

1941

- Foochow invaded by Japan in April 1941
- Willard and Ellen arrive back at Century Farm on September 19, 1941 after returning from China via the Pacific Ocean on the S.S. President Coolidge
- Japan attacks Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941
- US and Britain declare war on Japan
- Atomic Bomb research begins
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Marjorie and Ralph are in Davis Inlet, Canada
- Geraldine is in Chicago then moves to Seattle, Washington
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia may have moved to Great Neck, NY
- Willard is 76, Ellen- 73, Gould- 45, Geraldine- 43, Dorothy- 40, Marjorie- 35, and Kathleen- 33.

[This letter dated Jan. 5, 1941 was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard to Dot and Harold. The uncles helped send Aunt Phebe to St. John's in Canada to accompany Monnie for her wedding on August 31, 1940. He tells of the E. Walter Smith's difficulty in getting to Foochow because of a Japanese gun boat. He tells about the poor boys they care for and ways in which they help them. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
Jan. 5 – 1941

Dear Dot and Harold-

This is a very quiet, kind of lonely, warm Sunday evening. Sundays are rather full for me with two Bible classes and two church services. I lead the classes but attend the services preaching only two or three times a term.

Your last letter about ten days ago. I will plan to write the giver of the \$5.00. In Foochow I left to be printed a letter to the donors to this Ing Tai work and I will plan to put one of these letters into her letter.

Your letter with it's account of Monnie's last days with you and Aunt Phebe's letters- 3 I believe-have been most interesting. I do not know what to do to express thanks to the uncles for sending Aunt Phebe up to St. John's with Monnie. Monnie's letter has come at last and what a good letter. I have had very little misgivings all the year, but her letter on top of Aunt Phebe's allayed any doubts that may have been lurking about.

The E. Walter Smith's have been in Foochow for over a week. They left Shanghai on a steamer that planned to go to Hang Geng 40 miles south of Foochow on the coast. When they reached Hang Geng a Japanese gun boat told the captain to turn about and to back to Shanghai. The captain obeyed, steamed north beyond Sharp Peak at the mouth of the Min and on past Sang Du where Mother and I landed a year and more ago. Then he moved over into the Shanghai -Hong Kong path and headed South. After he had left Hang Geng a few hours a Japanese flew over to see if he was obeying orders. He was and they let him alone. When he got opposite Sang Du he turned and rushed into that harbor and unloaded. There were about 17 foreigners, 3 children. They had three days travel to get to Foochow. Mrs. Smith carried a 50 lb. child in her lap in the chair all the way.

We do not know when they will come to Ing Tai.

I plan to go down to Foochow to lead the International Week of Prayer meeting next Saturday in Chinese and to preach in St. John's church = the stone church Sunday evening at six. I hope to stay a few days just to visit with Mother and rest.

You might say to the giver of that \$5.00 that her gift was very much appreciated for it takes between \$3000 and \$4000 a month to provide for these 300 orphans. You see every thing must be provided for these boys, some of whom were found pawing our garbage heaps for something to eat and sleeping in some old tumble down shanty. I must talk every day with one or more who want a warm garment- or a pair of shoes or something. A little fellow came the other day - cold- he had on three cotton coats. One was worn thin and full of holes. I received some weeks ago four bags of old clothing. I gave the tailor a womans coat that came in one of the bags. He made a nice lined sort of vest, and I found a shirt for him and now he's warm, and so grateful. Yesterday Helen when she left in the morning said she would like some bamboo for decorations in the chapel that evening at a concert. I was very busy til about 11:45. I went out and found this little boy now 14 years old and small for his age. I told him what I wanted. He nodded and started away, back in 5 minutes. I must have a knife to cut the bamboo. I found one, "too large." Another with no handle "All right". Half an hour later, "Come and see if there are enough." "All right, now will you take them ½ mile down to Wenshan School and give them to Mrs. Smith." O.K that was all there was to it. Six years ago I landed here from Foochow just at dark with a lot of things. Among them a hen and brood of newly hatched chickens in a basket. Eight year old Cu Chung - our bamboo lad - spotted the basket of chicks, grabbed it and dragged it up 125 steps to the house. He was so short to lift it off the ground.

I read your success and that of Gould in the Masons and Eastern Star with interest and pride. I know a little of the satisfaction you feel, next year, or was it this? you will have leisure. Keep your face forward. Find something more to do and keep going forward.

Love to you
Father



Ralph and Monnie in Canada
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

*[This letter dated **February 11, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to Dorothy and Harold. He tells her about a Chinese orphan child who they helped and his success as an adult. E. Walter Smith has arrived*

in Foochow and visited his new field, Ing Tai. Willard is going to have another hernia operation. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Ing Tai
February 11th. 1941.

Dear Dorothy and Harold;-

I am sending you four sets of stamps,- Chinese. The enclosed printed sheet will tell you the object. Robert Wang was an orphan here in Ing Tai in 1898. I saw him after Dr. Emily D. Smith had picked him out of a dump heap and took him under her care. I used to see him come to her house on Saturday afternoons and get his bath, a change of clothes and go back to his school. He has graduated from the Ing Tai school, Foochow College and has studied in Fukien Christian University. He has taught in Foochow College and other High Schools. Now for about seven or eight years he has been head accountant in the Union Hospital here, in Foochow. He has made good in all places where he has been. I told him I would send these collections of stamps to some of my friends. Can you sell these four collections and send the money to Aunt Mary or to me direct. If the buyers give only the asked price i.e. ten cents a set it will be only 40 cents. I'll tell you,- buy me a half pound of Royal Baking Powder and send it thru the mail and I'll call it square. You may lose in the deal. I think I wrote you some time since to send me a private check,- (your private check on your Saginaw bank and it be as good as anything you can send.

I was in Foochow in January for a time and came up here February 3rd. for our Ing Tai Annual Meeting. Rev. E. Walter Smith just arrived from Peiping with his wife,- sent out for Ing Tai came up a few days later with Dr. Harry Worley of the Meth. Mission to help in the meetings. Walter came to see his new field. Lucia his wife is pregnant and the doctor does not want her to go about much, so she did not come. He had a good time here. Staid until this morning, I sent him down with my coolie. They will stop five miles down the river and take on the boat 853 Hung Gek, a citrous fruit some larger than the Mandarin orange and tighter put together. The Chinese say they are too sour to eat so they use them as decoration in their homes at this time of year. The foreigners like them to eat as we eat grape fruit.

I am in this house alone, and have been since the first of February. I plan to go to Foochow day after tomorrow, Feb 13th. I have one or two committee meetings etc. then I plan to go to the hospital to have another hernia fixed. It will take me at least one month from Ing Tai. Helen Smith and Mrs. Bill McVay nee Mary Frances Buckhout will be here tomorrow or the next day.

Yesterday I put on a dinner for ten. Walter and myself, and eight Chinese. Principal and Mrs. Iong Ming Sing, Rev. and Mrs. Ling King Ek, Mr. and Mrs. U Nga Kauk, and Mr. and Mrs. Tang Ga Dieng. I had only our Coolie whom I stole from Mother for ten days to bring Walter up, and take him back and get something for Walter, Harry Worley and Pastor Ling to eat during the meetings. Mother writes that she is having the time of her life with no servant to bother her. I shall hope for mail from home when I get home.

My garden is a joy. We have been eating turnips, carrots, lettuce, radishes, turnip tops as greens every day.
My love to you both,

Father

[This letter, dated Feb. 13, 1941, was written from Great Neck, NY by Ginny and Gould to Willard and Ellen. They tell what they did for Christmas. Gould feels that Japan is going to make trouble soon. He feels the U.S. is more knowledgeable about war now from the experience in WWI. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Feb 13, 1941
255-25 Iowa Rd.
Great Neck, L.I., N.Y.

Dear Father and Mother:

Virginia has the dates on all letters written from this place and it shows I hav'nt written you a letter in a long time. Aunt Mary gave me the \$100 check for you for Xmas and I must say I was hugely surprised. I had'nt expected anything at all from you in China. The whole family joins with me in thanking you for that very generous gift.

We spent Xmas at Seymour with Grandpa Space's. Dot and Harold were in Florida with Kathleen and Jerry was alone in Chicago. So with Monnie in Labrador, the Beard's were again pretty well split up this Xmas.

The Aerotague[?] Co. gave me an electric band saw and my boss Bill Littlewood gave me a grinder for Xmas which started my home work shop. I really have the start of a nice shop now.

During the last two weeks of January, Ginny, Sonny and I went thru the mild flu that went over the country. We fed Hazel enough homeopathic medicine and she did'nt get it. I was hardly well over the flu when I had to take a trip and I have been trying to clear up my sinus condition ever since.

Virginia and I are taking a whole week's elimination diet of fruit and water and celery and carrots all raw, nothing else. We started Monday and I believe my nose and throat are getting a little better already.

Hazel is growing fast and actually putting on a little weight. Sonny is having a hard time keeping up in school. I havn't got on to what the matter really is. He is smart as a whip at home and far from dumb, but either his teacher does'nt know how to get the most out of him or he sits in a group of kids who are fooling most of the day. We will find out soon.

We are in the midst of all the discussion about the Land Lease Bill won in Congress. I believe the country is about 80% for the bill, some mildly and some rather uncertain about this stand. I believe it is the only course we can take if we hope to survive as a Democracy.

Tonights news indicates that Japan is really going to make trouble. I believe we will be at war with Japan before we get in with Germany. I sometimes wonder what you could do to get out if Japan bottles up the entire Japanese coast and we go to war with her. It would then be the Chinese who will have to reciprocate and take care of you. There has been a lot of interest in China here in American and almost every large periodical has some article about the new order in China on China's fight for liberty in each issue.

The draft is taking a few men. I am a Reserve officer and will do my bit if called. At my age, my work would be mostly at home or administration. I have plenty that the country can use. Being married and having two children, I believe I will be one of the last called.

I believe this time the country knows a little more about what they are doing than prior to entering the last war. The country as a whole is wiser and more intelligent and better informed on the European and Asiatic situation than they were in 1916 and 1917.

I sometimes wonder whether I will ever get out to see my old Foochow again. If times ever get settled so free movement between countries is possible I would like to take the whole family out to see Foochow where I spent my boyhood days. It will be much changed, but they can't remove the rivers or the mountains and the ?? piles[?] will still be there. The Buffalow cows may be gone but the dogs should still be in packs around each village and the goats and ducks shall still be in flocks on the hills and in the rice fields.

The whole family is now well. The kids send their love and Ginny wants a little space for a few linens. We hope to see you back here before too long.

Lovingly your son,
Gould.

[The following is in Ginny's handwriting:]

Father and Mother Dear-

I'm going to save most of mine for a later letter, but I do want to say a big Thank You for your generousness at Christmas. It left us both quite speechless.

How very good it has seemed to the kiddies, and myself to have Gould home nearly all the time for a change. He seems to be much better this winter. More relaxed and at last feels at home in this house.

He is beginning to develop a bit of a work shop down cellar so spends quite a bit of time down there. I'm so very glad because it is a definite relaxation for him and maybe he'll get made some badly needed book cases, etc, also do a few odd jobs that will be a big help.

We think of you so often, and so glad you both seem to be completely happy in your work. May God guide and keep you always

Ever so much love
Ginny

[This letter dated Feb. 18, 1941 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to Geraldine. He has heard from Monnie since she moved and married in Canada and is glad that they are happy and that things were cleared for them to finally be married. He advises Geraldine to get plenty of rest. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Foochow, China.
Feb 18- 1941

Dear Geraldine:

Yesterday was Monnie's birthday and to celebrate it, we received the first letter from her from her new home written Sept 30th 3 ½ months. It was filled with good news. She is very happy. My own joy is great. After what she and Ralph and all of her family have been thru during the past two years, our happiness is only greater and deeper at the outcome thus far. But I had no positive proof and here I could only listen and keep still as I heard people express doubt about her ever marrying Ralph. So I expect I feel a deeper satisfaction over the consummation and her marriage and over her happiness as expressed in her letters. I wrote them that they had earned a big lot of happy times together from the months of enduring the thwarting of their plans. And what she writes of the uncles who opposed Ralph's marrying a missionary's daughter, and the one who refused to allow them to be married until he had proved his ability to run a station as manager throws a whole flood of light on what looked to some to be very ominous. She writes that both these uncles met her most cordially and tried in all ways to make up for all their seemingly unkind decisions. She writes that Ralph brought Davis Inlets Hudson's Bay Company's business out of 5 or 6 year old red into a paying investment. He did this in one year. Also that he has the confidence, respect and cooperation of the man who represents the workers there. These facts to me spell success. The sentence that touched me deepest in her letter was that Ralph suggested that they start the family altar in their home. From all I know now they are on the right track.

Your letter made me want to write at once cautioning you. But I did not and shall not for two reasons. 1. You are of age and you know yourself much better than I know you. 2. It would be so long before you received it that any mischief would have been done. But yet remember, that there are 24 hours in each day and it is wise to spend at least 8 of these in bed. (I spend 9 each nite and usually 1 in each afternoon there) and one or two more doing something not work for thirty or more years I have made it a rule to make up as soon as possible any loss of rest at nite. Lyman Abbott wrote in his life's story that if he had a spell of hard work ahead of him, he rested up ahead of it. By this means he did better work and did not get all fagged out by the extra work. I have tried this with satisfying results.

I enclose some reading matter for your edification and help, referring to the stamp. The \$100.00 check I wrote Oct. 12-1940 and it was No. 12. If you have not received it better write Aunt Mary the number, date and amount and ask her to intervene the Bank.

May God find up all profitable
Lots of love Father

Newsletter from Oberlin College titled "Ninety -One After Fifty Years"

China Contingent

Letters of unusual interest came for '91's noted China Contingent. "Order two plates for me at the 1942 Commencement Banquet" writes Willard L. Beard from Foochow. Mrs. Beard oversees a dozen women making embroidery on grass linen and has several new designs on the market. In 1939 Willard was made Associate Executive Secretary of the synod in a district the size of Connecticut, with seven boards of managers and executive committees. "I do a little of everything, even feeding pigs; he writes. He speaks three times a week, preaches now and then, and in February wrote checks for \$12,000. Perhaps these were Chinese dollars. In Chinese currency here are a few prices cited: kerosene \$8 a gallon; wheat flour \$125 for a 50 lb. bag.

"It is all right" says Willard, "for those who receive salaries in U.S. currency, but the Chinese on salaries and wages are paid in local currency. For a year many are jumping into the river."

When this letter was read, Alice asked couldn't we do something to help out the Chinese friends of Willard and Ellen and also of the Wilders; we all agreed, and began turning money over to her. Differences of exchange - 17 to 1- make an American dollar go far in China. The class is sending the two families \$300, which looks just like \$5100 to the Chinese.

[1891 Class newsletter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Jill, Etta Kinney Hume, Emma Kinney, Kathleen, Cynthia and Hugh Elmer taken about March of 1941 in Florida
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Beard]

Excerpt from an "Account of invasion of Foochow", **20 Apr 1941**, by Ellen Kinney Beard (Box 2, folder 17) Yale University Divinity School Library Archives:

"At least four bombers have just gone over my head but I couldn't see them and here go three more down river that I can see. You wonder at my heading. Well, yesterday at 2.45 pm the consul telephoned Mr. McClure that all women who had not a job that compelled them to stay had better go over to South Side, for the night, at least, for it is reported on good authority that troops have landed at Lieng Gong and Diong Loh and an invasion of Foochow is expected soon, perhaps tonight. He wanted a return call from Mr. McC in half an hour telling him how many and who would come over. Mr. McC called the Compound all together at Miss Houston's, explained the situation and asked how many would go. Nobody volunteered so he called the rolls as it were by saying, "Well, we'll begin with the Smiths' now they can go and Mrs. Beard can go and Miss Wiley..." Then he asked if we would go and we all said we would, it being the Consul's wish and advice. Then he asked the rest separately and they all said they would stay as they were all doctors and nurses of the Hospital and couldn't leave their patients - Dyer, Atwood, Jacobs, Saubli, Wilcox, the Jewish doctor and masseur. Miss Houston also said she would stay. McC responded, "Independent woman! The next time I marry I'm going to marry a man!"

Well, I had much to do to prepare to leave for an indefinite period (another single plane is just going over. They seem to be rumbling around in the distance much of the time). One thing - I had all my finished linen spread out on our two long tables in the process of pricing them. I wanted to take it all with me but finally could not conveniently do it, so gathered it all up and left it on the shelves of our closet. I hope it will not be looted.



Lyda S. Houston

SHE is finding expression for her Y. W. C. A. thinking in the school at Diong-loh, newly co-ed. She adds modernity to our mission groups.

I left the hens in Hok Uong's care allowing him to appropriate one egg a day and take the rest to Miss Houston. I also gave him all the cooked food I had left. Also I had to put bricks under all our wooden boxes (three of potatoes)

and two of other things and my trunk; this is to guard against white ants of which I have already found one nest in the bedroom. I tried to trace their tunnel in the basement wall, but could not. I left the house locked and windows all shut and hope it will be all right until I get back – I hope soon (another plane going over).

Yesterday was a hectic day. The siren blew at 5 o'clock but I was asleep and did not hear it. Just before 7 I heard planes coming and decided I had better get dressed and be ready for business. A few minutes later, two guns were fired indicating there were more than 20 planes on the wing. Somewhat later they boomed over us but I could not see them (there goes a bomb away down the river! and another! and another!) There were 11 in all and the Toppings from their veranda saw 7 of them (another bomb!) They were going over by 2's and 3's and singly at intervals all day until mid-pm. I heard 6 bombs go off up river; the Toppings heard 8 (another plane roars over low). Dr Dyer from her back veranda thought they fell above Upper Bridge somewhere. Yesterday was the longest time between the Ging-Bo and the Gai-Du – the siren and the all-off – there has ever been since the war began. The Consul says the Lieng Gong and Diong Loh have definitely been taken and the Government offices of those places have fled. But the invading force is not all Japanese; about 40 in each place are J and the rest are bandits, a hundred or two in each place that the J's have picked up to help them. We wonder about Miss Ward. I suspect she would feel obliged to stay and guard the property as she is the only foreigner there (another plane and others roaring in the distance).

I was assigned to Mrs. Wesley's and arrived there about 9 o'clock last evening. I found her and Clara Jean at Mrs. Lacy's for dinner so went there to report my arrival. Had an awfully slow man who did not run at all and couldn't pull me up the hills while ricksha pullers that passed us ran up (another plane just swooped over low, going down river, north-east) I had to walk the last half mile. I had 8 oranges left and over a dozen eggs, so I thought I would take the oranges and 8 of the eggs to my Nantai hostess-to-be, in part payment for my board. I packed them in a small fruit basket in which I bought the oranges and put them in the hood of the ricksha."

[This typewritten diary, dated **April 22, 1941**, was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard. He tells of the events of the invasion of Foochow by the Japanese through May 15th, 1941. Ellen is in Foochow while he is in Ing Tai. Diary from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[Handwritten] Sunday Apr. 20- first report that Foochow was bombed.
Mon. Apr. 21 Students agitated.
Tues. Bert's radio says Foochow fallen.

[The following was typed:]

Ing Tai
DIARY

April 22nd, 1941.

April 22nd. Rumors have come here that Diong Loh has fallen to the Japanese. Day before yesterday there were rumors that Foochow had been heavily bombed. A class of eight Foochow students who were planning to unite with the church next Sunday, were planning a meeting this evening. I was to speak on Baptism. They did not meet. This was owing to rumors of invasion.

The last three lines are for Wednesday April 23.
Wed. More F.C. and Wenshan left.

April 24. Thursday

No mail since Sunday. Susan and Albert left this p.m. 2:00 o'clock for Foochow. I engaged their boat to Dai Chiong for \$24.80. They go to learn what the conditions are and to get money. No checks are cashed here on the street. 2 men arr'd to take boys and girls home.

April 25 Friday,

Rumors continue. It seems that we must believe Foochow has fallen. Diong Loh also. We are quiet, - except for rumors and fear. Yesterday two men came from Foochow, as said above.

April 26, Saturday.

Two men came about 4 p.m. with letters from Ellen and Mac to learn of our condition. Foochow is taken, Ellen went over S side, returned Tues. Just at dusk Mr. Pearson of the Salt Gabelle came here. He had left Foochow Apr. 18th to visit places on the coast toward Futsing to try and excellerate the production of salt. Hearing that Futsing was

taken he turned back for Foochow. Near Siong Ang (the birth place of Lin Sen China's President) he was attacked by bandits and everything taken from. He offered \$500.00 to boatmen to take him to Foochow in vain. His helper in the salt office had all the money for the crowd of 25 or more. He was taken by the bandits and it looked as if he bought off the bandits with about \$350.00 to which had and escaped to Foochow. Mr. Pearson turned back and came over to the Ing Tia river via Ek Du and Dai Chiong. And up to Ing Tai. He put up at the salt office here. He was roughly handled by the bandits but allowed to go.

April 27th, Sunday

Mr. Pearson took breakfast with us, also Lucy and Alice. After breakfast we all went to Susans for word had come to us that she and Albert arrived from Foochow Saturday at 10 p.m. We found them with money and news. It took them from 2:00 p.m. Thurs. until 10:00 p.m. Saturday to make the round trip, 56 hours. Quick trip. They reported Foochow in the control of the Japanese but conditions not too bad. Estimates as high as 30,000 Japanese or Formosans in the city The Japanese flag everywhere, and out as far Uang Bieng. They came back from Foochow, starting at 4:30 a.m. in rickshas to Gung Muo. It rained and they were stopped once or twice but told to go on. They walked to Uang Bieng. A launch was lying off shore. They took a small boat out to it. After floating about for an hour the launchmen thought it safe to start for Duo Kau. The journey was made with no trouble. From Duo Kau they walked to Ing Tai arriving at 10:00 p.m. No they took a boat from a little above Duo Kau to Dai Kau. They had on their persons \$16,000.00

Mr. Pearson went up with us all to Susans house after breakfast, about 10:30. There we heard again his story, and their report. The Magisthare [*Magistrate there?*] was arranging a boat to take him to Uang Bieng. He left us about 11:00 a.m. A rumor came about 7 p.m. that two boats had been seen at Uang Bieng with Japanese soldiers on them and then IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE COMING UP THE ING TAI RIVER. This caused some excitement among the Dung Ing Teachers. A meeting was called and it was decided to allow any students to go home who wished to go. We did not tell any one else of this rumor.

April 28th Monday

This morning another meeting of the teachers. No confirmations of the rumor about the boats coming up river. Most of the Dung Ing students have gone home, - perhaps 75 left, - no homes to go to.

How can I make the condition of this people at this time vivid? Just as I was sitting down to lunch today two men came to see me. One of them was a student of mine almost thirty years ago. The other I have known for twenty five years. He has been connected with the Foochow Y.M.C.A. for twenty five years. He has considered his own interests before those of the Y.M.C.A. But he is still a Y. secretary. The Y. school has moved up to Dai Kau six miles down the river from here. It has used a building built by Mr. Smith. The Principal went with thirty students up thru here last Friday. He is going away for his own safety and that of his students. These two men came to me today and said; - We must leave here and go far into the interior to go away from the Japanese. They will kill us if they can catch us. We have wives and children at Dai Kau. We want to find a place for them to stay in safety. Have you a house or a room for them? And will you take them to Foochow when you of? We must leave them. This is to save our lives. One of them left a small package in which he said were \$600.00. But this shows only one side of the picture. The other is that these men must think not only of the Japanese, they must think also of the bandits among their own nationals. And one enemy is as bad as the other. I suggested that several people living in Ing Tai had moved their families to the country, - off into the mountains. The reply was, - yes but they are going among relatives. We have no relatives in the mountains. We do not even have friends there. We must depend on you. There is no one else we can trust.

The sun rose beautiful this morning. About 9:00 a.m. it was cloudy. At 1:00 p.m. it began to rain. It has rained much for many weeks. This just now keeps the air planes away and it is good for tense nerves.

TUESDAY, April 29th.

Students from Foochow College and from Wenshan returned from Ming Chiang this morning. They had heard firing at Ming Chiang. Some of them, at least one girl had been robbed by bandits. Her dress was taken off and all the things they carried were taken. One day they got wet thru and their heavy winter coats were so burdensome they threw them away and when the weather turned cold they got cold. These few have had enough of such experience. An order from the Educational Bureau has come telling all schools to go to a place Sa Gaing. Perhaps it is ten days journey from here over very mountainous roads. My guess is that the order will not be obeyed by Foochow and Wenshan students. They have had their lark, and are pretty well satisfied. The Principals of Dun Ing, Wenshan and Foochow College are very steady. With the lesser number of students and with these steady heads the mental weather is much steadier. This morning we read at the breakfast table from TO DAY the reading meant for March 29th. The line at top of page is "Live one day at a time" other sentences are. - "Worry is not work, it is merely frictions." Bishop Quayle said that once, when he was alone in his study late at night, tortured with anxiety over

many problems, it seemed as God said to him,- “Quayle, you go to bed; I’ll sit up the rest of the night.” Tuesday is my day to speak at prayers at the Junior High. I used the page in TO DAY.

Wednesday April 30th.

To day Wenshan is loading two boats with effects to take to Sing Kau. The plan is to send these on ahead and the teachers and students will wait for an indefinite period hoping that it will not be necessary to go. The Principal and Dean of the Diong Loh school at Cha Ding Gio came to talk about the order from the Educational bureau, ordering all schools to move west. They are in a box. To obey means uncertainty, - all along the way and as to where the journey will end and as to what they will be able to do when they get there. On other hand if they do not obey the Bureau may refuse to allow them to open again. ?ing Maiu Daik from Gak Liang came in about 9 o’clock and said he saw 30 horses from Futsing at Dai Kau on their way here. The soldiers had not yet arrived. They were fleeing Futsing. At a faculty meeting last nite Dung Ing decided to tell the graduating class they must all decide either to attend classes for a month and then receive certificates or go home now, with certificates of what they had finished of the term. To day is a beautiful day.

May 1st. Thursday.

Another beautiful day. Calm, serene with the everlasting hills all about us just as God has been sustaining them for thousands of years. The sun in all his glory looking down on this distracted world. The roads from Ing Tai in a westernly direction full of boys and girls going somewhere, west. One girl came back from Mintsing yesterday walking all the way from Lek Du about 20 miles alone with feet covered with blisters from walking over from Ing Tai four or five days ago. Mr. Humphry of the Meth. Mission, Lek Du, Mintsing wrote and sent the letter by this girl. He tried to go to Foochow a few days ago. He went to the river and the Magistrate stopped him,- said the ?? was unsafe. He intimated he might come over here and go to Foochow from here, so we may have a guest some day. ?ung Ing is feasting the Magistrate this evening,- the one who is just leaving. In such beautiful and peaceful surroundings, one has to try hard to realize that the world is in such a mess, “and only man is-.” Yesterday I sent a postal to Foochow for Mother by boatman who promised to put it in a post box in the suburb. He would not go into the city. The firing heard at Mintsing may be a fight between Chinese factions, not between Chinese and Japanese. Now here comes a man who said he met a girl that answers to the description of the poor little thing mentioned above with her feet covered with blisters, riding in a chair between here and Lek Du. Question, Did she make up the story of her walking all the way? If so some head she has.

To day more people came from Foochow to take students home to Foochow. Wenshan has loaded two boats with beds etc. to take to Ngu Deng Muoi preparatory to girls and teachers walking up. When will they go? When it seems necessary. In the mean time I have to keep after pig herder to give them pigs enough food. Today I bought 164 lbs. of very small potatoes for them at 10 cents per lb.

Friday May 2nd.

Last nite about 6:30 Humphrey of Mintsing arrived, having walked from Lek Du. Mintsing since 6:30 a.m. No trouble. Dung Ing gave a farewell feast for the retiring Magistrate ?? Uong and his wife. She is an earnest Christian and he is favorable. He is quite outspoken that if the Ing Tai soldiers were any good 200 of them could easily hold Ing Tai against the invaders. This morning Ming Sing Humphrey and I walked to see the new Magistrate about a boat for Humphrey and I walked to see the new Magistrate about a boat for Humphrey to go down river. He had gone to Dong Seng and was on his way back. We will need to wait til he comes before anything can be done about a boat or a pass. In case he does not get a boat or a pass one thing is left for him to go that is go on his own foot and run the risk.

Saturday May 3rd.

Yesterday the magistrate issued a “privilege” for Humphrey to hire a special boat down river. He also issued a pass for him. But he decided to wait until this morning and go on the regular passenger boat. We went down to see him off. There were two boats, both full. They were off a few minutes after 6:00 o’clock. Now at seven it is raining. The east was beautiful at 5:30, such an early rain may bring a nice day. Students are trickling back from all parts to Dung Ing and they are on the move all about. There was one boat load from Mintsing, from a school in Foochow. That made three boats down this morning.

Rumor;- The Willis F. Pierce Hospital was entered and some nurses taken by Japanese soldiers.

Sunday May 4th.

This morning I was told that Chai Buo Tieng had sent word that it would be better for the Wenshan school NOT to come to Sing Kau. It is a beautiful morning, Calm, clear as a bell cool. “Every prospect pleases and only man is vile”. When will men realize that by getting afraid of each other and fighting each other and using all manner of inventions to maim and kill other men, he only brings all manner of evil on himself and all others. The little boy who came in last evening from Pagoda saying that his father and mother had both left home and he had gone to Foochow and from there was advised to go to Yeng Bing where he said he had an uncle, and to go by way of Ing

Tai, that he was held up by bandits at Geng Kau and all his money, about \$3.00 taken from him, and that he was living in the refugee camp here for a few days, wanted to go on to Mintsing, and from there to Yang Ping, came again this morning. I told him last nite that I would give him \$3.00 when we was ready to start. I gave him \$3.00, this morning. It was refreshing to go into a Bible class of six boys who sat with eager faces as we studied about the events that led up to the birth of Moses. Stories of bandits on the lower river are many. There is a stretch not under the Ing Tai government, but technically under Foochow which is now in Japanese controlled territory, therefore each man is a law unto himself. I have not heard of a person being injured but the bandits take all personal effects. At 3:00 p.m. a man appeared with a letter to Mrs. McVay and one for Ferot. He was a messenger from Mr. Pearson in Foochow to the Salt office here. He said that Mr. Pearson arrived last week without incident in Foochow from here. He had no difficulty in coming up. He will come again this evening at six for letters to take down tomorrow.

Monday May 5th

Students of Dung Ing coming back all the time. Yesterday a man from Mr. Pearson came from Foochow with a letter from Mr. McVay to Mary Frances, and one from Pearson to Albert. No news of Foochow. We did get a little from the messenger. He said only 1000 or 2000 Japanese in Foochow. Not much trouble. We all wrote letters and sent by him to Foochow. He was to start this morning. Today the military general for all of Fukien arrived in Ing Tai, Uong Ding Ngu, he is an American returned student and reported to be a strong man. A Foochow College student came from Foochow this morning and said the Union Hospital was not invaded.

Tuesday May 6th.

The military have moved into Ne Mu's house, the house which Wen Shan had just fixed up for the smaller girls. They all had to move out and let the soldiers in. The Diong Loh school is in trouble. Yesterday seven boys went home with men who had come from their homes. The others wanted to go. The Principal said not until their parents sent for them. His faculty did not stand with him. Some of them sided with the students and it makes an awkward position for him. Iong, U Tang and I told him to stand by his decision. It has been a sultry day with a shower at 4:00 p.m. We dressed another pig this afternoon.

Wednesday May 7th.

Nothing new this morning as far as I can learn. Ming Sing spent the whole day with the Commander in Chief of the Fukien forces.

Thursday May 8th.

Last nite all the foreigners and Mrs. Uong and Siek and Miss Uong had dinner with Susan and Albert. The soldiers are in the Siek house. This was used by Wenshan. They are in a house used by Foochow College and in the house used by the Higher Primary. They tried last nite to get the orphanage but men did not open the gate and they went away. The Commander is in this dialect Uong Ding Ngu. He spent a year in the U.S.A. studying munitions and war in general. A man came from George Newell this morning asking about Humphrey and asking us to get a request to Boston for \$500 ½ from A.B.C.F.M. ½ from Meth. This is to be used for moving. They are beginning to realize that it costs to move a school.

May 14th.

Yesterday was the first news since May 9th. That day I called on Commander Uong, -a pleasant man, looks as if he knew his business. He has an Aide that inspires confidence.

May 10th Saturday

Lorin Humphrey with the wives of Jimmy Ding, Principal of Anglo Chinese College and of Ling Guang Bing Principal of Union High, and some students and a refugee, Mrs. Guok a widow and her five children aged from 4 months to 8 years, arrived from Foochow incident.

May 11th Sunday

A hot day. Humphrey had an order given by the Salt Office in Foochow on their office here for \$8000.00. I found here only \$6400.00. I made up the \$1600.00 and the office will give it to me on the 17th of May.

May 12th Monday

The Humphrey party (without Mrs. Guok and her progeny) left for Mintsing. A little cooler today. Foochow College coolies left today for Foochow. I sent letter to Ellen. No news.

May 13th Tuesday

No news today. Much cooler this afternoon.

May 14th Wednesday

Cold. I went into my trunk for warmer clothes. This afternoon we heard that the Chinese had taken Futsing. Commander Uong went to Dong Seng last Saturday. This evening Alberts radio said the Second in Command in Germany had flown along and unarmed to Scotland and given himself up. He said the government in Germany was in a mess. The rulers of the world do not know what to make of it. This is all we know now at 9:30 a.m. May 15th.

May 15th 9:30 a.m.

The Mrs. Guok who came with Humphrey last Saturday is here on the veranda with all her baggage and one of her children. This morning we hear the phone between here and Dong Seng acted queerly at 1:30 a.m. Then the news came thru that there was fighting between Dong Seng and Futsing. This morning an order came from the Magistrate to move the School to Ngu Deng Muoi. The students got the news before the Principal. All soldiers have left Ing Tai for Dong Seng. This is at 9:45. It is raining hard. Principal Iong has been to several officials and thinks the facts are;- Last nite sometime two launches with men in them came up to Dong Seng. The soldiers there drove them back. They came in the very early morning again and were again driven back. Magistrate U has gone to Gak Liang. He asked the 75th division to help him and they refused. All officials are packed up ready to leave. Foochow students are ready to start for Shaowu when the rain ceases.

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 15, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, Foochow, China by Willard to his family and relatives. Bandits are in control of land and river routes between Foochow and Ing Tai. He includes excerpts from his diary entries from April 20 – May 20 after hearing that Foochow had fallen. Ellen is still in Foochow and he hopes to bring her to Ing Tai. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai, Foochow, China.
May 15th. 1941.

Dear Gould and Virginia, Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Marjorie and Ralph, Kathleen and Hugh, Phebe and Mary, Ben and Abbie, Annie, Stanley and Myra, Emma, Elbert and Etta.

Will Geraldine please send to Gould, Dorothy to Kathleen and she to Marjorie, Emma to Etta. Stanley and family one letter.

The last letter I sent in installments, on different dates and from different places. I hope some of them reach you. Mother is still in Foochow and I am still in Ing Tai. Both are well as far as I know. About twice week we get letters each way. This is by special messenger or by some one close to us that is going. One man who had many letters was relieved of them all. Fortunately he had a companion. He himself returned to Foochow and reported. Duplicate letters were written and he got thru with these. It has not seemed wise for me to try to go down yet. Bandits are in the lower part of the Ing Tai river. The visitors from East control on land over to the point where we take the boat. From there to the place where we get the small boat to come up the rapids is a no man's land or water and the bandits have it to themselves.

We have had no trouble here. Rumors have been as numerous and as far from the truth as usual. It takes more self-control on my part to stay here and keep sweet and level headed, than it does to keep calm in the midst of rumors, and the running to and fro of many frenzied ones. I have kept a diary from the day we heard of the "fall" of Foochow. It will not be very exciting but I'll try to condense it so as not to take too much of your time.

April 20, Sunday. First report that Foochow has been bombed.

- " 21 Report of yesterday seems true. Students, 2000 much agitated.
- " 22 Monday, Bert Farot's radio says Ning Po falls.
- " 22 Monday Rumors that Diong Loh has fallen. Some students leaving.
- " 23 Wednesday. No new news, students not attending classes, Excited.
- " 24 Thursday. No mail since last Sunday. Susan Armstrong and Albert Faurot left this afternoon at 2:00 for Foochow. No checks are cashed on the street here. They went for 1. to get news, 2. to get money. Two men arrived from Foochow to take students home.
- " 25 Friday. It seems we must believe Foochow and Diong Loh are gone.
- " 26th Sat. Two men came from Mother and McClure to learn of our condition. Foochow is taken. Mother went South Side at request of Consul. Miss Wiley also went. Just at dusk Mr. Pearson, British, head of Salt Office in Foochow appeared at our house. He left Foochow Apr. 17th. To visit places on the coast hoping to increase the amount of salt made. Near Futsing he heard the city was taken and turned back. Near Siong Ang (the birthplace of China's President, Bin Seng) bandits took everything from him except the clothes he had on. He offered \$500.00 to the boatman to take him to

Foochow, in vain. His helper had all the money \$350.00 for the use of the company, about 25. The bandits got him but he bought himself off and got to Foochow. Mr. Pearson turned about and rather wandered. He brought up here, after walking 250 miles. He was in another hospital in Foochow for hernia at the same time with me. When he started the doctor told him not do much walking. He put up at the salt office here.

- “ 27th. Sunday. Pearson came to us for breakfast at 9:00 a.m. All the foreigners met at Susan's after breakfast for we heard that she and Albert got home at 10 p.m. last nite. They had brought back \$16,000.00 in cash!! Had no trouble either way. Foochow is in the control of Japanese. Conditions not too bad. Mr. Pearson left for Foochow a little after noon. We decided to allow Dung Ing students to [go] home if they wished to.
- April 28, Monday. A rumor that the two boats with Japanese in them were coming up the Ing Tai river set a lot of students and some teachers to spinning. More than half of our Dung Ing students are gone.
- “ 29, Tuesday, Students returned from Mintsing this morning. They reported a hard trip. Hot, rain tired. Bandits were reported. (This was later refuted) Some of the girls started with winter coats. When too hot they simply threw them away. An order from the Educational Bureau tells all schools to go to the interior. Our Principal says they are a set of kids. They take a map and point to a place and say that is a good place for this school, and then so order. The order is not practicable. So the school sits tight. The Principals of Wenshan, Foochow College and Dung Ing are steady and calm. They can think. With them here the mental weather is steading. This morning we read from TO DAY, the reading for March 29th. “Live one day at a time”. “Worry is not work it is merely friction.” Bishop Quale said one evening he was alone in his study late worrying over many problems. It seemed as if God said to him,- “Quale, you go to bed. I'll sit up the rest of the night.”
- “ 30, Wednesday. Today Wenshan is loading two boats with baggage to start for Sing Kau. The boats will go only to Ngu Deng Muoi, half way. The Principal of Diong Loh school came to talk with me. He is up against it. The government orders him to move. He is as safe where he is as in any place. He has no money to go. If he does not move, will the government close his school? Ling Maiu Daik came this morning from Gak Liang. He teaches a school there. He saw 30 horses from Futsing at Dai Kau. The soldiers are fleeing!! Dung Ing this evening at a faculty meeting decided to tell the graduating class they must as a whole either attend classes for a month, receive certificates and call themselves graduates, or as a whole take some kind of a certificate and go home now. To day is a beautiful day.
- May 1st. Thursday. Another beautiful day, - calm peaceful, serene with the everlasting hills all about us just as God made them, - and just as he has been sustaining them for thousands of years. The sun in all his glory looks down on this distracted world. The roads in all directions from Ing Tai full of boys and girls “going west”, some of them do not know where. One girl 15, came covered with blisters, from walking over a few days ago. She came all alone. She is a heroine. Mr. Humphrey sent a letter by her saying he tried to get to Foochow down the river from Mintsing. The river was closed. He may try via Ing Tai. The next day a friend was in my study and chanced to mention that he saw a girl in a chair alone who had just come from Mintsing. Our little heroine was rejoicing in a short lived notoriety. She at least had imagination and could carry off a bluff. People are coming from Foochow every day to take students, boys and girls to Foochow. Wenshan has loaded two boats to go up river to Ngu Deng Mui to wait for students and teachers. No date is set for them to start. It is really sort of a bluff. The teachers do not want to go.
- May 2nd. Friday. About 6:30 last nite Humphrey arrived from Mintsing. Dung Ing gave a feast to the retiring magistrate this evening. His wife was with him. He was a student of mine one term long ago. She is an earnest Christian. He is favorable. He is quite outspoken that 200 soldiers in Ing Tai if of the right stuff could hold off any invaders. Spent the day negotiating for a boat to take Humphrey down the river.

Humphrey left this morning for Foochow on the regular passenger boat. There were three boats full. Students are trickling back to Dung Ing. Rumor says, Union Hospital entered by the visitors and some of the nurses taken.

Sunday May 4th.

A 14 year old boy came from Pagoda, on his way to Yeng Ping,-robbed by bandits, staying in a refugee camp here. Wants to go to Yeng Ping today. I gave him \$3.00. A man came from Mr. Pearson with letters for Mary Frances and Albert. He came up on business for the Salt Office, no trouble. He will take letters to Foochow. This is our only means of communication with Foochow.

Monday May 5th.

Students coming back to Dung Ing all the time. Yesterday a man from Mr. Pearson arrived. The messenger said there were only 2 or 3 thousand in Foochow. It was the first that we knew Pearson got home all right. Uong Ding Ngu the general in charge of all Fukien troops arrived here today. A F.C. student arrived to say the hospital was not invaded.

Tuesday May 6th.

The military has moved into Ne Mu's house. They helped the Wenshan girls carry out their furniture. Some men came to conduct home 7 boys from Diong Loh. Forty other boys wanted to follow. The principal refused to let them go. We here advised him to stand by his decision. We dressed another pig this afternoon.

Wednesday May 7th.

Nothing new. Ming Sing spent the whole day with Commander Uong. He showed him the town.

Thursday, May 8th.

Last nite all foreigners and Mrs. Iong and Mrs. Sick and Principal Uong of Wenshan dined with Susan and Bert. Soldiers tried to get into the orphanage but the men did not open the door and the men, soldiers, left. I had a very pleasant call on the Commander Uong. He spent a year in the U.S. about 1935.

Friday May 9th. No news

Saturday May 10th.

Lorin Humphrey with the wives of Jimmy Bing, Principal Anglo Chinese College, and Ing Guang Bing Principal Union High, some students and a widow Guok with five children arrived from Foochow. The children are from 4 months to 8 years old. She was all right comfortably situated in Foochow. But she disregarded all advice and attached herself to Humphrey. She has \$500 with her. She tried to attach herself to me, in vain. She is in to make trouble for herself and for others.

Sunday May 11th.

Humphrey has an order from the Salt Office in Foochow for \$8000 on the Salt Office here. The Fukien Bank and the Salt Office had only \$6400 on hand. I fortunately could make up the \$1600. and took a promissory note from the Salt Office.

Monday May 12th

Humphrey and party left this a.m. A chair cost \$54 to Mintsing, about 30 miles, a load \$36. They had four chairs and six carriers. This is one days expenses. Foochow College coolies left for Foochow, I sent letter by them to Mother.

Tuesday May 13th All quiet no news.

May 14th. Wednesday

Cold, we all went into trunks for warmer clothing. Rumor says Chinese have taken back Futsing. Commander Uong went to Dong Seng to day to fight any one trying to go to Futsing. Albert's radio said Hess had landed in Scotland from Berlin. You know all that has been conjectured.

Thursday May 15th.

Mrs. Guok and one child and the two coolie loads are on my veranda. I have told her she must leave. If she brings more of her children here I shall call the police. She has left. All soldiers have left Ing Tai. The magistrate has gone to Cak Liang. It seems certain that the enemy came up to near Dong Seng, and went inland. There was a battle with casualties on both sides. Magistrate U went down to Gak Liang. He asked the 75th division to help him. They refused. They have now gone to a safe place in the mountains to "rest". Our radio told us of the landing of Hess in Scotland.

Friday May 16th.

The last of Foochow Coll. students left for Shaowu.

Saturday May 17th.

University coolies passed thru on way to Shaowu. We are a metropolis, - right on the direct(?) route from one place to other places. Gave a man \$50 to buy charcoal 26 miles up the river. Two girl refugees met me as I came out on

the veranda for breakfast. They are fine looking girls from Futsing, hospital. They are orphans with no where to go. Futsing is in "occupied" territory now. I found breakfast for them.

Sunday no news

Monday May 19

Henry Lacy arrived just before dusk. He is one of about 40 Methodists who went to Shanghai the last of March to elect 2 bishops. He has been a month on the way via Amoy in a Butterfield and Swire, British boat, fare \$300 sent to Chuang Chow, Ing Ang, Yeng Ping, Mintsing, Ing Tai in boats, on foot and in busses. Travel expenses to Ing Tai \$900.

Tuesday May 20

Spent the morning helping Lacy get his pass, boat etc. for Foochow. He thought he had a boat too small for the widow and her children to get in. But when we went to the boat there she was and all hers, she was profuse in her fears lest she was too late but it was all right. She really was his protégé. He rather coerced her husband to go to study in Shanghai where he died last year. He had promised to see her and her husband thru. Now we want to know how the party got thru. Mary Francis and I want to send a messenger down tomorrow morning with letters to our own with instructions to bring back replies.

This is the end of this epistle.

No letter has come to us since April 20th. No paper either. We have a fairly good battery radio, from which we hear Manila and Treasure Island, transcribed. [*Treasure Island is an manmade island between San Francisco and Oakland. It was built in 1939 for the Golden Gate International Exposition. During World War II Treasure Island became part of the Treasure Island Naval Base, where it served largely as an electronics and radio communications training school, and as the major Navy departure point for sailors active in the Pacific theatre of the war.*

"Treasure Island California". Wikipedia. September 7, 2009

<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island_\(California\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Treasure_Island_(California))>.] But I am telling you it would be good to get a home letter. If any one of you to who we sent this ever get it and conditions are as they are now, you could send a message to "The Mail Bag." Treasure Island, San Francisco, California and it will be read Sunday evening. We listened last Sunday evening for 10 to 11 and heard a lot of news that concerned Foochow people.

I have hopes of getting to Foochow next week and I hope to bring Mother up. It is quiet and pleasant here. And I think it is easier to get food here than in Foochow.

God is just the same as ever, thoughtful of his children and careing for them now as ever. Some of them are pretty ungrateful and willful, and block his efforts. Pray for peace.

Very lovingly,

Father.

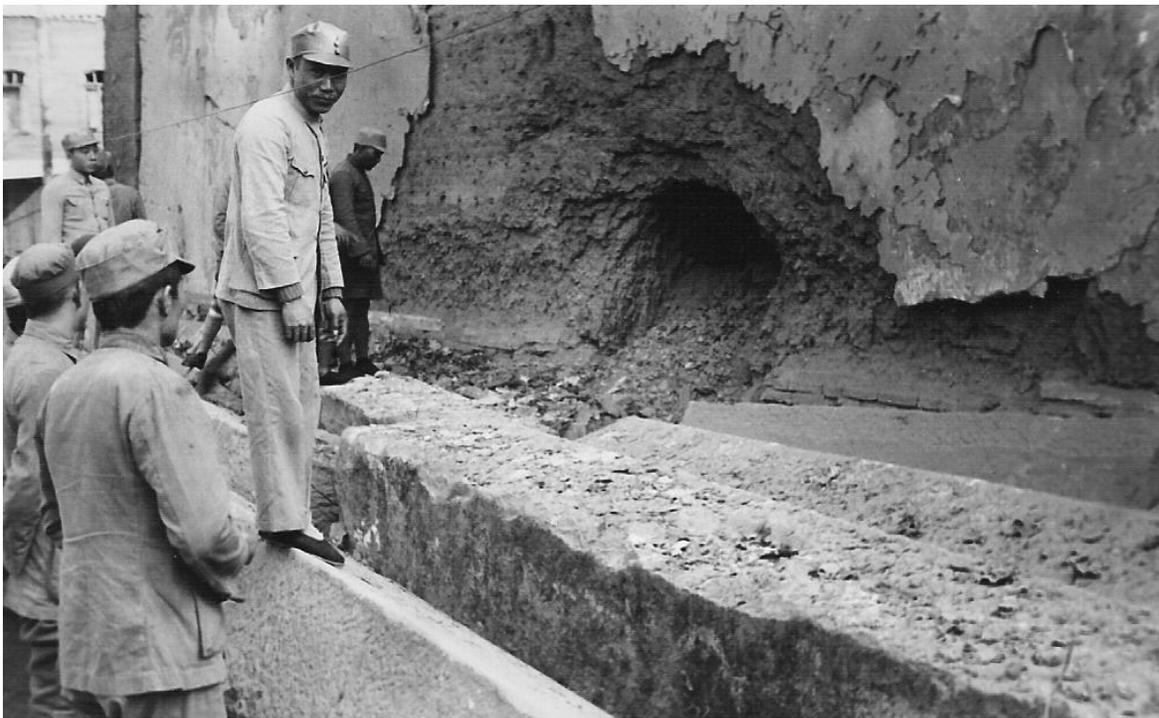
*[This note dated **May 24, 1941** was written from Ing Tai, China by Willard. He talks about a bombing in Ing Tai. Donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ing Tai May 24- 1941

We were bombed this a.m. at 10 o'clock. About 6 bombs dropped. Perhaps 10 killed and 20 wounded. No great damage to property. 2 planes. They went directly over me. I have 3 pieces of a bomb.

WLB

[The following photos were probably taken in 1941 or earlier showing the destruction from the bombings. Original photos donated to Yale by family in 2007.]







[This letter dated **June 8, 1941** was probably written from Century Farm in Shelton, CT by Phebe to Gerry, Dot and Harold. They have been busy with China Relief activities and family events. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

June 8, 1941

Dear Gerry and Dot and Harold

See the date of this "good intention". Now it is June 22 and these two weeks have been full of picnics, meetings and China Relief activities and now on Tuesday we are giving a home luncheon for Marian Mills, Well's fiancée [*Wells is Oliver Wells Beard, son of Bennett Nichols Beard – Willard's brother*] and wish that you could all be here. The wedding is planned for next Sat. evening in the chapel of the Presb. Church in B-port where she goes. They are having no wedding but we are all asked to come if we wish. Leolyn Jr. and little Nancy [*Griffith*] are at Seaver's [*Seaver Smith*] in N. Haven and are to be here all of July. They will be with us the first two weeks of July. Fred's [*Griffith*] planning to come on for 5 days- buy a car and take them back. We haven't seen them yet for Seaver's son graduated from Yale and was married yesterday and in their immediate family there were 5 weddings and 4 commencements so Leolyn is being kept busy in these at present, but she is going to run away Tuesday and come out here for the day. To go back to China Relief- we spent on a week of inclusive work. Mary was chairman and with the Mayor and Pres. of the bank, 8 back her, also the ministers and a lot of people to help. They made nearly \$800.00 and money is still coming in bits. We had hoped to make \$1000.00 and may sure do it yet. We had a display of Chinese things in the large lobby of the Commercial Building with tea served afternoon and evening. Three large garden parties and a float with loud speaker which went all thro Shelton and Derby during the afternoon.



Left to right: Fred Griffith, Nancy and Leolyn Beard Griffith – July 1941
This is probably the new car that Phebe refers to in the previous paragraph.
[Letter from a negative in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

On the 10th of June we had Stanley's family- Nancy and Fred [*Stanley Beard's daughter Nancy and her husband Fred Forbes*] came for about 4 days- here for luncheon to celebrate Myra's and Stanley's 25th Anniversary. M. Palmer was very sick at the hospital so we didn't try to do much. Mr. P. is at last getting better and ?? life is coming back from ?? heart attack. Edith's [*Bennett Nichols Beard's daughter, Edith Beard Valentine*] baby is a darling- growing like a weed. Win is going to be hospital soon for another operation on the roof of his mouth and help his speech. We do hope that this time will be the last for that. We heard last night that Stephen may drive to Cal. with some other boys- starting Wed. Ruth is studying at Jouliards and take a course at Columbia- ??each busy.

If any or all of you can come on while Leolyn is here do come. It would be fine. I wish that we could hear just when and how your parents are. We had Fulton's wedding announcement. He is in the thick of things too, and now it is Russian and ?? ?

Dan bought Danny [*Bennett Nichols Beard's son, Dan and grandson, Danny*] a black pony for his birthday. He doesn't go out on the roads much yet. He rode down here Memorial Day but Dan came along just to be sure he was all right.



This is probably the black pony (Bucky) that Phebe refers to in the previous paragraph seen here with Danny and Beverly Beard about 1941 at Century Farm.

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

We may go down to Stanley's the last of the week to pick cherries. They have a tree full of lovely big red ones. Don Frazier and his wife (our pastor) have gone to Storrs [*Storrs, CT*] for the Smith conference this week and Grandma Frazier is coming for 7 mos. old Bonnie Ann.

Will you please forward this letter. If Gerry wasn't to send it to Kathleen too OK for I do not seem to get at letter writing as often as I should.

We were out Thursday and ?? ?? get back ?? Gould's card stuck in the door saying that he and Jinny and Willard were on their way home from Putnam where he had been making speeches at Alumni meetings ?? the Heyte[*High?*] Sch. Jinny can't come Tuesday for Dot Littlewood is giving a luncheon for Jinny, her mother and Lillian on that day. Jinny was at her mothers the day Stanley's family were here so she drove down just long enough to see Nancy and Fred, who are still as happy as can be and have begun their new house.

With love-

Phebe

Dot please send to Gerry.



July of 1941

L to R standing: Oliver Wells Beard and Marion, Seymour Valentine behind his mother, Harriet Valentine, Edith Beard Valentine, Edith's friend Dorothy Ziegler holding Jay Valentine, Phebe M. Beard, Abbie Beard, Frederick Ziegler (Seymour Valentine's boyhood friend). [*Win Valentine helped identify Harriet, Dorothy and Frederick.*]

Front row of children L to R: Danny Beard, Win Valentine, Nancy Griffith, Beverly Beard.

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

[*This typewritten letter dated **July 26, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Mary to Gould, Dot, Jerry and Kathleen. Mr. Wynn Fairfield has written that Willard and Ellen and other missionaries are waiting to get passage to return to the U.S. because of problems in China. She talks about visits with other family members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

July 26, 1941
Century Farm

Dear Gould, Dot, Jerry, Kathleen and all the family of each;

My reply to the letter to Wynn Fairfield came today. This is it:

“We have received a message from McClure through the State Department including: “BEARDS NEWELLS, HELEN SUSAN HAZEL AWAITING PASSAGE.” This was sent July 9. Usually this means that they are awaiting trans-Pacific passage, which we authorized back in May for any who felt they should leave. It may also mean that they have problems getting out of Foochow, altho an earlier letter spoke if they hoped that after a few weeks more they might be able to get passage out on one of the numerous Japanese boats which were passing in and out of the Min River freely then.

“Since almost all of the American boats have ceased taking east bound passengers, and now Japanese boats will not come to American harbors, the problem of trans-Pacific transportation is a serious one. If the “freezing”

regulations are applied to occupied China, it may be even more serious. I am planning on Monday, when I cable about other matters, to include a sentence authorizing them to come by Dutch boat via Manilla. This is more expensive, but they may have thought of it anyway." End of quote.

Mr. Fairfield adds a personal line that his daughter Margaret who I knew when I visited them at Taiku as a two year old, has a little daughter 2 ½ now.

Shelton has raised \$510.15 for the United China Relief. Derby, Seymour and Ansonia have added enough so our full amount sent to New York is \$826.89. I have just typed a letter for the Sentinel and hope this one brings forth a few more checks. It has been so each time before.

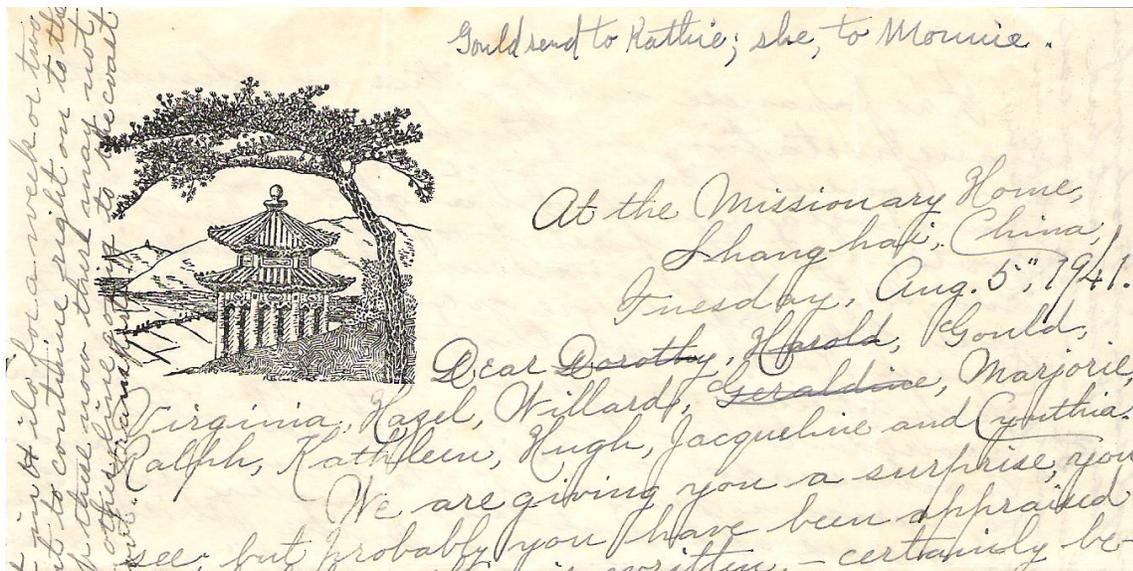
Yesterday we had Stanley, Myra and Stephen for dinner. Gould, Jinny and the children called. Both children are better from the whooping cough and we hope to feel free to ask them to stay next time they come. In the afternoon, Stanley, Stephen and I called on Ben and Abbie. After supper, Stanley, Myra, Stephen and Phebe went to Woodmont to see Leolyn and Nancy. Stanley had his pictures of their western trips in which are several with Leolyn, Nancy, Leolyn Sr. and William. Seaver Jr. and his bride were there and they had just been to the Yellowstone so were most interested.

I stayed home with a College friend who made a mistake Sunday morning about 3.30 and stepped off the top stairs instead of turning left and fell to the first floor. We had her thoroughly ex-rayed and there are no broken or cracked bones. So it is a case of getting over innumerable bumps and bruises. Stanley and Myra returned home this afternoon. Stephen stayed up to see "Johnathan" a "boy-friend" coming to see Esther from Princeton where Esther has been working this summer.

Had cards from Jerry and Kathleen today, a letter from Nancy also. So this counts a GOOD day.

With much love

Aunt Mary.



[This letter dated **Aug. 5, 1941** was written from Shanghai, China by Ellen Kinney Beard to her children and grandchildren back in the states. It announces their early departure from China because of Japanese occupation. She talks of the difficulties getting passage to Shanghai and how they were fumigated on the way. She tells of their stay in the Missionary Home in Shanghai and the activities there. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

At the Missionary Home,
Shanghai, China,
Tuesday, Aug. 5, 1941.

Dear Dorothy, Herald, Gould, Virginia, Hazel, Willard, Geraldine, Marjorie, Ralph, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia,

We are giving you a surprise, you see; but probably you have been appraised of it before this is written, - certainly before this reaches you.

Yes, we are coming home before the expiration of our intended term of service, and are thus far on our way, waiting for reservations on a Dollar Line boat to take us across the Pacific.

You, of course, knew that the State Department long ago requested all Americans who could to leave the Orient and come to the States, especially women and children and men who were not absolutely needed. Our Consul Rice forwarded the message from Washington to us, and a repetition of it a few weeks later, and has ever since been strongly urging that just as many as could possibly be spared prepare to leave and he would do his utmost to get transportation to take us out; for Foochow is now a closed port and no ships come in or go out except Japanese boats on their own business.

Our mission had two meetings to decide who should go, and they put us on the list because of our age! Helen Smith and Miss Armstrong, because their furlows were due, Mr. and Mrs. Newell on account of her health, and Miss Atwood since her furlow is due next year. A Methodist lady is in our party, Miss Elizabeth Richey, who has been packed up and waiting for a chance to get out for four months.

The Japanese authorities in charge of transportation in Foochow, promised our Consul three times to grant us transportation to Shanghai on their boats; but the first two times, July 17 and 21st, they withdrew the permission just the day before we were to embark. Consul Rice said that if they failed to keep their promise the third time, he would take it up with the American Ambassador at Peiking and get an American gunboat to come in and take us out. But they finally decided to stand by their promise the third time and so, after much "red tape" and much waiting we finally embarked on July 26.

After we were on the boat at Pagoda Anchorage, "the Tianan Maru", we learned that she was going first to Keelung, Formosa and from there to Shanghai. But alas, we could not go ashore at Keelung as our passports had no Japanese visa. The Japanese government has recently made a ruling that no foreigners (Westerners) may visit Japan or any of her occupied territory.

However, when we reached Keelung they took us ashore as prisoners, to fumigate us and all our baggage, and fumigated the ship while we were gone, because we came from an infected port. There were a very few cases of cholera and of bubonic plague, but there was no epidemic. We were closely guarded every minute we were ashore and were never out of sight of one or more guards. The details of that fumigation are easier told than written, so more of that later when we see you. After they had finished their troublesome proceedings with us, however, they compensated us in some measure for the humiliation they had inflicted upon us by giving us the best lunch we had on the whole trip on the Japanese boat. It consisted of rice, a thick slice of salt salmon, a thick slice of egg preparation, apparently scrambled eggs baked in a loaf and sliced, some sweet pickled green vegetable stems (good) another sliced preparation of rice flour or vegetable (we couldn't name it) and chrystalized seaweed which Will liked much. We sat or lay around on the floor in kimono till our clothes had gone thru the sterilizer (no chairs to sit in), some slept and some read, till our clothes were given back to us and we were clothed and in our right minds. About 5 o'clock the tender came back for us and we were taken back to the boat. A July 28th '41 that none of our party will ever forget!

Every mile of the way and every hour of the days since we left Foochow the sea has been very smooth, the sky clear, the winds fair and gentle, the night skies moon-lit till the young moon set, and brilliantly star-lit for the rest of the night. The sunsets and sun-rises have been gorgeous and glorious. We could not have asked of nature greater favor.

A radiograph message announcing our coming brought the Chinese English-speaking of the Missionary House to the boat to meet us and take all responsibility for getting us thru customs and arranging transportation for us and our baggage to the home. The latter was accomplished in a manner we have never tried before we and all our baggage excepting trunks and freight boxes were all bundled into a covered truck, fifteen persons in all and their hand luggage, some standing, others sitting on baggage for the long ride thru the congested Shanghai streets. Our truck hit another truck because our driver drove so awfully fast and recklessly and we had to stop ten minutes for police investigation. We left the boat at about one o'clock but the boat served us no lunch that day. So when we reached the Home we found that in half an hour (just time for us to get washed up) they served their regular 3:30 tea, which Miss Spurling made rather abundant in view of the fact that we had had no lunch. My! but most of our party were hungry! And the toast and cakes and tea tasted good.

We have a delightful front corner room on the second floor opening onto an opened, uncovered porch that is almost as large as the room itself and is used by no other room. It is a fine place to hang our washing and sun our clothes by day, and to sit and cool off in the breeze and enjoy the moon-light at night.

There are about 20 guests at the home just now. Our party has a table all to ourselves. Miss Armstrong went to a friend's house to stay; and Helen Smith went to the Y.W. where one of her friends lives. Miss Atwood went to the 7th Day Adventist Hospital here in Shanghai yesterday, for treatment of neuritis in her right shoulder which had given her severe pain for two days and nights. She expects to be back in a day or two more.

The "Coolidge" on which we had hoped to get sailing (Smith, Atwood, and Armstrong have had theirs definitely for a month) was scheduled to sail Aug. 15th, but changed its date first to the 14th, and now to the 13th. We are no. 11 on the waiting list. We could get on in 3rd class if the boat opens up its 3rd class and eat at 2nd or tourist class table. But some Foochow Meth. Missionaries who have been 3rd class say that is simply impossible. So we may have to wait for the next boat the "Harrison" or go 1st class on the "Coolidge".

A number of Cheifoo school children have reservations on the Coolidge, but being in occupied territory, can't get out for the same reason we were kept so long in Foochow. But the S.S. Co. says that if no news comes from them in 2 or 3 days they will open their reservations to others. So we may get on the "Coolidge".

It has been very hot ever since we arrived in S'hai,- 95 degrees most days. Board is good here; ice cream and fruit every day.

We are just across the street from a public garden where the foreign community are just now having a ten days series of entertainments to raise money for war aid. They call them "Moon-light Follies". Each nationality puts on one night's performance. Friday the open night was Czekoslovakia; Sat. U.S.; None Sunday. They began at 9:30 p.m. and end up between 3 and 4 a.m. We can plainly hear their music and auctions. The grounds are all lighted with Chinese lanterns over electric lights. Tickets for entrance \$10.00 a night. Includes everything.

Here we have the world radio news three times each day. Also had same in Foochow when static or Japanese interference did not make it impossible to hear. We have not had one letter, magazine or newspaper from home for more than 5 months. You can imagine how hungry we are for news. Write us either in care of Leolyn in Berkeley or of Dollar Line. Passenger on Coolidge probably or if not on Harrison.

We wanted to stop in Hawaii and go out to see Millicent in Hilo for a week or two but the S.S. Co. Agent here advised us not to stop there but to continue right on to the coast because the boats are so full now that if we stop there now there may not be a chance to get to San Francisco for a long time as the other line going to the coast the Matson Line has taken off some of its boats for gov't. transport.

We'll be seeing you all soon,
With much love to you all,
Mother

Leolyn's address:- Mrs. Wm. S. Morgan,
1683 LaLoma Ave.
Berkeley, Cal.

[Donald MacInnis sent Jana Jackson the following account of the evacuation via email. I believe the journal is now in the archives of Yale Divinity School Library.]

Missionaries Flee Foochow on a Japanese Troopship, July 1941
--from the journal of Donald MacInnis

This is an excerpt from the journal of Donald MacInnis, summer of 1941. Don had been stuck for six weeks in Foochow, trying to get out of Foochow to Shanghai where he could get a ship back to his home in Los Angeles. The port of Foochow had been closed due to the Japanese occupation of Foochow in April 1941. Finally, thanks to help from the American consul, the Japanese military authorities gave passage on an empty Japanese troopship to a group of about 20 missionaries and European business people, including Helen Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Willard Beard, Mr. and Mrs. George Newell, Beth Richie and others. The ship went first to Keelung, Formosa (then part of the Japanese Empire), then to Shanghai.

Don was 20 years old. He had been teaching English to high school boys at Anglo-Chinese College in its wartime location, Yangkow, which was upriver from Nanping. In Shanghai he secured a job on the crew of an American merchant ship, "The City of Dalhart", which stopped at Hong Kong, Manila, Luzon, San Pedro (Los Angeles), and through the Panama Canal to New York. Don finished his last year at UCLA and joined the Air Force in the summer of 1942. He returned to China and served as a coastwatcher for the 14th Air Force on the south China coast.

Don's Journal, Foochow, summer of 1941 (excerpts)

Sat. July 26

We prepared to board the Japanese troopship, Tainan Maru, at Pagoda Anchorage. As we prepare to board a launch at the jetty in Foochow, the Japanese soldiers spray us with insecticide "to kill the fleas that carry bubonic plague." (Bubonic plague was prevalent in Foochow.) There are about 20 of us, mostly older people including 3 Catholic priests and 2 French Catholic sisters.

We board the Tainan Maru, an empty Japanese troopship, amid hostile stares and no helping hand. Our luggage was loaded aboard by Chinese coolies. Most of the Japanese crew speak some English it seems, even the grizzled old boatswain. We had supper and so to be about 8:00. It was hot! Not much sleep, cockroaches, mosquitoes, Pop Newell and Dr. Beard snoring. Pop Newell got seasick.

Next day Helen Smith said she went on deck to sleep and got her feet tickled in the middle of the night by a Japanese sailor. She quickly came back down.

The ship's staff provides service, but grudgingly it seems. Why did they ever take us out at a time like this? Japan has invaded French Indo-China and FDR is threatening reprisal. I am uneasy about our first stop at Keelung, Formosa.

Monday a.m. July 28th

Last night on deck we talked, we sang, we ate some snacks (we supplement our Japanese-style meals with toast, cookies, peaches). I slept out on deck until midnight, then came in when it began to rain. Good sleep. The morning dawned beautiful in Keelung harbor- deep green sea, blue fluffy sky, serene. The chug-chug of tugs and barges. Brightly painted little sampans. Breeze ruffling the water. Mist around the breakwater and beyond.

The Quarantine launch pulls up. Green hills with three tapering steel towers. A well developed harbor. Quarantine inspection: stool sample, cameras and glasses, forms to fill in. Will be a hot day.

Tuesday:

Moved into the inner harbor last night. Jammed with vessels, big and small. Tremendous busyness. Yesterday in mid-morning we all piled onto a massive, splintered old barge towed by a steam launch- Americans, Spanish, French, Chinese, passengers and Japanese crew. It was HOT! We marched past a quarry into a decaying building, an old army barracks, for de-lousing. After much stalling around, we were lined up and went into the building in groups. The crew and Japanese first, our ladies last. We put our gold rings, watches, etc. into bags. Put our clothing in other bags. Stripped, we soaked in a 4-minute hot bath of disinfectant. Great stuff! Then walked out a passage and into a second room and a hot bath- with only a little rag towel not much bigger than a washcloth for cover. Finally, a dousing with a basin of water and out, where two stolid Japanese women (starchly clean) put on and tied our kimonos- we still with no covering. Dr. Beard didn't flicker an eyelash. I said, "If she doesn't mind, then I don't."

Then we walked up into the barracks to a room with tatami mats on the floor and waited for our clothing to come through the big "vacuum sterilizer" (made in Japan), and a good one, well polished in this broken-down, moss-grown building. We went out to get our clothing, then back to the tatami room for a long wait. Finally got a good box lunch at 1:30 after everyone had been cross-questioned one-on-one (Why were you in Foochow? Were you ordered out? How many Americans left? etc.) Then a long afternoon and finally, after another thorough spraying, back to the ship on a steam launch.

Everybody was tired. We had been in a fortified area, couldn't look around. Poor Pop Newell's leg...climbing in and out of barges, onto the dock, up steps, through the de-lousing procedure, etc. Everybody complained, considered themselves insulted, etc., especially the Catholic priests and sisters. But I got a kick out of it. Youth! Adventure!

I slept on deck again that night on a bench with a hard pillow. It was swell, cool. Got up early. Breakfast was the same as other meals. Fried cellophane (seaweed), pickled turnips, mushy eggplant, chopped squids, goeoy soft

dough slices, soup with a hunk of dough in it, soupy rice. We eat our own peaches, and today had fresh pineapple, bananas, papaya, and apples purchased from local people in small boats. I've been living only for this fruit.

We sit around reading, talking, gawking, sleeping. Everyone thought yesterday's big adventure an onerous task. Today the constant banging of steam winches loading powdery coal jarring the ship. Our luggage is banged up from shifting it around. It's very hard for anyone to change our money for us. Local women brought toothbrushes, soap, cotton shirts and pants, hair grease, candy, straw hats on board to sell, carrying their goods in big kerchiefs (furoshikis). I bought pineapples and bananas from a sampan, tried on a straw hat, too small.

We can't go ashore, the ladder is closely watched. I wear shorts, -T-shirt, cloth shoes. The ship's servants are slightly smirky, unattentive, unwilling. Officers are mostly nice, some merely tolerant of us.

As for our bunch, Helen Smith and Susan Armstrong are fine. Hazel Atwood is class of '12, Ripon College, graying, dowdy, good-humored but naïve (like me!). Mrs. Beard had a fit once in a Japanese hotel at removing her shoes. You can imagine her yesterday going through these baths stripped. And walking in front of this gathering of men who had come to see the foreign women, with only this tiny rag towel! And the two French Catholic Sisters, wearing black robes and cowl, threw a fit! Helen Smith went out first, past these men, but couldn't take it and dashed back. Then they all screwed up their courage and dashed across into the next room. "I don't know how we did it!" said Helen. The women attendants couldn't figure out all this nonsense. Just isn't in their field of experience or culture.

[According to Edith Beard Valentine in a conversation in 2007, Ellen refused to walk out naked in front of the Japanese so they told her that she could just stay there then. She finally gave in.]

The French Sisters are quite a pair, silent like wraiths they steal about, reading their Bibles and prayer books. One has asthma, is going to Baguio, the other is being transferred. The German priest, young and blond, is changing posts. Father Manning, the American Dominican priest with his Bronx Irish brogue, is genuine American. Ten years out here, going on furlough. Dr. Beard is swell, 76 year old and full of tales of his 45 years in China. Has a blood-clot in his foot. Mrs. Newell has goiter, astigmatic, hyper-thyroid, and sprue. She is good-souled. Beth Richey always has a headache; she's been "going home" since May. Mr. Jackson (businessman) with his 45 big pieces including piano, Chinese bed, Chinese living room furniture etc., had to leave his hairy Pekinese dog (Thank the Lord!) And the Russian lady who has been eyeing me and isn't married to the fat guy she pals with. And Gomez, a Portugee, 38 years working for Jardines in Foochow. Speaks Japanese.

Later: I'm standing on the second deck, great dark grey cloud masses pour up from the west, lit by unseen flames from China, from Chungking, "City of the dead," from Nanking and the countless battlefields of the Celestial Kingdom... My body is jarred by the incessant chugging of the steam loading cranes swinging dripping baskets of powdered coal out of barges into the ship, baskets shoveled full by Formosan coolies working for their masters, their exploiters, some just boys in ragged shorts, coated from head to foot with coal dust. Coolies squatting on the coal, shoveling rice through grime coated faces with unwashed hands- taking on fuel to drive that engine, their own bodies, to shovel on by floodlights. Loading coal for the Japanese, for the hungry furnaces of munitions factories turning American scrap steel into bombs and bullets to turn Chungking into a City of the Dead. And the hills around this beautiful and busy harbor are green with trees- banana, papaya, coconut, valleys filled with pineapples and rice. Yet these subject people starve, are excluded from the high schools and are discriminated against in favor of the imperial immigrants. A world of plenty for those who are on top.

Thursday, July 31st

Well, yesterday after finishing loading coal and then piling in our freight and luggage, the steward banged a gong, the captain blew a deep whistle blast, and we slowly moved out. We were all herded into the saloon and forbidden to go outside. Fr. Manning said that yesterday he picked up his Bible after leaving it in the saloon all night, and found some papers missing- a Latin translation, bookmarks, etc. Later a gendarme returned them without a word of explanation. Dr. Beard lost a fine zipper suitcase. To be copied in Japan, no doubt.

As usual, I am scavenger No. 1. I eat soups and stuff that the other folks "can't". And this morning the stewards got mad when the crowd removed all the plates with dry salt herrings, complaining of the smell. I got mad because I was outside, and missed out, but I got some anyway, and they all poked fun at me, but I like the food. Our papaya

and bananas and pineapples are sure a useful addition to the meals, especially for Manning and Jackson, who eat little else...Our passports haven't been returned yet. At the shore inspection the inspector said, "Say, I brought my official seal but forgot the ink. I guess I'll have to return these passports later."

Sunday, August 3: Shanghai

We are staying in the International Settlement, guarded by American, French, British soldiers and their gunboats. Sitting in Shanghai heat at the Missionary Home (Miss Spurling, "40 years in Shanghai" – motto on the wall). Cheap board and room. Went to church this morning. Inspiring sermon by a young, earnest fan-waving chap from Soochow, "Dreams Come True"...

We landed Friday noon and I was sick all morning with bowel trouble, I guess I chilled my midsection the day before lying on deck, plus all that fruit we bought in Formosa for 18 cents. I took some medication and am OK now. We had a big jam unloading but finally got here and afternoon tea was my first food in 24 hours.

Saturday went downtown on a bus. Shanghai "city of contrasts," constantly runs through my mind. Beggars everywhere. A trembling woman in the gutter, unable to stand even when lifted by a policeman. Babies and sun-blackened filthy mother whining and crying all day long. "No momma, no poppa, no whiskey soda" – my friend Jim Worley says they're organized, a beggars union, can't beg without a permit. Their labor leader drives a big car. A little kid burns up a handful of spirit money, mechanically kow-towing, watching us. Saw a bloated body float by the big dirty coal barges. Crab meat is said to be very good this year. The crabs are well-fed. Some folks won't eat it. 200 froze to death in one night recently.

I trotted up to the Associated Mission Treasurers with Pop Newell and Dr. Beard, picked up a letter from Mom to Mr. Fuller, "Send my boy home at any expense." I got semi-assurance from American President Lines of a 3rd class passage. Went to a baseball game, U.S. Marines vs. U.S. Navy, met Ted and Johnny [*friends from the 7th Japan-American Student Conference the previous summer*]- both going to hell out here. Then I went to the radio studio and met Carroll Alcott, the famous announcer know up and down the China coast, told him the names of our group and to announce it so that the folks in Foochow could hear it. [*They did hear it.*] I went to the YMCA with Jim for a huge T-bone steak followed by bowling and a swim and ice cream sundae. Then back to my lodgings. A big day, at first I felt suppressed, inhibited, like a hick from the sticks, but after a day of socializing I felt capable of re-entering society.

Postscript:

I spent two weeks in Shanghai, summer 1941, waiting to get a job working on an American ship. I went to the American consulate each morning and waited for a ship's captain to come in looking for a crew replacement. Finally got a job on the U.S. Lines "City of Dalhart," a freighter. My predecessor got banged up, drunk, fell off the gangplank and ended up in the hospital. We took on cargo in Hong Kong, Manila, Lingayen Gulf (coconut in big bags), stopped at L.A. for eight hours (I saw my family), then through the Panama Canal to New York, November 1941, one month before Pearl Harbor. I went back to school and graduated from UCLA in summer 1942. I joined the Air Force and ended up back in China where I wanted to be.

Donald MacInnis

Transcribed March 22, 1999

In the book, The Hills of T'Ang author Muriel Caldwell Pilley (daughter of the tiger hunter missionary, John Caldwell) mentions the fumigation of the evacuees:

"Helen and ten others at last got a chance to leave China. But first they suffered the humiliation of having all baggage fumigated and each passenger being sprayed before getting on the launch that would take them to Pagoda Anchorage to board a Japanese ship. A letter came in the middle of August telling how Helen and the rest were fumigated in Formosa and forced to walk naked before men from one building to another to get their clothes!"
Pilley, Muriel C. The Hills of T'ang. United States: Xlibris Corporation, 2001.

From the book, Family Letters from China 1901-1950 by Eunice Smith Bishop, sister of Helen Smith, Eunice includes one of Helen's diary entries from July 24 and 25th, 1941:

“Everyone and his family were there to see us off, with many gifts and fond farewells. I hated to leave. As we got on the launch, the Japanese guard sprayed us with Lysol, lest we carry a germ.

What a day. We anchored at dawn at Keeling, a port in Formosa. After inspection, we were piled into a quarantine station where we were to be fumigated. After much confusion, we were told to take off all our clothes and put them in a small bag and prepare for a disinfecting bath.

After the men were through, we were called in to a large open vestibule where we had to disrobe. The poor Catholic nuns held back and insisted they couldn't. Mrs. Beard (the most reserved proper New England lady) took one look at the public bath and let out a horrified cry. The large room was open at both ends and no attempt was made for any privacy. Hiding behind a slight partition, Mrs. Beard, the nuns and I undressed and jumped in. The tank was deep and the water hot. We had to stay in five minutes. We tried to crouch into the corners and were all overcome with embarrassment. The worst was yet to come. On getting out, we were herded out around the house into another room, passed all the men. I was so mad and disgusted that I was incoherent and failed to notice the men who were walking back and forth.”

Bishop, Eunice Smith. Family Letters from China 1901-1950. Brookfield, CT: DTP&M Services, 1991.

*[This letter dated **August 22, 1941** was written on the S.S. President Coolidge nearing Honolulu by Willard to Geraldine. Willard hopes that their niece, Millicent, will meet them when they pull into Honolulu the next day. He tells of some of their travel plans once they arrive in the U.S. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Nearing Honolulu, S. S. Pres. “Coolidge” August 22, 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

This I am writing for the Air Mail tomorrow from Honolulu. It may work and it may not. We tried it from Shanghai to Millicent. Then we radioed her from the ship and she replied that no letter had come. I tried a radio “Honolulu Saturday” and they refused to send it. She knows we are on the Coolidge and I hope she will meet us in Honolulu tomorrow.

We hope to spend Friday and Sat. - until we take the train for Chicago with Leolyn and family, and then go to Chicago. I will wire you our train and time [of] arrival in Chicago as soon as I know. We plan to stay about 2 days, if convenient, with you. Then go up to Dorothys for two or three days and then on to Conn. This is presumptuous for we have not had a word from anyone in the U.S. since way back in Feb. You may be in Timbuktu for all we know. But I hope this will find you at your former address and that you can wire us at Leolyns= Mrs. Wm. Morgan 1683 La Loma Ave. Berkeley, Calif. If we may stop with you a day or two. - If the Morgan's are not at home we may be able to get away from San Francisco Friday. My wire to you will tell you.

Honolulu Aug. 23 Sat. 11 a.m.

We docked while at breakfast this a.m. We have talked with Millicent \$.22 for 3 min. Learned that Aunt Etta was leaving Oct. 1 for a visit to Millicent and that Fulton was married to a widow!!! with 3 !!! children and that he was visiting Millicent at the same time as his mother's in Australia.

Love

Father and Mother

*[This typewritten letter, dated **September 13, 1941**, was written from Foochow, China by Dr. Gene Dyer to her Foochow friends. The Japanese have suddenly left Foochow and things are getting back to normal. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Foochow, Fu., China.

Sept. 13, 1941.

Dear Foochow Friends:-

Believe it or not, the Japanese have left Foochow, every last mother's son (and daughter) of them, with all their horses and other belongings, plus considerable more! They began to move out a couple of weeks ago, inconspicuously at first, then in larger groups but closing the doors of their empty quarters, and finally in a hurry, with doors all left open, with an army of Chinese carriers to rush their loot to the river in time for the last boats. The

Bund, from the Big Bridge to the farthest jetty, was stacked to high heaven, with guards on all sides to prevent any sabotage while the stuff was dumped on boats at top speed.

The Japanese had notified the city that they were leaving on Sept. 2 at 6 p.m., that the firemen had been paid to act as interim police, and that the Chinese national troops, under the ChungKing gov't. would take back the city at 9 p.m. Did we dare believe it? Japanese observation planes wheeled over the city all day on the 2nd, probably to be sure that no Chinese troops sneaked in ahead of time, but the Chinese were being very careful to do nothing that might bring reprisals or delay the Japanese in keeping their promise to get out. During the day the Japanese collected their troops- and courage- outside of North Gate and finally at midnight, about 2000 strong, they dashed for the river, evidently jittery lest Chinese troops arrive and step on their heels.

Next morning, Sept. 3rd., the last boat pulled out from Pagoda, after they had fired all the buildings connected with the Naval Station and School. Planes flew over us all that morning, scattering a few bombs and bullets, perhaps trying to help a "lost unit" to escape, caught up river. Merlin Bishop's little red bug of a car, spinning up South St., caught the eye of a pilot who brought his plane down and spat machine-gun bullets at it, sixteen going through the car. Merlin and the American Consul, Rice, were in the car and miraculously dodged them all. The only vicious bullet was deflected by the backs of two seats and a bunch of keys, in Merlin's hip-pocket.

Foochow feared a period of lawlessness Sept. 3rd, but thanks to the well-laid plans of the Japanese and the new Chinese government there was no disturbance here at all. The rumor circulated up river that the city burned for three days after the Japanese left, as wild as a lot of other rumors we have had! Diongloh did not fare so well, as the Chinese control was left in the hands of mere youth and guerillas who did come reprisal looting and swarmed into the mission school buildings, more intent on exterminating "traitors" than on keeping order.

We all, even Chungking, are wondering why the Japanese left Foochow. When they came in there was a report that they would leave after four months, but that seemed like propaganda. They seemed to have come in through the connivance of disgruntled people who felt they couldn't stand any longer the prices that the governments was allowing its business monopolies to charge for rice and other staples, and possibly there was some agreement about time, but certainly no compulsion to keep it. In the four months the Japanese cleaned out all the lumber that had accumulated here waiting for the blockage to be lifted, and all the government-held tea-recently became a monopoly- plus whatever could be looted from the city in general. Shaw estimates they took out about \$15,000,000 worth but thinks the expedition cost them more than that. They are reported to have been surprised that the city was so empty, so poor that people stood around and begged for left-over bits of cooked rice.

The Japanese commandeered private residences, especially the semi-foreign type, and asked for some of our churches and schools, the Y.M.C.A. and even our nurses' dormitory, but were dissuaded and did not actually enter any British or American property. They used the new provincial hospital as a military hospital, brought in window glass, or paper, for the windows, built a Japanese bath(?), etc. but their civilian (and venereal!) cases came to us. We politely declined the honor of their presence as in-patients but saw all who came to the out-patient dept. At first two or three sword-wearing officials clanked into the office daily, asking questions or statistics, by pencil, later by interpreter, and my heart went pit-a-pat, but in the last two months only their polite Board of Health doctor came to get information about each plague case we took in,- a reportable disease. They supplied us with plague vaccine for the anti-plague campaign. As a matter of fact those who came to the hospital were always polite and gave us no trouble, except through red-tape.

The occupation actually was not as bad, here in Foochow, as we had feared, there was less violence and torture, and a better control of the food supply than we had imagined. However, many people lost all their valuable possessions and all were much bruised in spirit,- all who had any. No one, rich or poor, knew when he might be subjected to humiliating discipline or when, by day or night, his house might be searched and looted. The troops seemed to be well disciplined but were given privileges on the side. Each soldier, we heard, was allowed the space of four small trunks in his out-bound baggage, and most of them were quite discriminating about Chinese curios or what-have-you.

For a few days we rubbed our eyes and wondered if we were dreaming but the river is alive with up-river launches, mail from the interior comes promptly, there is no martial law at night and no soldiers shout "hehr-r-r-r" at us when we go on the street, so it seems really true that we are once more a part of free China. It's a world that is still far from perfect but it shows hopeful sparks of ambition, some of which we hope may blaze up into good government, that will clear out the weeds and let some good seed have a chance. The problems now facing the schools and churches in this half-starved territory, facing all who work here, are new and difficult and will call for patience and courage, but at least we are free from enemy domination. The return of Foochow to free China automatically "defrosted" our bank accounts, which solved one big problem. The problem of the crippling poverty of the rank and file will not be solved till the price of foodstuffs is remedied.

[The following is handwritten:]

Dear Helen:

Some of these items will be new to you, so I'll send you a copy. Laura went up to Wenshan, probably arrived 9/16. Lyda at the time went to Y.K.T.S. Bertha and Josephine Walker started for USA via Ku Kong and plane to Hong King. J.W. seems to be losing her vision. Mac has been having typhoid, modified by inoculations annually. Is beginning to sit up now. M. Wiley started for Goik De a few days ago. E.W. Smith III arrived on E.W.S. II's birthday, Aug. 20, a nice big boy. Hope you have a good rest and interesting study. With love, Gene Dyer

My love to Peggy.

[This letter dated **October 2, 1941** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Willard and Ellen arrived in Connecticut and there were 24 relatives at lunch the following Sunday. Aunt Mary keeps busy as chairman of the Woman's Missionary Society. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

October 2nd. 1941.

Willard L. Beard
Century Farm
Shelton
Conn.

Dear Jerry:-

Your good letter came yesterday. We all but Aunt Phebe went to New Canaan to attend the Fall Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of which Aunt Mary is Chairman. She had a GOOD meeting with 180 present. They filled the church and overflowed the dining room into the Methodist church and the tea rooms of the town. The program was interesting and held the audience to the "last drop".

Today she has gone to Norwalk to a committee meeting and she also has to give a talk. Mother went with her to Bridgeport to "look at dresses and hats". No buy.

I enclose a clipping that Aunt Phebe cut out of the Tribune and thought you would find interest in.

Dot writes that Ralph and family arrived the Saturday after we left. She taught all day the Friday after we left and got the house cleaned up and also took some rest altho I do not see where she found the rest time.

We had a pleasant ride from Saginaw to New York. When we came out of the depths in Grand Central Station, there stood Gould and Jinny, and just around the corner was their new Pontiac snorting to start for Century Farm. We arrived about 11 a.m. They left about 5:00 p.m. to come back the next day with Hazel and Willard. There were 24 at lunch that Sunday. Gould 4, Aunt Annie 1, Aunts Phebe and Mary 2, Uncle Ben 2, Wells 2, Dan 4, Edith 4, Uncle Stanley 3, Mother and me 2.

I am addressing this as per the corner of your letter.

Lovingly Father

I hope you are enjoying your study.



Written on back of photo: "1941 – M. Gould Beard and son Willard F. Beard and 'Ruff' on board the 'Frolic' off Port Washington L.I., N.Y."

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated **Oct. 14, 1941** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Geraldine is now living in Seattle. Kathleen wonders what Willard and Ellen's plans are. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

R.D. 1 Box 126
Clearwater Fla.
Oct. 14 [1941]

Dear Jerry:

At last I know where you are. I had been wondering whether you really went to Seattle or maybe eloped or something as mysterious. But now I know for sure that you are about as far from us as you could be and be in the same country- and you have to go off there all by yourself and get sick! I hope now that the pressure and irritation are lifted you can relax and forget that goading drive for accomplishment that always seems to do you in whatever the task. You ought to have a bit more of my lazy-bones that permits me to drop everything as I did this afternoon and take a two hour nap with Cynthia.

That trip of yours and Happy's did sound like grand fun and you certainly covered plenty of territory. How I should love to take to the road again and do some large scale travelling, but we seem to be getting tied down with ever more numerous strings of one kind or another. (Now Jill is in school and we have a little piano of our own to pay for.) Does your work require lots of reading or is it mostly a study of how to make books accessible to others? Do you have any idea what this year of study will lead to? I mean, do you have any special job in view or will the University help to place you after you get your degree?

Mother and Father are silent on their plans for the immediate future- in fact they're just silent. But I hope they will come down sometime during the winter. I think Mother would like to for she seemed to enjoy Florida when she was here before but I suppose Father hates the thought of the long trip.

Just before Jill's school started we had to get out of the Bakeman's house because they came down early this year, so we found a little cottage way down near the water and the sanatorium. We just have to cross the shore road to get to the little pier where the boats are kept- remember? We like it down here even tho we are smack up against our neighbors on both sides, but it is a whole mile from the Elmer's and we each have to walk it every day for the car to take Hugh to Tampa. I asked Dot to send us the boy's bicycle that you had in the East. Is that alright? You can have it again when you want it, but it will help us a lot in getting back and forth this winter.

The bowl you sent is lovely and I was wondering what spot on your long trail it came from. But you mustn't go giving Christmas presents for past year. Remember you gave me that suit which should cover at least four Christmases and is still giving good service. Thanks muchly for the souvenir and I'll enjoy using it.

I sent your long letter right on to Monnie so it should make the last boat up the coast. I have a letter to you and me from Monnie but it is the same as the one Dot sent down and you must have seen it in Saginaw so I'll not send it.

Cynthia came out with the statement that something "irritated" her the other day. I forget what it was but the big word rolled out most amusingly. We all send love and hope your cold is gone by now- Kathie

*[This letter dated **October 18, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He and Ellen have kept busy attending meetings and visiting. He has had some problem with his foot and now takes medication for high blood pressure. Elbert has been renovating his house. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton, Conn.

October 18th 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

This is christening the very nice box of stationery I found on our dresser in our new room at the farm when we arrived a month ago tomorrow the 19th, - with a gift card fr. Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary.

To day the bill for your life insurance came. I have written the check \$179.88 and am mailing it to them asking them to send the receipt to me. I will forward it to you at once. You will likely be able to understand all these figures. The bill due was \$179.88. What this Premium deposit fund Annual Statement is you will know. I have sent the check and bill to Chicago in the addressed envelope.

Since reaching Century Farm we have not had much time to loaf. Aunt Mary as Chairman of ¼ of the Congregational Christian Women of Connecticut is called here and there often. Mother and I went with her to New Canaan one day and we went to Meriden Oct. 7th and 8th - driving up and back both days. The second day Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert were there and we arranged to go to Putnam with them when they came down Friday Oct. 14th. That nite Mother and Aunt Emma attended a group meeting of the women of the church and the next evening we all went to a church supper prepared by the men. Then on Thursday we all went to Boston. Mother and I spent two hours with Harold Belcher, Wynn Fairfield and Ned Smith. Then Ned, Mother and I lunched together, and then Mother shopped with Aunt Emma, and Uncle Elbert businesssed and I talked half an hour with Ned and an hour with Wynn Fairfield, napped 20 min. and went to the car. The other three came very soon. We dined about half way home arriving at 9:30. Yesterday mother and Aunt Emma went to a women's meeting in the p.m.

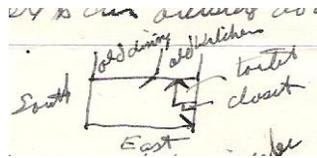
I have seen Dr. Curtis - osteopath and Dr. Edson Alafoth[?] during the time we have been at Shelton- both told me not to work for a month. Dr. Edson found a blood pressure of 200 and perhaps more. I am taking his medicine for this. My foot is almost normal. I am still wearing a large shoe- have worn my best shoes once. The foot does not give me the least trouble [*Willard has a blood clot as Donald MacInnis referred to in his account of their evacuation from China.*]. Both Mother and I are sleeping like babies. I sleep right thru the nite with out knowing a thing six nights out of seven- this on top of an hour's nap in the afternoon.

Your letter with your permanent address is here. I sent one letter to your temporary address in Seattle. I hope your work goes nicely and that you are getting what you want.

Monnie writes of a 5 or 6 weeks visit to North West River and a hunting trip with Ralph on which she did all the shooting six or seven ducks. Davis Inlet got near starvation- due to the lateness of the season that kept the boat from getting up. She and Ralph seem to be more in love with each other with each month. It is two o'clock. I have helped "do" the dishes and am sleepy- so I'll take a nap and resume this later. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert appear very well- both of them.

Good ??- good nap- 2 hrs.

Now we're going to the Methodist church to a bean supper. Uncle Elbert has a very fine breakfast room and toilet nearly finished. He has extended the whole house to the East about ten feet. The old kitchen outside door remains and opens into the bath room. It is a glass door!! Behind one toilet is a shallow closet where Uncle Elbert will keep his garden clothes. The doors into the sun parlor open from the kitchen and from the dining room and there to our outside door. The East and South sides are all windows, and it will be a delightful breakfast and lunch



room from Sept. to May. Then he fixed up the East most garage for a workshop, - with tools and bench and heat. He is not planning to rust out. He dug out the foundation and air space himself- 250 wheel barrow loads. The earth is in a heap on his garden now. He will with it fill in the low places in the garden and lawn.

Mother and I are getting filled out and are feeling well. God has given us good things too numerous to recount- among them five successful children who honor and are an honor to us. We pray they may be an honor and honor God. Lots of love

Father and Mother.

The Putnam Patriot, October 23, 1941

Missionaries, Returning To America After 47 Years In Orient, Tell Of Dire Conditions In War-Torn China
Dr. and Mrs. Willard Beard Declare Chinese People Were Never Subjected to Worse Suffering, - Shortage of Food Evident Everywhere.- Prices of Commodities Rising Constantly.- Doctor Relates Story of Return Trip to Foochow Three Years Ago and Difficulty in Leaving This Summer.- He Did Much During Life in Far East to Raise Educational Standards of China's Illiterate Heathen Masses.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard, who left Putnam for the Orient forty-seven years ago to begin a life dedicated to the teaching of Christian education among China's illiterate and heathen masses, have now turned to America to spend the remainder of their lives in retirement at their home in Shelton, Conn. Mrs. Beard, who was a bride of only a few days when she and her husband put aside family ties and friendships and set out for the Far East where they were destined to spend the greater part of their lives, was Miss Ellen Kinney of this city, sister of Miss Emma Kinney and Elbert Kinney of Center street.

Although the couple arrived in San Francisco on August 28th, they did not reach Putnam until last week and are now visiting the Kinneys for a short time before returning to their Shelton home. In an interview with the Patriot reporter, Dr. Beard told vividly of the devastating condition which now exists in the country to which his life's labors have been devoted. He declared that neither he nor any of the others in China with whom he has talked can see any possibility of a Japanese victory in the present war, adding, however, that never was the plight of the Chinese so serious. A definite shortage of necessary food stuffs, such as rice, and the prohibitive price which is being placed on the available food supply, has caused wide-spread suffering and death unparalleled in the long history of China, the doctor said.

As for the conflict itself Dr. Beard stated that under the able and farsighted Chiang Kai-Shek, China is now far better prepared to defend itself against Nipponese aggression than at any time since the undeclared war started four years ago. This has been brought about by China's will to survive and now is being helped by the United States' aid that is arriving in China at a crucial time in the country's history. The weakest part of the nation's entire defense, he went on, lies in its air corps.

From the time that Dr. and Mrs. Beard first went to China, they have made only seven visits home and in 1936, when Dr. Beard was 71 years old the American Board of Missions, in his own words, "said retire, and retire we did." The couple came back to the United States and it was believed, ended their long careers as missionaries. However, in 1939, three years after their retirement, Dr. and Mrs. Beard received a letter from a former associate in China, Rev. Edward H. Smith, who said that his furlough was a year over due and that there was no one to take over his work if he returned home. The result was that soon afterwards the Beards agreed to return to China for another three years of work in Ing Tai, about 40 miles up in the country from Foochow.

Dr. Beard's account of their trip back to the scene of their foreign labors is most interesting. Upon reaching Shanghai from San Francisco, they learned that the Japanese, who had been at war with the Chinese for two years, were in control of the port of Foochow. "It was a serious question: How could we get from Shanghai to Foochow?" Dr. Beard stated. The distance was 50 miles. However, they heard that a ship, owned by a single man, was running down the coast and would pass near to Foochow. The rest of the journey could be made in sedan chairs or on foot.

"Although the ship was nothing but an old tub (with heavy shoe you could almost put your foot through her plates), it served our purpose admirably", the doctor said. The couple landed at Santu, about 70 miles north of Foochow. On the morning that they disembarked, they found themselves enveloped in a thick fog. A drizzling rain was falling. "It was the first time in my life that I was ever glad to see fog and rain on the sea," the doctor stated.

“After leaving the ship,” Dr. Beard went on, “we found a sedan chair and men to carry ourselves and our luggage.” It took us a day and a half to make the 50 mile trip to a point on the Min River where we found a launch to take us to Foochow. The second day we were up at 4:30 o’clock in the morning and ‘on the go.’ Except for an hour for lunch we continued until 11:55 o’clock at night and covered 35 miles. This is certainly an argument for the physical endurance of the Chinese.”

When Dr. and Mrs. Beard arrived at their destination, they found Foochow city and the hinterland “unoccupied territory” so they were free to live and travel as they pleased. Being the only man of the mission in Foochow, Dr. Beard said that he was “placed on about nine different committees and boards of managers and was also named general secretary of the synod. Mrs. Beard was given the position of overseer for a class of women who were embroidering grass linen which was bought by the mission and sold in America. This was the women’s only means of making a livelihood. Both Dr. and Mrs. Beard continued to live in Foochow.

In the spring of 1940, Mr. Smith, the man whom Dr. Beard returned to China to relieve, came back to the United States for his long-overdue furlough and Dr. Beard moved 40 miles west to Ing Tai, but Mrs. Beard continued with her work in Foochow. The doctor’s duties as general secretary of the Synod and a member of various committees brought him back to Foochow and his wife about once a month. Although the distance between the two cities was not great and the trip would only mean travelling an hour or more in this country, for Dr. Beard the journey required arising at 3:30 in the morning, riding two hours in a rickshaw, three hours in a crowded launch and from seven to ten hours in a small boat that was towed by three men. The trip included ascents up rapids and over a most difficult course. The craft arrived at Ing Tai at any time from 5:00 o’clock until 11:00 O’clock at night.

Although Dr. Beard’s work at Ing Tai was technically general secretary, his activities there were varied. When he arrived to take over his new work he found about 300 orphans and 40 or 50 other dependants, including the blind, who became his responsibility. The Ing Tai school was divided into four departments; kindergarten with 70 students; lower primary with 300 (mostly orphans); higher primary with 120; middle school (juniors) with 250. The principal of these combined schools was graduated from Foochow college while Dr. Beard was president of that institution and several of the teachers are his former students.

There are nine centers of Christian work in the Ing Tai field, which is about the size of the State of Connecticut. Besides these, Dr. Beard found upon arriving in Ing Tai that Foochow College with 800 students, all boys, Wenshan Girls School with 300, Diong Loh Boys School with 800 and the Y.M.C.A. school with 300 had removed there from Foochow. This made a student population of well over 2000 pupils which suddenly arriving in a little city of 7000 people when conditions in Foochow became such that further activity there was not advisable. Every Chinese house was rented and four new buildings were erected to accommodate the army of student refugees.

Dr. Beard stated that just when things became well regulated and running smoothly, the Japanese came into Foochow, despite the fact that three years before the Chinese had fought off the invaders and strongly fortified the city. But since that time all soldiers had been withdrawn and the Chinese officials in Foochow had become avaricious. In the district bordering the sea one magistrate so oppressed his people that the population really invited the Japanese to enter. The magistrate, Dr. Beard stated, fled out of the back window of his home as the Japanese came in the front door. He later came to live in Ing Tai. Foochow itself was taken by the enemy without the firing of a single shot, although previously they had dropped bombs and caused some damage. But when the Japanese arrived in the city, had been stripped by the fleeing population and all provisions for men and horses had to be brought in by ships.

Soon after the occupation of Foochow the native, population began to vacate the place and many of them came through the city where Dr. Beard was stationed. In one day, he said, 350 refugees from Foochow registered at Ing Tai. From there they trekked on into the west. Dr. Beard’s description of the refugees as they passed through the city was heart rendering. “I saw one father, with a few cooking utensils, a blanket and a few sweet potatoes stretched across his shoulders, trudging along the road. He was followed by his wife with a baby strapped on her back. She was leading a child by one hand and two or three others were plodding along behind. They had walked 25 miles and had 50 miles more to go before they reached their destination.

Some of the refugees had money in Foochow but they dared not bring it with them for fear of Chinese bandits along the road, Dr. Beard stated. In many cases, he went on, these refugees paid over their money to the mission treasurer and merely carried a receipt. When they arrived in Ing Tai, they contacted Dr. Beard and he reimbursed them to the amount that they had deposited in Foochow. “Cash was plentiful in Ing Tai,” the doctor stated, adding that in one month he cashed \$12,000 in checks on a bank in Foochow. Twice, he said, men came to him with \$15,000 in cash and asked only for a receipt which they took to Foochow to be redeemed there.

Two days after the occupation of Foochow by the Japanese, money was frozen in Ing Tai and two Americans had to go to Foochow and bring back \$16,000 in cash through the Japanese lines, the Chinese bandit regions and the Chinese defenses. Dr. Beard told of having taken \$5300 to Foochow in the face of the same dangers

although he added that he followed seldom-used by-paths with which he had become familiar during his many years in that section and therefore the danger was minimized.

After the Foochow occupation, the Putnam man said, food in Ing Tai was restricted to that which could be raised at home. "I had purchased seed from Burpee in 1940," he stated, "and I had a good garden. The only products that we had that were not home-grown were baking powder, cocoa and coffee. Fortunately, I had been raising pigs and at the time three were ready for consumption and were converted into hams, bacon, sausage and head cheese. Pork and chicken was then selling at \$2.00 a pound.

The food shortage in Foochow was just as acute as in Ing Tai and the American Embassy in China began urging the Foochow consul to send home all Americans whose presence there was not absolutely essential. "In May," Dr. Beard said, "the consul met with me and said that although there was no one there that he would rather see stay in Ing Tai he thought that it was best that Mrs. Beard and I leave because of our age. The mission met twice later and on both occasions our names were placed on the retired list."

With 16 other Americans, the Putnam couple prepared to leave China. The consul immediately began negotiations with the Japanese for passage from Foochow to Shanghai. They agreed to provide accommodations on July 17th but failed to keep their promise. The date was set ahead to July 21st and again the arrangements failed to materialize. It was not until after the consul had hinted that he might ask American gunboats to transport Japanese provided passage for the group. They arrived in Shanghai on August 1st. The trip lasted six days, rather than the ordinary two days.

Reaching Shanghai, Dr. and Mrs. Beard learned that all accommodations of the "Coolidge" were engaged but after two weeks' delay they were both provided berths and set sail on August 14th, direct to Honolulu. 100 other Americans in Japan who sought passage on the "Coolidge" were left behind. The couple landed in San Francisco on August 28th.

Dr. and Mrs. Beard began their service in China through the doctor's association with the American Board of Foreign Missions. As president of Foochow College, a post he held for many years, he did much to raise the standards of education among the Chinese and in leaving the wartorn country and its people whom they have loved and labored for during the best years of their life, Dr. and Mrs. Beard have left behind a heritage that doubtless will inspire the younger missionaries to take up and carry on the huge task that is their lot.

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

[This letter dated Oct. 31, 1941 was written from Putnam, CT by Willard to Geraldine. They are currently in Putnam and have been busy attending meetings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

32 Center St. [Putnam]
Shelton, Conn.
Oct. 31st 1941

Dear Geraldine:-

Your letter of Oct. 19, reached me a day or two ago. I have sent my check for \$173.72 to my New England Mutual Life Insurance Co. H.G. Swanson, Gen'l Agent, 3300 Board of Trade Building Chicago, Ill. I wrote you Oct. 18 about sending my check to the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co. 2086 S. LaSalle St. Chicago, Ill, for \$179.88, on Oct. 18th. This amount does not agree with the amount you mention in this letter of Oct. 19th. You had better take this matter up direct with the Phoenix Mutual. Their receipt has not yet come to me. I have asked the New England Mutual to send the receipt to you direct. The notice came to me too late to get my check to them Oct. 28, the date it was due.

You see we are still in Putnam. We plan to attend the Annual Meeting of the Board in Springfield from here. I go tomorrow Saturday Nov. 1 to stay Sunday with Rev. Ronald J. Tamblyn, Pastor of First Cong'l Church Holyoke, Mass. and to speak in his church Sunday Nov. 2. Then come to Springfield Nov. 3. Mother will come to Springfield that day and we will both be present at a dinner and evening session of the Am. Board and the New England Regional Meeting. This is something new to us. Aunt Mary will come to this meeting Tues. Nov. 3 and stay till Nov. 6. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert will come up one day- I shall stay over in Putnam for Sunday Nov. 9 to speak in the Putnam Church, and go to Shelton so as to speak in Newtown Nov. 13- 2:30 p.m. Mother speaks in Woostock Hill 2:30 p.m. the day before= Wed. It looks as if we would have to go to Shelton by train-separately.

We have been on the go much of the time here in Putnam. On each Wed. evening we have taken supper at the Cong'l Church and devotional meeting and social afterward. Each Saturday evening we go to the Meth. Ch. to a bean supper. They are helping pay off one debt on their church, - built after the fire, - in this way. One day we

spent in Providence. - One p.m. we attended the funeral of the daughter of cousin Bertha Webster- Marguerite Hylse. It was sad. She and her husband have not lived together for some time. They had three children a boy and a girl- about 12 and 14. The daughter and children have lived with Bertha for a year or more. Now the father must take them. Bertha has had two shocks- and some one must stay with her or she must find a home.

Mother has a new dress- a new hat and I have a new suit and a new top coat. We left all our warm clothes in Foochow to help keep the poor warm this winter. We have no direct news from Foochow since we left July 26. A card came from Josephine Walker yesterday written in San Francisco. She and Berth Allen came out via Hong Kong- flew part of the way from Shaowu to Hong Kong. No one seems to know just where Mr. McClure is. Just here the mail came and 15 letters returned from Foochow!!- and a card- a pen sketch of a baby on hands and knees looking at a toy dog on a pedestal. Inside in fine script are the lines-

My name is Edward Walter 3rd
I arrived August 20, 1941 at 7:00 a.m.
My home is in Foochow, China.
I weigh 8 ¾ pounds
My daddy and mother are
Rev. and Mrs. E. Walter Smith Jr.



Josephine Walker

SHE claims four native tongues and uses them all in her work with women.

We are very happy to hear this news. As soon as they reached Foochow last Jan(?) Dr. Dyer kept Lucie=Mrs. Smith= very quiet. She was about all the time but did not get out of the compound often. So it is very good news to know that all went well.

In this lot of 15 letters are two from you written March 16 and May 23, one from Aunt Mollie, two from Aunt Emma etc. - one from Monnie. We have not yet read all of them.

We have two or three days of cold, ice 3/8 of an inch yesterday morning here. Day before that Harvey and Dedie were here for lunch. She said ice was 1 in. thick on her mountain. Today is quite warm. I have taken off my coat for comfort.

Uncle Elbert is attending a meeting of Bank Directors and Mother and Aunt Emma are at a Miss'y Meeting so I am alone in the house.

I'll look up the Insurance dividend as soon as I get home. I've only half taken over my business from Aunt Mary. But I think there are \$5 or \$6 to your credit and Dot or Monnie the same. The Bolosiks paid up the Mortgage so that will be closed out. I will also see if Aunt Mary has given you your share of the primatol[?].

Lots of love
Father

[This letter dated Oct. 1941 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Dorothy refers to Geraldine as being a co-ed again. They have had visitors and some unusual happenings in the neighborhood. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Dorothy Newberg

Saginaw, Mich.
Sunday –
[Oct. 1941]

Dear Jerry:-

Well, how goes the school work? – and how does it feel to be a co-ed, once again? You didn't say on your last card whether or not you took the hostess job. I rather hope you didn't, for I should think it would keep you rather tied down and up late nights- and you ought to get your rest!

Was so sorry to hear that you had been sick again. I hope that climate will be better for you than Chicago was.

I taught school over on the East Side Friday- the day after you folks left, and Harold's mother, Ralph, Relda and Donnie came Sat, evening. They stayed ten days too. They seemed to have fishing on the brain, for I took them up to Tawas for the day once, they went up again by themselves, and up to the Bay once, and Harold and Ralph and Donnie went to the Bay once. Fishing wasn't extra good any one of those times, but it was the first time Mother Newberg has ever been fishing and she caught two or three in all.

We've had excitement of all kinds in our neighborhood lately. A lady three doors from us (north) shot herself bout a week ago. She has not been right mentally for almost two years. Right back of us a house was entered by two young burglars a few days ago. The owner of the house caught one of the fellows and held him at the point of a butcher knife until the police came. Yesterday we had a wedding and all afternoon reception right across the street. Then, too, Hazel Patterson- were you here when she and her husband called?- went to the hospital rather suddenly and had an operation- a ruptured tumor I think, and is very sick now. Another of my friends just lost her second baby within a year and a half. All that within the last ten days- is too much!!!

Day after tomorrow (Tues.) I go to Grand Chapter at Grand Rapids, and on Thurs. afternoon I will be installed as Grand Ruth- and there with starts a busy year.

Myrtle Johnson was very sorry not to have seen you while you were here. She almost bawled me out for not dropping around there with you. Guess I should have. She just heard yesterday that she had a 6-weeks substitute job in 1st grade, starting tomorrow. She is President of the Culture Club and is thinking of resigning because right after that she'll be working at Worley's.

Say Hello to Gwin for me when you see her. Very much love, and take care of yourself. Dot.

*[This letter dated **about Nov. 3, 1941** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathleen to her parents. She thanks them for some money they sent and tells how Jill and Cynthia were on a radio show where they sang a Chinese song. Jill has started school. Original letter in Jill Elmer Jackson's collection.]*

R.D. 1 Clearwater
Nov. 3

Dear Mother and Father:

According to your letter, Father, you are now in Springfield at the American Board Annual meeting. Are you doing any of the speaking for it? Thank you many times over for the check. We used some of it for long needed dentistry and the rest is in our reserve fund. Hugh just had a weeks vacation so we made use of the time for our visits to the dentist and I have to go again tomorrow. During the week we also played a lot of tennis and got a good rest. This is the first year with the Express that Hugh had worked all the time so a vacation meant a lot to him.

Two weeks ago I took the children over to St. Petersburg to appear on a children's radio program. They had listened to it for several Saturday mornings and Jill always said she wished she could be on the radio, so I wrote in and asked if they could be on. They sang "Jesu tiang nguai" which I taught them and Cynthia was the youngest one on the program that day. It was really lots of fun and I'm so glad we did it for it gave us all a chance to see just how a thing like that was carried off. We were there half an hour early and the girl in charge checked all the children in. The whole thing was very informal, even on the air, and the children were called up to the "mike" as their turns came, interviewed by the announcer and went thru their pieces. I played for my children so was right beside them to see that they spoke into the mike. They did well and several friends here and in Haines City said they heard them. It was a strictly local broadcast so I knew it would do no good to tell you to tune in. They have sung the Chinese version quite a bit here in town, at school and church and people seem quite interested. You can hear them when you come down.

Jill likes school and is doing her work alright as far as I can tell. I haven't seen a report card yet, but she comes home with extravagant tales of her achievements. Of course she has been reading and writing for over a year now so she should know her letters and words better than some of the younger ones. The school put on a big Halloween carnival last Friday night so I dressed both children up and took them. It was a bedlam of whistles and shouting but the youngsters seemed to enjoy it.

Last night was our first real cool night for we have had an exceptionally warm fall so I'm getting out blankets and woollens today and we are thinking of fires for the house soon. Persimmons are about gone and we had only half a bushel of them this year. They were scarce and high for some reason.

Keep us informed as to your whereabouts as you move around and come down here when it gets too cold. Give our love to Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma and tell them Cynthia sends them a big hug and kiss. She is saving yours to give in person.

My love to you all- Kathleen

[This letter dated Nov. 21, 1941 was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She updates Jerry on her activities. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Thursday
Nov. 21, 1941

Dear Jerry:-

I wonder how you are celebrating Thanksgiving. Is yours today, or next week?

They called me to work at Worleys last Fri. I went on at noon Fri. and all day Sat., and have been working mornings this week. Because of working, and a rehearsal for our installation and an installation tomorrow night that I wanted to attend, I didn't go to Galesburg with Harold. He left yesterday after school, picked up his nephew, Dick, at Lansing and I don't know whether they drove straight through, or stopped over night somewhere.

I didn't feel like asking Harold to drive into Chicago for your things, but, we'll get them sometime.

I'm plenty busy today getting caught up on a million odds and ends that have been put off because of working. I'm eating Thanksgiving dinner with the Johnsons.

The chapter sent out these invitations, but had some left, so turned them over to me to use as I pleased. Wish you could be here. I really haven't begun to be busy yet, altho the Grand Officers did take a five-day trip over on the west side of the state in Oct.

A card from Kathie says that Jill broke her arm and will be out of school, and in a cast for some time. Poor kid!

I would love to go East for Christmas, but don't know how things will work out yet.

If there's anything you want for Christmas that I can get at Worley's, let me know- soon!

How is school going? Have you had any interesting dates yet?

Very much love

Dot.

[This letter dated Dec. 15, 1941 was written from Century Farm, Shelton CT by Willard to Jerry. He writes a brief note telling Jerry that he has bought a defense bond in her name. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn

Dec 15- 1941

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter to Mother via Dot just arrived. I cannot write a letter only a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you from us both.

And to say. I have just bought a Defense Bond in your name for \$100- i.e. you will be able to get this from the Gov't in 1951, Dec.

Mother and I spent 12 days with Gould and family and got home a week ago last Tues.

I am enclosing my check for \$25.00 as our Christmas greeting- use it any way you like to bring a bit of cheer into life.

With much love
Father

[This letter dated December 19, 1941 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He has heard that the Storrs' house in Shaowu was burned down. The University, Foochow College and Wenshan are all crowded together in one place. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

December 19th. 1941.

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter about the black out came last week. Mother and I have been at home for a week and a half. Uncle Stanley and Aunt Myra were up Sunday and spent the nite. They wanted us to go home with them but we both wanted to stay put a little longer at least so told them to wait till next year.

Monday morning Aunt Mary and I went into New Haven with them. Stanley wanted to see a man, the ladies shopped and I did business! We all four met for lunch. Mother also went in with us and she shopped all day and came home on the bus. Saturday evening Stanley and Myra went in and gathered Stephen and Esther was it? and the four had supper together.

Last week one day the Aunts, Mother and I went to Bridgeport. I wanted to get the Bank books posted up to date. The others did shopping (what a multitude of ideas that word "shopping" covers. When I had finished my BUSINESS, I went out and visited with Aunt Annie. She seemed well. The others came out when they had shopped their fill and we visited a little while and went home. Somewhere on their shopping they picked up Aunt Abbie and brought her out to Aunt Annie's. We came home via Huntington, for the Bridgeport-Shelton pike is under repair.

Yesterday Cousin Edythe Fairchild called. Only Mother and I were home. The Aunts were at King's Daughters. This is the second time she has called when the Aunts were not in and we were. And both times she caught me napping and woke me up.

I am enclosing my check for \$200.00. This will meet your next Insurance payment. The balance is a Christmas present from Mother and me. If you go to Berkeley it will come in handy. If the insurance bill comes to me I will send it to you. So I will put on my books under your account \$100.00.

We do not know much about what is going on in Foochow and Ing Tai and Shaowu. We heard last week that the Storrs house in Shaowu was burned. Only that bare fact came thru. They are much crowded now there for the University, Foochow College and Wenshan are all there. It creates many problems for so many institutions with so many students to huddle in one place. The University could get along nicely with only a bit over two hundred, students and faculty. But the other two institutions would augment the number to eight hundred at least. They will have to tackle the problem of housing and food and books and worse yet of living together in peace in crowded quarters. As far as I know they have not been bombed and are not likely to be. And now I hope the river is open to communication. While the Japanese were in Foochow, practically all intercourse was via Ing Tai. Down the Min river to Ming Chiang, then across land to Ing Tai, 50 miles, and down the Ing Tai river to Foochow.

Just what the Christmas plans are I do not know. Mother and I, and I suppose the Aunts are to go to Dan and Beatrice's. Gould's family are to take dinner with the Spaces. Then they will stop here just to say Hello-Good bye.

I am not writing much on the situation in the Pacific. Time will tell and the papers give guesses enough for any one to read.

We both send out best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Very lovingly,
Father

[The following was handwritten.]

In the Birmingham National Bank is a Defense Bond for \$100.00 in your name. Aunt Mary bought it last fall with my money. Last week I bought another for each of our children. So you have now two Defense Bonds for \$100.00 each= \$200.00 due in 1951. Don't forget them. I will put the one I bought last week in our storage box in the Birmingham National Bank to keep the other company.

Love
Father

[On a separate note.]

December 19 I sent you a check \$200.00

Use what is necessary for Life Insurance. The rest for whatever you like. I mentioned travel to Berkeley but that is off- so use it as you see best.

Father

*[This letter dated **December 23, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. They are preparing for Christmas and Willard's sisters have the house decorated and have jars of fruit ready to give to relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm
Shelton
Conn. December 23rd. 1941.

Dear Jerry:-

Aunt Phebe and I went to town this afternoon to mail letters and Christmas parcels. We stopped at the end of the drive and took the mail from the box. A letter that I wrote to you several days ago was among the huge bundle of letters. I neglected to put on N.E. and it was returned to me. I took it right back and remailed it.

Your letter was there also but I did not find it till we got home. Also there was a letter to you. I have a very bad custom, when there are a lot of letters, of cutting them all open and then reading them. This gets me into trouble. For once in a while a mistake is made and I open a letter that is not mine. That occurred today. For I opened your letter. No one has read it. I am enclosing it with this.

It is unfortunate that your anticipated visit to Berkeley has to be postponed. I am glad you have the promise of congenial company-ions during the holidays. And I am glad you have in mind to take some of the time for rest. Mother and I are taking time in great gobs for that commodity. We put in about nine hours each nite and I get an hour often during the day. If Mother sits down a few minutes she also does some "Just resting my eyes".

The house is so full of Christmas things that it is difficult to find ones way around. It is interesting to see how the Aunts get things off for all their near relatives and cards or some Christmas reminder to many others. Just this evening the kitchen table is groaning under the weight of numerous glass cans of fruit, to go out tomorrow to near relatives. This afternoon I saw two mince pies and other things go on the cross road and to others who had been helping them in some capacity. The last few days I have been trying my strength with a sythe, mowing the pear orchard. This was not mowed this year and the grass was heavy. Now it is very dry. Aunt Mary wanted something to bank the house for winter. Usually we have gone to the woods for leaves, put them into bags and thus did the job. But the truck is out of commission and it is far to back them from the woods to the house. I suggested that I mow this grass. The job is now done and we are ready for Jack Frost. He came last Saturday nite and ran the mercury down to 18 above. It has warmed up now and it is raining.

We may have written you that we are to eat Christmas dinner with Dan and Bee. We were going down to Stanley's Saturday to meet Nancy and her husband, but Myra phoned two days that Nancy had to go to the hospital suddenly. It looks as if she would keep very quiet till baby is born. Myra's phone was unsatisfactory for it was so incomplete. She could not get the news herself. Nancy has no phone and I think her father in law has none. We have heard nothing since.

Here is another MERRY CHRISTMAS and A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From a loving
Father-

[The following was handwritten by Ellen.]

No news has come from Fulton or Etta since Dec. 7.

Dear Geraldine,

You asked what I was giving Dorothy for Christmas. I think my letter to you said we would better let her decide whether she wanted the steam electric flatiron or not and so we would not plan to give it this Christmas. So I plan to give her linen from China as I sent you. Father sent her \$5.00 suggesting she spend it in a bathroom scale.

We ordered the Dictionary and table for Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert and I wrote a lengthy presentation note telling them it was the gift from all the nieces and nephews, sisters and brother (that is father). I will send a copy of the note to each one after Christmas. We ordered it sent direct from the publisher's to their house and I wrote them that two mysterious parcels would be delivered to their house addressed to W.L. Beard Care of E.C. Kinney. And would they please house them for us till I wrote them further as to the disposal of them. Also asked them to drop me a postal as soon as they arrived informing me of their delivery. That has not come and I am wondering if it is going to get there in time. My presentation note said on the outside "To be opened Dec. 25. In ordering the dictionary and table father asked that it be delivered before Christmas if possible. With love Mother

Get lots of rest this vacation and give us another good letter.

[This letter dated **Dec. 24, 1941** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Ellen has been busy with Christmas cards and wrapping. They will have Christmas dinner at Dan and Bee's home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn.
Wed. Dec. 24th 1941.
Christmas Eve.

Dear Jerry:-

The habit of writing you has become daily. These two cards came to you today. No one here knows the senders of the card from Chattanooga[*Chattanooga?*].

We are just about ready for supper, and Gould's family phoned they would be here at 8 p.m. It may be a bit later. Mother has been confined to her room all the week with Christmas cards, Christmas wrappers and tapes and stickers and markers, sheers etc. etc. If I am patient she lays them off the bed so we can get in a few hours of sleep. Then in the morning after breakfast she is at it again. I feel quite honored for she has- under pressure of business, - allowed me to address one or two. They were censored by her before mailing.

This afternoon Aunts and I went to town. I am trusted to mail cards and parcels. We found everybody else in town too. As we drove onto the bridge we had to go in line and poke along with the line. But most of our way was with the crowds. We called at Seymour's Mother's, at the parsonage- Mr. and Mrs. Frazier are young,- here in Shelton to act as pastor and raise a family- both Oberlinites. We called on Marion= Mrs. Wells. She is all alone today- Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie spent last nite with Seymour and Edith in New London. This is rather a venture for Uncle Ben. He shows a preference for his own bed. But he is enamored of his youngest grandson, Jay.

We all go to Christmas dinner with Dan and Bee [*Dan Nichols Beard and Beatrice*]. Gould and family dine in Seymour. Harold and Helen are at Theodore and Ruth's for the nite- they all drove with Vinnie and Anna.

Last nite rain fell all nite with the wind south and the thermometer at 50 degrees.

The world is lined up:-

Those who believe in God our Father=

The fatherhood of God on one side.

Those who do not believe in God on the other side

Those who believe in man as brother,-

The Brotherhood of man on one side,-

Those who believe in man as one the plundered

-destroyed, if it seems for one's personal profit,
good, on the other side.

This is Sunday a.m. - a beautiful day.

We all enjoyed a good dinner and good fellowship at Dan and Bee's Christmas day. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie, Bee's father and mother, we four and Dan's four. After dinner Dan tied Bucky= Dannie's pony in the new pony wagon he just bought. All, specially the children had a great time. Friday we did a lot of business and chores. Yesterday we four drove to Uncle Stanleys for another delicious turkey dinner. - The weather continues warm and pleasant.

Love Father

[This letter dated **Dec. 31, 1941** was written from Florida by Kathleen to Mother and Father. She thanks them for their Christmas gifts. Hugh is working and will not be home for New Years. Letter in the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

Dec. 31, 1941

Dear Mother and Father:

This may be my last letter of the year and I am celebrating New Year's Eve all by myself. However I think I'll let other people usher in 1942 for I intend to be fast asleep. This is one of Hugh's nights in Jacksonville.

Those defense bonds were a grand surprise (do I understand correctly that there are two?) and I was really thrilled to hear about them. And on top of that your check quite flabbergasted me, in fact with all your spending on us this fall I am beginning to wonder if you have kept enough for your own needs. We are very grateful for all your generous gifts, and will be for years to come.) The airplane puzzles are providing Jill with many hours of fun. I think she has done more than half of them already and the rest of us like to put in a piece now and then too. Cynthia

liked your letter, Mother, and the animal book which she has in bed with her tonight. (But you are a year behind on her age.) She is (four now and) growing to be quite a tall girl. She was sick with the flu the weekend before Christmas and ate nothing but grapefruit juice for three days so she is still a bit thin from it, but she was up and dressed on Christmas day and able to eat a bit of Christmas dinner up at Grandma Elmer's.

We have a small tree trimmed with trimmings you got the year you were down here. It couldn't hold all the red paper rope we had so I draped that from the tops of the windows to the center light and hung a red bell from the center. It makes our living room look very festive. I spent Christmas eve all alone too doing up last presents and filling stockings which had no mantle to hang from this year. The children got some lovely things- mostly clothes and books and lots of candy which I have to ration. Hugh and I opened our gifts after he got home and the children were in bed. Hugh gave me the pen I am writing with and it is a relief after the one I had.

I hope the fruit came thru alright and please let me know how the flavor is, for I didn't get a chance to sample it, and I want to know whether that is a good grove to buy from again. The displays looked good but that isn't always a reliable sample. (The Elmer's grove has very little fruit this year and their tangerine trees seem to be dying rapidly. I guess the trees have not had proper care since the original owner left the place.) Father Elmer hasn't been able to plant any garden this winter since his illness. He seems to be over his cough but I guess he isn't really strong even yet. He confines his activity to reading and walking.

We don't yet know about moving but should hear by next week. Even if Hugh stays on this run we may move to Tampa since we are driving Father's care back and forth every day and it seems unwise to wear out his tires since new ones are so scarce. I will let you know what we decide to do.

(Have you heard anything from Monnie this month? She sent a Christmas telegram last year. Have you heard what stations are broadcasting to the North this winter?) Poor Jerry was stranded all by herself this Christmas and she must miss not being with any of the family. She was in the same fix last year but she had a lot of work to keep her busy then. I suppose Gould's family came up to be with you for part of the day and I guess you were the only members of our family who were together.

Happy New Year, goodnight, and much much love from me.

Kathleen



"To know her, is to love her"

Dorothy's Eastern Star Photo

[Photo and following invitation donated to Yale by family in 2006]



Bethlehem Chapter No. 105 O. E. S.

cordially invites you to attend a

Dinner and Reception

honoring

Dorothy B. Newberg

Grand Ruth

Grand Chapter of Michigan

Order of Eastern Star

Wednesday, December 17, 1941

Masonic Temple, West Side

Saginaw, Michigan

RESERVATIONS
BY DECEMBER 13, 1941
MRS. WILLIAM MUNDY
141 LOCKWOOD ST.
SAGINAW, MICH.

DINNER 6:30 P. M.
\$1.00 PER PLATE

