

1937

- Amelia Earhart is lost in the Pacific
- Hitler continues to build German power
- The Japanese begin occupation of China in August
- Gould and Virginia are in LaGrange, Illinois
- Cynthia Elmer was born December 19, 1937 to Kathleen and Hugh in Florida
- Marjorie is back in the U.S.
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are living in La Grange, Illinois
- Willard and Ellen are in the U.S.
- Willard is 72, Ellen- 69, Gould- 41, Geraldine- 39, Dorothy- 36, Marjorie- 31, Kathleen- 29.



Undated photo of Beard ladies dressed in Chinese clothing taken at Century Farm -about 1937
L to R: Marjorie Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Mary Beard, probably Edith Beard Valentine, Phebe Maria Beard,
Kathleen Beard Elmer.

[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte and women identified by Jill Jackson.]



Undated photo of Phebe Maria Beard and Mary Beard in Chinese clothing.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **January 19, 1937**, was written from New York City, New York by Marjorie to her father and all the rest. She is a governess for a Teresa Peabody and tells about her responsibilities. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Care Mrs. J.D. Peabody
18 E. 84th St.
New York.
Tuesday Night.
Jan. 19th [1937]

Dear Father and all the rest,

Things are growing brighter. But it's always darkest before the dawn- this was the worst day I've had yet, and it seems as if I had been here a week. I can't get over the feeling that I'm in a prison, tho a rather pleasant one.

I got up at 7:15 so that I could get my hair fixed before going down to wake Teresa, for that's always the longest part of my dressing and I want to be sure of it. At 7:30 I went down to wake Teresa, Ray going with me this first time. She has warned me that Teresa is hard to get up and frightfully slow about all her operations simply because she (and all the rest of the children) have no conception of the value of time.

Here Ray came in with an orange and sat down for another good long talk. I'm glad of the orange for I was starved. I'm really going to lose here, for, tho the food is delicious, one just does take small helpings (everything is passed) and I never take seconds. Dessert is always fruit or custard, sometimes with small cookies. How I miss Aunt Mary's apple pies that melt in your mouth! There's no place like home!

Well, Teresa at last got down to breakfast, and ate a pretty good one. She eats practically nothing at dinner. Lunch she has at school.

I got left when the car took Muriel, Ray and Teresa off to school, because I didn't hear them go down. It was my own fault, I had my wraps all on. The stairs and halls are padded with carpets almost two inches thick so you can't hear anyone. I washed Teresa's stockings, pressed her skirt, looked over her clean stockings and found no holes, looked thru her dresses on eager quest for something to mend and was rewarded by finding a sleeve- seam with an inch split in it!!! After that was all done I asked Ray if there wasn't some thing I could do for her- but no. Well there were 2 ½ hours until lunch and nothing to do. So I began mending my own stockings. Nothing is so depressing and nerve-racking as feeling you ought to be busy and having nothing to do. Presently Mrs. P. came along and sent me on the immensely important errand of buying a needle-book for my work basket! At least I got a walk out of it and any chance of getting out of the house is like release from prison. Poor lady, I think she even is hard put to it to think of things for me to do.

Ray asked me to walk to Muriel's school with her at 12:15 to get M. I jumped at the chance. Ray is so comfortable and satisfying. She's a perfect dear- my chief friend and helper here- tho all the servants go more than halfway to be nice. Really, I do think that most of the people in this world are nice. I expected to get all sorts of bumps in job-hunting and in this kind of work but I've had none yet.

After lunch- from which Mr. P. retired in a coughing fit (his cough sounds worse than a consumptive's). He's had a stroke and is just getting on his feet again. Awfully young for a stroke- about 50, and the nurse says he'll never be strong again.

Well, to resume, after lunch I telephoned down to find out about tickets for Teresa and me for the opera Saturday afternoon. We're going to hear Flagstad in "Tales of Hoffman", Aunt Phebe, as you suggested! But no response from the box office, so I'm going to the Opera House tomorrow morning to get them, another errand to take me out. I'm reading up on the opera, to educate Teresa. They have a large library here- the book I have on "Opera Synopses" came out of it.

Then I went downtown to Altman's- first time I've ever been in- to do some bits of shopping for Teresa- dress buttons etc.

Teresa came home tonight on the school bus at quarter to five, and my job is to meet her. I found that she'd sprained a few ligaments in her foot playing basket ball. We soaked it in hot and cold water alternately and the nurse did it up with adhesive.

Since Mr. P. doesn't like to cough at table, he and Mrs. P. are dining alone at 7, and all the rest of us eat at 6. We have lots more fun- the two children, Ray, the nurse and I.

After supper we, Teresa and I set to work on her lessons. She goes to bed at 8:30, so then I was free. But I really have very little time with her on week days. She goes to dancing school at five tomorrow afternoon, that will be fun. I find I can't skate when she goes to skating on Tuesday's (she didn't go today) for it's a special Junior club.

I've promised to knit a sweater for Mrs. P.- one that she promised to send to the Kentucky mountains. That's the way to do your missionary work- by proxy!

During the month of February, while the Peabodys are south, Teresa and I are going to stay at the house of a cousin of Mr. P.'s, who is godfather to these children. He and his wife have no children. Ray says he is very silent. Mrs. P. says the wife has always wanted to be a missionary, so she thinks we'll hit it off beautifully. Ray says they're lovely people, so I'm expecting a very pleasant time, especially as Teresa will probably be on her best behavior.

Teresa really studied hard tonight. She has brains if she'd only use them. She's really clever. But she used her cleverness to the worst possible advantage. But she really seemed interested in what I had to say, so I hope I've begun to touch her slightly. So this ends on a bright note. Lots of love to everyone.

The kiddies will be going the day you get this so kiss them each for me and take their pictures- don't forget. Monnie

[At the top of the letter, Ellen wrote:]

Please forward as follows:-

Mrs. Hugh Elmer, Clearwater, Florida, R.D. 1.

Mrs. Harold C. Newberg, 2306 N. Bond St. Saginaw, Mich.

Mr. M. Gould Beard 610 N. Catherine, LaGrange, Ill.

Then back to Mrs. W.L. Beard,

Shelton, Conn.

Don't destroy; they're history.

*[This letter, dated **January 20, 1937**, was written from New York City, New York by Marjorie to Jerry and the family. Marjorie talks about her duties and goals as a governess to Teresa Peabody. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

18 E. 84th St.
New York City
Jan. 20, 1937.

Dear Jerry and the family,

Father's letter came this afternoon- Teresa handed it to me when we came in from dancing class- and I fairly shouted with joy. I certainly did "like to see an envelope from home" Father, and that's putting it mildly. I'll answer the letter first.

As I wrote you last night, Teresa and I are going to move to a cousin of Mr. P.'s on the first of Feb. or thereabouts, so I'm afraid I shall have to make arrangements with those people. I'm sure they wouldn't mind my taking a couple of hours off on that Monday afternoon, since Teresa is at school until 5 anyway, that day. I'll write you about it the first week in February.

Today has been a day of the greatest emotional ups and downs. I really think I've got the clue as to what's the trouble with Teresa, but I'm holding my breath.

This morning's work was insignificant in comparison with the findings of afternoon and evening. I spent most of it trotting around town buying opera tickets for Sat. afternoon and arranging at the Berlitz School of Languages in Radio City for my first lesson in English on Friday morning. I'm to arrange for the succeeding lesson each time, for my schedule here at home isn't at all fixed. It was very snowy and blowy but I loved it, for this is real winter. The snow plows have been working all afternoon and snow piles taller than a man are scattered along the sides of the streets.

Teresa came home for lunch, and we washed her hair, bathed her and practiced piano from then till five, when she went to the Plaza Hotel (Mrs. Beaumont-Smith's hotel, Jerry) for her dancing class. During her dressing and the ride down something must have impressed her as especially clumsy and inexperienced about me for suddenly she asked as we rode along, "Have you ever taken care of anybody before?" And I explained that I hadn't. She was silent for while and then said "Do you like it?" in a more gentle and interested voice than I've heard her use before.

When we got to the hotel, the fact that she now knew I was "green" made me "greener" still. But I think she felt for me, because she guided me about most watchfully in a rather shy, awkward way. It was so queer, being taken care of by someone I was supposed to be in charge of. My prize faux pas came when she was taking off her wraps- a red felt hat and a lovely little red velvet coat. She wore white kid gloves, and in a spasm of helpfulness I burst out "I'll take your gloves." "I'm wearing them," she said, and I sank thru the floor.

When we started upstairs for the ball room (it must have been that, with the crystal chandeliers, little balconies etc.) one of the other girls promptly attached herself to Tray (as every one calls her) and her nurse and I walked side by side in silence for awhile, but finally introduced ourselves, and she- dear lady- took me under her wing when she found I was new, and I blessed her for it. We told her all about "our families". She had been with hers for 24 years and had served three generations. They were real aristocrats for the old dowager to whom she is lady's maid has never put on or taken off her own shoes and stockings. My friend said it proudly. They are Rhinelanders- Germans, I suppose? The girl looked it.

The dancing class was fascinating- all girls, between 12 and 17, dressed beautifully in all colors of velvet and silk, about half had gloves. I learned four new dance steps- if I can ever remember them.

I felt for the first time that jealous pride of servants for their families, for Teresa compared well with the other girls. She is small for her age (Ray says she thinks that's part of what's eating her), but she has a perfect little figure, lovely legs and arms, the cutest most characteristic walk- I'd know her by it anywhere, and an abundance of dark, naturally wavy hair cut in a long bob. She's not pretty, but her large, dark eyes are lovely. (You'd think this was a novel. Truth is stranger than fiction.)

I was amused and touched when the teacher announced at the end of the class that there would be no class next week, that Teresa caught my eye solicitously to be sure I'd got it.

I usually come up to my room right after supper to give Teresa a little time alone with her parents before they go down for their dinner. When I went down to her room, she was industriously studying. Exams are coming next week, so she's a bit interested. Ray says her report card last quarter was so bad that they didn't show it to her parents. She's bright, but indifferent- another of my reformation jobs. She's absolutely unashamed, outwardly, of bad marks, tardiness, etc. Ray says she has no Achilles' heel. We'll see.

I'm surprised at her ability to organize and choose her material for review. She simply won't let me do a thing, but tells me just what to hear her say, and has me ask her dates and declensions and conjugations backwards and forwards unsparing of herself. When she applies herself that way she does it amazingly easily. During the year she evidently just doesn't. Her brother was on the honor roll of his class at Groton, last term.

During her prolonged process of undressing we got to talking about her faults and virtues- I had planned to have a talk with her tonight, and was just steeling myself, when suddenly we just fell into the subject so naturally. And it gave me my golden opportunity; I spoke very frankly about her attitude toward her mother which I think shocking and said so. But I went on to say I wasn't going to nag- esp. about her slowness morning and night- she's forever late. And she burst right out that that's why she was so stubborn- because they all constantly nagged. I'm so hoping that the trouble is as simple as that - do you suppose it can be? Everyone is always telling her to do or not to do something, regardless of who's around. It's so inconsiderate of her feelings. If she were a moron it would be different. But she's of more than average intelligence, and sensitive, I think, so she covers it up with a hard little crust of seeming indifference and defiance. All the nagging has become absolutely meaningless she does exactly as she pleases. Ray says Mrs. P. is utterly powerless with any of the children- even 7-year-old Muriel. Last summer when Ray was away for two days, they told her Muriel ran wild and they were all thankful when she came back. To reform Teresa is the main reason why they got her a governess.

After I had explained that I wasn't going to nag, I asked her what I would do if she didn't do as she knew she ought. I told her she was old and intelligent enough to watch time herself and see that she kept to the schedule she knew perfectly well. She thought for a minute and then suggested that I try her tomorrow- just wake her and not come down to see whether she was up, until I was dressed myself. So I agreed. She even told me breakfast was supposed to be at quarter to eight. She's never down till 8. And this morning she asked me to wake her early to study for a quiz today, and then I went down at quarter to 8 to take her down to breakfast and she was still in bed. I felt like pulling the clothes right off her. But I knew that any demonstration on my part would only make her worse. So I just seemed slightly shocked, and let it go at that. Then's when I resolved on the talk tonight. I've been rather feeling my way toward a plan of action and this morning brought it to a head.

When I said goodnight to her finally I remarked that I thought the plan would work. She flung back gaily, "That's what you think." But I'm hoping that's just a face-saver.

I'm awfully glad she is what she is. She has a strong and most interesting personality, and is essentially serious. She smiles seldom for a child of her age. While we were waiting in the hotel lobby, there was an orchestra playing in another room, and she remarked that she didn't like jazz, only to dance to. At supper she said something about these women who go around all painted up. Neither she nor Muriel ever wear any jewelry. They are really brought up very simply.

Poor Teresa has hardly a minute to herself all day. Except for Friday and Saturday her whole week is full. Maybe that's not exactly simple, but their home life is.

I hope you haven't been bored by this letter. It was an emotional necessity. I was so down at the dancing class because I seemed socially a failure as a governess. Then I was so encouraged by that talk with Teresa tonight- I just had to get it out of my system.

Tomorrow afternoon I'm off. I think I'll go and see Pearl and Bill. They may even invite me to supper. I'll also call Miriam Samuels. I'll try to arrange to go out to Aunt Mollies' next week. It may not be possible to go to the Oberlin supper. I find I can borrow one of the boy's radios from the nurse, and plug it in right beside my bed Saturday night. Grand eh? Did Willard have his hair cut?

When is Jerry coming down? Aunt Phebe, those handkerchiefs are such a comfort now I have enough so that I can send them to the laundry and not have to do any myself.

Lots of love to all, Monnie

*[This letter, dated **January 31, 1937**, was written from Marjorie to the folks at the farm. Marjorie tells more about her job as governess to the Peabody family. She has visited with some acquaintances. She expects to stay about one more month. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

18 E. 84th St.
New York, N.Y.
Jan. 31, 1937.

Dear Folks at the Farm,

Mr. and Mrs. Peabody have left for Florida and we are having a very quiet Sunday afternoon. Since it is so dreary outside, and not too warm inside, and I'm going to be in my room all afternoon, I've lighted a fire for the first time, in my fireplace, and the soft coal is making a cheery blaze which I do so wish you were all here to share with me. Ray, Muriel and I are alone in the house- except for the servants below. Teresa has gone for the weekend to Long Island with her godparents and will not be back till tonight. I had thought I'd ask to be off today and come up to the Farm and surprise you. But I saw that it wouldn't work, because Mrs. P. would have things to tell me at the last minute, and she has already made two concessions for me- last Monday night when Miss Grutchfield came and last Friday night when I went to the Oberlin dinner- so I'm stuck here. I shall get some of my correspondence done; and Ray gave me a card from St. James Episcopal Church, where the Peabody's go, which she got this morning when she took Muriel to S.S., telling about a special service there, to which I may go tonight.

Thursday afternoon I was off. Did a bit of shopping, went to the Trans-Lux, the new movie house at 60th St., which the children go to nearly every week and saw very impressive pictures of the flood. Had supper and came home to get my skating things. Met Miriam Samuels and we went to Madison Sq. Garden rink. The ice was terribly chewed up and my skates were too sharp to go well, and Miriam wasn't feeling too well, so we left at ten o'clock. But we had a very satisfying talk, and she gave me all sorts of encouragement. She's going to be very tied down from now on, for she's taking three courses at Columbia T.C. this semester. Both families with which she has worked have told her she ought to do something with children, since she is so very gifted along that line; so she's decided to take training to be a primary teacher, and plans to do three courses this semester and complete her work with full-time study next year. Besides, she says, teachers get more than librarians. Miriam is very self-assured, isn't she, Jerry? She felt quite capable of giving me all the advice needed for my job. Otherwise I liked her. She was much surprised that I had had any trouble finding work. She had had five offers, all the families eager to get someone they could trust. They baby she has charge of improved tremendously in the first two weeks she had him, and all the trouble with him was that his former nurse had been giving him paregoric to keep him quiet. She says many nurses do that to save themselves trouble. I don't wonder mothers want someone they can trust!

Friday night was most satisfying. Just as soon as I reached the place I found Esther Radachy, a psych. major whom I knew in Oberlin and with her was a 1928 man, whom I never knew at college, but whose face I knew. And he had since been in China- Shanghai, banking- and knew of Father, so we immediately had something in common. I'm enclosing the program of speeches given afterwards. And as you see, I at last heard and saw John Gurney. He looked much the same, and sang well with real operatic drama and finish and effortlessness. After two arias and a funny English folk song, he sang "Ole Man River" which he declares will become a classic. Mr. McDonald spoke of all the peace-preserving measures which have been tried- war, League, disarmament, etc., - and of the failure, and left us with a rather pessimistic view of the world, which Pres. Wilkins was supposed to brighten by giving us some suggestions as to what we could do about it. In speaking of writing to Senators and Representatives to let them know how their constituency thinks, he told of one (of several) letters written by an Oberlin student last year, in the answer to which was a confession by the Congressman that that letter had made him resolve to study up seriously on international affairs. I thought that was noteworthy.

After the dinner, I spoke to Judy Van der Pyl, saw Ethel Metcalf ?, who was so cordial and thought Jerry a great rascal for not writing, and is going to write her to come for a visit. Polly Root was there but I had no chance to speak to her. I saw Henry Douglas (whom I met in the subway that day, Jerry) and met his wife who is a very interesting person of Porto Rican birth, and of Japanese-Spanish parentage (what a combination!) who is interested in social work and knows Rhienhold Neibur (whom she calls "Rheiny") and his wife well, and adores them both. The Douglasses have invited me up any time I can come, and have asked me to come with them to a class (I guess at the Theolog. Seminary) on the Bible as literature every Thursday night. She wears the pants in that household, I think. I never did think there was much to Henry.

Yesterday morning we got Teresa ready and moved her things down to 67th St. where she will stay next month. I shall have to see her to the bus each morning, and take her home from school and see that she is dressed for dinner each night, so I'll get plenty of exercise, thank goodness walking the 17 blocks at least twice each day. And I intend to walk whenever I have time, for the exercise.

Teresa left with her godparents yesterday noon, and in the afternoon I took care of Muriel for Ray, since the latter couldn't have gotten off today, and she will be tied down without any days off, as I will be, next month. In the mornings when the children are at school, and in the evenings when the children are in bed, we will be able to do our errands and get our recreation. I'll be off earlier in the evening because Mrs. P. says when I have dressed Teresa for dinner I'm done for the day- about 6:30 or seven. So I'll be able to stay in for Ray sometimes in the evenings. I'm taking care of Mrs. P.'s mail, too. She gave me my first check today, for about \$35, for the two weeks I've been here. It isn't half a month of 31 days, so it's not \$40. I shall have to keep all of it and wait to begin payments until next month, for I need some new clothes (Mrs. P. has said nothing further about helping me with them, so I'll have to get a blouse and dress) and Mrs. P. gave me \$10 for expenses during the month, and if they run over I'll have to dig into my own purse, she said, until they come home, so I dare not risk running short. We, Teresa and I, have spent more than that in the last two weeks.

Father and Mother, Mrs. Peabody said I could have you up here to call. So either next Monday morning or afternoon, come up to 18 E. 84th and, if you'll write me when to expect you, I'll be here. Get the Madison Ave. up-town bus at the corner of 43 rd and Madison and get off at 84th. Cross Madison Ave. after you get off and it's about the third door down. Just ring the bell. Wallett, the butler, will be expecting you. If you could stay for a later train than the 4:30, we could have tea. Write me anyway. Bring the aunts or Jerry with you if you can. I shall be free until about 5:15 when I go to get Teresa from her music lesson.

Her skating lesson on Tuesday was as much fun for me as for her. The darling costumes, and the tiny children, and the really beautiful skaters among the girls from 10 to 15, were fascinating to watch. Two little 11-year-olds are far on the way to becoming Sonia Heinies. One tiny four-year-old boy in a yellow knitted suit persistently trudged (you could hardly call it skating) round and round and round hanging on to the railing. I don't believe he stopped once during the hour and a half period!

Want to hear some gossip? Mr. Peabody has just paid his income tax- \$28,000.00. Mrs. P. says "Isn't that robbery?" Mrs. P. just bought a new hostess gown for informal, at-home dinners- dark red trimmed with fur, with a bustle ruffle and a short train- \$200.00 [*using an online inflation calculator, this equates to about \$3,000 in 2007*]. (This from Ray, who is the eager vendor of all such information, bless her. I like her better every day, she's so good hearted.)

Anne, the chamber-maid, says Teresa is getting better natured. Otherwise, I can't see much change in her. Tho I know I influence some of her opinions, I can't seem to change her actions much. Miriam Samuels says "Have patience. I didn't begin to see any change in my three-year-old girl until lately, and I've been with my family since early fall. Teresa is 13 and you've been with her only two weeks." In a way, I'm sorry she's going away during February, tho Ray and I agree it will be the very best thing for her to have to toe the mark with no one to give in to her. But now I can't see what I could have done with her. Any changes will be attributable to her training at her godparent's. They are both awake to her problems.

Please send my trunk- it looks as if I were going to stay at least a month more! And send me the bill for expressing it. I'll also pay Father for the skates and things Jerry so kindly sent (they got here at 7 o'clock Thurs. morning!) and he can repay her.

Thankyou, Aunt Phebe, for your most welcome letter. Letters are events these days. Dorie's letter was good, Jerry. I'm enclosing it in case you want it again. Lots of love to all, Monnie.

I tried the small portable radio a week ago last night, but couldn't get any Canadian station, tho they all insist they've had even England on it. Last night I was so dead sleepy, I didn't sit up. But next Saturday night I'm going to try again. Did you hear my message go thru?

[This letter, dated **March 1937**, was written from Century Farm by Virginia to Ellen in Putnam. She thanks Ellen for watching young Willard and Hazel. Gould is away with work and they are in the process of moving from Cincinnati to La Grange, Ill. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Century Farm
Shelton, Connecticut

[March 1937]
Monday afternoon

Mother Dear-

I have a very guilty feeling that I haven't written and told you how much both Gould and I appreciated the generous and splendid care you gave our kiddies while with you here.

We were so anxious that they both learn to know and love you and Father as they do the rest of both families and it certainly accomplished it I think, if the amount of discussion of Grandma means anything. I've been told by them all the nice things you did for them. How grandma slept in the room so that you'd hear them if they called, shown the splendid patches that were put on the knees (they are holding out better than the rest of the suits), all about singing with Grandma and countless other things.

You were a jewel to do it my Dear and Gould and I can't say thank you enough.

Our house is only about half settled. We couldn't get our goods out of Cincinnati, but they were not the least bit damaged and we'll probably have them in another month. The kitchen, and bedroom and the kiddies room is complete, the dining room still boasts only a card table and the living room a studio couch, folding chair, world globe on floor standard, Encyclopedia Britannica, and my serving cabinet. The studio couch will go into our third bedroom which is going to be fixed up as a den.

I'm hoping that Dot and Harold may be able to come down and spend Easter with us.

I haven't seen Gould very much since Christmas. He left Chicago Jan 3rd and got back Jan 15th. Then left again Feb. 5th and isn't back yet. You see he is testing and taking delivery on 5 more Douglas planes for us. He had gotten three of them when the strike set in! They were supposed to open today again but don't know whether they were able. So haven't any real idea when he'll be back; certainly hope it is soon for we don't either of us enjoy these separations.

I had planned to stay East until Gould was ready to leave the coast but if he isn't leaving within a week I think I'll pick up the kiddies and go back to LaGrange anyway. I just don't feel that I should be away much longer, for I have altogether too much to do back there and then too I want to get the kiddies back in school again.

Tuesday morning-

I'm on my way into New York for the day. The enclosed advertisement I thought might interest you. I'm going to look at them this morning and will tell Monnie about them on the phone so that if you should want one for Aunt Emma she could get it for you on Thursday if you let her know right away.

How I wish I might get up to Putnam, before I leave but it is quite impossible. Do give my love to Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma. It was so nice seeing them at Christmas.

I have been at the farm since last Friday and probably will stay until this Thursday or Friday.

Mother is going into N.Y.C. with me and just asked that I be sure and send her regards to you.

I'm so glad you can have this nice visit in Putnam but am very sorry I won't see you again before I leave, but will hope to see you in Chicago soon after we finally get all settled.

Much Love
Virginia

[This letter, dated **March 8, 1937**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her mother, Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert. She thanks Emma for the dress for Jill. They visited the Ringling Brother's winter quarters in Sarasota, Florida. The Elmer's garden is abundant this year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

March 8 [1937]

Dear Mother, Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert,

News has been rather scarce from you folks in the North this month but I am presuming that you, Mother, are still in Putnam and Father is at the Farm. I see that I made a mistake in sending his birthday socks there but you knew what to do with them anyway.

Since I wrote the above the darling little blue dress from Aunt Emma came. Thankyou so very much Aunt Emma. It is sweet and just Jill's color. She wanted to put it on right away so we tried it on and found it a perfect fit. She will wear it a lot this spring and summer.

We had a little birthday party for our two-year-old last Wednesday, having her three cousins, her grandmother and Aunt Enid over to help celebrate. The children had a grand time breaking six balloons and eating jello and cake. Here are some recent snaps of her and her cousins. The one showing the zebras was taken down at Sarasota when we visited the Ringling Bros. winter quarters. The one with Jill under the parasol was taken in our back yard. Something blemished the film and left a mark on her feet but it is pretty good otherwise. She isn't fond of having her picture taken and I have a hard time making her pose. She is growing so fast now that she out grows her clothes in a few months. She has shot up more than an inch since you saw her and has done a little filling out too. She isn't so shy now and I'm sure she would take to you all in a few minutes if she could see you.

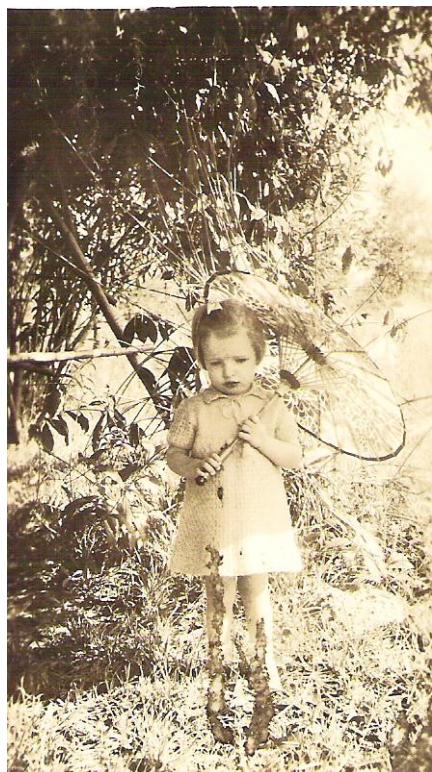
Father Elmer's garden is bearing lots of strawberries and peas now, so many in fact that they have a canning fest every week and I go over to help. This year has been the best so far for growing vegetables and he is encouraged by the abundant harvest he is getting. The first two winters here were very bad- too cold and rainy, but I guess they would call this a normal Florida winter.

Two weeks ago a friend of Mother Elmer's from her days in Turkey came for a four day visit. The other house is full so we entertained her here for nights and breakfasts. Perhaps you, Mother, have heard of her, Miss Worley, now of Salonici, Greece. The A.B.C.F.M. is withdrawing support from the girl's school there and Miss Worley is raising funds in this country to continue the work. We found her very interesting and lovely. She remembered Phebe in Oberlin and said she had heard of you and Father.

I fear I never answered Aunt Emma's good letter which came in January. I did send a card to Aunt Viola tho, and hope it reached her in time for her birthday. I do love to get your letters Aunt Emma and will be more prompt about answering your next one. Yours and Mother's birthdays are coming soon and I suppose you will celebrate together. I'll send some good wishes now and more when the time comes for both of you.

We all send our love to all three of you-

Kathleen



Jill Elmer



[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated **March 19, 1937**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to Monnie. Kathleen had a birthday party for Jill. She tells about their family life in Florida. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

March 19 [1937]

Dear Monnie:

Guess I haven't written since your birthday have I? But have been what I call "busy" for the last few weeks. Other people probably wouldn't say I did much but Jill can consume so much time and I have been helping the family some.

Your two letters have been gobbled up and re-gobbled in the usual way and I could stand more. I must correct you on your niece's age however. You must be thinking of Willard for Jill has had only two years of illumined life. She loves her new doll and is forever wanting me to undress it. I do think Jerry and the Aunts got up a very cute outfit and am eager to see your creation. Don't hurry on it tho; because there is no danger of the baby getting cold in this weather. We had a little party for Jill to which Mother, Enid and the three children came. Five balloons entranced them until eating time and the popping of four disturbed them not at all. I made a little cake with robin's-egg blue frosting and pink candles which we ate with jello and tea (orange juice for the little ones). It wasn't much of a party but the children got a kick out of it.

I know how "suspended" you feel about word from Ralph and I hope it comes soon. Is he coming down to N.Y or just to Montreal? Are you going to quit work in June anyway and does Mrs. P. have any idea that you are only a temporary governess?

Jerry said "narry" a word in her letters about her nose. Will these operations clear up her bronchial trouble? I wish my nose could be excavated too for it does me little good as is, and isn't any decoration either.

We did see Maid of Salem when it was here and liked it very much. Romeo and Juliet was also grand. I am very fond of Norma Shearer and she is so sweet as Juliet. There are several other good shows I would like to see but we can't always arrange to go when they are showing in Clearwater. "Lost Horizon" and "Winterset" are on our list of must sees, and I'd love to see Sonya Heinie's skating in "One in a Million."

Pearl is on another rampage now. She is completely absent and no help at all so I've been helping with washing and picking vegetables over there and have done lots of driving for Father this week. I like to drive but it takes time to go to Clearwater and St. Pete and I don't get much done here. Of course Jill goes with me everywhere and, while she likes to ride, she gets restless on long drives and wants to get out. I'll be rather glad when Rol stops work again and can be their chauffeur. He says he is going to take his family North this summer to stay. He's disgusted with jobs down here and thinks things will be going better in Warren again. We will miss them awfully- especially Jill will miss Molly. I don't know what Mother will do without Enid.

I sent some snaps of Jill to the Farm and to Mother so maybe you can get a look at them since I haven't enough prints to go around. I thought maybe your picture would come today so held this over for comment but, it didn't and I want to send this on.

This week a Miss Bailey (I think that's the name) and Miss Shelton and two other ladies stopped to call. I don't remember any of them very well but was glad to see them. She, Miss Bailey, raved about how sweet and interesting you were and how she enjoyed Father's talks. Fortunately I had just been to Clearwater and so looked half way presentable. We are going again this Sunday to see the Nichols and have supper with them. I think they must be leaving shortly for the north, but am not sure.

I must get to work on some of my lagging correspondence, much as I don't feel like it. Jill can say your name (Monnie) very plainly, but Aunt Jerry sounds something like "Ann Duwy". She calls herself Du (Jill) and me "Kassie". She fell the length of Mothers back steps the other day (about 8) and scratched her nose and forehead so looks quite banged up. Love as ever Kathie

[This letter, dated **March 27, 1937**, was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen. She wishes Ellen a happy 70th birthday. Etta updates Ellen on her family and various acquaintances. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Oberlin March 27/37

Dear Ellen:-

Birthday Greetings to you on the 29th! How does it feel to be almost 70 yrs old? Not much change in feelings from year to year I can tell by experience. You must be feeling younger, rather than older, with your grandchildren, if you are like father, who felt ten years younger after the twins came. Grandchildren, - two in one order, rejuvenated him.

It is always a question what to get people (who have nearly everything) for a present. Should I send you a rose bush or another apron? As you do wear aprons, and probably do not have time to make them as you are busy with speaking engagements, am sending you another, which I bought at our Bazaar. You will think my selection of both rather gay but all of those on sale seemed to be very colorful, and seeing much color in China you are accustomed to it. I am giving Emma a rose bush, and that would have been equally appropriate for you; as you will, no doubt, have a little patch at the farm where you can cultivate flowers of your own choice.

I'm wondering if Marjorie is liking her work better as she continues as governess. No doubt she is enjoying N.Y. City. Quite different from Labrador isn't it? Stewart disliked to leave the city. He enjoyed the Y.M.C.A. advantages; Fordich's church; and the Lake Chatauqua reunions, and the hikes with Geraldine, and others. He likes his work much better now in the Acceptance Dept. of General Motors. It takes him out doors and he was looking better after he was in Youngstown a few weeks. In N.Y. he took "bottled sunshine" – (Cod Liver Oil in Capsules) to keep fit. We expected him home last week end but did not come, and again this week end with Millicent but he is so busy the last of the month he could not get away. His work was held up a little by the strike. His roommate's father died, and he went home to take his father's business; Stewart was given his work; and he has been busy since.

Millicent came yesterday for a week's vacation. Lucybelle and Myron will be in Sunday to dinner. They were over Tues. evening to attend the Conservatory Concert. The Orchestra of 90 pieces gives two free concerts a year.

The Girls Glee Club has just given its home concert. I went last year but did not go this year. They are on their concert tour in the South and West.

Mrs. Van der Pyl passed away a few weeks ago; buried in N. Hampshire. Think it must have been at their summer home. Prof. Miller's wife died a week ago. Think you must have known her. She taught children in the Conservatory until two yrs. ago. Two sisters of Mrs. Upton have recently died. One was Mrs. Nelson, who has been a missionary in China, and the other Miss Elmore, who has been a teacher in Brooklyn. When she retired ten years ago, she and her friend, Miss Henry, built a nice house on Morgan St. They were both making a visit in Brooklyn when Miss Elmore died suddenly.

Prof. and Mrs. Upton are spending their sabbatical in Washington and she has been called home twice by the death of her sisters.

Elbert writes he has decided to make his trip this summer, but did not say when he planned to start.

I will probably go East about June 23- as the reunion at Mt. Harmon is 25-28. I will be with Emma a while, during Elbert's absence, and hope you will be in Putnam at the same time.

I suppose Marjorie has not made any definite plans about her wedding.

Millicent is going up town so I'll conclude this that she may mail it. I sent the apron to Shelton day before yesterday, and I hope this letter may reach you before you start for Putnam. Elbert said you were to be there April 1st.

We are having real winter. Quite a lot of snow. There will be few Easter outfits tomorrow.

Mrs. Davis led a women's meeting in Fairchild chapel in new Theol. Building Friday at 7 o'clock, and a meeting followed at the church at 8; Communion was held Thurs. Night. Have heard Lent services over the radio from Detroit.

I enclose Mrs. Davis outline.

Birthday Greetings- and Easter Greetings to all

With love-

Etta.

I intended to remember the Feb. birthdays in your family, but failed to look them up in time. We have five in March in our family. Bobbie 12, Helen 13, Donald 31, Stewart and Millicent 16th.

*[This letter, dated **March 27, 1937**, was written from Fukien province, China by W.H. Topping. He tells Willard about a dispute over some land that their church is on and asks Willard for a written statement that might shed any light on the situation. A response by Willard to Mr. Topping's letter is written at the end of the letter. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Church of Christ in China
Mid Fukien Synod
Mar. 27, 1937.

Dear Mr. Beard:

There are so many things piling up that I have been hoping to write you about, that I must not delay any longer. We have greatly appreciated your fine letters which have come to the mission one way or another. They all give the impression that you are kept busy, not only with pigs and cattle, but with speaking, and strenuous social rounds. We envy you your good home life in the land of the free, etc. I am herewith enclosing some pictures which we took the day you left, and some taken before that time. They are very poor, but perhaps will serve to stir your memory of the send off early in the morning over at Dong-ciu. I could not get a shot at Mrs. Beard's face, so had to be content with the back of her head. I hope that you got some good ones on the way home. We got some great pictures on our last trip.

Now, to open the meeting, the first matter of business, is Au-cieu. After Sing-gang's death, the son Nguk-guong claimed the day school property, and collected the rent. He said that he had the deed to it given by his father, and it was registered etc. in good shape. We did not hurry to dispute his claim. We consulted lawyer Gong, and he said that since we had the deed of the land, that the property built thereon after we bought the land, could only be claimed if we had given permission to the builder-owner to build it. We of course had given no such permission, because the building was supposedly our own and not Sing-gang's. It looked as if Sing-gang's family were trying to freeze on to the property. They soon got to see this themselves, and gave up that trench of "Ownership". The next claim was that the church owed the family \$280 for a loan made by someone to Sing-gang at the time the school building was built. The money the family claims is still owing, and so the Church must pay this. I told Nguk-guong I was willing to investigate. I told him that Newell was one of the committee and he had better to [go] and see Pop. This Nguk-guong and wife did at once. Pop told them that he himself was the treasurer when the school building went up, and he and no one else handled the money, and that he had squared up everything absolutely. This was a stagerer, and they told Pop that the \$280 had nothing whatever to do with the school building, but was connected with the church building. This was trench number three. We wonder if you can remember anything about the building of the Church. They have never made any claim to that property, and we are sure that no one would loan funds on Church property to an individual. Even if it were true, it could be the church committee which would be responsible, and not the District. We would be glad if you could put any statement in writing on a separate sheet of paper, if you can make a statement which you think would be of value. The week before Sin-gang died, Ling Iu-cu and I had a long talk with Sing-gang and settled up all his claims on the church. He owed the District treasurer \$39 and signed papers to have that paid out of 1937 subsidy to his church. He said nothing about anyone owing him any money. The accounts showing debt of \$280 were in the year 1916. i.e. their family accounts. (My typewriter is gone bad) We have an account showing Sing-gang borrowed \$100 from the Treasurer in 1917, so that it is not likely the Synod owed him.

I am enclosing a letter from Ung Huai-iu which I will not try to translate. It is his usual appeal for funds, which you can understand without reading. Many others have been here wanting me to make an appeal to you on their behalf. Pang from Au-seu, is very anxious for me to make a strong appeal for him. You know the situations at these places. Len Christian has been doing some good work at Au-seu, and there is promise of good there. It is as you know run under the auspices of Hartwell Memorial Church. This brings up thoughts of Pastor Guok. He has never bent a hair from his former attitude of having done nothing wrong about Sing-gang's wedding. He has not submitted to discipline and has gone on conducting his own Communion services. The subsidy to his church was cut off because of their attitude toward their Pastor's insubordination. The matter thus stands as it was. At the Pastor's Association which met this week, a resolution was passed asking him to come to the meetings - - - which he has not been attending. The meetings are for both Pastors and preachers, and are for the deepening of the spiritual and intellectual life, and we feel that he needs this as much as the rest of us. A committee of three was asked to see him - - - Len Christian, Diong-huak, and Ieu from West Gate. I am on the best of terms with him, and preach in his church occasionally. I never refer to the matter.

Lawyer Gong fell out of a rickshaw and is probably lame for life. He was told by Dr. Jarvis after his X-ray that he should either go to Shanghai for an operation, or should get the bones placed by a competent physician and lay absolutely still in bed for several months. Jarvis told me this. Lawyer Gong did neither. He took rather the advice of his evangelistic friends - - -many of whom you know - - -not to show his lack of faith in God, by trusting in the knowledge of men. I went to see him once, and he walked round the table - -hanging on for dear life - - -to prove what God could do for a man who had faith in God rather than in a mere doctor. I have heard both Ieu Soi-ling and Pastor Guok in sermons refer to this cure as a wonderful example of Faith in God as against faith in a human doctor. Had it not been for this pernicious evangelistic advice, no doubt Lawyer would have had his operation, and the promise of two good legs. Now it is too late. One leg is about three inches shorter than the other already.

I must say a word about the Kuliang Council. I was asked to send you a letter of appreciation at the Resident's meeting. Skerret-Rogers is back in Foochow and has put \$2000 on his Kuliang house. The new

swimming pool is being built where the Chinese Club was. That property was given to the Council for this purpose. The Provincial Gov. contributed \$1000 to the project. It will cost about \$2000. Tieng-die is dead. He was accused of having part in some thefts. His son was accused, and his wife imprisoned. I know now he was not the thief. He ran up and down the mountain too much over it, and died. We will miss him at Kuliang. I always liked him and got on well with him.

The work goes on as usual. Ling-iu-cu and I were at Ingtai and missed you and Mrs. Beard. The other day at the Pastor's meeting at Ling-iu-cu's we asked the Chinese what kind of foreign desert they like best. Kiu said: "Bi-go", which translated means Mrs. Beard's cake. We all send our greetings to you all. Cuthbert, Muriel, and Rena are all in Japan.

Very cordially yours,
[signature]
W.H. Topping.

[Handwritten]

Thanks for the nuts at Xmas. We've all enjoyed your gift and the kind thoughtfulness which prompted it.

Bessie and I went "in" to the Oxford Group at Meetings during the retreat with Bishop Root past October. The Bingham's are just back and are also "in" it.

[Willard's carbon copy of his response to Mr. Topping's letter:]

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.
U.S.A.

April 26th, 1937.

Rev. W. H. Topping
Foochow
China

Dear Mr. Topping:-

Regarding your inquiry relating to the claim of Rev. Ling Seng-gang's son for \$280.00 for a loan made to his father many years ago. I am very much surprised. For forty two years Rev. Long Seng-gang and I have been very intimate. We have always talked very freely. In 1896 the first building was rented for a chapel in Au Ciu. I have known the circumstances of the church since then, the acquiring of the land for the present building and the getting of the building, the dedication and all. Mr. Newell was in charge when the school building was gotten. But Mr. Ling and I talked that all over. If there had been any encumbrance on the property, church or school, he never mentioned it to me. We always took it for granted that the property was free of encumbrances of any kind.

As to the church owing him money, or the school owing him money he never mentioned it to me. He has several times told me he did not need money.

In the light of the above I am very much astonished that any one should present a claim of this kind, and special of so long standing.

Very sincerely yours,

[This typewritten letter, dated **March 31, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Illinois by Virginia to the dearest family one and all. Virginia, Gould and family have moved from Cincinnati, Ohio to LaGrange, Illinois. She describes a flight they took. Virginia asks Geraldine about the surgery on her nose. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

610 N. Catherine
LaGrange, Illinois
March 31, 1937

Dearest Family One & All:-

If I don't just stop and take time out to get this letter written now I don't know when I will get it done. Right now I am spending nearly all my spare time house hunting and believe me it is a mighty discouraging job. Rents here have gone up terrifically according to the supply and demand, most certainly not according to the quality of the houses. I have seen a couple of fairly good ones but they are both two story frame houses and not in the location we want and do not have automatic heat but I am afraid it is going to be a case of - - beggars cannot be choosers --.

All the goods arrived from Cincinnati storage the day after we got word that the house had been sold and we would have to vacate within sixty days. Needless to say we did not have any of the barrels or cases unpacked. However we are overjoyed in a few ways. When I opened the pasteboard cedarized cartons that I had my blankets and linens sealed in, I could still smell the moth crystals that I put in two years and nine months ago and they were in perfect condition. I was so tickled for I a little bit dreaded what I might find. My silver was just as I left it and we found one box that we thought had gone to California and been lost there when we came back the first time. Now if the cases and barrels are holding their contents in as good condition I shall sit down and write Pagels a real thankyou note after we get settled again and everything unpacked. I can't begin to tell you how grand it seems to have all our belongings under one roof and to use at any time we care to.

Mother I hope you are getting as much pleasure from the use of your comforter as I am of mine. It came the week after we got back here with the kiddies and I have used it on our bed nearly every night since. How did yours turn out Aunt Emma? I'm so proud of mine and the dark blue matches as near perfectly the upholstery on my bedroom chair and vanity bench as is possible when one is satin and the other taffeta.

Our dining room set has been ordered and am expecting it within a week or so. I'm terribly anxious to see it all together for it is from three different companies and sections of the country. The chairs from Wisconsin, the table from Charak of New York and the buffet and china-closet from some wheres around Georgia or the Carolinas. I know it is taking a chance but it had to be done to get what we wanted. It is all in Walnut only because I couldn't get some of it in mahogany as we would liked to have had all of it. We still have to buy rugs but it will be another month before we invest in those. What we do about our livingroom will a little bit depend on the house we find.

We had so hoped that Dot and Harold could spend Easter with us but they were both too tied up with the work to get away very much to ours and the kiddies disappointment. Mother they were so tickled with their cards you sent them. The only one they received and they are being treasured.

About our trip back here. - - Monnie we were so sorry not to make connections with you for a few minutes anyway. Seeing Gerry helped tho. I had no idea it would be so hard for the kiddies to say goodbye, but Hazel just wept her little heart out before we left that morning and she has said countless times since here in our own home; "Mother it is so good to be all together in our own home again, but I did so hate to leave the Farm and Nana's." They both still talk of all the nice things you did for them and the interesting things they saw and did. I really think the both will never forget those two months in the East.

We had no trouble getting out on the plane. First they thought we might have to go out on the noon local via Buffalo and Detroit but at the last minute there was room for us all on the noon nonstop. We went right up through the clouds and flew on top in the most gorgeous sunshine and all those fluffy billowy clouds underneath us. We only had fleeting glimpses of the ground about a half dozen times during the entire trip; but we didn't care for it was raining down there. They served us a delicious dinner. Lets see if I can remember at this late date what the menu was. Hot boullion, fried chicken that was perfectly grand, string beans, potato balls, slaw and orange salad, hot rolls, coffee, and delightful ambrosia custard. Uncle Elbert you'd better try one of our trips when you come out to make us that promised visit. Yes you'll even find the stewardess very charming young ladies for the most part. If they don't stop getting married by the wholesale though I won't know any of our girls any more. Did you see the pictures of several of our girls and their husbands in the last issue of Life?

The kiddies loved the trip. Willard took a splendid nap after filling his little tummy to the bursting stage under Daddy's supervision. The stewardess was lovely with them and they had a good time visiting the other passengers. Willard was saying only tonite during one of his mental ramblings, that a great big truck would come and take everything and then we would go on a long airplane ride and then finally get the automobile out and then we'd be in our new home. Poor youngster felt quite disappointed when we told him that this time there would be no long airplane ride because our new home we hoped would be right here in LaGrange.

Gould has been to Newark two or three times in the last couple of weeks. He is having to check out the Pilots on the new ships that they are putting on the new nonstop run from here to Washington and then Newark. The run was inaugurated today. Gould is having to go out on it again tomorrow and gets about 8.30 Saturday night on the same trip.

We have had one or two touches of spring since we got back but that is all. The first week after we returned we had snow every day but none stayed more than a few hours very much to Hazel's chagrin.

Gerry how is the nose? Certainly hope this takes care of things for you. Hazel has been in bed for the last four days with a good case of bronchitis that started out with an earache. I just went in to her and she is sweating so the fever must be breaking for which I'm very glad. She ought to be already to go back to school Monday I think. This has been her Easter vacation. Billy Littlewood has spent his vacation in bed in the hospital having his appendix out. Has come along very nicely and are bringing him home Friday night. I took "A Genius in the Family" over for him to read and Dot said he got to laughing so hard he had to stop reading it because it hurt him. I talked with her this noon (Thursday) and she said he had finished it and he didn't believe he had ever enjoyed any book as much. They all want to read it now.

Willard likes his new Nursery School very much. I'm so glad I was able to find a good one here for him. Hazel is enjoying kindergarden too and is really beginning to learn things. Several times she has come home with a paper with free hand drawings on it and she has explained to me that the teacher had read a certain story to them and they had to draw it on paper what the story had been about. One of the papers had the blackbirds nipping off the maids nose. I've forgotten the others for the moment.

This end of the Beard Family will be very happy if the fireplace set works in nicely at the Farm. I was so glad when I hit on something I thought you might get a lot of use out of.

Mother I am returning Monnies letters that Dot just forwarded to us last Saturday. They were so interesting, thankyou so much for sending them the rounds. I'm going to ask you to send this the rounds if you don't mind. Will make Saginaw the last stop for Dot and I are both the worlds worst about forwarding letters.

Kathie how is Jill since she got over her whooping cough or is hers hanging on. I know it does with some children. We were mighty lucky with Hazel and Willard when they had it last summer and we are thankful it has been had and is over with. How we wish we might see the three of you. How I wish the entire family might all be together before Monnie goes North again if she and Ralph get married this summer.

The wood in our nice fireplace is just a mass of glowing coals gradually dying out and with it my thoughts are about used up and it's time I stopped so Gould will go to bed. Could use a little sleep myself after a couple of poor nights with Hazel.

Much Love to each and every one of you from all of us.

Ginny

From a Pearl River newspaper dated Wednesday, March 31, 1937

Rotary Hears Talk on China

Education Plays Big Part in Chinese Progress, Nyack Club is Told.

Education has played a most important part in the material and physical changes during the last half century of China's history, according to Dr. Willard L. Beard, president of Foo Chow College, who spoke to the Nyack Rotary Club yesterday on progress and changes he has witnessed during the 42 years he spent in the Orient.

Modern highways connecting the cities and provinces and bus transportation facilities that are equal to anything on our highways now provide dependable services to all parts of the nation, he said. Although communism has made progress he expressed doubt it could hold any gain since the philosophy of communism is not in keeping with the traditional Chinese mind.

"The army comprises almost 2,000,000 well armed and efficiently trained men," Dr. Beard said. "And while no effort is being made to establish a navy, every effort is being made to build a first-rate army and a large air corps. Today it is not uncommon to see young ladies soliciting contributions on the streets and in busses, and railways trains for funds to purchase airplanes from America.

"A combination of things made possible the march of progress, but the crucial thing was education. In 1908 the Empress abolished the old school system and in its place established one based on the best to be found in the Western world. Since then progress has been slow but steady.

"One of the interesting things education has brought to the nation has been the change in the status of women. When I first went to China, it was considered a waste of time and money to educate a girl. 'A girl is too stupid so why waste time educating her' was the reaction. Today, however, girls receive the same advantage of education as do the boys. Some of China's most progressive leaders are women."

Stanley D. Beard of the Pearl River club was a visitor.

[Newspaper article from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter, dated April 2, 1937, was written from Florida by Kathleen to Monnie. Kathleen thanks Monnie for the gifts that she sent. Hugh would like to get a job in accounting. Kathleen and Hugh went to a nightclub and left Jill with Hugh's mother to baby sit. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

April 2 [1937]

Dear Monnie:

The little tea-set is sweet and Jill did so want to play with it, but I knew that it would go the way her little one did (the one Aunt Mary got her up there) so I just let her hold a few pieces and then put it away. She has forgotten about it now but she loves the utensils and plays with them a lot. Two cups got broken en-route but I think that is a pretty good percentage for the distance it had to come. We will use it at the next party we give. Thankyou loads for such a cute outfit. Your picture came the day after I wrote last, and thankyou for it too. It is good but not your best expression or angle for your face. The family all thought it excellent, but I will say (as Ralph probably does) that I'd rather see you in person- and how I wish I could. You asked if there was any prospect of our moving North. I don't think so, at least not for some years. Hugh thinks he wants to get into something down here and establish a permanent home here. He is working toward being an accountant and there seems to be some opening in that field if only he can find it. We both like Florida, especially this part, very much, and often wonder if we would enjoy a Northern winter again. If we could have a couple of months in the North each summer it would be quite ideal here, but of course it is all day dreams as yet. We're merely scraping along on a fish line now and hoping something will break.

I hope you have heard something from Ralph by now, or perhaps even seen him. Do keep me posted on events concerning your beloved for I am feeling with you.

Your job has worked out rather nicely, hasn't it? And will release you just at the right time. When I quit as a waitress in N.Y.C. they felt rather bitter about it for I only worked three weeks and I suppose it was unfair of me not to tell them. From what you say of Mrs. P. she must be a very reasonable and likeable person. You were lucky.

Well, we at last got to a night club in St. Pete and tried to trip again on rusty feet. I didn't get much kick out of it and didn't get into the dancing mood either. Guess I'm getting old. It was Father's treat to us and he went too. The floor show was amateurish and not a little dirty, and the floor was crowded. But we had fun watching a young gold-digger play up to an old fool who resembled W.C. Fields, and there was nothing subtle about it. Jill stayed with her grandmother and howled when we left, so I had her on my mind much of the evening. Poor little thing does hate to be left. I took her on a shopping trip to Tampa when I drove Mother and Father there and she enjoyed the stores so much. It's hard to shop and watch her too, so I didn't get half what I wanted to. I did get some lavender gloves with flowers to match for Mother. Do they go with her spring things? I do so hope she wears them. What did you finally do to celebrate her birthday?

I can't keep track of Jerry so if she is there this is to her too, and I hope she has luck in finding a temporary job. I have seen nothing of that long letter sent via Dot, Jerry. She is having one of her letter lapses now and it may run on for months. Love to you both Kathie

The package came alright addressed just R.D. 1. The mail man knows us, in fact even delivered a letter addressed to Jacqueline Beard which Father sent. That's observation for you isn't it?

[This letter, dated April 9, 1937, was written from New York City, New York by Monnie to her father and mother. She will be staying a little longer with the Peabody family and then may look for temporary work for the summer. Ralph is doing an apprenticeship with his company and won't be home for another year. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

18 E. 84th St.
New York City
April 9, 1937.

Dear Father and Mother,

This is just a short note to corroborate Jerry's announcement that I am staying on with the Peabody's until the first of June. Evidently Mr. and Mrs. P. talked it over and decided that it would be best to keep me during May while Mrs. P. went to the hospital to have a tumor removed. They may keep me after that for all I know. I was so disappointed when Mrs. P. asked me to stay on, for I had had visions of the last two weeks of April at the Farm, during these glorious spring days. And here the life is so dreary. But I suppose I ought to be thankful, so I'll try to be.

During June and July Mrs. P. suggests getting work thru a Temporary Work Agency. That gives work taking care of the children of transients at hotels just for the week or two while they are in town. Temporary work always pays more, and if I can get enough of it, it ought to be profitable. I shall sign up again with teacher's agencies, if Jerry gets no encouragement for me from the school at Locust Valley, L.I. where she is visiting today.

Yesterday I shopped for Becky and managed to spend about \$35 of her money. I was fortunate to be able to get so much in one day. She wanted it soon.

Have I written that Mr. Butt says Ralph will not be home until a year from this summer, so I shall plan to teach next year. It will be best for us both if he takes the regular five year apprentice-ship required of all new Company men, and isn't favored because of relationship to the high-ups. But this year will seem awfully long. Yours and Aunt Phebe's letters were good. I shall answer the letter soon. Mother's birthday gift from me will come later. Had letters from Gould and Kathleen. Will send them on when answered. Must close. Much love to all, Monnie

*[This letter dated **May, 9, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen asks about Geraldine's nose operation. Kathleen is pregnant with her 2nd child. Hugh's sister, Pearl, is in the hospital but is doing better (schizophrenia). Hugh's current job will be ending and he will have to find another. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

May 9, [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Your letter was dandy and I'm glad your nose is fixed up. If it is a very noticeable improvement in your breathing I would like to know more about it for I'm sure my nose would show about 1% breathing space in an exray. It has always been the bane of my existence.

Thanks for the letter about England. I hadn't seen it before and I think it quite the prize of all you wrote. The preceding ones I sent on to Ginny before Christmas and asked her to send them back to you, so if you don't have them Ginny may know where they are. I'm returning this one directly.

No, I haven't read "Gone with the Wind" yet but would if I could lay hands on it. The mention of it on the radio so much is enough to arouse anyones curiosity. I hear that its success has quite unstrung its authoress tho.

I am feeling much better after the flu but still don't have much energy, due, I suppose, to the fact that the next little Elmer is using it all. (Mother told you didn't she?) We expect its arrival in January but it may fool us as Jill did. I don't imagine I will feel much like travelling this summer and that means that unless you come down here I won't see you and Monnie for another whole year. I am writing Dot trying to persuade her and Harold to drive down and bring so many of you Beards as can come. If you don't have a job by July I do wish you would come down for at least a few weeks. I don't think you would mind the heat so much if we went to the beach every day and we could take things easy.

Pearl is still in the Tampa hospital but the doctor says she is much better. We expect to bring her home toward the end of this week and I do so hope she will be well enough not to be a care. Hugh has taken Father over to see her today. If the treatment does make her normal again it will be a wonderful thing.

Enid's family is still here and will be at least until the packing house closes. If Rol finds work after that they may not leave. Coachman's will be closed at the end of this month and Hugh will have to find something else, but just what it will be we don't know yet.

You people do go around so much that I never know where you are but I guess if I send letters to the Farm they will always reach you. How long did you stay at Pearl River? And are the folks back from Putnam yet?

We are having tomatoes and corn from Father's garden now and string beans. Soon their cow will be fresh again and we will have plenty of milk. We have been getting along on one quart a day all winter. Berries are gone now but melons will soon be ripe and mangos in a month or so.

Several of our neighbors have gone North already and it seems rather quiet but it isn't hot yet and the nights are almost chilly. Jill is glad to be wearing sun suits again, all of which I have had to lengthen this year. Much love from us all Kathie

*[This postcard, postmarked **June 3, 1937**, was written from Boston, Massachusetts by Monnie to her mother. Monnie has finished her job with the Peabody's and is staying with Bella Butt before coming down to the farm. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Postmarked June 3, 1937]

Thursday

Dear Mother,

I am staying tonight with Bella Butt at her friend's in Newton Highlands. Left the Peabody's this morning. Will leave here tomorrow afternoon, arrive Bridgeport tomorrow night at 8:27 and come to Shelton on the bus. Will telephone when I get in. We are in Boston this afternoon. See you soon. It's good to be free.

Love to all,

Monnie



Written on back: "1937"

Left to right: Stephen Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Marjorie Beard, Willard Beard, unidentified woman, Mary Beard, Ruth Beard, Myra Palmer Beard, Geraldine Beard, Stanley Beard, Nancy Beard, unidentified woman, Phebe Maria Beard, unidentified man..

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This postcard, postmarked **June 4, 1937**, was written by Hazel Beard to her grandmother, Ellen. She writes a brief note en route to Chicago. Postcard has a photo of an American Airlines Flagship airplane. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Postmarked June 4, 1937]

[Addressed to:]

Mrs. W.L. Beard
Century Farm
Long Hill Ave
Shelton, Conn.

Dear Grandma Beard, Sonny and Mother and Daddy and I are riding home from Detroit to Chicago. Daddy came to Saginaw from Los Angeles Sunday and spent Monday with us at Uncle Harolds and Auntie Dots. All my love-
Hazel



*[This letter, dated **June 4, 1937**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to Ellen. Elbert is on a long vacation to the West. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Putnam, Conn. June 4 37

Dear Ellen,

Elbert left this p.m. on his western trip with flying colors. He took a 4.40 bus to Springfield where he plans to take a 9 o'clock train for Ohio arriving in Cleveland Saturday morning.

They are having an Exposition in Cleveland which began last year and is opening again this year.

Elbert thought he would go in for a few hours and reach Etta's in the early afternoon.

College Commencement begins this week and he will reach Oberlin early enough to see the Illumination on Saturday night.

Elbert plans to remain in Oberlin until Tuesday a.m. He has been very busy the last week getting things ready to leave for two months at least, and I think it will probably be three months. He has very thoughtfully planned everything even to the most minute detail for my comfort and conscience. He has earned a delightful vacation and I'm sure he is going to have it. He has arranged with one of our neighbors, who knows gardening, to take care of our garden on the 50-50 basis. He will also take care of the lawn. This man will plant some more corn and I have two more rows of glads to plant and then our planting will be done.

How are your flowers coming on? My roses are doing finely but I find something is eating the beans. Think I'll have to spray them, if I can learn what is the best kind of spray to use.

Do you have this difficulty at the farm? Elbert received your letter in this mornings mail.

We learned this a.m. that Miss Nellie Kent, (Ernest Kent's sister) who was principal of Isreal Putnam School thirty five or more years ago, is on a trip to Alaska this summer. She, with three other ladies, is taking one of the shorter trips into Alaska. Perhaps when Elbert reaches the Pacific Coast he will decide to do the same thing.

I think I wrote you that Willis, Etta, Donald and Helen plan to arrive in Northfield about June 215 and will reach Putnam probably June 28 or 29.

Donald and Helen will make a short visit and then go on to Washington. I do not know Willis plans. I'll be glad to have you come up to be here when they are here, or later if you prefer. Suit yourself as to time. I want you to be here while Etta is here. D and H want to make a call at the farm on way to N.Y. D. was there once with Etta when [he] was three or four years old but does not remember it. I am getting on finely and will have no difficulty staying alone. So do not neglect your work or anything you wish to do in order to keep me company. Let me hear how your garden is coming on,

Much love Emma

[This letter, dated **June 13, 1937**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to Ellen. She talks about the upcoming commencement of Putnam High School. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Putnam, Ct. June 13 '37.

Dear Ellen,

It had not occurred to me until last evening that the banquet and graduation exercises of the P.H.S. were so near and that you might like to know about it. Commencement comes a little earlier this year than usual. The banquet takes place next Wednesday June 16 evening at 6.30 at the High School. Menu as follows- Virginia ham, escalloped potatoes, peas, relishes, tomato and lettuce salad, rolls, strawberry short cake, and coffee \$1.00 a plate.

Kenneth Sharpe will lead the alumni in the singing of the school song and School days. Several professional entertainers from Boston and Providence will be heard in a program of songs, dancing and patter[?]. Wm. J. Carrigan radio tenor (have not heard of him before) and Miss Blanche Golthwaite N.E. outstanding diseuse[?] in impersonations and light character ?? will entertain. Husbands and wives of members are invited to attend.

The entertainment committee have departed from the old custom of having an address or remarks by old members of the alumni and now cater to the younger classes.

On the following Tuesday June 21 graduation will take place. There will be no address by some outstanding educator and no graduation essays by the honor students as one former occasions. Instead the class will present the opera, "Daniel Boone". I failed to mention that dancing would follow the entertainment at the banquet. Probably the audience will be made up very largely at the banquet of those who have graduated since 1915. If the entertainment would be of interest to our class mate Mr. Bliss I would invite him and Seraph to attend, but I do not think it would interest him so do not think I shall suggest it.

I don't know that you would feel it worth while to come up unless you were planning to come soon. Since you have been unable to attend the banquets in the past, I thought I would let you know about. I hav'nt attended for many years but would be glad to go if you want to attend. It would be well to get tickets as early as possible. I am sorry the time is so short.

A letter from Elbert states that he is in Salt Lake City yesterday and to day. He enjoyed the mountain trip into Denver very much. The next six days he will be touring the National Parks.

We had a very interesting Children's Day Service to day.

I expect Etta about June 28 or 29.

I invited a Hampton friend to spend this week or next week end with me but she had appointments for both dates. Will hope to see you up here some time soon or when you find it convenient. Am getting on finely doing a little of a lot of things. Much love Emma

[This letter, dated **June 24, 1937**, was written from Mt. Harmon, Massachusetts by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen. She tells briefly about what she and her family have been doing in their travels. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Mt. Harmon, Mass Thursday June 24/37

Dear Ellen:

Helen, Donald, Willis and I left Oberlin Wed. noon and reached here at 5.30 today stopping over nite with Fulton. As there is only a Musical program on Sun. evening they think they will go to Putnam Sun. evening calling at Pearle's on the way, stay with Emma Sun. nite and with you Mon. nite and hurry in to N.Y. where they want to do some sight seeing and meet some Alliance people. I think they will arrive for supper. We drove over to Northfield this evening. Every thing is beautiful. Lovingly- Etta.

Fulton may call on you before he goes to Honolulu early in July.

[This letter, dated **June 30, 1937**, was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to her father and mother. She and Harold are on vacation for the summer. They hear that Kathleen is pregnant. Dorothy gave a speech on China and has been asked to give it to seven other organizations. Hazel and Willard F. visited them for a couple of weeks. Dorothy refers to Willard and Ellen's new car. Letter from the collection of Mona Beard.]

2306 No. Bond St.,
Saginaw, Mich.,
June, 30, 1937.

Dear Mother and Father:-

No wonder you think we've dropped from the face of the earth. I guess it's eons since I've written. I now have letters from you, Jerry, Monnie, Kathie and Ginny to answer. I've had two from Mother and one from Father since I've written.

Why, I haven't even congratulated you on your new car. That's just grand. What fun you must be having with it, and how independent you must feel not to have to rely on someone else to get you where you want to go, and when. Mother, are you driving yet?

Well, here's the why's and wherefores about us. Harold wrote to Mrs. Holland - our landlady- before school was out, asking her if she would supply paint for the outside of our house- (pillars, window casings, trellises, etc.) and let him do the labor in exchange for a month's rent during the summer. He thought it might take him a week or maybe two to get the outside of the house fixed up, and at the same time help out with our summer expenses. We've been sitting here over two weeks now since school closed and nary a word from the dear lady. We've asked her twice before for the same thing and each time she's put us off. We've done so much on the inside of the house that we don't feel like paying for the outside, too.

While we were waiting for word, Harold saw in the paper that they were hiring playground supervisors. He applied and got the job at Bliss Park right down by the school. Today is only his second day on the job. It is supposed to last for eight weeks, which would take him almost up to the opening of school, but he may decide to do it for July and let Russ Parish take it for Aug. We're not sure yet just what we'll do. So that's the story thus far.

Just about the time school closes my heart always yearns for the East and all the relatives out there, and how I do want to be there. Yes, wouldn't it be grand if we could celebrate our tenth anniversary at the very scene of our wedding. If we take Aug. for our vacation, I shall certainly try to do that.

No, I didn't plan at all to go to the Oberlin Commencement. Next year will be my 14th reunion, and I very much want to go then.

I didn't even know that Uncle Elbert had started on his trip till you and Jerry wrote about it. A letter from Ginny today says that he called her up between trains in Chicago, and is seeing Gould in Calif. She says he plans to stop for visits with us on the way back.

Monnie's position for next year sounds very interesting. I think she is pretty lucky to be located so nicely and so early. I hope Jerry finds just what she wants.

Yes, Kathie wrote her most interesting news to us. Are you going down there to be with her when the baby comes? She'd like nothing better. I'm so sorry we can't plan to take a load down this summer, I do want to go down sometime. Harold just can't see going South during the summer. However, he never can get there in the winter.

Thank you so much for sending all these letters. They certainly did give lots of news about the wanderings of the various members of the family.

I was reading over your letter, Mother about the tiger skin. You suggested that you'd like the head a little lower. The one we sent you had the whole mouth- upper and lower lip. He said you could have it mounted without the lower lip. That probably would make it a couple of inches lower. Don't send any more until we see if we're going East. Then we can bring them back if you want us to.

I wish you all could have been here to have some of our asparagus. It was an especially good crop this year. I gave so much of it away, canned some, and ate just as much as I could. I think next year I'll have to make a little "vacation money" by selling it. We've always given it to our friends except now and then when my grocer asks for some and cancels a little of our bill with him. My currants are going to be ripe enough for jelly next week, and the bushes are full. Grapes- both our red and the wild- are abundant.

I never saw roses around town here more beautiful than they were this year, nor more profuse. I asked someone if she knew why, and she said because we'd had so many rains in early spring. They both watered the plants, and did a lot toward washing bugs off from the plants.

I suppose you've been reveling in strawberries. I have too. I put up my usual amount of "sunshine strawberries", and several pints of sauce, and have put up some peas. Now I'm waiting for raspberries.

From what Jerry writes, she's getting pretty well fixed up. I surely hope so. I'm so relieved that she feels so much better.

You needn't apologize for not sending material for my China speech. That that Father gave me helped a lot. It must have interested them a little for from that talk directly or indirectly I got some six or seven calls to give it over again at all sorts of places- the Culture Club (ladies), a Presb. Young people's mixed group, the Merry Wives Club of the Y.W., Mothers and Daughter banquet at Frieland (20 miles from Saginaw), the Young Married People's

group of the 1st M.E. Church, etc. I was so afraid that many people would hear it a second time and really, when I talk I tell just about all I know, so it would be just the same thing over again, but out of all those groups I believe only three or four people heard it twice, and that was because they heard it in one group and were responsible for getting me on to the next program in another group they belonged to. I have a date for the second week in Sept. for quite an elite group of ladies whose group is called the P.E.O. whatever that is. I know almost all of them, but don't care so much about talking to them. I'll have to get more help from you this summer, I guess, for that big speech.

According to Father's letter you are having a good apple crop this year. Our tree is just loaded. Harold asked the man who takes care of all the trees in the parks for the city, to come down and spray our tree. He came once and is coming again soon. In return we're giving him a bushel of apples.

We certainly had one grand time with Hazel and Willard while they were here. I was fortunate in that it really was about the most free two weeks I had all year- for outside activities, but Harold seemed to have everything under the sun pile up in those weeks, so he couldn't play with the children as much as he would have liked. I took them to my swimming class and had one of my girls sit in the balcony with them. One of our large gas stations here has a lot of little ponies that they use for advertising purposes. Children can have free rides on them if parents are with them. We took them there twice and they loved it. But the most fun of all was when we went to the country for our milk and meat. A neighbor lady goes with me. I get milk and eggs at the first farm, my cream, her cream and milk at the second and both of us, our meat at the third. All three farms are within about a mile of each other. Of course, each farm had little baby animals, and the kiddies went wild over them. At the first farm they saw little chicks. At the second, baby ducks, lambs, chicks, pigs and calves, and at the third Hazel ran for the barn and found some baby kitties. Oh, I tell you, that was a big day. Our kind neighbors came to the rescue and offered tricycles, carts, toy trucks etc. that their children had outgrown, and, of course, Fluffy came right into her own those two weeks. The children were crazy about her, and this time she wasn't one bit jealous of them. Isn't Willard's little Robin Redbreast song adorable- I mean, the way he sings it! He got his Uncle Harold's number right away and always came back with, "Oh, you're just 'poofing us.'" He could never start that word with s. One day Hazel had been out in the back yard, and came to the door and said, "Aunt Dot, here's a branch of 'lolly-locks (Lilacs) for you."

Monday and Tues. afternoon of this week I went to a cooking school put on by the Morge Co. The instructor was very charming and really made some very practical, different, and delicious dishes. Some 15 or 20 prizes were given away to the "lucky numbers" each day. I'm never lucky that way. I marveled at the worth of the prizes tho! Five different pieces of Super-maid aluminum- the frying pan, roaster, tea-kettle, sauce-pan and chicken fryer, five great big baskets of groceries (all sorts of things in them) three- 3 lb. cans of Pioneer cobbler, and of course all of the various things she made for us in the school. Did you ever make- or taste- butter-milk pit, Aunt Mary? By the way, would you be willing to give me the receipt [*recipe*] for that bread pudding made with caramelized sugar?

Love to you all, and do write soon again- Harold and Dot.

Father, if we can't go East why don't you fill up your car and come out here sometime in Aug. They all could help you with the driving.

[*Added by Ellen:*]

Marjorie please send to Gould, 75 North Park Road, LaGrange, Ill. Kathleen please send to Marjorie, Steamboat Island, Lakeport, N.H.

[*This letter dated July 8, 1937 was written probably written from Clearwater, Florida by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is hoping that Hugh can get a job with the Express Company. She went spear fishing with some members of Hugh's family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

July 8, 1937

Dear Jerry:

You probably have by now that box of lovely rotten [*rotten*] mangos that I so unfortunately sent at just the wrong time. I would have written you immediately on receiving your letter about the change of address but I thought you would leave your forwarding address at 21 Claremont and it would reach you alright. A week after we sent the box I got a card from the express co. saying it could not be delivered and yesterday my letter which went with the box came back via Woostock Conn. So you see everything went pretty much haywire and I guess I had

better not try it again until you are more or less stationary. So sorry it was such a mess and I wonder what you thought when that stinking fruit was delivered to you.

Got your card yesterday and am anxious to know what comes of the Thompson position. Can you have it if you want it? Where is Monnie all this time and why under thunder doesn't she write? Dot is like a sphinx too and you are my only family correspondent at present. Thank heavens you don't all clam up at once.

We are waiting daily for Hugh's call to work for the Express Company. He is sure to get a job there but it may be tomorrow or Sept. The suspense sort of keeps us on tenter hooks. I guess you know how we feel, just waiting.

The other night Enid, Rollin, Hugh and I went spearing fish out in the bay. The air was as still as could be and it was ideal for fishing. The boys take turns standing with a spear at the prow with a bright light shining into the water, and poling the boat slowly in the stern while we girls sit in the middle and sack the fish as they come in. We didn't get anything very big that night but Hugh pierced a three foot shark- then let him go again. We got about ten edible fish- enough for both families a meal. Today we are taking dinner with the family and some friends from Turkey days are coming to visit for the day. It will make a crowd of fourteen, not counting baby Sally [*Kathleen and Hugh's, niece, Sara McNutt*], at the table.

Lots of love from us all
Kathie

*[This letter, dated **July 9, 1937**, was written from an island in Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire by Monnie to the folks. Monnie is a governess to the Tucker family. She describes the family, the other workers, the living quarters and the island. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

July 9 [1937]

[Steamboat or Birch Island in Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire]

Dear Folks,

We have been having almost as hot weather here as any of you. Last night we could hardly sleep. The Tuckers said it was the hottest night they ever remember. Swimming helps a lot. We go in almost every day- the children and I twice. There is a gently sloping, nicely sanded beach on Birch Island, to which our bridge connects us, and that is just the thing for the children. I hope some day to go over and dive from the diving board and slide down the slide on the wharf.

I'll introduce you to the limited circle of my acquaintances here. Mr. Tucker is fifty-four (he said so the other day) white hair, ruddy complexion, and a twinkling pair of the bluest eyes you ever saw. Carol, my 6-yr.- old has them too. They will help her break some man's heart some day. Mr. T. is rather easy-going, but must be worth something in a lawyer's office or he would not be where he is today. His father was a carpenter and Mr. T. is a self-made man, the only wealthy member of the family. People on the other island who have known Mr. T. a long time (he has been coming here since 1910) say his first wife used to have to count both sides of every penny.

Mrs. Tucker is his second wife. She is a quite attractive woman between 45 and 50, hair quite gray, but she gives you the impression of being much younger. Her manner is fresh and vivacious and she is always the master of the situation. I have never seen her visibly upset in any way- embarrassed, excited, or angry- under any provocation. She is a charming hostess, and awfully nice to me. But despite her seemingly familiar manner, she very subtly holds me at arm's length. She is a very unusual, capable, and winning person- apparently- but there's something about her I don't like. (Mrs. Tucker is a rabid pacifist, Jerry. You and she would probably click.) She was a travelling and speaking secretary for the Presbyterian Home Missions, with offices in 156 Fifth Ave. where the Grenfell offices are, before she married, and why she should look down on Mr. T.'s relatives is something no one on Birch Island can understand. They have all known and loved the Tuckers for years and resent the luxury and snobbishness of our beautiful establishment (only 3 years old) alone here on our own little island. Most of the other "camps" as the summer cottages are called, have kerosene lamps and outhouses. We have six bathrooms, 3 floors, running hot and cold water, something like a Delco system (Frigidaire and electric iron) and furnishings that give a charming atmosphere of roughing it, without any lack of comfort. His (Mr. T.'s) family never comes over here except on invitation tho the whole family, children and grandchildren are over there on Birch Island within 5 minute's walk of us. Mr. Tucker for certain is not the snobbish one. The other island is more or less like one big family. All have come here for years. We are the only outsiders.

Billy is also staying with us until his summer job starts on Monday. He is the son of Mr. Tucker by his first wife. He's 19, fat and usually good-natured, a Junior in Dartmouth. He doesn't have to work, but is doing so for the fun of it- a "brown" job, carrying and hauling, in an uncle's factory or something. Mr. T. has told him to come home

if he doesn't like it. That cut his pride and he declared he wouldn't quit. He worked with a Swiss road gang last summer sort of exchange job got thru a student exchange organization. Must have been interesting. The relationship between him and Mrs. T. (he calls her Christine) is interesting- very friendly, sometimes genuinely so, on the surface. But the antagonism pops thru once in awhile. She shows it in sarcastic remarks given with the sweetest of smiles, and he does, much less subtly by exploding quite bluntly and childishly at what he considers unnecessary fussiness.

He seems immature anyway. But I like him, for he is friendly to me, and awfully decent in every way.

In the kitchen are Arthur and Maude, a colored couple. They both are very particular about how people step on their toes, and are rigid about any infringements of their kitchen laws. Scrupulous cleanliness and orderliness are the rule and woe be to anyone, no matter who, who is careless. Mrs. T. warned me, and I was not long in finding out for myself, that I'd have to watch my step in the kitchen. That's unusual and very commendable in Negroes. They are both young- under 35 I should say. Arthur comes from Jamaica- is "English", his wife says proudly. But if you show them that you are perfectly willing to clean up after yourself and to do more than your share of the shared duties (like Stuart's trays- my 4-year-old eats alone in his room, and I bring his trays up) then they are really very nice. Maude has put herself out for me twice- offered to do some errands for me when she and Arthur had the afternoon off and went to Laconia. He's the chauffeur, so he takes the car to be serviced and goes for the laundry so they get to shore at least weekly. I have been only once as yet. We decided, or rather, I did, this morning that my times off would be when there was something I wanted to do - a trip etc.- instead of a half -day weekly, because it's so hard to get off the island. So for goodness' sake come up in August, someone, for I can get the day off, if there are no family guests here then.

My evenings I spend in my room, mostly, reading, writing letters or sewing. And I have so much of all three to do that it will be weeks before they will be done. In August I'm going to start on all those geographics and English and arithmetic books I brought up with me.

The mother of two children on the other island, comes down with them sometimes to the beach. I like her immensely. She's Mrs. Canterbury, the wife of the Yale forester who took care of the Yale forests in Union, Conn. She seemed as attracted to me as I to her. I'm going over to her camp as soon as ever the Tuckers stay in for an evening. Both last evening and this I planned to go, but they went out both evenings. She's between 40 and 50, but has such a rich sense of humor shining out of the blackest eyes (actually black) under heavy black eyebrows. She wears old dresses and stockings with the awfulest runs- she and I laugh over wearing out our old clothes up here. She has summered here since girlhood, has climbed all the mountains and almost walked around the lake in yearly laps, with the young crowd of her day. It must be a rather rich feeling to have such deep roots in a place. I never have, and am only beginning to realize the value of something I've always held rather lightly.

On July 3rd night there were fireworks on Birch Island- Mr. Tucker's brother (everyone affectionately calls him Uncle Doctor) always treats the crowd to a sumptuous display. Then on Monday night we took the children 15 miles down the lake in the speed boat to a town and stayed drifting in the harbor watching the fireworks from camps all around the shore. It was lovely and the children were thrilled to death. My first fireworks in years.

That completes the people I know here- as yet- (except the High School girls who helps Mrs. Canterbury). Only a few, but life is full and busy- never busier than when my day's work is over. A letter is an event in our placid life. Monnie

Please send around the family.

*[This typewritten letter, dated **July 14, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Illinois by Ginny to Willard, Ellen, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary. American Airways keeps Gould busy and away much of the time. Hazel and Willard spent some time staying with Dot and Harold. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

75 N. Park Road
LaGrange, Illinois
July 14, 1937

Dear Father, Mother Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary:-

Father your nice long letter was so very welcome with all its interesting news. I have carefully put it with the other mail that Gould must see and read when he finally gets home, which I and the kiddies sincerely hope will be very very soon.

You see the Company sent him to the coast the eleventh of June to be gone about five days then to go out a few days later for another very few days. As usual in cases like that unforeseen things arise and we didn't see him

again until seven o'clock Sunday morning the fourth and he had to leave for California again the next day, Monday evening the fifth of July and so it goes. He promised me he'd be home for tomorrow but I'm afraid I'll be fortunate if I have him home by the end of the week.

We've been separated three out of the first six of our anniversaries and it looks like the seventh would fall that way too, worst luck. Well everything comes to he who waits so we have found out so we have hopes that even that may come to us. After all it is rather a low trick to keep separated so much two people so terribly much in love with each other. Maybe it's for a purpose though for certainly it is just a little bit of heaven here on earth when he does get home. Hazel, bless her heart came to me the other day and wanted to know why God couldn't bring her Daddy home to her even if the American Airlines did want to keep him away. We have every hope that after the middle of August there will be no more extended trips until sometime in the middle of the winter.

It looks now as if it will not be until sometime next March or April that we will have to move back to the coast, if at all. I'm not so keen on moving again but I certainly would love to go out there again to live. Gould jokingly keeps telling friends that he doesn't dare take me out again for fear he'll have to come back alone when it comes time to leave.

I was so glad that Gould was on the coast while Uncle Elbert was there and helped him to see some of the things that he might not have seen any other way. Sort of a little family gathering out there with Freck [*nickname for Virginia's brother*] being there also.

How I did enjoy my visit in the East in May. I did so many things and saw so very many people in the comparative short length of time that I really felt as if I had been away longer than I actually was. It was such fun though and believe me the good old New England Spring just made me realize all over again that it is just about the most perfect section of the country and I just couldn't seem to absorb enough of it. It just tickled Gould so much for he has always talked for weeks about it when he has been sent East for several days around New Year while we have been located on the coast and he comes back out there with a lovely new green picture in his mind which makes poor Sunny California look most as dry as the desert.

The kiddies enjoyed every minute of their stay with Dot and Harold and now we are hoping that they can come down here and make us a visit sometime this summer. I haven't heard a word from Dot since we left so don't know what they finally planned to do with their summer. At that time Harold wasn't sure whether he was going to get a job for the summer or not. Dot said if he was she was tempted to pick up and go East for at least a goodly portion of the time.

The weather has been trying hard to get us down out here. The thermometer has said 90 or over, several times in our dining-room and it gets up to a hundred or so up in our bedroom at that time. Gould has brought me several short, shirt, and skirt combinations from out on the coast and I find myself practically living in the shorts and shirt and keeping the skirt handy to slip on when ever the occasion called for a bit more modesty, which is very often compared to what we were used to in California.

Sunday July 18, 1937

Today is a perfectly grand day; just the right temperature and the sun not too hot. Guess I'll see if I can't get some one of the neighbors to play badminton with me after supper. I gave Gould a set for Father's day but he hasn't had a chance to really use it yet. Our back yard is just the right size for a court and it is loads of fun and such excellent exercise.

Gould did not get home for our Anniversary but remembered it several ways. He is such a Dear. I swear they didn't make any more like him. He hopes now to be home by the 25th, but isn't at all sure.

Had one of my Los Angeles friends here last Sunday and Monday and was I ever glad to see her? Her husband Bill Birren is Pacific Coast Representative for the Wright Engine Corporation. We knew them very well out there and Gould and Bill are very busy working together out there now. His Father [*Joseph Birren*] was a very famous artist. His fame was in his trees. Art as art bores me for the most part but his paintings are thrilling. They are so very very alive and he has painted so many scenes that I know, it is a joy to look at his works. He has pictures in museums all over the world and many in private collection. When he died not quite four years ago he left over three hundred thousand dollars worth of paintings still to be disposed of. I saw a good many of them last Monday night when I drove Belle into Mother Birren's down in Chicago.

Had a card from Monnie the other day. If her charges are not too difficult to handle I imagine she will enjoy her summer up there. It certainly is a beautiful location. How is Jerry's work coming? Is it going to be more permanent than she first thought?

Mother I'm so glad to see that you are not waiting for Father to drive two years before you go on any trips with him at the wheel of the car. I'm sure he is going to make a good conservative driver.

Dear Grandpa and Grandma—

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y etc., etc., etc.

Love MNHAS ELI

Hazel just had to write a message to the folks on the Farm before she felt she could go to bed, hence the above.

When Gould was here for the one day over the 4th he asked me please not to open anymore of the barrels until he got home but since he is being so badly delayed I am going ahead with it anyway. It is such fun. A regular treasure hunt. Our new china cabinet looks so pretty holding all our lovely wedding gifts of that sort. It has a solid glass front with sliding glass panels for doors and the glass, silver, pewter and chromium just shines out beautifully.

There are still two more barrels and several cases to be opened. Gould got the lion and tiger velvet cut pictures also the cork picture hung in the few hours he was home. They with stood their sojourn in storage just splendidly and look so well in this house. You just can't imagine what fun it is to have all our own nice things to use again and how good it is to look around in the house and know that everything in it is our very own. I don't think I ever realized what pride of ownership could mean until now.

Oh! I forgot to tell you how interested the kiddies were in the news about Anniebell and Bessie cows. I imagine if you can decode it you will find all that in Hazel's note.

I think the world is about to be repopulated. Roberta in August, Edith in September, a friend here in October, one of the girls on the coast in November, and both Kathie and Lillian in January. I started to make a Weave-It blanket for Roberta but I know mighty well I'll not be able to make one for each one. So many have me scared about Christmas so started shopping for that the other day. Picked up part of Jill's Christmas yesterday. Have six people already cared for and plans for several others already in mind. It really is lots more fun doing it over several months and then you can take your time and get the things you would really like for each one. Then too there are some excellent specials once in a while that are lovely gifts.

We are still wondering whether we are to be favored with a visit in our home from part or all of you. We still have hopes anyway.

What do you hear from Kathie? I do hope she is feeling pretty good.

Much Love to you All from all of us.

Ginny

*[This letter, dated **July 22, 1937**, was written from Steamboat Island, (Lake Winnepesaukee) Lakeport, New Hampshire by Monnie to Kathie and the rest of the family. Monnie hopes to be able to visit Kathleen in Florida someday but does not know when she will be marrying Ralph. She is still with the Tucker family as governess and talks more about it. Monnie will be teaching at the private, high class Low-Heywood school for girls in the fall. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Steamboat Island

Lakeport, N.H.

July 22, 1937.

Dear Kathie, and the rest of the family,

Your letter, Kathie came today. And was it welcome! Yesterday a letter came from Jerry with two enclosed from you. So now I feel quite well posted about your family for the past three months.

Indeed you're not naturally last on the list of my Round Robins. I make up my mind that I would start with you all in turn, so the letters will chase each other round.

First of all, about coming down to see you. I am sorry not to have done it this summer. I feel guilty about it. I think that idea about coming down at Christmas time a grand one. Or would Easter vacation be better. I shall come one or the other times. I can't afford to leave it til next summer, for there's no telling when Ralph will be coming, and tho you will be up for our wedding, whenever that is, while preparing to be married is no time to visit. If Christmas time is too uncertain and you think that at Easter time you will be more in condition to do things I'll come then. I hope Jerry will come, too. Here's hoping that our vacations coincide.

Ralph has been transferred to Hopedale, a couple of day's journey up the coast. He is to go sometime this month. I haven't heard from him yet from there. I'm anxious to hear his comparisons of the two places. You are singularly understanding, Kathie, when it comes to reparations- with reason, tho. Ralph wrote that he could hardly bear to go out walking in N.W.R. because of the memories that all the paths and hilltops brought back- just as you wrote.

The school where I'm teaching next fall is Low-Heywood, a "private, high-class school" for girls from the first grade to thru High School. The academic standard is very high, teachers stay sometimes as long as 20 years, many alumnae mothers send their daughters back from all corners of the globe, the staff is congenial (which means a lot) and the girls seem a likeable group. I went to the Commencement with Rebecca May and Aunt Bet. The grounds are perfectly lovely, right out on a point, two miles out of Stamford, extending into the Sound. We are only half a block from the Sound. It is the wealthy section of town and most of my youngsters will be day pupils from the homes nearby.

I'm teaching Geography in the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th grades, English in the 4th and 5th, and Arithmetic in the 3rd. Rather a mixture, but all the more interesting. Miss Merrill, the head of the Junior School, with whom I have talked, evidently holds very loose reins over her teachers, so I shall be able to use what little originality I have.

I enjoyed your news of Enid's family. How I wish I could see them all again. We did have such a good time those two weeks I spent with you outside of Reading, doing absolutely nothing.

Our life is peaceful and all our little excitements are very mild ones. You wrote Jerry of going fishing with torches. Well, we took the children out fishing today. It was the first time I had ever fished with a rod. We fished for about an hour and pulled in- among us- five tiny fish, 4 perch and a sun fish, all so small we threw them back. But the children were excited at catching anything. It all seemed frightfully tame after catching 12 and 15 lb. cod in Labrador pulling them in as fast as we could let the hook down. Mr. Tucker is quite a fisherman. He has come to the lake ever since 1910. But today he said the biggest fish he had ever caught here was a 5 ¾ lb. bass. We have had bass chowder twice, of Mr. Tucker's catching. It had to be chowder because there were only 2 small bass for 5 people. One doesn't catch many at a time.

Tonight was Maude and Arthur's day off (they are the butler-Chauffeur, and the cook) so we had a picnic on the little beach where we swim. I love picnics and they are few enough of them so that they are events. The children always eat better outdoors.

It's a riot the way these children don't eat. Carol, 6, is allowed to eat at the big table (and I with her) for the first time this summer. She always is having to be hurried up and she slows up mealtimes considerably, Maude and Arthur say. Stuart, 4, eats by himself, but if his sugar is not on straight or if you cut up his prunes, or if he does not like a particular vegetable, he may not eat anything, just for spite. Mrs. Tucker is sensible enough to let him go hungry. He generally eats pretty well at the next meal. Mr. Tucker once asked if poor children ever were so hard to make eat.

And then both children, but especially Carol, are so slow, in getting up, and going to bed, and coming when you call them. They have no conception of minding at once.

But one of the hardest things about the whole job is the way Mrs. Tucker retains most of the responsibility. That made a very fine nurse that they had last summer leave. And the sympathy of all the people round about was with the nurse. When a nurse is hired to care for children she expects to assume full responsibility- for discipline, health, recreation etc. But Mrs. Tucker doesn't plan that way at all. She comes and supervises the children's meals (I wouldn't mind if she did plan them), she sometimes puts them to bed, she wants to be responsible for their discipline, she's simply there all the time, until you feel- well, why doesn't she do it all then and not have a nurse. What she wants is a high-school girl that she can give orders to, and not an experienced adult with ideas of her own. The discipline is the worst part of it. The nurse last year would tell the children to do certain things on the beach, then their mother would come along and reverse it. They know the nurse has no authority. I'm in the very same paradoxical position as I was at the Peabody's- expected to train the children in the way they should go without any authority. Carol and Stuart always run to "Mommy" at the least hitch, and are encouraged to do it, so I feel very much de trop. Take note, all you mothers who will have children's nurses some day, and have regard for the feelings of the person who is taking care of your children.

During the weekends it's better, tho. Then we have guests and I have the children more to myself. I love it when they all go away and I and the children are alone.

This coming weekend we are having 4 guests- one lady is the President of the Garden Club of America. Some time the new president of Cornell University is coming. He lived in Bronxville and there's where the Tuckers became acquainted with him.

These nights are beautifully moonlight. Tomorrow is full moon and I'm going out to enjoy it. The Tuckers are very good about telling me when they are to be in and letting me go out.

Do write, everybody. Kathie's letter enclosed one from Dot, from whom I hadn't heard for at least a hundred years. Much obliged, Dot, for the indirect information!

Good health to you, Kathie. Love to all the family,

Monnie

Please send in order given, and as soon as possible, or the summer will be over before it gets around.

Kathie and Hugh

Gould and Ginny- 75 N. Park Rd., La Grange, Ill.

Dot and Harold

Farm

Jerry

*[This letter dated **July 23, 1937** was written from Saginaw, Michigan Dot (Dorothy) and Harold to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy would like to hike more of the Long Trail but she and Harold are working hard to pay off their new car. They are keeping busy with their sports teams and Dorothy with the Eastern Star. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich

July, 23, 1937

Dear Jerry:

I'm much chagrined to collect three unanswered letters from you. I'm glad you read my letter to the folks. At least, that gave you the latest important news from this way.

To go way back to your letter of June, 13, - thank you for getting and sending the buttons for Aunt Emma. No, I haven't sent you the piece from my soup dish. A funny thing happened. Not long ago I knocked one of those bowls off from the shelf in the cupboard and- mirabili dictu! [*Latin-miraculous or wonderful to say!*]- it was the broken one, so now I have two cute little pieces for you. One is the handle and the other has the name on it, so I hope you can match it. All I want is one bowl and I'll send the pieces right along. Please send me the bill for buying and sending both the buttons and the dish. And thank you for the time spent doing it.

Has Monnie had much news from Ralph, since her wire?

How I would like to do some more of the Long Trail but I just can't tell how things are going to work out. Harold's job may last right up until school starts- or up to within a week of it. In that case, we probably shan't get East at all. You see, the new car is the equivalent of our vacation this year, and we are sort of paying double these last few months to get it paid for as fast as we can. That's why Harold is working. After all, you know I've been out East twice and Harold once, since the folks came. I really had hoped that we could entice you westward this summer. Couldn't you really get a car load to come out after your work stops? We could put up five easily.

You do more moving around, with seemingly the least fuss of anybody I know. I dread the day we ever have to move from here, for we've accumulated so many goods and chattels. Then again, it isn't a circumstance to what Mother and Father used to pick up every time we uprooted. I most certainly would love to visit you in your swank apartment. Aren't you lucky!! And isn't that a funny coincidence, that you should be living in the New York City apartment of my Phys. Ed. teacher in Oberlin. Remember me to her when you see her.

I'm glad your nose is O.K. again, and am so glad you're going to get that eye fixed. It always seemed as tho that would be extremely uncomfortable, running all the time. Why is it going to take so long?

I'm sorry I could do nothing to help you rent Pearl's apt. As soon as your card came in June I sat down and called the four girls I knew were going to be in N.Y and they were all going to be in a dormitory. I guess they don't like the idea of taking care of an apartment and getting meals.

We were listening to that program that Polly took you to- at least, while I was reading the Reader's Digest Sun. evening, I remember hearing that particular interpretation of "The Music Goes Round and Round." I don't remember Bonelli tho! I heard him in Bay City some time ago.

This is the week-end you are to be with Percy. Tell her that I love the articles from her father's book that we read in the Reader's Digest. He certainly must have had a keen sense of humor- her grandfather, too. Have you read the book?

While you are having a good time with Percy, and I'm sitting here alone Sunday, while Harold drives a load of Y. boys down to the ball game- guess what's going on at dear old Silver Bay!! A group of old emps are meeting there this Sat. and Sun. to plan a Grand Reunion of all the old emps that can get there for next year. My heart jumped when I saw two envelopes from Silver Bay in the mail box this week. One was a letter from the committee signed by Ken Brooks. He said he'd just got my address from Polly so he was a little late in writing. The other was a very interesting folder telling all about the summer activities there. I decided then and there, that if it's at all possible Harold and I are going to take a real vacation next summer. I'd like to spend two weeks there. We ought to round up our gang again and put Oberlin on the map once more. Wouldn't [*it*] be great to see the S.B.-ites again. I'll send you the letter and folder just as soon as I answer it. If you have the married names and addresses of any old S.B. emp, I guess they'd be glad to get it. I think it's a grand idea, don't you?

In June, before school was out I drove a load of grade- Y. boys (5th, 6th, 4th) down to Detroit for the ball game. Three truck loads and two car loads made the trip – 106 boys in all. They visited Greenfield Village first, then ate a picnic lunch then went to the ball game- (Philadelphia and Detroit). Harold was still teaching, so he couldn't go. Two weeks ago Sat. we took some of our neighbors down on a Sat. to see a double-header with Cleveland. The very next Thursday the same man that took the first group down took the summer Y. members down and wanted Harold to drive. He got off from work Sat. morning to see the double header, so he didn't dare get off again so soon, and they got stuck for enough cars, so down I went again- this time to see that historic game with N.Y. where Detroit staged that wild sixth inning. N.Y. walked six or seven men in the one inning and Det. made seven runs on one hit. Now- this Sun. Harold finally gets to make one of those Y. trips I'm so glad for him. On those trips the drivers get into the game free and the gas bill is all or nearly all paid by the boys, so it really is a lot of fun. We get in on it every summer we're here, through our friendship with the Secretaries at the Y.

By the way- Francis Gray has resigned as head of the Y. here to head the Y. at Hartford, Conn. It's supposed to be quite a step up for him, because the Hartford Y. is supposed to be one of the best.

I've done quite a bit of canning this summer- strawberries, raspberries, peas, beans, sunshine strawberries, currant jelly, raspberry jam, etc. Mother would adore to go to our public market just now. All kinds of berries right in their prime and very reasonable. I'm just about living on them now.

I'm still swimming. Only three or four of us in the pool every time this summer, so we have lots of fun. It surely cools you off in this hot weather.

Our Eastern Star had their annual ice cream social last Wed. I had charge of soliciting cakes to serve with the ice cream, and for a cake sale. I had to get 26 large flat cakes to eat, and I guess I had about 18 cakes to sell. Some who didn't want to bake gave me money, so I made \$11.54 on my cake sale. I guess we made about \$30 altogether.

Isn't Kathie's news a surprise! Is Mother planning to go down to be with her when Jr. arrives? I hope the poor girl won't have as hard a time as she did with Jill.

How and when did Monnie get this job that she has now? She's getting to be quite the governess[?] How much does she get for it?

Has anybody heard from Uncle Elbert? I sent him a birthday card. Tomorrow is it.

Say, do you know that Francis Gray borrowed my Long Trail Guide, map, and some of my snaps, to look into a trip for his family last summer- and lost the whole business. I was so provoked. They may find it when they're packing to leave. Here's hoping. If I can't get East, and you girls go- Monnie can use my pants and pack and anything else she wants. You'll have to get me another guide if you go, because I hated to lose that. [*The Long Trail is the oldest long distance trail in the U.S. It is in the Green Mountains and begins at the Massachusetts/Vermont boarder and ends at the Canadian border.*]

I'm so sleepy I'm going to bed. Will finish this in the morning.

A.M. Have you read the article "Summer People" in the Aug. Reader's Digest? It's good!!

Did you get Gould's new address? It's 75 No. Park Rd., La Grange. Don't forget to send me- sometime- a list of all the S.B. people you know the addresses of.

Do write again soon, and I'll try not to wait so long.

Very much love

Harold and Dot.



Gould's children: Willard and Hazel Beard
 La Grange, Illinois 1937
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

*[This letter, dated **July 25, 1937**, was written from Steamboat Island (Lake Winnepesaukee), Lakeport, New Hampshire by Monnie to her mother. Monnie is still working as governess for the Tucker family and encourages her parents to come up and visit her. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Steamboat Island
 Lakeport, N.H.
 July 25, 1937

Dear Mother,

I hope it is as cool with you as it is with us tonight. It was a hot day, but a wind came up at nightfall that has made it delightfully cool.

A weekend party is in progress. There were five guests, but three of them went this afternoon. Two are staying for a few days. The children and I have been eating by ourselves on the back porch, which I like quite as well as eating at the main table. Last night we had a turkey supper with all the fixings, and delicious chocolate ice cream that the cook makes herself. We have a standing order for ice on Wednesdays and Saturdays, which are ice cream days. We have an electric refrigerator but they never use it for ice cream. Maude is the best cook. And Mrs. Tucker's menus are more to my liking than Mrs. Peabody's- a bit more substantial. And plenty of iced drinks on hot days. I doubt if I shall grow any thinner here!

Our groceries are delivered each morning by a motor boat, and the order is taken for the following day. I think running such a boat would be fun. I'd like to try it.

There is a native New Hampshire who has been working more or less steadily here ever since we came- fixing doors, making a stone and cement fireplace for picnic suppers, moving rocks etc. He seems to be a general favorite and looks after the houses on Birch Island and here in the winter time. He's a dear old man- tho he really isn't old, about 50, I suppose, - but he's so genial, round cheeks and pleasant expression, always ready to break into a smile. He lives all alone- a bachelor- and as particular as an old maid, they say. Mr. Abbott is his name- and the children are so fond of him. Stuart especially will follow "Mr. Abbitt" around all day firing questions, simply fascinated at his carpentering and mason work. So am I.

Well, all this to preface information regarding you coming up. I asked Mr. Abbott about getting overnight accommodations near The Weirs, and back he came the next day with complete information- names, places, rates etc. He says a Mr. Davis has a very nice house, and charges only a dollar a night, a person. There are also very nice auto camps with those little cabins. All these are near The Weirs. Mr. Abbott says they are liable to be filled up during August, so the safest thing to do would be to write ahead for reservations. I do hope as many of you will come as possible. You will enjoy talking to Mrs. Canterbury about Union and Mr. Beeding. Mrs. Canterbury also introduced me to some people who live on the next island. The grandfather, Mr. Bartholomew, comes from Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith's home town, knows their families well, has known both of them since before their marriage! Also knows Union and was telling me of all the great people who originated there.

I'm returning that precious letter from Dot. I'm sorry she can't come east this summer. Father and you are pulled all sorts of ways aren't you? Don't end up by going nowhere, tho.

Will you give me Uncle Elbert's next stopping place? I'll write him a letter.

My love to you and Father, and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary. Do write me yourself, today please.

Monnie

*[This letter, date **July 1937**, was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dot to her mother and father. She talks about plans to visit Harold's family and then go east to visit her family. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[July 1937]

Tuesday

Dear Mother and Father:-

Your letter that came yesterday sent my mind and heart racing Eastward. Well, just yesterday, Harold heard that his work was to last up until this week Sat. so that gives us a little vacation, anyway. Harold wants to go to his folks for a little while and as we sat down last night to figure things out, there were several reasons why we thought it would be better all around if we went to Galesburg first, then out East. It broke my heart to think of not being there for our anniversary- and it would [*be*] such fun taking the trip up to Monnie. On the other hand, if we go East last we stand a better chance of seeing all of you- Monnie and Jerry, too, don't we? Aren't they coming to the farm after their work is over?

Our plans now are to leave here sometime Sat., Aug. 14, spend that night with Gould, go on to Galesburg on Sun. We'll stay there till the next Sun- Aug. 22- then start East. It will take us three good days to get there, and we ought to be there for Jerry's birthday. You see, that way we can be there to celebrate that, and maybe your anniversary. Harold has to be back for Sept. 7.

About your trip to Monnie's, couldn't Jerry go along to help you in the driving, or why don't you go right on from your Union speaking engagement and take Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma with you? I'll write Monnie, telling her that we are not going East until later.

The letter, enclosed, from Monnie came a day or so ago. I must get it on to you so that you can tell her you read it- that it got all around- when you see her.

Thanks for the check Father- but isn't it a little "out of season"? I generally get it in April and Oct. Is this the Oct. one?- in advance?

The enclosed check on my life insurance was addressed to me, and the check is made out to Father, so I'm sending it on. I want to talk to you some more about that policy when I get there.

Thank you, Father, for sending the clippings. They will all help, and I shall hold them to send back.

Myrtle Johnson sent this leaf to me from her mother's home in Wis. and said somebody told her that there were just a few trees like it in this country. They were native trees of China and Japan. I don't remember it, do you? If so, what is it? (Ginkgo- Mother)

Tell Aunt Phebe thanks for her note enclosed in Father's last letter. As I look at my birthday book, I see that her "big day" was Aug. 3. Hope somebody greased her nose for me.

I can't hardly wait to see you all again. Write again soon.

Lots of love-

Dot.

*[This letter dated **July 25, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh does not have a new job yet. Their 2nd baby is due December 9. Kathleen hopes that Ellen can come down to Florida and invites Geraldine to come. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

July 25 [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Wish we could see you in your elegant apartment. How did you happen to meet up with Miss Eldred? I'm also eager to know whether you took the job at the Marot school. Are you all thru at the doctor's now and is your nose all healed up? Every time I get a blocked nose in the middle of the night I wish I could be dug out too. I should think it would hurt quite a bit since the nose is so sensitive anyway. Does it?

Poor Jerry, I can easily imagine how that July 4th drive would set you on edge. Should think Mother would learn how hindering her uneasiness is to the driver. I'm surprised to hear that Father is getting along so well with driving especially with such hills and traffic as you have around there. I'm afraid I would not like driving there much tho I think nothing of it around here where it is quite level and little traffic. Aren't those new Chevies wonderfully easy to handle tho? There is all the difference in driving our Lizzie and Father's 1936 Chevy.

No, Hugh hasn't got a job yet. We learned this week that the express job will not be open at least until late fall or even winter. Very discouraging. And there isn't anything else very likely here in the summer item[?]. Many businesses just shut down altogether for five months and others do half time operation so we may have to wait until things begin stirring again in October.

The doctor sets the birthday of the baby on Dec. 9 but if it is so slow as Jill was in coming it may be a Christmas present. I'm feeling pretty good these days but am getting a very visible protrusion in front. I could have passed with the excuse of poor posture until a few weeks ago but nobody would mistake the evidence now except children. I'm just wondering when Chickie [*Kathleen and Hugh's nephew, Rollin McNutt*] will begin to ask questions. He is so observing. When Jill came home he was much mystified about my getting her at the hospital and staying so long afterwards. I think he learned the facts when his little sister Sally came but he will surely make some knowing remark about it when he recognizes the symptoms. I can already feel significant twitches which heralds life but s-"he" hasn't begun the boxing matches yet. Jill certainly could punch before she came and I either had to hold my breath and bear it or return the sallies. - But all this must be very boring to you, so just skip it and don't show to any one outside the family.

I hope Mother will be able and willing to come down and help me but she may not want to be away down here for Xmas. Since it will come at the holiday time I do wish all of you who can would jump into Father's car and take your vacation here. Wouldn't that be fun? Of course I couldn't be a proper hostess but should love to have you all here. Please talk it up with the folks.

We are having almost daily rains now which help cool it off immensely. Just now there are showers on all sides of us and a lovely breeze blowing in on me. We are always grateful for clouds to hide the too-constant sun.

Mother wrote a good long letter telling all the news from there and enclosing Dots last letter. And how did Monnie get located way up in N.H.? She just dropped a card saying where she was.

Jill loves to get your card and read it aloud. She says it is from "Aunt Dewy" (with a short e). She knows you all by name now and I wonder how long it will take her to fit names to faces when she sees you.

Loads of love from us all- Kathie

*[This letter dated **Aug. 1, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to her Aunt Phebe. Kathleen wishes Aunt Phebe a happy birthday. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Aug. 1, 1937

Dear Aunt Phebe:

In two days you will have a birthday and we hope it will be a very happy one. I wish we were there to celebrate with you and see that you are properly kissed and buttered, but will have to wait until next year, I guess.

Mother wrote that you had been visiting in Nichols and were to go to Putnam later so I take it that you have also been on the go this summer. We have been pretty quiet except for a few picnics and frequent swimming but somehow the time seems to fly by and now the summer is half over. I am looking forward to the cool weather again for it has been pretty hot for the past month. Last week it rained for a half of every day and we even had a miniature hurricane one day. It rained over eight inches in as many hours that day and we were kept busy putting pans under the leaks in our attic. Fortunately the storm subsided before night so we weren't completely flooded out. I hope that isn't the prelude to a real hurricane.

Guavas are getting ripe and I have made a little jelly. Late mangos are coming in too but are rather stringy. Did Jerry tell you of my attempt to send her some? I was hoping that if that experiment worked I would try sending some to the Farm but it seems that they do not stand travelling very well.

Time out- to straighten up a quarrel among the three children. Little Rollin can't find enough to interest him without school and usually leads Molly and Jill a merry chase when they all play together. The two girls alone get along beautifully playing with dolls or dishes. During the rainy days last week I introduced Jill to paper dolls and she adores them. We found the styles in Woman's Home Companion just right to cut out and Jill keeps them very carefully.

News is noticeably lacking down here now but we don't do as much during the summer as you do- it's even hard work writing when you have to stop every line to fan yourself.

We all send out love and a great big Happy Birthday-

Kathleen



This photo was taken in 1939, but shows from R to L: Cynthia Elmer, Sally McNutt, Jill Elmer, Molly McNutt, and Rollin McNutt. Cynthia was born in December of 1937.

[Photo from collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

[This letter dated **Aug. 11, 1937** was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is hoping that Geraldine will come to Florida for Christmas. Kathleen should have her new baby by then. Her 29th birthday was celebrated with Hugh's family on the beach. Kathleen talks about her sister-in-law, Pearl Elmer, and how she has been doing since her treatments (insulin treatments for schizophrenia). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 11, [1937]

Dear Jerry:

Thanx loads for the long letter and the bill which fell out of it into my lap. You and Monnie managed very well to size up the situation and we are most thankful for my gift in that form. The knitted dress would be grand but my interest in clothes just now consists mainly in how soon I may get them off.

My! how nice and cool Miss Eldred's letter sounded. It must be lonely up in Maine now, and how I would love to need two blankets at night. For the past three months we have pulled a thin blanket up only twice- both times after a rain storm. Jill usually sleeps with no covering.

I hope the doctor is there probing your eye now. I can imagine how it must hurt in so sensitive a place. I hope too that the result justifies the inconvenience. But you musn't cudgel your thinker about my nose for it has given me pretty good service for 29 years and I guess it can go until we have the wherewithal. We hope not to be as penniless as we are now for very long and I'll have it done some summer when we're up north.

I'm muchly thrilled about all the encouraging remarks about you all coming down here for Christmas. It would be scads of fun for us to have you come- and being family you wouldn't worry me in the least whatever my condition. Tho I greatly hope that Tootsie will make it's appearance well in advance of the 25th. I should hate to be in the hospital all the time you were here. Monnie suggested waiting until Easter vacation; and that is alright with me only that vacation isn't so long, but the weather is apt to be nicer. Father writes that he may be in Carolina in November and he is practically here if he comes that far. I haven't sounded Dot about it but am getting discouraged about their ever coming down. She hasn't written since April so I'm giving her some of her own medicine.

Yesterday we all celebrated [August 10- Kathleen's 29th birthday] with a picnic at Clearwater beach and it is about the nicest picnic we have had down here. Rollins sister was down here for a week with her family visiting her mother who has a home in Clearwater so they all came along too and that made seventeen in all. We roasted wieners and took a freezer of homemade ice cream out there so it was a feast royal, what with birthday cake and potatoe salad too. There were six children and they all went in swimming except Sally who got her exercise kicking around on a blanket. Some of the grown ups went in too and it looked like grand fun. I should have liked to but my suit becomes immodest when two of us try to get into it. The children all sat together for supper and were a picture of bliss. You should have seen Jill after the ice cream- she was a chocolate baby from the lap up. We stayed out there until after sunset and it was so blissfully cool and bugless that I wish we could take our supper out every night. The only trouble is that the beach is ten miles from our house. The day was otherwise commemorated by two telegrams and a bath set from Hugh's family. Pearl is also making me a maternity dress which is nearly finished.

You asked about Pearl. She seems, to all outward appearances, quite normal now and takes an interest in everything that goes on. I don't think she is quite her old self. You would probably see a difference, but she is so much improved over what she has been for the past few years that it seems most remarkable. The Doctor refused to predict as to the permanency of the treatment. It is too new to tell from any of the patients he has used it on. But he thinks that unless the same physical ailments return (anemia and some deficiencies in her system) that she should remain cured. It is too drastic a treatment to repeat often- a sort of kill or cure. In fact we were rather worried for a week or two while she was taking it that she wouldn't survive it. She really should get out now and get some interests of her own, a job etc. but the whole family seems reluctant to have her be on her own. She is some help there now and will be company for Mother if Enid moves out.

As the physical burden becomes greater my mental functioning seems to get duller and duller so if my letters sound plodding don't think that I am growing moronic. I guess it is a fairly normal accompaniment and will pass I hope. I remember Debbie's letter, written before her baby came sounded almost simple, but it is true that concentration at his time becomes very difficult. I simply can't take in any heavy reading and even with ordinary reading I sometimes have to go back to get the sense. I feel more or less like a cow.

Jill saw me writing and said she wanted to write to you too, so I'm enclosing her note. I asked her what it said and she says, "I had a nice picin" (picnic) and "I like Aunt Jerry" and "my name is Jacun Amer". If you can get that out of her scribbling you're doing better than I can, but we'll take her word for it.

Thank you again for the money and lots of love from all three (four) of us.

Kathie

Just when do you leave New York and will you be at the Farm afterwards?

[This letter dated **Aug. 12, 1937** was written from Oberlin, Ohio by Aunt Etta (Etta Kinney Hume) to Geraldine. Etta talks about her trip back to Oberlin after visiting Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Oberlin Ohio. Aug 12/37

Dear Geraldine:-

Tuesday at 5:15 found me safely in Oberlin. I enjoyed Polly very much. She is all you have told me about her. When she has finished her education and comes to Oberlin to give a concert, I am to have the pleasure of entertaining her!

We reached Albany about 6 o'clock. The trip up the river was delightful. Polly wanted to sit on the upper deck to get a little sunburn. She thought she had not succeeded. When I reached home and looked in the mirror, saw that my chest was quite red, and showed just where my beads had rested. It has not been at all sore.

Your lunch was much enjoyed. Polly bought some orange and grape juice to go with it.

I rested, stretched out on a couch, until 8:30. My train went at 9. I took a day coach which was new and air conditioned. The seats were separate and each one lowered in the back as do those on the busses, so they were quite restful. My train arrived at 6 o'clock and again I stretched out on a couch in the ladies room and rested until 8 o'clock, then went out for breakfast. The stores did not open until 9.30 in the summer. I bought a coat (white) at Taylor's, after looking in three places. At twelve o'clock I went to the Exposition and remained until 3 o'clock and took the bus for Oberlin, arriving in time to prepare dinner which Willis had planned. We have our dinner at night as Willis is not hungry at noon. In Albany the streets were full of water from two heavy showers, which were over before we arrived. They had had rain during the night in Cleveland and weather was cloudy. Rain preceded me also in Oberlin, so I didn't need the umbrella. Willis said Elbert telephoned from Cleveland Sat. evening, about 5 o'clock to see if I was home. Willis advised that we go to Donald's to spend the weekend and come here Tuesday. He said he would think it over and if he did not hear by 8 o'clock he would know that he had decided to continue his journey to Putnam. We rec'd a card Sunday that he had left for Putnam. I was very much disappointed. I arrived home about the date he said he would be in Chicago 10th, so expected to be here in time. He must have been in a hurry to get home when he was on the homeward trip. He'll forget many little interesting details before we see him. The letter I wrote you at your apt. was returned. As Gould was not home (I infer) he did not stop long. Thanks for the very interesting events you provided.

With love- Aunt Etta.

Myron and Lucy ? are at her home and are going to Chautauqua about the 16th.

Donald and family and perhaps Stewart will be here Sunday. Am wondering if Polly's finger is recovering.

The Best Sport

There is no game that is more exciting or pleasurable than the game of finding friends. If you really look for them, they will pop up in the most unexpected places, and If you only know it, you have within yourself a lodestone that will attract friends to you.

The woods are full of friends waiting to be found.

By Chas. Battell Loomis.

I was interested in this as it is so applicable to you and Polly.

[This birthday card dated Aug. 22, 1937 was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Gerry (Geraldine). Kathleen wishes Geraldine a happy birthday on August 25 and thanks Geraldine for sending her a gift of money. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Aug. 22 [1937]

Dear Gerry:

We all hope you have a grand birthday wherever you happen to be on the 25th. Did you decide to stay on in N.Y. for treatments or are you going back to the Farm? I think I'll send this to Shelton and not run the risk of having it come back as one other did. Your gift from us will be late again I fear, for I have not had a chance to get it yet. If there is anything you especially want or need for fall please tell me right away and I'll try to get it.

Your letter and the second five spot came safely and thank you again. I think you and Monnie were both too generous.

Have you heard from Mrs. Marot yet about your job? Things are much the same with us. Nothing much happens and this month has been awful for heat. It takes half a day of rain to cool it down to 75 degrees and then only for the night. I for one will be glad when cool weather comes.

Did you notice that an Oberlin Alumnus was killed by a bomb in Shanghai? His name was Bob Reischauer [see photo below] and he was in Monnie's class I think. Japan is certainly maddening and I wish there was some way to bring her to terms. Mother and Father got out just in time it seems. I can't feature a Japanese-controlled China, can you?

Here are lots more birthday wishes from all of us and some big smacks from Jill.

Love

Kathie

[This letter, dated **September 6, 1937**, was written from LaGrange, Ill. by Ginny to Dot and Harold. She thanks Dot and Harold for taking Hazel on a trip with them. Willard enjoyed his time while she was away. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

75 N. Park Rd.
La Grange, Ill.
September 6, 1937

Dear Dot and Harold-

I still can't make out which time she was more excited- when she left or when she arrived home at the airport. At any rate Hazel was about the most excited little girl possible both times. The only damper on her arrival was her Daddy's departure. She was able to see him for just about ten minutes before he left.

I'm heart broken that he should have to leave right now for he will miss all that first pent up enthusiasm of hers. I don't think I ever heard words get spilled out so fast nor get messed up as badly as hers did for the first hour or two. Her little mind was going about those times as fast as her tongue and she was so afraid she'd forget something that she simply must remember to tell me.

It certainly seems good to have her home but we can't thank you enough for your generousness in taking her with you and making it possible for her to have such a momentous trip in her young life. She loved every minute of it and will probably remember most of it all her life. Gould and I both thank you a hundred fold and if you had any undue expense because of her we want to know about it and re-emburse you. Oh say; did you have any trouble getting her through the customs?

You mentioned while here that you might come down for that big base ball game here. Do, we'd just love to have you; and we'd so love to hear your side of the story on this trip.

Willard was so funny about Hazel's being away. At first he missed her frightfully but after 3 or 4 days he began to be very nonchalant about it. One day I asked him if he'd be glad when sister got home and he came back with "I wish she'd stay there ten years". Why I asked and he said, "Why Mummie I don't mind sleeping in my room all alone." Since her departure he has played with his toys in his room more than he does in six months ordinarily and has hugely enjoyed building his hangers, bridges, houses etc. to suit himself, without a little voice say "Here brother let me show you how to build a nice one" and after about five minutes he'd loose all interest in it. However regardless of all statements he was one mighty happy little boy when sister appeared and they have chattered their heads off.

Gould has to be in Newark a couple of days than on to Washington for an important conference with the Department of Commerce. He

[Letter ends here and the last page is missing. The following is written in someone else's handwriting:]

The last page was business.

[This letter dated **Fall of 1937** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) to Monnie (Marjorie). Dorothy would like to go to Florida to visit Kathleen some day. Her mother, Ellen, is going for Christmas. Dorothy may attend her 15th reunion at Oberlin. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

2306 No. Bond St.
Saginaw, Mich.
Sunday- [Fall] 1937

Dear Monnie:-

I waited a long time for that letter telling about your life there, how you liked it, etc. I'm so glad you really do enjoy it, and are not too awfully tied down. That's the only thing I'm afraid of in Jerry's work- that she will not have enough time to herself to rest up if she gets too tired. She must be powerfully busy, for I haven't even heard from her yet. However a letter from Aunt Emma told quite a bit about her. How did she look to you when you saw her at the farm?

How perfectly thrilling to think that you may soon talk to your beloved so many many miles away! That's just too wonderful. Bet you won't even know what you're saying. I'd like to watch you in the act. Thanks for the snap of you all on the farm. It must have been a grand week-end. Mr. Butt looks real jolly, and Daphne looks cute.

I do so want to get down to see Kathie, too, so when you go, I think I shall go along even if Harold can't go. I don't know why- but he never has seemed the least bit enthusiastic when I suggest a trip to Florida. I'm afraid we have only a short Christmas vacation- 11 or 12 days- altho the school directory hasn't come out yet- so it would hardly be practical for us to go down then. Is it true that Mother is planning to stay down there alone for Christmas, and that Father is coming back? I think it's almost too bad that he doesn't stay with Mother- for Kathie's sake.

I wish you and Jerry would plan to spend your Easter vacation here with us. Maybe you could inveigh Mother and Father to drive you out. Do think about it.

You know, this will be my 15th reunion at Oberlin, so I may go down. How long would you and Jerry plan to stay in Florida? If you went after Commencement? I have a job in the Eastern Star that I'm supposed to take care of in July. Our ice-cream social always comes the third Wed. in July and the Conductress (that's what I am this year) is always chairman of it. If I could have them move that up to the first Wed. in July, then I think I could be free for the rest of the summer.

Aunt Emma forwarded your letter to Jerry and it was most interesting. You seem to have met some very interesting people there. There is a minister here who- I've heard- has spent some time in Labrador. I haven't met him yet. You and he will have to get together for a talk sometime. As usual, your letter was full of your clever and interesting character studies of your new friends there.

I'll write soon again, but must close now.

Much love- Dot.

I spent two very interesting days in Grand Rapids attending the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star. That's our state annual convention. I drove a load down. Had lots of fun.

I'm refereeing all the Junior High girls volley-ball games this year- one every Tues. and every Wed. for six weeks- at \$2. per game. "Every little bit helps."

Is the family still planning to get together at the farm for Christmas and what are we doing about the relatives?

*[This letter dated **Fall of 1937** was written from Saginaw, Mich. by Dot (Dorothy) and Harold to Jerry (Geraldine). Dorothy asks about Christmas presents for the family and is keeping busy with volley ball games. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich.

Monday – [Fall] 1937

Dear Jerry:-

You must be powerfully busy. Haven't heard one word from you since you started teaching. Guess I haven't written, either, have I?

We have just decided to go to La Grange and Galesburg for this short vacation; if the weather permits. We'll spend Thurs. and Thurs. night with Gould and go on down Fri. to Galesburg- coming back Sun. We're guessing that you and Monnie will be at the farm. I suppose Father will be back with news about Kathie.

While you and Monnie are together I hope you can settle the Christmas business- whether we are dividing the relatives as usual, and who each of us takes. It doesn't make any difference to me who I have. Ginny wants to know what about the dictionary idea for the Putnam folks. Guess they want to go in on it. They seem to think the mattress will cost too much- for Aunt Phebe. If we could get enough people in on it, it wouldn't. Maybe Uncle Oliver, Father, and all the nieces and nephews could swing it together. However, whatever you decide is O.K.

Would you have time next week-end to send me the article about the 1000 yr. old Chinese bowl. If you don't have time to copy it can you send the whole thing and let me send it back. I'm planning to use it on Dec.7, in a talk.

I've been plenty busy myself, this fall. I've been refereeing all of the Junior High girls volley-ball games this year- one every Tues. and every Wed. afternoons for six weeks. Last year I had only half of them and another

lady took the other half. I substituted in my old North gym one day last week, and had lots of fun. It gave me “that o-o-o-o-ld feelin”.

It’s been snowy here for the last week. We’re hoping it will let up for this week end.

Our Eastern Star Installation is held on Wed. night before Thanksgiving, so we’re not going to be able to start before early Thurs. morning. I am to be Conductress in the Chapter this year.

Monnie’s letters sound as tho she were thoroughly enjoying her work there. I do hope you are enjoying yours too, and that it is not too very confining. Do you get to see much of Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert? What did Bill Taylor [Tayler] finally do?

I’m invited to a luncheon and program at the Reading Club this afternoon as a guest. The speaker is a minister here in town who has spent several years in Labrador. I’ve never met him.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Love from Harold and Dot.

Please send us yours and Monnie’s Christmas wants, and have you any ideas for Father and Mother?

Program notes of Willard’s address to the Thirty-Third Annual Meeting of the Southeast Coast Association of Congregational Christian Churches with the Miami Beach Community Church October 26, 1937.

460,000 people in China ¼ of all world

- Facts: 1. China is a unit
2. Church influenced all China
3. Chinese head all
4. Every progress thru Christianity

43 years ago

1. very few travelers in China
2. closed to converse [*conversation*?] and religion
3. idols sacred
4. Dr. Sun Yat Syn put[?] out rulers
5. disjointed under many rulers
6. student body only few boys

Now

1. Many visitors and foreigners
2. open to modernization
3. not ?? if used
4. republic
5. Chiang Kai Shek unites China
(traitors no more – why?)
6. everyone- talk to generalissimo girls and boys

Chiang Kai Chek

Married- Madame Koong’s sister

Kidnapped by General Chang ???

Asks for bible

Unites last part of China

7. church ????

(13 different types)

8. Gov. against church

9. Gov. injured property

10. Christianity blocked

7. Church of Christ in China

(1/3 of everyone)

8. Gov. and church together and 20,000 per year to church for advancement of science

9. builds it up anew

10. Christianity begged for

rickshaw pullers to preachers

once a week to tell people of Christ

Soong family all Christians

And their families

Madame C.K.C. writes speech

April 17- 24- 1937- diary of China’s leader

While he was kidnapped

“Sufferings of Jesus means to me”

love of leader or China
1st Jesus – 2nd China

11. work carried on by foreigners

11. in hands of Chinese
helped by foreigners

They want us to help and advise
As friends not bosses
Teach forgiving to Chinese people
Teach to get over superstition

10 ? – 112+ lbs.

12 ??- 80 lb.

?? leichie beys- shook from tree (210,000)
picked up and packed or burned

12. floods and drought destroy

12. electric irrigation and
drainage system

13. church supported by us

13. self supporting now or in
2 years

14. foot binding

14. only back in country

address by W. L. Beard

*[This letter dated **early Nov. 1937** was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen gives Geraldine train info to FL as Geraldine and Marjorie may come to Florida for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[Early Nov. 1937]

Dear Geraldine,

As Kathleen is writing I will put in a brief note.

Marjorie, I think, wrote that you had suggested to her, that you both come down here on Christmas vacation. Thinking you probably intended coming by rail as requiring the least time in travel, I went to the station here in Safety Harbor to get what information I could about trains and fares for your consideration in planning.

The station agent said "The Orange Blossom Special", a very fast train, will be put on Dec. 10 for the whole winter season and into next summer. It has air conditioned cars, individual reclining seats, and is nice, clean and new all thru. Fine wash room, etc. I gave him New Haven as a starting point (he didn't know where it was, but by my directions as to location and distance with respect to Hartford wh. he found in his books, he estimated the fare from New Haven), as \$27.40. Then he said later on this "Special" starting at about 1+ p.m. from N. York, you arrive here at about 4:50 p.m. the following day, thus having only one night out.

At first, he said you changed only at Washington. Later he said some thing about changing at N.Y., but I think that meant, if you entrained at N. Haven.

I asked the price of berths in case you felt the necessity of them and he said \$9.00,- I suppose that meant from N.Y. in which case you would probably not change at Washington. Your sleeper would probably be attached to the "O.B. Special" at Washington. He said you would probably go to bed at 10 p.m. at Richmond, Va.

I asked the price of a round trip ticket and he said \$71.20 good for 15 days stay. I asked why so much more for a round trip ticket than for 2 one way tickets and he said he didn't know but that was what the books said.

71.20

\$27.40 X 2 = 54.80

Difference \$16.48 - !

However he said he did not have the latest information re. the "O.B. Special" but he would receive new schedules and books in a few days and he asked me to come in again.

I suppose buses are a little cheaper but I am afraid of buses, they travel so fast 60 m.p.h. and they would not be as comfortable and restful as train service.

Hugh contends that buses are safer than R.R. as R.R. trains have jumped the tracks 3 times in recent times hereabouts, to only one bad bus accident on the Tamiami Trail where 14 persons were drowned in a deep ditch beside the road. Florida is so level that there are no high embankments for trains or buses to roll down.

Well this is enough in this line, for you isn't it?!

It makes the decision of the time you come difficult, doesn't it, since the only time you can see Gould's family for a year or more is on Christmas. I suppose he counts on seeing all but Kathleen and me there then.

It is cold here today 40 degrees last night, around 60 degrees outside in the sunshine today.
All are well here.

Kathleen drove the Elmers in their car and me and Jill to Clearwater (7 miles) yesterday a.m.; may do so again the day before Thanksgiving to get the turkey. Mrs. Elmer has invited us all to the Th'ksgv. feast. Love Mother.

[This letter dated Nov. 7, 1937 was written from Portsmouth, VA by Willard to Geraldine. Nancy and Willard drove Ellen to Kathleen's house in Florida and they are now in Virginia. Willard describes Kathleen's house and Hugh's new job. Willard will be doing some speaking in North Carolina. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Portsmouth Va
Sunday, Nov 7- 1937

Dear Geraldine:-

A post card has gone direct to you once and a telegram. I think twice to Putnam asking that it be sent on to you. So you have more or less kept track of us.

Nancy [*probably Stanley Beard's daughter-19 years old*] and I left Mother with Kathleen- Jill and Hugh last Monday at 7:45 a.m. and drove two and a half days- about 780+ miles to Holland Va. This is near Franklin. We were put into a private home- Mr. and Mr. Joe E. Holland and Martha (16). Mr. H. is a well-to-do farmer sticking to his business- over seeing- not doing much of the real work himself- he has his 52 pigs that he was "finishing off" for the market to see sometime this week- 200 lbs. each. He sold over \$500.00 worth a month ago. He buys them 40 or 50 at a time when 8 weeks old. Kept them in a pasture for 6 months or more. Then put in a large pen and feeds them on corn till they weigh 200 lbs. and sells. He has 23 cows- hires a man to feed or milk them- oversees 4 or 5 farms on which cotton, corn and beans are raised. The Association meetings were finished Fri. morn but they asked us to stay on till Sat. morning. We enjoyed Friday evening with the family and Nancy and Martha hitched up together finely. We tried to go thru the peanut candy factory in Suffolk on Friday afternoon and try again. I am to meet with the Woman's Miss'y Society tomorrow evening there so we will try again for the candy fac'y in the afternoon.

We were very quiet while at Kathleens, - drove to Clearwater, or to Tampa or to St. Petersburg about every day, and I drove out from her home to New Port Richey, Tampa and St. Petersburg to speak.

Kathleen's house is very conveniently arranged with large living room opening off the dining room behind which is the kitchen. A hall runs from the living room to the bath room. One bed room is just behind one living room another behind that and one across the hall and behind the kitchen, - all on one floor. The whole family are looking well. Hugh went into partnership with an electrician a month ago. The man wanted capital. Hugh's father gave \$1000. Hugh drives 24 miles to his work, receives as salary \$20 per week and gets 1/3 of the profits. He said he sold \$100.00 worth of equipment from the store last week, and just before we left he announced that they had just contracted for wiring a drug store for \$325. They would make \$125.00 on the job, and they are practically assured of the job of wiring and lighting the fair next year I believe. This is a \$30000.00 job. So I hope he is on the road to better times.

I am in Elon College, N.C. Tuesday nite and at Big Oak church near Biscoe for an Assn Meeting Wed, and Thurs. I do not yet know about next Sunday, Nov 14 or Nov 22. Nov. 16, 17, 18 I am at Riverside, N.C. Mail will reach me here addressed General Delivery.

Your last letter forwarded from the farm I guess read as if you were trying to make the best of your position. I hope your trys are making progress and will attain success in time. In the mean time I hope you are getting rested. I wonder what Thanksgiving will bring forth for the family. Nancy and I shall try to get home for or by that day.

We have seen "right much" of Florida and some of Georgia and Alabama and Virginia. We shall see a lot of northern North Carolina. I have a distinct impression of miles and miles of wasted land in Fla. and of meeting many people past middle life in that state who have moved here from New England or Penn. or Ohio or Michigan. They are not natives. Here the people are Virginians.

With love
Father

[This letter dated Nov. 8, 1937 was written from Portsmouth, VA by Willard to Monnie (Marjorie). He tells Marjorie of the places that he and Nancy have visited. He talks about Hugh's job. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Portsmouth, VA.
Nov. 8th 1937

Dear Monnie:-

Visions of the end of this whirl-of-a-campaign begin to appear. I have been hoping it would be possible for me to stop on the way between Pearl River and Shelton to perhaps take you to Shelton. I am not sure yet just when we shall actually start for home. I can see that the latest date will be sometime before lunch on Tuesday Nov. 23. One conference at a place. Shallow Well Church, near Sanford, N.C. has not written definitely. This is to be our Association Meeting and I intend to stop at the office of the Superintendent for Va and N.C. and tell them I will attend and speak if they will give me a place on the program at the first session Tuesday morning. Then Nancy and I will leave as soon as I finish and take off 200 miles of one home journey that day, and plan to reach Pearl River Wednesday and I will drive home Thursday morning- stopping for you if you are still in Stanford. Could you write me addressing me at Reidsville, N.C. General Delivery. I am at Reidsville Nov. 16, 17, 18.

It may be that you have other plans that do not fit in with this if so do not change them.

We have kept to our schedule thus far.- The speedometer shows 10500+ miles. It registered 5000+ when we left home. The car covered about 2500 to 3000 miles in Florida alone- from the East Coast Daytona Beach to Clearwater about three times, and from Clearwater to Miami Beach once and from Miami Beach to Daytona Beach one day. Then we drove from Daytona Beach to Atlanta, Ga. and stopped three days, then went on to Talladega, Ala. and from Lineville, Ala. to Clearwater. The longest drive since the one coming down to Fla. was from Clearwater to Holland, Va.- Mother was not with us so we could go 50 and 60 miles an hour.-850+ miles in ten days and a half. The roads were good and weather clear.

Kathleen, Jill and Hugh were well. Hugh is in partnership with an electrician Mr. Newsom- Hugh's father put \$1000 into the business, and Hugh keeps the store while Mr. Newsom is out on the jobs. Just before I left Hugh said they had the job of wiring a drug store \$325.00. They would clear \$100 or \$125 on it.

Then Mr. Newsom has secured the job of doing the wiring for a fair to be held in 1938 \$30000.00. It looks to me as if Hugh was on the way to make good. They have to get up at a little before six. He leaves at 6:40 and drives 24 miles to Tampa and gets home about 6:00 p.m. He receives as salary \$20.00 per week and has 1/3 of the profits from the business. Thus far I guess he has not realized much more than his salary. Jill and Nancy struck up great friendship. The last Sunday we were there, Nancy staid at home and took care of her while Hugh, Kathleen, and Mother and I went to Tampa. I spoke in the Tampa church and all but Hugh lunched with the pastor. Nancy and Jill lunched with Father and Mother Elmer. We found them very happy when we got home.

Write so I will get it from General Delivery.
Reidsville, N.C.

Lovingly
Father

[This letter dated Nov. 13, 1937 was written from Elon College, NC by Willard to Elbert and Emma (Kinney). Willard talks about buying pecans on the roadside. He spoke at Elon Chapel and attended a Duke/NC State football game. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Elon College
Of Dr. Atkinson
Nov. 13th 1937

Dear Elbert and Emma:-

Elberts letter re pecans reached me here two days ago. How perfectly things often work out without our planning! I had decided to buy 100 lbs. of pecans if the right opportunity offered- whether you wrote for them or not. So as we came up thru the pecan raising section we watched for the B. Lloyd's advertisement. We thought of coming back the same route as we came or rather went down, but we were driving against time- nearing 400 miles a day- and for novices that's going some- and our shortest route did not take us thru the place where we had bought the sample we sent you. But we passed a station where Lloyd's pecans were in stock on both sides of the street they wanted 28 cents a lb. for Stewarts [*a type of pecan*]. I did not know one kind from another, but knew the Stewarts had seemed to us good on our way South. Finally they said they had 100 lbs. of Schleys 28 cents. I told them I had bo't Stewart for 25 cents. At last they went across the way and brought over the box. He asked what I wanted. I told him, and said they did not get an order for 100 lbs from a tourist every day. He said all right take a 100 lb bag

for \$25.00 so we have them in the car. All unknown to us what kind you wanted or whether you wanted any. I thought at that price I could dispose of them. When I get home, I'll get them up to you in some way. Maybe I'll want to come up to see you and Jerry-unless she comes down to Century Farm for Thanksgiving in which case I may bring her back and take the nuts along.

Nancy and I are greatly enjoying a few days here with Pres. and Mrs. L.E. Smith of Elon College. They kindly asked us to come for last Monday evening. Nancy has been here since I was off in the country- where I went to the well and pumped the water with the family wash basin to wash my face both for supper and b-fast- where the men eat first and the women and children at second table- but they are the kind of folk that make the foundation of the nation- financially independent well-to-do, morally straight, solid gold, intellectually rising. 7 children all but one in school. The youngest Mildred 6 yrs. came running to her father just as I arrived, with her face all aglow and showed him her report card- the first one- with all A's.

I have spoken once at Elon chapel and conducted two forums with two student groups- but the acme of pleasure came yesterday afternoon when I went with the Smith family and Nancy to the football game. Duke (at Durham, N.C.) vs. North Carolina State College). The day was perfect. The crowd 45000 in the Duke Stadium. Just to see that crowd was enough to pay for the tickets- \$2.50 a seat. The playing was clean,- a little logy and called it on the part of Duke. The Carolina boys put up a good game and won 14-6. After the game the Carolina boys had to have some fun so they tried to pull down the goal post nearest to where we sat. The Duke boys defended them. After perhaps ten minutes 20 or 30 Carolina boys started for the farther goal post and before the Duke boys got onto their game the C. boys had the posts down. The people here called it a "fight" but I did not see much "fight" in it. We drove our car out of the congestion. As we were inching along, we met a car in the ditch. Another car backed up to it to pull it out. The towing chain was the chains they put on the wheels for ice. The chain snapped. The car was in a pickle all right. Up to its axle. I had a tow chain in the trunk of my car. I could not be sure of landing it and waiting got it, so I told the fellow I had it and would sell it to him. He asked how much. I told at cost= 80 cents. He replied "I'll give you \$1.00" I took his dollar and had the satisfaction of seeing him safely on the road with his car- but too far away for me to give him the chance to return my chain and me to return his dollar.

We had dinner at a hotel- a fine dinner. ?? ?? and a call on a Dr. Campbell, teacher in Vanderbilt University and his wife and to bed for a nine hour's sleep- and up for a beautiful day on which I could go to church- get in a pew and listen and enjoy a service. This evening I am to speak at Greensboro.

Here at Elon College I have spoken at College chapel once and held two forums with a class or rather two different classes of the students in the college.

I think I'll send this letter to Geraldine and ask her to forward it to you. Nancy and I are having a very interesting time, but I at least, am looking forward to the close of this campaign with pleasure- two months of it is enough for one stretch.

The weather here now is something like our New England weather in November Indian Summer. We all sat thru one game yesterday with our overcoats off. Put them on when the sun went down.

You would have enjoyed this I think, Jerry. At least you would have seen much of the Southland- and much of the people in different walks of life. From the real share-cropper who asked me - if there was not some kind of trouble over in China right now to the cultured College President.

With love Will.

[This letter dated Nov. 16, 1937 was probably written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Kathleen is relaxing and waiting for her 2nd baby to arrive. She gives information to Geraldine on train schedules in hopes that Marjorie and Geraldine will come to Florida for Christmas. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Nov. 16, 1937

Dear Jerry:

Jill and I are out basking in a lovely warm sun and Mother is working - as usual. I am being very lazy these days and letting her do most of it. I am just waiting for the "event" so that I can go back to normal and it can't come too soon for me now.

You must be very busy with your classes for we have heard nothing from you since they started. Uncle Elbert wrote that you had been down there to dinner three times and Monnie wrote of your New York trips so we know you haven't been stationary. I hope you don't have too much studying to do or much extra curricular work. Do the girls seem responsive or are they inclined to be sophisticated and unscholarly?

Have you and Monnie decided whether you are coming down for Christmas? We hope you have made up your minds to come but of course you know best when it will be most convenient for you and any time will suit us

so far as we know now. Mother found out some important information about trains down here which she will include in this letter. If you do come by train be sure to get your ticket via the "Seaboard Airline" road for that goes right thru Safety Harbor and we can meet you. However, get your ticket to Clearwater since it is cheaper that way I think, and ask to get off at Safety Harbor. There is another line, "Atlantic Coast line", which goes thru Clearwater but we would find it hard to meet you since Hugh has the car in Tampa all day. Or, you could buy your ticket to Tampa and Hugh could meet you there and drive you home when he comes. Perhaps that would be easiest all around and it might be a little cheaper for you too. Anyway let us know if and when you are coming.

We are wondering where you will spend thanksgiving. Will you go down to the Farm or have dinner in Putnam. I suppose you will have the whole weekend won't you, or don't the girls go home for that Holiday? We have been invited over to the Elmer house for dinner if the children get well enough by that time. Sally and Molly have colds and little Rollin has some kidney trouble resulting from a cold- so Enid has her hands pretty full taking care of them. Also Pearl has been worse for the last two months and is very little help over there. Her case was of such long standing that it has not responded well as they hope it would.

Hugh likes his new job and gets along well with his partner, which helps a lot. It will probably mean an eventual move nearer Tampa for us but I guess we will stay here for the present anyway. Mother seems to like the location of our house and her sunny South room. It is very quiet out here and if you come down you will get a good rest.

Last night was our coldest night so far and we needed heat this morning. We had not frost tho, and I hope we don't have any as long as the poinsettias are in bloom. They are beautiful now and very showy. This is Thursday (Nov. 18) and Jill and I are out sunning ourselves again. It is much warmer out than in today- but I'll never get this finished if Jill continues to demand my attention. She missed Nancy's attention for a few days after they left and was a handful to take care of. She is more contented now but learned to do several taboo things which she hasn't unlearned- like turning on all the lights any time of day or night and filling everything with water at the sink. She is getting some much needed discipline from Grandma and lessons in good behavior. She ought to be a model child when Mother gets thru with her for I have been rather lax recently about making her mind.

I must finish now if I get this into the mail so goodbye for now and write us soon.

Love from all of us

Kathie

[This letter dated Nov. 22, 1937 was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen talks about life in Florida and of some of the people she has met. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Clearwater, Fla.

Monday Nov. 22", 1937.

Dear Geraldine,

I fancy you have been wondering when you were going to hear from us as much as we have been when you would favor us with a communication.

I can realize now how Kathleen feels rather isolated from the whole family, but she adjusts herself to the southern environment very well. There is very little society immediately about here for her; and owing to the coming of Jacqueline and the care of her since, and the approaching arrival of the second, they do not go out much to get into any society. I have met one couple three houses down the road, a former Boston minister and wife who have spent 49 summers at Lake Winnepesaukee; were there last summer; bought this house here on this street about 3 yrs. ago; they dropped in a few minutes yesterday afternoon on their way home from a walk; were much interested to hear we had been to Lake W. last summer and Marjorie's residence with the Tucker family. They did not know where Steamboat Island is [*an island in Lake Winnepesaukee*]!

Aside from these,- Rev. and Mrs. Bakeman, I have met no other, outside of the Elmer family, except their (K's and H's) grocer who is a relative of the former President Lowell- of Harvard, their ice man who delivers ice a the house daily, and the proprietor of the electric shop where Hugh works. So you see we live very quietly.

Yesterday and today have been cold days; last night so cold that some of the more exposed poinsettias were killed. The lowest temperature at 7 o'clock this morning was 29 degrees. Last evening at about 9:30 and again at 10:30 the forecast of probable temperatures for each of the cities in this part of Florida was given by radio for the benefit of citrus fruit growers and truck gardeners. The announcer must have given about 50 cities ranging from 2 to 34 degrees. Little or no damage was done to citrus fruits I think, in this part of Florida. Ice froze on open tubs of water at Mr. Elmer's house, 1/8 inc. thick. The ice man also reported the same at his home. And wasn't it cold tho!! Saturday night I slept so cold under 7 thicknesses (including the sheet) of cotton and wool covers of

varying weight, 2 being the English Duffle from Labrador, that last night I added 2 more thicknesses of cotton bedquilt, and slept in 2 union suits, woolen stockings and heavy winter night gown. So if it's cold up north at Christmas vacation, come down to "Sunny Florida"!!!

But it's moderating and Kathleen says the cold snaps never last more than two or three days.

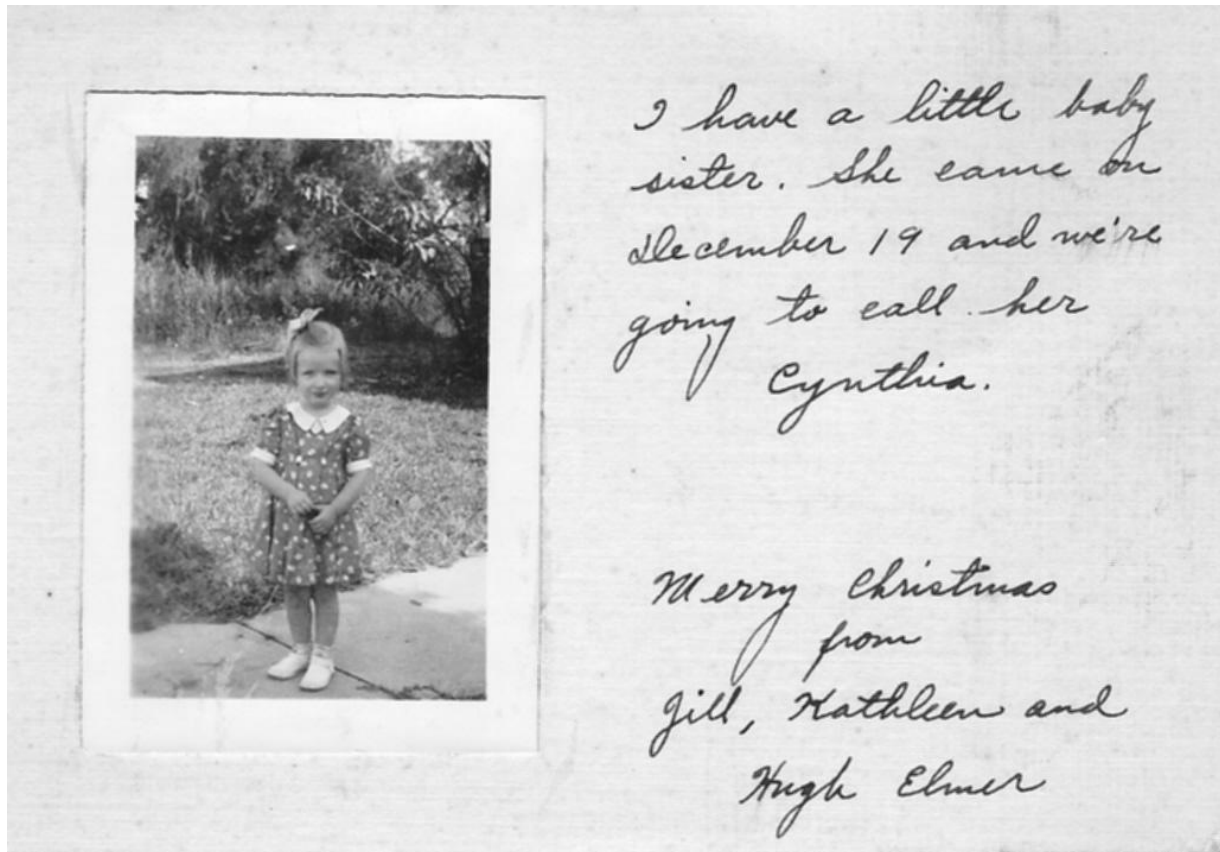
Two weeks ago yesterday we planned to go to Clearwater to church. Mr. Elmer, Hugh and I. Hugh wanted to take Jacqueline. K. was a bit doubtful. But the little girlie sat very still in her father's lap, all thru the service without uttering a word or a sound. She fell asleep for 10 min. toward the last but woke when the organ struck up the final hymn. Her grandfather was evidently quite gratified by her perfect behavior and complimented her and gave her more attention and caresses than I ever saw him bestow before. She took one of her little automobiles in her hand to play with if the sermon was too long and I carried a small picture book for a diversion if necessity required but I simply held it in my lap covered with her coat and she only held her automobile in her hand not playing with it at all nor even looking at it. In one of her grandfather's compliments for her behavior, spoken to Hugh, she transferred the meaning to the church service when he meant it regarding her behavior. What he said was that she behaved better than at the moving picture a few weeks ago when she ran down the aisle and was brought back by an usher who told Hugh to keep her in the seat. When she arrived home her mother asked her if she liked going to church, she answered "Yes, better than the moving picture".

I said I had met only one couple here. There is one other couple who came in one evening last week to play cards. Mr. and Mrs. Dort and their 2 yr. old boy. They live a few miles away.

Mr. Bakeman said he had a brother who was a missionary in Shanghai teaching in S'hai Bapt. College, many years but died 3 yrs. ago. We did not know him.

I walk down to the store in Safety Harbor occasionally and am taking this letter to the P.O. or train there right now. Love Mother.

Kathleen is well and keeping up finely.



Cynthia's birth announcement December 19, 1937
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]



Written on back of photo: "Baby Cynthia and Grandma"
Ellen and Cynthia Elmer
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

