's letter written on the steamer about the King of Siam. She talks about some items from Japan for their sales. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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

Nov. 8, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Letters come so fast from both ways, to be forwarded in so many different directions, that it keeps me humping. This monster epistle from Mother came from Kathleen last week. I kept it over Sun. for I wanted to write a long letter answering it and didn't have time in the week. Take a whole evening off to read it. It's wonderfully interesting.

Have you received your box that Mother referred to in her letter: Was there much duty? I got two shipments of things from Japan- mostly inexpensive little novelties that went like lightening around here. I was planning not to sell a thing till everything got here, but it's half gone already. She sent some of the handsomest correspondence cards, cute place cards, and lots of other cute things that she tells about in her letter.

The paintings and the doilie sets that she wants you and Kath to have if you want them, I think I'll send to you and let you take your pick, then you send them to Kath and let her pick, then she send to Ginny, etc.- or would it be better the way I started out- send it out to Kathie first then she to the East for you and Ginny, and you send the rest of the doilie sets where Mother said to, and the rest of the pictures to me and I'll keep them for Mother with the rest of her things.

She sent only six doilie sets and wants nine people to have one. Monnie wouldn't want one up there now anyway, and what do you think about Aunt Mollie? That might eliminate two people. Maybe Kathie wouldn't care about one right now either. She could send for one if she wants one.

I am also sending you one of the toy apples that she sent. It's a cute little thing and the game is quite a bit of fun. She sent some pretty hankies. I'm sending you one of those too. I wish I had kept a box of those cute correspondence cards for you. They are all gone.

I had a birthday party for Harold last night. Served a chicken dinner to eight. It was a very congenial bunch and everybody seemed to have a good time. Harold's real birthday is Mon. - tomorrow.

Mrs. Croley called up yesterday to tell me that she had met an old Putnam friend of mine. Her married name is Tryon and she's been living here for five years. She didn't know her maiden name, so I called Mrs. Tryon right up and had a long telephone visit with her. She was Miss Anne Montague who taught in Putnam High. She had Phebe, Gould and you she said, but didn't have me. She was there only a year- right out of College. Do you remember her? She said that she used to live with a family of Gilbert's whose daughters used to be friends of the Beard girls, and one time she came down to our house with Florence Gilbert. 'Member it? Is that the Gilbert girl who married the Shaw boy, and who was thrown from a horse and had such a time? I'll have to look her up and have her over. She said that Mr. Cody pestered the life out of her the year she was there.

The pictures of Monnie have at last arrived from Aunt Etta. They are real good, aren't they?

Kathie writes asking what we'll do about Christmas. She said that Aunt Etta's family wanted to be left out this year, so I guess we'd better do it. I guess we'll all give a little something to the baby and that we might make the extent. Harold and I gave to the Farm this summer but we might take one or two others to help out. You and Gould make out the list this year if you can, will you? In one of your next letters, will you send a list of your personal wants for Christmas, and begin finding out Gould's and Ginny's.

Must stop and write to Kathie.

Much love-  
Dot.

I've lost your address, so hurry up and write.

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*[This letter dated November 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Dot (Dorothy) and Harold. Kathleen is hoping to get a new winter coat. Hugh is still searching for work. Kathleen feels discouraged with her work and is not enjoying it much. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Logan Academy  
Logan, Utah  
November, 1931

Dear Dot and Harold:

It is shameful the way I don't write. Things are just getting so rushed that my head is half off and my wits are on the caboose. I guess I haven't written about the Christmas cards have I? They are ever so pretty and thank you so much for them. They solve my card problem beautifully for I am planning to send Christmas letters to my closest friends. Let those cards be your Xmas gift to me for you have done so much for me already that it should go for several Christmases ahead. I am asking the rest of the family for [a] little contribution toward a coat which I need desperately as you will remember. I am making my old blue and my summer green do me until after Xmas but the weather is pretty raw. We have had two heavy snows and things are all frozen up around here. I feel as if I were in Labrador. You mentioned sending pictures for my room, but please don't bother, because I got some cute little ones on sale at Woolworths and I couldn't use any more. Thanks all the same for being so thoughtful.

Hugh, alas, is still hunting work and it gets him rather discouraged. He has a friend there with him so doesn't get as lonely as he did in Cleveland and he keeps his spirits wonderfully. I think this experience is doing him worlds of good even tho it is hard, because it is giving him time to think and is giving him a deep sympathy for the poor laborer. I think he will come out of it a stronger and wiser man. We both get desperately lonely for each other and it seems as if I couldn't stand it another minute here, but letters every day do help a lot even if I do get dreadfully teased about it. I am hoping any day to hear that he has been successful.

Jerry actually wrote me a letter the other day, the first I have had direct from her since I came. She is as busy as ever- trust her to find enough to keep her going. Also letters from Monnie and Father came today, I am enclosing Father's for you to read and pass on to Aunt Etta. I am glad that they are staying in Foochow. Monnie seems to enjoy everything so much and loves her work so much that she wants to go back to it. I wish I could muster as much enthusiasm as she does, but I must confess that I have had enough. I should like to leave right now if the way were clear and go to some place where I could feel happy for once in my life. It surely takes a person whose heart is in their work to enjoy life here, and mine isn't- it is four thousand miles away. I just have to force myself to do my work and in consequence I feel rushed all the time of course it is all my fault because I can't do as much as I am expected to in music and I feel awfully inferior. I am just a flop in the eyes of the girls because I can't sit down and play jazz or anything else for hours and thus losing their respect. I can't hold them in any other line either. I feel like a miserable failure and nothing can induce me to stay here another year, if indeed they even ask me. I dread Sundays like H—and I get so sick and tired of playing hymns at every kind of meeting. Oh, its awful and I'll give my head to be out of it. I am up to my neck in Christmas music now and can't get any that I like by mail, then I am trying to put on a Glee Club concert in January and an operetta in May when I don't know beans about it. Well, all I can do is bungle along somehow. Jerry wrote about how romantic it must be out here, but the romance is buried under a nightmare of work. Don't expect another letter from me until vacation starts, but in the meantime have a good time and remember that I wish I was with you for Christmas. Much love Kathie.

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*[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1931 was written from Shelton, Conn. by Phebe Maria Beard to Gerry (Geraldine). She updates Geraldine on the relatives and friends. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Phebe M. Beard  
R.F.D. No. 2  
Shelton, Connecticut

Nov. 16, 1931

Dear Gerry,

We are wondering when we are to see you again, surely at Thanksgiving. We are having all the family but Uncle Stanley's, who go to Bessie's this year but they will be up here Saturday for one night. We had a short note from Marjorie to tell us of some mittens and a little basket that she was sending. They are here and are lovely. Last week Betty and her mother were here to lunch and Betty spoke at a union meeting of our Miss. Society and King's Daughters and had over 50 women out to hear her. Of course I did not go as we cannot leave Aunt Flora [*Flora is 62 years old in 1931*] alone anymore, but Mary said Betty was fine and everyone enjoyed her talk. A few weeks ago Betty and Mrs. Lorimer with Mrs. Padden and her two groups of boys surprised us one afternoon and stayed to tea. It seems that Dr. Padden arrived this last week and they are to be in New Haven this winter, so we hope to see them again.

I wonder if you have known anything of Helen Peck's illness. She took Ruth down to Brooklyn the first of Sept. and has not been well since. A specialist in New Haven called it Pectoral Angina and she has just grown worse rapidly after nearly a month of intense suffering and yesterday she was buried. It seems too sad to be true. Ruth is going back to her studies. She is so happy in her chosen work and Doctor[?] and Johnson will stay on with a housekeeper.

Gould and Virginia and Hazel were here for dinner Sunday- also Oliver and Mrs. Beardsley- Stanley's family were at Mrs. Palmer's, then Stanley came back Monday as Fred wanted him to be pall-bearer.

Well, let us know when to meet you next week and we'll be there. Can you stay one Sunday?

With love-

Aunt Phebe-

A letter came from your father Friday which is to be passed around and we are keeping it here for Thanksgiving as we can read it to many more then and save him in getting it around. Mary received your letter today and asked me to tell you.

P.M. Beard



This may be a picture taken the Sunday that Gould, Virginia and Hazel came to dinner as referred to in the above letter. Gould is seated in the very front. Just over his left shoulder is Virginia holding a baby (probably Hazel who was born in July of 1931). With her arm around the dog is Mary Beard. Flora is the white haired lady just behind Virginia and Hazel. Phebe Maria Beard is seated and second from the left in the photo. Bennett Nichols Beard is the man with the mustache, 2<sup>nd</sup> from the right standing in the photo. The lady at the far left is Ben's wife, Abbie. Edith Beard is behind Gould and next to Edith is Oliver Wells and Marion.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Marjorie mentioned coming home from Canada next October. Kathleen expects to spend Christmas in Logan. She finds it challenging to get the choirs ready with Christmas music, but her Latin students are doing well. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Logan Utah

Nov. 22. [1931]

Dear Jerry:

It certainly was a rare treat to get that letter of yours. Don't be so choosy with your stationary after this for letters are the only things that lend zest to our existence. (Add one grain of salt.) You are up to your old tricks of

rushing madly around aren't you? Now do be discreet and remember you aren't an "iron man". That trip up north sounds interesting tho, and I can't wait to get the press account of it. There must have been a delay along the line. And that account of your dinner with Jerry Smith actually made me laugh, which I seldom do heartily any more. I should like to have listened in to the conversation- that night.

Yes Mother's letter was good and told us all we wanted to know. She sent me a pair of pretty Japanese pajamas all folded up in a little case for travelling. They are lovely. I haven't got anything from Monnie, but I have received two short letters saying she plans to "come out" next October. I must get some messages into KDKA for her. How I do wish I could hear those broad casts.

I am enclosing your check for \$8.50 and thanks for doing all that business for me. I am as well off now as I will ever be so you might as well have it now. As for the Japanese things, I don't believe I want any of them. I have all the jewelry I need out here and I don't have time to do any selling.

Christmas will find me right here I guess- where else have I to go? I will miss being with Dot so much, but we will have lots to do here. Nearly all the teachers are staying and the kids are leaving so we will at least have unmolested peace. We may go down to Salt Lake for a couple of days to blow a little, and I want to get a new winter coat. By the way, if you are looking for Christmas suggestions, here's mine. All I want from the whole family is a few pennies apiece for that coat. That is my one big need and any help on it will be greatly appreciated. How is the relative list coming? You know Aunt Etta wants her family counted out again this year because they feel a little cramped with the new addition, so I guess she would really feel more comfortable to be omitted. Give me any one of the families but do it soon so that I can get my shopping done early.

It seems almost like Christmas now because we are having zero weather, lots of snow, and the house is freezing part of the time. Besides, I am getting my Christmas music ready so am bringing the season a little prematurely. I am having a mess with the music too- trying to handle three different groups for one concert. My girls choir, a ladies adult choir of seven, and a mixed quartet makes a terrible muddle and I get so discouraged about it because I don't know how it is going to pan out. I am having to order all my music by mail, for there is no selection here, and I have hundreds of approval numbers to go over and send back those that I don't want. I almost wish I had tried a cantata now, as my predecessor did.

Last night four of us teachers went to see "The Apple Cart" put on at the local theatre by a travelling stock company. They say the same actors gave it in New York and how it ever happened to come to this burg I don't know. Anyway it was good to see professionals once more even tho we did go and sit an hour just to get rush seats. There is a series of plays up at the college for which I have a season ticket. It is amateur performance but quenches my thirst for such entertainment a little.

You spoke about the nightmare of a Latin class. Mine must be a model one for I really do enjoy that more than anything else I do (not saying much). There are only three and we play Latin word games and have spell-downs, besides drilling hard on tenses and cases. One of the girls said she was so disillusioned because she had heard that Latin was so hard. Perhaps I'm too easy a teacher. The music is a struggle all the way thru. I guess I am not adequately prepared for it because the girls want jazz and everything that I can't play. Getting four selections is taxing in itself and then I tussel with the Glee Club once a week and have eight piano pupils. The worry of it all gets me terribly and at times I feel like throwing it all up. I haven't had a word of encouragement from anybody- not that I deserve it- and I feel as if I were groping in darkness. You can talk about "romance" off there in New York, but it is far less romantic to me shut up in this yard, hardly seeing anyone but the school kids week in and week out. Even the movies is welcome distraction sometimes. Well, it might be worse, but I can't harbor the thought of another year here. I am practicing typing so that I can be ready to take a secretarial job next fall in whatever place Hugh happens to be by then. I think that may be more my forte than teaching. I guess I'm not endowed with that courageous spirit to surmount all obstacles. I have had some mighty blue days recently.

P-U-N-K now signs off with L-O-V-E Kathie.

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*[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 2, 1931 was written from Logan, Utah by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen talks about her Thanksgiving in Logan. She keeps busy preparing for the Christmas concert. Hugh and a friend will be taking a test to try to become an immigrant inspector. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Logan Academy  
Logan, Utah  
Dec. 2, 1931

Dear Jerry:

Your letter with the Christmas list in it came yesterday. The list is all right with me, but I don't think you gave me nearly my share. You have four people yourself and you only have me down for three. Also I thought you were going to give them around by families this year, instead of individuals. You asked what my salary was; It comes to the big sum of \$50.00 per month in cash, plus my keep. Not so bad, but I can't throw it away. Just now I am still paying Father for the money he lent me when I came out here, so I am living on as little as possible and rushing each check off to Aunt Mary before I spend it. Of course I am saving this month's check for Christmas.

As for "cute and different things", there are quite a few of them out here if you want to give the Indians plenty of cash for them. But there are no little cheap trinkets for children as I hoped there would be. I can get you a pair of Indian beaded gloves for Stephen for \$2.00, and some Navajo virgin rugs of very small size for \$1.25, or - - but I must not give away any secrets. That is really the extent of the different things that I could get for you. The big man size buckskin gloves that the Indians make cost anywhere from five to ten dollars. It is terrible how they charge. I think I wrote you in the last letter that I wanted help on my winter coat from the family, but if any of the relatives ask what I need - - silk stockings or wool golf-socks would be very acceptable.

You must have had a grand time up at the farm for Thanksgiving, and I wish I could have been there. I had the hard task of downing two big dinners that day and I felt done for after the attempt. One of the other teachers and I were invited out for dinner at noon and then had to come back here and sit down to a regular feast of goose. That was one morning when we were allowed to sleep so I did it with a vengeance, not getting up until after ten. The girls had a soccer game out in the snow and very nearly got frozen but they loved it. Mary Jane and I were invited to dinner by a Mrs. Kepner, a very nice young lady who comes from Conn. and has taught in Saybrook for two years. I wrote Dot that she knew Hazel Converse very well in college. Well, there were eight of us all together and we had a grand time with the huge turkey and all the other things that she had. We stayed there all afternoon talking and looking at their wedding pictures. It was so refreshing to get away from the school and the howling mob of girls. But the hard part was to come back here and sit right down to another dinner almost as large as the first, if not so good. I ate very little of that dinner, I assure you. Afterwards we were made to do some crazy stunt. I had to dress a girl up to represent a character, in crepe paper. We teachers had our first experience in being taken off, and the girls did it very well. I was represented as directing my Glee Club. Only about half the girls were there since many of them went away for Thanksgiving. Our next two days of school were lots of fun with small classes and only three tables in the dining-room. We played anagrams in Latin class and the two pupils whom I had loved it.

Today we go swimming for the second time this year. The city High school has kindly consented to let us have their pool one hour a week, and although it is not a very big pool, it has good water and gives us a place to exercise. The kids are wild about swimming and most of them go. It is a life saver for me because I get so little exercise otherwise.

My Christmas concert comes off a week from this coming Sunday so I am having to put in a lot of time on that. The hardest part of it is getting the groups together to practice, for they live all over town and have so many other things to do at this busy time. I am hoping for the best, tho, and I'll tell you how it comes out.

Our town is getting all decked out for Christmas in the business district. We have red and green lights along the side-walks and large trees tied to every lamp-post, with big silver stars dangling from the street lights. It really looks very pretty and makes you feel Christmasy. I have nearly all my Christmas shopping done for once so that is not a worry with me this year.

Today I got my present from Monnie, and it is just darling. She wrote me that she was sending me a pair of mitts made of duffle but I never imagined they would be so pretty. They are long white gauntlet ones with bright red flowers embroidered all over them and that lovely soft white fur around the top. All the people here are quite crazy about them, and so am I. The only trouble is that I have nothing to wear them with, and I might get them dirty around here. I think I will ask her to have a short jacket made to match them for next year.

You asked about Hugh. He is in Boston now with Tom Mustard, a college friend of his, and they are both looking for work. They have decided to take the exam for Immigrant Inspector and are studying hard for it. I do so hope Hugh makes good in that because it will make him more encouraged. His letters lately have sounded quite happy although he does get blue spells once in a while.

How do you like my sample of typing? There are a good many mistakes in it but I am improving little. During the vacation I want to get up some speed if I can so that it will really be a time saver. It has taken me over an hour to type this while I could have done it long-hand in nearly half the time, but it is good practice. It is awfully hard to think and type your thoughts at the same time isn't it? I can copy a page lots faster than I can write it out of my head. It is grand fun, though, and I want to be good at it before I leave here.

I must stop now, for I have choir practice tonight and I must get ready for it. My ladies choir is singing some lovely French carols that I just love, but they find them rather hard to get on to.

Be sure to write me if you want me to get any of the things I mentioned and do it soon because they may be gone. There is only one pair of gloves left. I am getting Dan a cow-boy belt and Aunt Emma one of those rugs. Ruthie's gift I have not decided on yet.

Lots of love

Kathie.

P.S. That sketch of the library was very good.

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*[This letter dated Dec. 6, 1931 was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy mentions how Kathleen is not happy in her work in Logan. She would like to try to have Kathleen come to Saginaw for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

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

Dec. 6, 1931.

Dear Jerry:-

Since I've written you last you've been doing some skyking around the country. You all must have had one grand time at the farm at Thanksgiving time. Are you all going to be there again at Christmas?

The Christmas list is O.K. I have written Kathie to see if she wants me to take Ruthie. Mother suggested a carving set for a gift to both Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert. I am going to ask Kathie if she would like to do that for Aunt Emma, if we can find a good one reasonable enough.

Good for you and your sales! My lacquers haven't even come, and everybody's waiting for them. I do hope they get there this week. The reason I didn't ask you to send your things is because my Chinese things haven't come, and I have sold most of the order of Japanese things, so I didn't have enough for a real sale. If you are all through with them, and don't think you can sell anymore, I'd be glad to try to sell the rest if you want to send them.

Everybody seems to be so busy. Kathie writes that she is swamped with work. By the way, Kathie used to write quite glowing letters about her work out there, and I really thought she was enjoying herself, but along comes this letter that sounds pretty doleful, - poor kid. I feel sorry for her, for she'll have to stick it out for a year anyway. I have written her telling her that if she can find some excursion rates, or come by bus, I'll pay half of her expenses here for Christmas, if she feels she'd like to come. The change of atmosphere might be worth it for her, and we shall be mighty lonely here alone. Don't say anything about this letter (of Kathie's), or about my offering to help her come. She might not want her troubles published, and I know Gould would think it was downright folly to spend so much money on a vacation. It's worth that much to me, tho, to be together.

Aunt Mary writes that my \$7.98 check for April has not come back yet, and she wonders if it was lost. Was that the check that you kept to pay for some wedding presents, or was that the one before that? I can't seem to remember anything about that one- last April's.

Yesterday Harold and I got up at 5:00 A.M. and drove to Detroit. We put our car in the Hup. factory to have various little things done to it. I went to Hudson's and spent the whole morning right in that store, Christmas shopping and just getting an eye-full of everything. I turned "youngster" for almost an hour in the toy dept. and was just as interested and fascinated as any of those real youngsters.

I bought Harold's Christmas present- a blue silk bathrobe. I also got gifts for Don's baby, and for Ruth Bartlett Nelson's new little baby-girl, Joy.

In the afternoon Harold and I went to a show, then drove home and got here at about 9:30. We both enjoyed the day a lot.

We went to see Svengali not long ago. It was quite a weird play, but very well acted. Have you seen it? Basketball has started at the church, so from now on, we will be pretty busy until Easter.

I wrote Gould that Kathie wrote that her one big desire for Christmas was money for a new winter coat. I guess she has that in this letter. Shall we all send her money for that individually with any other little thing that we might want to send? Gould sent a list for each of the three of them and said he was sending the same list to you and Kathie. Most of the things are small enough for one person to get, aren't they? Shall we get individually or together for them. If individually, what on the lists are you getting?

Gould asked about Mother's and Father's gifts. We got Father's while they were here, but I don't know what to say about Mother's. The only thing that I know she wants is one of those small lamps picturing Niagra

Falls and a fire- in action. She liked both of them and if we could find them and they are not too expensive I think she'd like to have both of them. She thought the Chinese would be so interested in them.

You asked what we wanted for Xmas.

You asked what we wanted for Xmas.

Harold  
Socks - #11  
Ties  
Gloves - #9 1/2  
Car clock

Subscription to Reader's Digest

Dorothy  
Stockings - to go with brown or black  
White silk slip  
Painter water pitcher

Did you see those square yellow dishes (breakfast set) that Aunt Molly got at the 10¢ store? I would love a set like that - plates, cups, & saucers.

So have you seen Aunt's green cream-soup set (bowls and plates).

Also, have you seen Aunt Myra's green cream-soup set (bowls and plates). If you see anything like that (same color) would you price it. I might want to get it for my self. I love hers.  
Much love, and write soon- Dot.

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[This letter dated **Dec. 24, 1931** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to all the folks. Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood Eddy are in Foochow and the Chinese look up to him. Willard summarizes Dr. Eddy's talks to the students. Willard tells of a 27 year old Chinese woman who joined the church against her friends and relatives wishes. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China  
December, 24<sup>th</sup>. 1931.

Dear All the Folks:-

Here starts another letter to all of you. The last general letter was dated Oct. 18<sup>th</sup>.  
December 31<sup>st</sup>. This is the way the time goes. You must not ask me to tell too minutely how it has been used.

Since writing the last family letter I have written someone about once a week or oftener. On Oct. 24<sup>th</sup> Mother and I went to Kuliang. We could find but one chair at the foot (it was rice harvest and the men were busy) so we took a chair between us and that meant I did most of the riding, for Mother would have it so and I have learned to be babied as you all will testify. Both of us stood the trip well and felt all the better for it. The house was hit by the typhoon but only the veranda much injured. I am now having the roof taken off and a new one put on. This one has been on since 1896. I have no complaint.

Dr. Sherwood Eddy and Mrs. Eddy were here Nov. 6 to 14<sup>th</sup>. This meant a lot of extras. I gave three or four talks to different groups in preparation and as many more in the follow- up work. He spoke some 24 times and Mrs. Eddy some twelve or more. He spoke to all classes of people, - students in five different groups and in as many places. At the University he has about two hundred, in the other places from 1200 to 2500. He spoke to 600 officials and their secretaries. He was in Mukden when the Japanese took the city and came here soon after. He read the telegrams he sent to Geneva and to the British and American governments to the audiences here and of course the Chinese were ready to proclaim him a god. Two other factors contributed to his success here; - there has been a lot of good work done by Chinese pastors, teachers and by missionaries among students and others. Then for ten years the anti-Christian movement has had the effect of repressing any ardent expression of Christianity on the part of students. For two years a movement among the students called The Back To The Church Movement has been gaining strength and has been active this fall. I should add a fourth factor, - for two months there was a special group of about eight hundred men and women in special preparation for what they called the Eddy Meetings. In

every place his meetings were crowded. In the meetings specially for government school student many had to leave the door and go away. There was not standing room. The order was perfect and all listened with earnest attention.

His message was much the same to all groups. Here are a few leaders.

China is facing the greatest crisis in her history.

In the north the Japanese are trying to take Manchuria.

In the middle an unprecedented flood with resultant famine and disease.

In the south rebellion.

All over the country, war, banditry, communism.

Why these calamities? Why China's weakness?

Corrupt official, - graft, squeeze, lust, dishonesty.

Several illustrations back up this statement.-As, - money was given for the strengthening of the dykes on the Yangtze. The money was pocketed by the officials and the floods resulted. \$1,000,000 was voted by the China Merchants Steamship Co. for repairs on one of its ships. The captain demanded 20% the mate 15% the chief engineer 10%. The workmen used what was left to repair the ship but the ship was not seaworthy. Why?

Five years ago when he first visited China, Japan and China were about equal in adopting modern methods. Now Japan is almost in a par with Western nations. China is impotent. Education, transportation, manufacturing, forestry, agriculture are not developed. Why? graft, squeeze, individualism. China is like so many grains of sand. The people do not work together.

Pointing to the students he said, - "Who will be the leaders, officials in China twenty years from now? You students now. Do you lie? Do you cheat in Examinations now? Then you will graft and squeeze twenty years from now.

"What will save China? Her people must get together. Now they are like sand, no cohesion. They must stop revolution and civil war, become united. Her people and officials must become honest. The officials are sucking the life out of the nation. They must become true. Graft and squeeze must stop. Communism cannot save China. It is built on hate, destruction and violent force. Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism cannot save China. All these are powerless in this Crisis. But the life that Jesus lived, the way that he taught can save China and all the nations. This is built on love and friendship."

While Eddy was here our church was holding a Retreat for Christian workers. Then followed immediately the Annual Meeting. Then came Thanksgiving. I gave the address at the service on that day under the auspices of the American Association. Then I audited the books for the work, I left home at 7:55 a.m. and got back about 4:00 p.m. each day. Mother went down and helped me three days.

On December 6<sup>th</sup>, the pastor of Lau Memorial Church here in the city invited me to conduct communion and receive new members. Thirty eight joined the church at that service. 24 students of Foochow College. The others were business men and nurses and others from the community.

One was an unmarried woman twenty seven years old. When she was twelve her parents sent her to a mission school. In about two months she came home one day and announced that she was a Christian and wanted to unite with the church. Her parents were not pleased and at the end of the term took her out of the school. She studied at home and in non Christian schools and is now teaching in a government school with a good salary. She attended the meeting of those who were intending to join the church, the Friday before Sunday Dec. 6<sup>th</sup>. There she bought a Testament and a hymn book. On Sunday morning her people remonstrated with her and did everything they could to dissuade her from going to church. She was firm. She told them that she was of age, was earning her own living, her parents were dead she was independent. They took away her good clothes, burned her Testament and hymn book and shut her in her room. She went to the kitchen for water and slipped out the back door. She took a ricksha and went to the church and asked the pastor to lend her money to pay for the ricksha. (her people had taken away her money) Just before service opened nine of her people came to the church and told the pastor that they did not want her to join. He did not know of their attitude before. He at once led them to her in his parlor and she again told them she was independent and as her parents were now dead she could do as she wished. Six of her friends went home. Three remained thru the reception of members. That meant that they were there for every part of the service but the communion, and one of them remained for that and met her at the close and walked home with her happily.

On December 13<sup>th</sup> Ellen and I went down to the University. We went down Saturday and stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Beach. I led Vespers on Sunday afternoon. When we left home it was warm. We went in summer clothes. We did however take sweaters. It rained that day and grew cold. At night it was winter. Sunday morning was clear and the ther. stood at 35 above. Frost was lying on the grass. We wore night clothes for warmth in the daytime.

December 19<sup>th</sup> I was off at 7:30 a.m. for the country fifteen miles away. This is a five mile walk after a three mile ricksha ride. Then an hour and a half in a boat. I board with the preacher and his wife here. They are

seventy years old and the fare is simple. Saturday evening we sat and talked with a young man who was to unite with the church the next day. Sunday morning the little chapel was full. This man and a child were baptized and he joined the church. I had planned to spend the afternoon in rest and writing. But some of the church members came in and we talked all afternoon. I'll hope to write again soon. With love    Father

