

1935

- Mussolini invades Ethiopia
- Jacqueline Elmer was born March 3, 1935 in Clearwater, Florida to Kathleen and Hugh
- Flora dies April 18, 1935 at the age of 66 years.
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Marjorie is teaching in Canada
- Geraldine is in New York
- Gould and Virginia are in Cincinnati, OH then move to Santa Monica, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Willard is 70, Ellen- 67, Gould- 39, Geraldine- 37, Dorothy- 34, Marjorie- 29, Kathleen- 27.

敬啓者西歷一九三五年二月五日為
裨益知博士七秩雙慶之辰同人等謹於二月六日
午後三時補開祝壽大會藉表賀忱屆時務希
準臨為盼

三時至四時半茶敘
四時半攝影
四時四十五分開會

祝壽委員會謹訂

注意 (一)祝壽會辦事處設中華基督教會(電話四五六六)
(二)祝壽會開會地點假觀巷紀念堂
(三)茶敘場所假格致禮堂

The Friends of Dr. and Mrs. Beard
Request the Presence of Your Company
at the Celebration of Dr. Beard's
Seventieth Birthday on Feb. 6, 1935.
Tea at 3-4.30 P.M.
In Foochow College Assembly Hall.
Meeting will be held in
the Lau Memorial Church at 4:45 P.M.
Church of Christ in China Office
Ming Gaing Seng

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

The following four photos are a single panoramic “Photograph of W.L. Beard Birthday the Seventieth”. It measures 42” in width and 5 3/4” in height.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]



Buildings L to R: Temple on hill, upper left. Lower left, Assembly hall. Brick Smith Hall.



Buildings L to R: Gate house Foochow College. White Pagoda - 2 top stories. Lincoln Hall, Dormitory- Foochow College. 2 chimneys, house in our compound. Chinese house- right of tall pole.



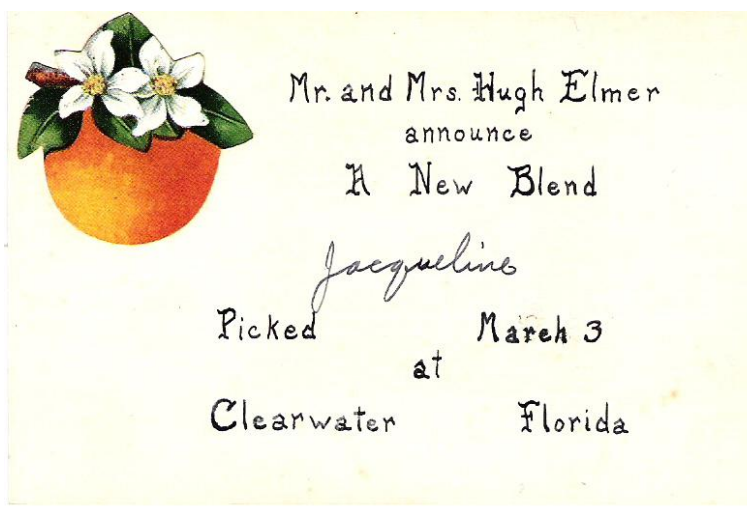
Buildings L to R: Sr. Mid. School Foochow College [the one on the right with arches]



Buildings L to R: Chinese House in rear, Lau Memorial Church, Parsonage.

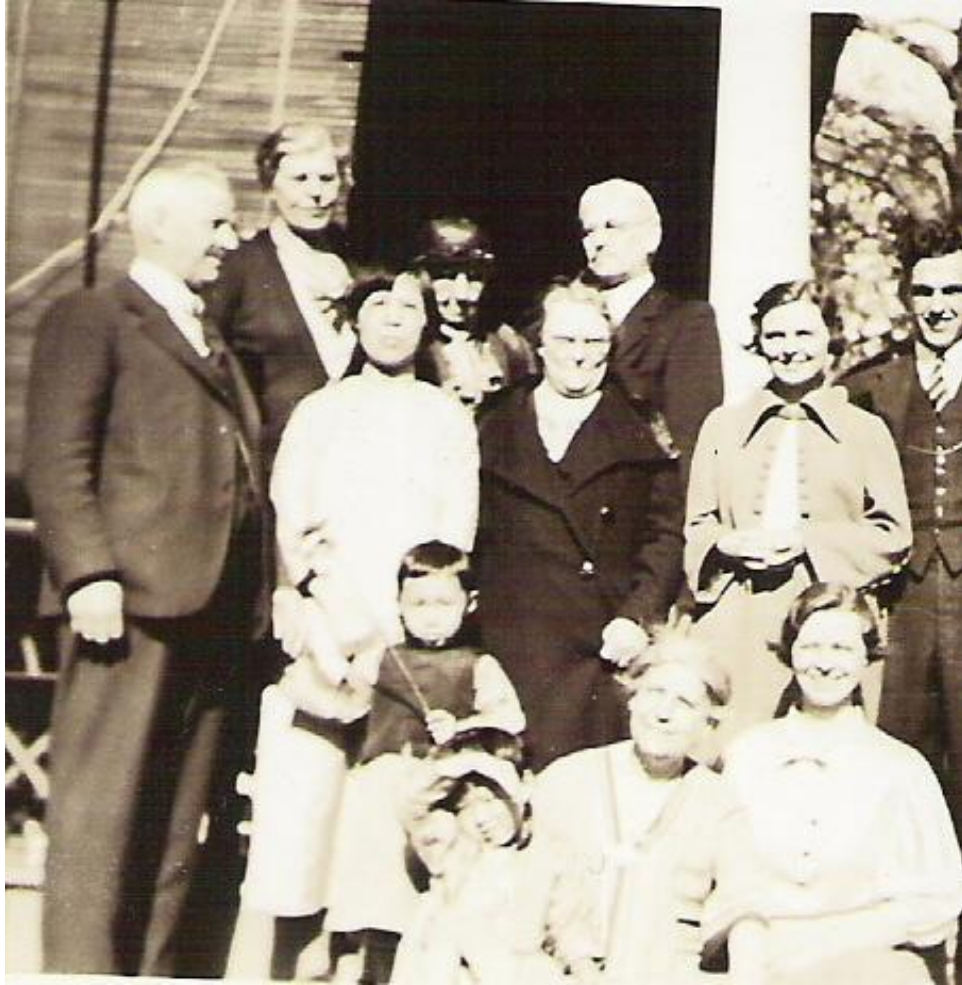


Close-up view of Willard and Ellen from the previous panoramic photo of Willard's 70th birthday festivities.



Jacqueline Elmer's birth announcement – March 3, 1935
[From the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

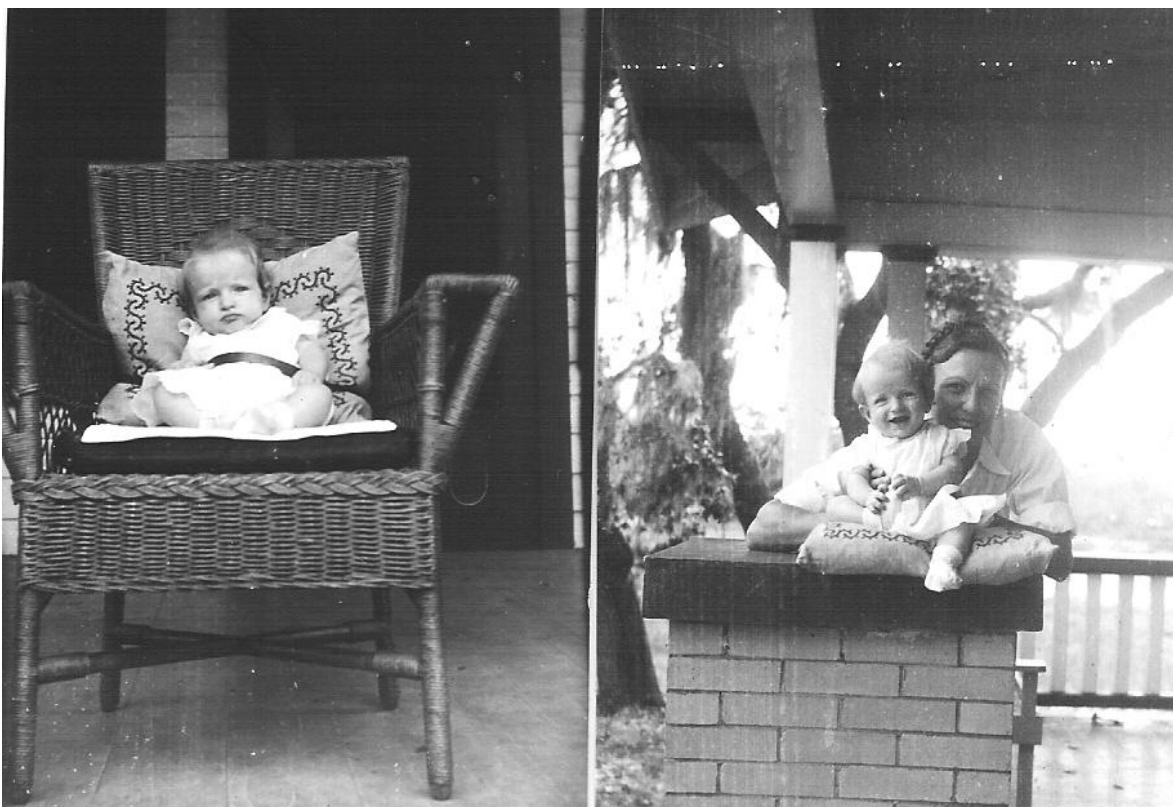
Flora Beard dies April 18, 1935 of "Paralysis following apoplectic stroke" at the age of 66. She had a stroke two years before, also.



Written on back: "May 1935"

Left to right back: Bennett Nichols Beard, Mary Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr.
Left to right middle: Probably Mrs. Lin, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Edith Beard Valentine and husband, Seymour.
Left to right front: Two children of Mrs. Lin, Phebe Beard, probably Dorothy Beard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Left: Jacqueline "Jill" Elmer Written on back: "October 2, 1935"
Right: Kathleen and Jill Elmer Written on back: "6 months October 2, 1935"
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[This letter dated Dec. 1, 1935 was written from Ing Tai, Fukien, China by Ellen Kinney Beard to Kathleen and her family. It tells of road construction, the river rapids and the boatmen, Ing Tai malaria, availability of meat and the prices, types of fruit and vegetables they eat, flowers in bloom, New Year's celebration activities, Marjorie's engagement ring, and the bad habit of smoking. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]



Ing Tai,
Fukien, China
Dec. 1st, '35

Dearest Kathleen, Hugh and little Jacqueline,

Here I am this Sunday afternoon, all alone in a great big house (The house was built for a girl's school with ladies residence at front end. But last year the girl's school was united with the boy's school and they moved over to the other compound where the boy's school and the Smith house are occupying as a dormitory an unoccupied residence formerly occupied by Dr. Whiting, Donaldsons, Rindens, Lewises, at different times respectively.), almost a mile from the Smiths who are the only other foreigners within forty miles, - Foochow. Even our two servants are taking the afternoon off and the house is pretty still. Two Angora rabbits outside in the cage, and a dozen hens and a rooster keep me company. A pair of squirrels up in the pine trees whistle and chirp to each other at times. I am sitting on the porch swing, on the upper veranda which is pretty well up as the house is built on a sharply sloping hill which rises abruptly from the river bank. Our house is only about 250 ft. from the river, and there is a rapid directly in front of the house which makes so much noise we can hardly hear when it is raining. At first the constant, ceaseless noise of the water wearied me and disturbed my sleep at night; but I am getting somewhat used to it now. Were it not that there are so many pine, maple, tallow-berry and other trees in our front yard, we would get a splendid view of the river both up and down for about a mile each way.

The new road down toward Foochow which is still under construction runs right by our house, - between our front boundary (compound) wall and the river. 76 stone steps in 8 flights of from five to 17 steps each, connected by 8 inclined walks, lead up to the front door, from the street. At the Smith house and the school which is the other terminus of our walk to get to our classes, there are from the street level, 136 stone steps in 10 flights of from 3 to 23 steps each connected by 10 stretches of inclined walk. So with a climb at both ends you see we are getting plenty of exercise.

It is very interesting to watch the boats come up the river. If they have a good wind up-river, which is generally the case in the p.m. they come up fast under full sail, - often from three to seven close together. But if

there is no wind they have to pole and row and progress is slow. All boats slow up when they get to our rapid as the water is so shallow, other means of propulsion have to be applied. Two men get out into the water one at the head and the other at the rear and they partially lift the boat and walk it over the stony bottom while the third man goes ahead also in the water pulling the boat by a long bamboo rope. When there are three or four boats, they all come up to the foot of the rapid, anchor, all but the leading boat by putting their bamboo pole straight down thru a hole in the prow thus pinning it to the river bed; then all hands fall to and pull on the bamboo rope of the leading boat while that boat's two boatmen at prow and stern, lift and walk her up over the stony bottom against the current. When that boat has reached the still water at the head of the rapid they anchor her fast and all hands go back to pull the next one up. And so on till all are over the rapid. This cooperation makes it easier for everybody. The clack of their iron-shod bamboo poles on the stony river bed, and the scraping of the boats over the rounded stones, are two very familiar sounds in our present every day life.

The boatmen who get out into the water to pull on the rope or to lift the boat think nothing of entirely disrobing below the waist in order to keep their clothes dry. They never do that, however, on the boats we hire. Our boatmen roll up as high as they can and take the risk; or they jump right in, clothes and all and come back on deck dripping. In winter weather I feel awfully sorry for them; but in summer and spring and autumn, - even pretty cool weather when we are wearing good warm coats and using steamer rugs, they don't seem to mind it at all. If I have never told you before, you will be interested in a remark Phebe once made on a trip to Ing Tai at the age of three. I discovered a boatman thus unattired on a boat some distance ahead, and at once endeavored to concentrate Phebe's attention on the opposite side of the river. But in an unguarded moment her head turned in the undesired direction. Her comment was immediate: - "Why, mama, there is a man that hasn't even his 'dappers' (diapers) on!"

Father has gone to Foochow for about ten days starting last Friday, in a rain. But he was glad of a little rain before he went as the river was very low and his trip would be quicker with higher water. He preaches tonight, at just this minute I am writing this he is preaching in the English Stone Church at Vespers. The English clergymen are getting so few out here now that they are asking the American Missionaries to take their turns around preaching and are also inviting the Americans to attend and to contribute to the support of the church. He will dine tonight with Rev. W. P. W. and Mrs. Williams, (Eng.) who is in charge of the Church services. He has at least two Board of Manager meetings to attend: one the F.C. University and one the Electrification Experimental Enterprise (that is not the right name); and several other pieces of business. He calls in our old cook at 50 cents a day to cook for him when he goes down like this, and also receives many invitations to meals in the compound and outside it. This time he has at least one Chinese feast to attend, probably two or three.

We are looking forward now to getting ready for Christmas which is always a strain. As far as the church and school exercises are concerned we foreigners will not have much to do as the Chinese are taking so much of the responsibility now. The two Smiths and the two Beards are asked to sing our quartette in English. We shall probably have to help some in furnishing costumes and adjusting them to the actors in the Christmas play. But getting gifts and wrapping them and delivering them for all the teachers, the preacher's family, the Dr's family, the Kindergartner's family, and one other family, and cards for all the women and for each of my two classes, - this is the great effort. Being so far away from Foochow, too, where we can't buy anything is a hindrance. It's hard to think of everything one will want a month ahead.

Let me wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year altho this will not reach you until after you've had them.

Our transfer to Ing Tai has not worked out quite so happily for me as I anticipated; for I got the dreadful Ing Tai malaria "bug" into my system when I had been here only about three weeks and I have had five or six attacks. A chill comes on somewhere from 12 to 2 o'clock p.m. and lasts about an hour toward the end of which I generally go to sleep, all wrapped up and lying down, and about 6 or 7 o'clock wake up with a high fever and my heart beating like a trip-hammer. The fever lasts nearly thru the night, but is gone by 7 the next morning and all but the last time I got up and took my classes on this next day after the attack altho rather weak and unsteady on my feet, walking nearly a mile to the school and back again, at that. But each time it seems to take more of my strength and the last time, having no classes that day, I staid in bed till noon. Mrs. Smith, who has spent her whole time in China in Ing Tai, and has never had it before, has had 2 or 3 attacks this fall too. She has had boils, too. And I had one, quite large one just back of my right temple just back of the hair line. It was so long developing I was a bit anxious lest it be something much more serious. Ing Tai is famous for its malaria but Mr. Smith says it is worse this year than it has been before and a different kind. Some think that so many soldiers going thru here from various places stopping a short time, have in their blood the germs of other kinds of malaria, Ing Tai mosquitos bite them while they are here, get their germs and give them to the next person they bite and so the different kind of malaria is introduced here and spread. I was terribly sorry to get that bug into my system especially at my age, but they say it does not appear again after one goes back to America, or seldom. Eunice Smith came back to China this fall to

work in the Kindergarten Training School and came up here to visit her parents and her old home then went to Peiping to study Mandarin in the Language School and was taken with an attack of malaria after she got there which she caught while here, and had to go to the P.U.M.C.=the big hospital in Peking called Medical College,- at a cost of a \$100, for the few days she was there. Then had a second attack and had to go back to the hospital. And she had never had it before in her life altho she lived in Ing Tai more than a dozen years.

Miss Armstrong, just back from furlough in America came up here for an outing with the Foochow College and Sr. Class and had an attack of malaria two days after she got back to Foochow; but Dr. said she did not get that here for there had not been time for it to develop. She took it the week before on a hike to Ma Ang, the Mandarin's grave. She was in the hospital two weeks. Quite remarkable that so many of us should have it this year who have never had it before. But Mr. Smith says it is worse this year all thru the country up in this region, many deaths having occurred from it, two children in one preacher's family up country. One boy in school here, was made crazy by the high fever and jumped out of the second story window. Not hurt much. So they had bars put across all dormitory windows. Mr. Smith dispenses scores of dollars worth of quinine to the Chinese on his trips thru the country every year. They have no other source of relief from it. Our house is screened but mosquitos will get in, and we get bitten outside the house, too, I suppose.

This is enough about this side of the globe now we'll talk about other things.

When those photos came it did not seem possible Jacqueline had had time to grow so much; she seems, from the pictures, so advanced for 7 mos. It is a good picture of you and you look well. Baby looks like a very happy little girlie as you wrote she is. I hope she keeps well.

You certainly did have a most unfortunate experience with that hurricane, but I am thankful your lives and home were spared. A hard year for the initial year of an undertaking with three superlative adverse conditions. But none of these are apt to occur two years in succession anywhere I think, so you can look for better times ahead. Our congratulations to Hugh on securing a job. Gould is having a chance to see the country in various parts of the U.S. isn't he? Glad he and Dot got out east.

I do want to jump back to this side of the world a moment to tell you about that new road that I wrote is under construction.

The first road expert who was commissioned by the provincial government to build it came up here and set soldiers to digging with gusto. They began right in front of our kindergarten building and dug so long and extensively and apparently so aimlessly that Miss Lanktree feared they would undermine the compound wall and infuse our property. So she wrote the Foochow authorities about it and it was stopped in that place. Then they worked on down toward Foochow making a stretch here and there where it was easy; but if they came to ledges that must be blasted thru or places that must be bridged, they left off there and went on to start a new place. After two or three months work the one in charge pocketed the balance of the money, went to Foochow and reported that the road was 9/10 completed and the money all used up, and departed. Some months later the gov't. appointed another man to finish the road with the direction that every able-bodied man must give three days work on the road without pay even the magistrate. This includes men from 16 or 17 to 60+, and some women. It applies to all the villages for scores of miles around; and many from distant villages have to walk miles to get to the place where the work is going on. All from one village come together, each bringing his hoe, baskets, rice for three days, extra clothes, and some have cooking utensils. Groups from 8 to 75 are passing the house every day on their way from up-river villages to their work, or from their work, homeward bound. Often there are several women among them who may be workers or they may be the cooks. It is very interesting to see these groups frequently passing as we see them from our upper veranda or living-room windows.

The school teachers and students all had to give their share of the work. Our principal went to see the authorities here about it and got it reduced (for our school) to 150 days work for the whole institution. So Saturday morning two weeks ago certain classes came marching down the road shouldering their hoes and baskets and their dung sticks, boys and girls alike. The gov't. furnished the baskets; the hock and dung sticks belong to the school as they have manual labor as part of their regime, as this school is now an Industrial school. The girls dug earth from the side of the road opposite our house and a few rods below, and the boys dug from the opposite side a few rods farther down. They carried the earth a few rods still further down to fill and widen the road near a small bridge just below our house. The students were given this little job near to the school out of consideration for their youth and inexperience, as well as out of consideration for the difficulty of housing and feeding them if they went too far from the school. They worked a half day and went back to school to dinner. Sat. p.m. is always a half holiday. Next Monday morning the rest of the classes gave a half-day of work and that was the end of that episode. Both days were clear and hot working in the sun and I made tea and took it down to them. Most of the work is now going on miles below our house. I fear we shall not stay here to see the first auto-bus go over the road. There is one bicycle in Ing Tai now.

We get fine fresh river fish here almost as often as we want it,- several times a week; the best is a big fish that sometimes weighs 10 or 15 lbs. We have had deer,- gazelle once, and pheasant once,- a cock, a handsome bird and fine eating. It seemed too bad to kill it. It was better fitted to adorn someone's garden as a pet. You ought to be able to raise pheasants on your place. You know they are occasionally seen up at the farm. You could buy a pair for a reasonable price couldn't you, for a start? For pleasure if not for business.

We get no beef here,- only pork and goat, goose, duck and chicken. Duck is 13 cents per lb. silver,- hardly 4 cents gold at present rate of exchange = \$3.33 silver for one of gold. Goose is 20 cents per lb. live weight, silver; 6 cents gold. Venison 16 cents a little less than 5 cents gold. That best fish 20 cents silver; 6 cents gold.

Neither father nor I have been out on any country trips yet but we hope to take one or two before we leave for good. I want to get a first hand glimpse of what the life of these country people really is. They are, most of them very poor. I have been doing a little gardening, today,- repotting Miss Lanktree's Johnsonian Lillies, Eastly lillies and some geranium slips I got of Mrs. Smith. Do you have poinsettias? I wish you could see mine down at Foochow. Father says they are glorious. When it is time to cut them down next spring, I am going to bring up scores of sets here to this compound and plant them generously.

I note your request for seeds and I am writing the Horticultural Dept. at Washington D.C. to find out if there is any way to get seeds into the country honorably. You know no seeds, bulbs roots or plants are allowed to be brought in from a foreign country by law, for fear of introducing plant diseases. I would like to send you the Uoing dang, leng geng, the big northern persimmon, and two other kinds; black peaches; honey peaches; sang chu; knife beans; meat beans; strawberry bananas etc.

You may be interested to know the present agricultural status of Ing Tai as we have seen it in the four months since we came here. The chestnut crop (the big ones, like the Italian ones) was reaped about two months ago and sold off in about three weeks. We enjoyed them immensely, boiled, in soup salad, goose dressing, and as a vegetable served with cream. Sweet potatoes (mostly white ones but a few yellow ones are raised) have been dug as wanted, ever since we arrived late in Sept. But the real harvesting of the crop began the last week in Oct. and went all thru Nov. and Dec. till Christmas, during which time every body who owns a potato field has been making sweet potato rice. They grate the potatoes into straws 3 to 4 inches long and as large around as a straw and dry them on long bamboo trays, 3 ft. by 8 ft. one end of which rests on the ground the other supported by a bamboo horizontal bar 4 ft. high so that the trays are at an angle with the ground of about 45 degrees. Thus the sun shines on them and the wind blows thru them and dries them. We have had little sun for the drying of it this fall, but not much rain either,- mostly gray cloudy days. For two months the air on the road between our house and the school has been scented with turnips from the turnip fields under the plum trees all along both sides of the road. They have been digging them in small quantities and kept them on the market ever since we came in Sept. but the final harvesting of them is just finishing now, Jan. 5. Some of the farmers cut the tops off and hang the leaves over the plum branches to dry; or cut them in short sections and dry them on the bamboo trays for use at times when there is little in the line of green leaf vegetable to be had. Pigs, goats and cows eat much of the tops. The rice harvest finished about three weeks ago. The tallow berries were harvested from trees about 3 weeks ago. They boil out the tallow and make candles from them. The first, early persimmon crop was harvested about Nov. 1. The late persimmons were harvested about 10 days ago. The great big thick-skinned Bong gekks, sour,- do you remember them? are just being harvested and marketed. They take the place of lemons for us; also are eaten like grape-fruit. You ought to raise these too in your Florida orchard. Father took down 400 or 500 of them to the people in our compound when he went down last Thursday. Also he took a load of persimmons. We bought this fall a dang load of each, the gang oranges, the gek oranges, persimmons and long gekks, and have them spread out on the floor of the vacant former girl's school room at the other end of this house.

Spinach, cauliflower, and white cabbage have been in market several weeks. And for the last two weeks we have been gathering from the school garden, (which Father came up here to help teach the Chinese boys and girls in the school to cultivate, for the school has been changed by order of the gov't. to an industrial school, teaching agriculture and animal husbandry) yellow turnips, purple top turnips, carrots corn, spinach. So you see we're well fed. In the Chinese gardens the fields have been plowed since the sweet potatoes and turnips were reaped and have been sown to wheat, peas, and some other vegetables. The wheat is now 6 in. high. The peas are in full bloom some white blossoms, another kind have a pink and garnet blossom, very pretty.

As to flowers, our poinsettias are still in full glory as they have been for about 6 weeks. We have had one frost Jan. 2nd but it did not kill anything. Chrysanthemums have been in bloom over a month and are still going. Geraniums also, and roses at their best, so deep in color these cool cloudy days. The kinds we have are the "Cloth of Gold" a large pink rose of the type sold in flower shops in America with beautiful shaped buds; and a pink common rose but with the prettiest, deep pink buds, and so prolific. Then there is a dark red rose. There are some

wild flowers too; asters both white and purple are just gone by; wild yellow chrysanthemums single are just past; also a kind of golden-rod is just passing. I have used these much in house decoration-bouquets.

Ten days ago a neighbor shot another gazelle, and we bo't a hind quarter for a roast and soup meat. It was good and isn't gone yet. I hung the soup meat 6 days just to see how long we could keep it in case we wanted to buy to take down to our Foochow friends some time. With temperature ranging from 50 degrees to 58 degrees, it kept perfectly, hung in an open window out of the sun.

Here it is Sunday Jan. 5th and this letter isn't off yet! I have been in the house all alone again this afternoon; the woman went to her home direct from church, and the boy wanted to go to the hot spring bath house for a bath. Father went to Foochow last Thursday on several errands, Board of directors meetings etc. and will return Tuesday night. Mrs. Smith invited us to dinner and I accepted. Roast Pork, gravy, sweet potatoes, turnips, meat, beans, brown bread, sang cha jelly, and sang cha sauce, Persimmon pudding with whipped cream.

The Magistrate decreed a 3 days holiday to all schools to celebrate New Years. The city gov't. also planned two evenings of entertainment Jan. 1 and 2 in celebration, to give the people a "nan ick" time. They asked all the schools (ours included) to put on a few numbers of the program, plays, stunts, kindergarten activities and songs folk dances etc. I went both nights but did not stay either night thru to the finish as they went from 7 to 12 o'cl. It was held in a large temple or theatre, having two galleries, earth floor for ground floor. It was lighted by 5 or 6 bright kerosene lamps that burn under compressed air or something of that nature, which makes a very bright, white, light. These lights are used very largely in Foochow and environs for feasts, weddings etc. and theatres. The purely Chinese numbers on the program which interested me most, were 1st Chinese "boxing" done by one man; it is not at all like our western "boxing". It is just a series of different motions of the open hands, arms, and legs with apparent effort at gracefulness. 2nd an oration, apparently of a humorous nature, in the rendition of which the orator gestures profusely and vehemently with hands, arms, feet and head and facial expression, while his mouth frames all the words with conspicuous precision, but really he is not making a single sound. What the audience hears spoken is uttered by another person behind a screen, close behind the orator on the platform. An audience always likes that kind of a performance, and the performers do it remarkably well. The one on the platform keeps time with the real speaker exactly and they are so adept at it that one who was not acquainted with such a performance would never guess that the talking was not really done by the person on the platform. Indeed, at our Christmas program in the church, such a number was put on and I did not know till I got home and Will told me that it took two to do that stunt. Most of their efforts at humorous performance seemed to me very silly and childish but the Chinese laugh and enjoy what I can't see the least bit of a reason for laughing at. It gets terribly tedious when the same number of that kind goes on for half an hour, as one number each night did; but the performers in each case were members of the gov't. force at the yamen and must have a big place on the program whether they had the ability to fill it acceptably or not. The one who performed the second night did not draw many laughs from the audience and I am sure the more refined among them were bored, as I was. Will was with me on New Year's night, but as he went to Foochow the next morning, I staid at Mrs. Smith's over night the second night rather than walk home alone at 11 P.M. for my woman and boy wanted to stay thru till 12 o'cl.

Our last mail bro't a good letter from Gould telling of their trip across the country to California. Perhaps I'll send it around among you girls, as he may not get time to write to all of you so much in detail.

The mail before that bro't your would-be airmail letter. It was just as good as if it had flown here. By the way, I saw an account of your hurricane as one man experienced it in another city where it worked havoc worse, than in Clearwater; and I see your Florida blows can be worse than our typhoons. Perhaps your father Elmer takes the "Advance" and you have read the account too. I hope you don't have another as long as you live in Florida.

Gould's letter told us that Marjorie had written that her ring was coming up on the next boat. He added that he hoped she had found the right man this time. I certainly do too, but I can't entirely resist some misgivings. I am sorry that he is a smoker. I sincerely hope that none of my daughters will ever be inveigled into taking up that foolish, harmful, filthy practice. I am amazed that no reaction has yet come from truly refined, cultured, Christian women of America to cause the pendulum to swing back in the other direction. I should have thought it would have come from men of culture and refinement before now, i.e. against women's smoking.

Your letter says Father did not explain the reason of our change of residence. He tho't he did this. Miss Lanktree, who is the foreign lady teacher in the school here, went home on furlough at the beginning of last summer vacation. That left the Smiths the only foreigners in the station. If Mr. Smith went out on country trip for a week or two or three at a time, Mrs. Smith would be the only one to be here all alone and she just about refuses to do that. Some one had to come up to take Miss Lanktree's place if Mr. Smith was to do any country work this year. Moreover they needed more English speaking teachers in the school and more teaching force to take care of the agricultural and animal husbandry side of the new regime for this new school since the gov't has ordered it changed from an ordinary middle school fitting for college to an industrial school. Will having been reared on a farm

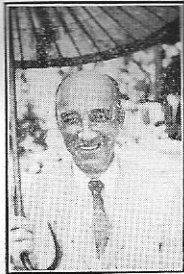
seemed better fitted to take up that teaching than anyone else. He borrowed books on the subject from Mr. Thelin, the agriculturalist at Union Middle School. We didn't move our furniture up here but just went right into Miss Lanktree's house and used hers. She said she left everything open for us to use freely and wanted us to do so; but I couldn't be quite so free as that and preferred to use our own bedding and bed linen, bath room linen, table linen, table cutlery, bureau and side board scarfs and some kitchen utensils. She wanted to keep her woman cook for her return and rather wanted her to have a home there; so we just about had to leave ours down at Foochow and employ hers. She is very faithful, neat, willing, refined and does what she has learned to do well.

You asked if I like it as well as in Foochow. Well, it is very different of course, very quiet, we see no foreigners but the Smiths and there is no English church service to attend, no Anti-Cob, no mission prayer meetings or business meetings and no social gatherings except just us four. Of course we have social gatherings for the Chinese. But it is a rather pleasant change on the whole altho we miss many privileges the people in the port have. We missed Dr. Poling's visit, Mr. White's visit, the youth conference, the week of prayer meetings, Mission Christmas. But there are interesting things up here and ways in which we can help, which is a satisfaction.

You ask about our address for mail. Just "Foochow" China will reach us allright as the postal officials know that we have transferred. But you can put "Ing Tai" on the lower left hand corner of the envelope if you like. The "Hok" had been changed to "Tai" because there was another "Ing Hok" and mail got mixed up.

I guess everybody tho't the postage too high for we didn't get any air-mail letters and they all were sensible to refrain.

What a rambling letter this is! And it savors strongly of Ing Tai. But I'll write another some time. Write me often and write poor Marjorie often too. And send her some radio messages thru the Canadian Station. You probably know the address; I have it right here. Much love to you all especially our cu-nioug-sung Jacqueline. Affectionately, Mother.



Edward H. Smith

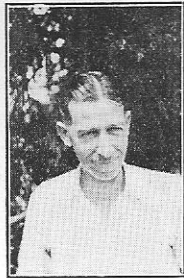
THIS picture slipped in by mistake. The one that should be here shows him in a characteristic pose looking down benevolently on one of his ragged little orphan boys. However this is almost as characteristic for his laugh is as hearty as his love for boys.



Mrs. E. H. Smith

NOW that the Ing-tai school is co-ed, the one "Tai-tai" of the station finds plenty of opportunity for hospitality mothering and teaching the little boys and girls.

Edward Huntington "Ned" and Mrs. Smith



Guy A. Thelin

MR. Thelin helps growing boys to work with growing plants that some day the full grown boys may be the key to China's rural problems.



Mrs. G. A. Thelin

MRS. Thelin is a fine example of the metamorphosis of a single lady into a missionary wife. Even baby Mark and a new house do not debar twenty-three music pupils.



Undated Chinese Christmas Card
[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Close-ups of Missionaries in the photo of Willard's 70th Birthday Celebration



L to R: Mr. Topping, Mr. Lacy, Mrs. Scott, Roderick Scott



L to R: Henry Talbott (in hat), Mrs. Hinman (white hair), Mr. McClure (American in hat), Mr. Hinman (white hair)



Mr. Billing



L to R: Guy Thelin, George Newell, Miss Webster



L to R: Bertha Allen, Muriel Topping (3rd from right), L. J. Christian, Josephine Walker



L to R: Agnes McClure, Lois Topping, Joan McClure, H. S. Brand, Esq., Mrs. Brand, Mrs. Burke, Vice Consul Gordon L. Burke, Willard, Ellen.



Bishop Hind, C.M.S.



L to R: Three C.M.S. ladies, Miss Izzard (second from right), Mrs. Christian