

# 1939

- Germany invades Poland
- New York World's Fair opens
- Gone With the Wind premieres
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Geraldine is in Chicago possibly
- Marjorie is in New England
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in La Grange, Illinois
- August – Willard and Ellen leave for China to live in Ing Tai to replace Ned Smith
- Willard is 74, Ellen- 71, Gould- 43, Geraldine- 41, Dorothy- 38, Marjorie- 33, Kathleen- 31.

*[This letter, dated **January 15, 1939**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her parents. She thanks them for the Christmas presents. Kathleen hopes that Willard and Ellen will come to visit when Uncle Elbert does. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Jan. 15 [1939]

Dear Mother and Father:

At last I have got time to write you the letter I had planned to for so many weeks. Or at least start it. This year I made myself write most of my harder letters first so left my poor family to wonder why on earth I took so long. Well, I'm really not so dreadfully busy but when the children are around it is hard to concentrate and when they're not work presses, while many evenings I have been helping Hugh with his work. Bookkeeping is terribly endless at the first of the year and his boss is one of the driving kind who is never satisfied with the amount of work accomplished.

The letters from Father, Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary were very welcome and I'm glad that Gould did get there for his vacation this year. You must have had a good chance to visit with them since there weren't a dozen others of us hanging around. I am also very glad to hear that Hazel gets around easily and naturally. Do they think that her legs will gradually adjust their length to be perfectly normal again? Thanks for the hurricane pictures. Your trees certainly were tossed around and broken up.

Christmas was so far back that I find it hard to remember any interesting particulars, but I can't forget that exciting box of samples and playthings, Mother. My, what fun I had with that- just like a big surprise grab-bag, and I opened it all alone so that Jill would not see the things before Christmas. The samples are being used right up and those kitchen novelties are awfully nice. I do like the all purpose grater and the lemon extractor works well, too. The top, puzzle and other toys went to fill the stockings along with the cereal samples which Jill loves. She wanted to try a new one each morning and is fond especially of the Weetabix. That is a new one on me. Thankyou for the stick game and baby's rattle. The game we have played several times with friends and they all like it. We even play it by ourselves. Cynthia has completely demolished two of her Christmas rattles, but the one you sent is hardly enough to withstand her hard treatment and she can make plenty of voice with it too. The Florida cards came in perfect condition and thank you for sending them. I didn't use them for Christmas since I already had enough and they have no particular Christmas message on them. They will be good for any greetings during the year tho, and I'm only sorry you didn't use some of them while you were here. But you may have opportunity yet, for I fully expect you both to come down with Uncle Elbert. If the Florida call is not strong enough I am counting on the Cynthia call to bring you. She can stand alone now for several seconds and often does it unwittingly in her pen when absorbed, but she prefers to creep rather than walk on the floor- and she can go like a streak on all fours. She goes all over the house in her kiddy walker) the one that Sally had) and I have to watch her to see that she doesn't get into things. Most of the time she is quite content in her pen however, and I wonder what I should ever do without it.

Christmas day was warm and fairly pleasant. We had dinner with the folks and spent a quiet afternoon at home. We blew ourselves for a tricycle for Jill but it does seem worth it for she (as well as all the neighborhood children) uses it a lot, and that keeps her out of doors more. Jill simply loves the Christmas cards and still asks me to sing them for her, particularly "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear". She learned "Away in a Manger" in Sunday School and sings it a little off tune, but it stimulates her interest in singing. Her piano is progressing too, and in another month she should have a little piece ready to play.

We are having trouble with those little "jiggers" that you found burrowing into you last year. I have found as many as a dozen on Jill at once after she has been playing outdoors and they make awful bites all over her. She even passed a few on to Cynthia but I found them before they got under her skin. They must be particularly abundant this time of year for we can hardly walk around the house without picking up at least one.

I am now settled in front of a cheery fire enjoying a rare gray day indoors. It is Hugh's Sunday to work so I'm alone. Both children are tucked into bed for their naps, tho they aren't asleep, and I have laid aside my household tasks for a little leisure.

Since New Years we have had some glorious "Florida weather" with no need for fires and no rain. But today is plenty cold and my twig fire feels good. On the whole so far our winter has been very mild. No frosts, no long cold spells,- we haven't even heated any bricks to take to bed although the hot water bottle has felt good two or three nights. We still have quite a bit of wood that we bought last year so you see how rarely we have had a fire.

My college roommate's sister and Father are spending the winter in Clearwater. She is Chuck Taylor with whom I worked in the Saginaw YW when we were living with Dot. I do enjoy having them so close and they have been over several times. Last Sunday they went with us and Enid's family on a picnic to the State Park, the other side of Tampa, and we had a grand outing. All the children enjoyed it so much and Cynthia was as good as gold. She still loves to ride.

Just after Christmas I had a call from Helen Belnap and her folks (Jerry's friend). They are in Clearwater again and Helen was here for her vacation. She won Jill's heart by enthusing heartily over all her Christmas toys.

Pearle writes that she and Bill are driving down at the end of this month and I expect them here the first week in Feb. Is she quite recovered from her operation (was it?) last spring. I haven't heard much about her since you left, but I hope she enjoys the trip.

I am trying to find time to put in a few flower beds so they will be in bloom early this year but have doubts of my success. I saved some of the giant zinnia seeds and hope they make as conspicuous a showing as they did last June. Also I want to start some more poinsettia cuttings along the North wall of the garage. Woodell says there used to be some lovely ones there which were killed by the frost. Flame vine is coming out now but may be retarded by this cool weather. Beauganvillia and hibiscus have blossomed continuously all fall and everything but the grass has kept right on growing.

Is Ralph here yet? He was supposed to come before Christmas wasn't he, and here it is mid January. I should think poor Monnie ?? yet very impatient after waiting so long.

The papers say that the North is all blanketed in snow again so I picture you shoveling walks and driving with chains on your tires. I'm afraid I don't envy you, but I would like to have Jill see snow just for a little while.

I guess my leisure is over for I hear complaints from both parties, and no naps have materialized, so with a heartful of love for you both I'll say goodbye for now,

Kathleen

P.S. Would you care enough about a bushel of tangerines to pay \$1.25 express on them? They are delicious now and will ?? Sorry I can't manage the express. Perhaps I can get them off this week. My abcess completely healed over last week after slow draining for 5 months. There is still a red mark.

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*[This letter, dated **February 17, 1939**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her parents. Pearle and Bill spent some time visiting with them. Kathleen and the girls will be travelling to Connecticut for Monnie's wedding. They attended the Gasperilla Parade. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Feb. 17 [1939]

Dear Mother and Father:

Both your letters have been so good, and how I do devour letters now. I will try to answer all the items you both wrote about but it may run into too long a letter for one evening. Thank you, Mother, so much for the package. The little dress is perfectly adorable and you probably shall have your wish to see Cynthia in it. I like my house coat too and will find it more convenient to slip on at times. Jill was a little teary when neither of the dresses turned out to be for her but I reminded her of her coming birthday when no one but she would get presents and that dried up the waterfall. She likes the book and is asking me to read her the story every day. Thankyou too for the dollar bills which flutter out of your letters like autumn leaves. You really shouldn't send them but they seem to come in very handy. The fruit was given by the Elmers, packed and picked by me- (and now expressed by you,) so we all had a hand in it. It is much easier to pack and cover a bushel basket than a box so I guess I'll do it that way hereafter. Yes, fruit is plentiful this year, but oranges never seem to drop in price as do tangerines and grapefruit. I guess consumption of oranges is much more steady than of the other kinds of citrus. Pearle and Bill had such fun tying all the different kinds of oranges and they found some that I had never tasted- king and tangelo. Yes, their visit was very pleasant and I enjoyed having them. I haven't seen Pearle in so long that I was a bit fearful about entertaining her but she takes everything so graciously that my mistakes and omissions seemed less evident. We had lovely weather as luck would have it- two days of clear cool weather and two days very warm. Bill introduced each day with "what a beautiful day", and went into raptures over the glorious sky, air etc. Pearle just came out smiling and cheerful but with no exclamations. We went to Clearwater the first day, shopped and saw the beach. Bill tried to arrange to go deep sea fishing but it was too rough and boats weren't going out. We washed the second day since they also had some to do, and they took Jill and me to dinner at Tarpon Springs. Bill had more raptures over the boats and things up there. Then we had supper over at Mother Elmer's and Bill and Pearle went spearing fish with Rollin and Enid. They got one fish which I baked for them next day. Pearle seemed especially interested in the foods down here so we had fish every day, and strawberries, avacado and papayas, besides citrus. We went thru the packing house and Bill and I played one set of tennis (which nearly did me in) but he didn't get in his swim. They wrote lots of cards and letters from here and sent two bushels of fruit up north. I think they brought all the clothes they owned (Pearle had four coats with her) and the car was loaded. I wish you had come down with them, Mother, and stayed until Uncle Elbert came. Pearle said she asked you. It was fun having them but very strenuous. The

children were both very good and Pearle said she thought Jill was exceptionally well behaved. (Mother please note) of course she was having a good time so there was no reason for her to be anything but good. She took to Bill and shadowed him the first two days. This paper was some that Pearle left here. Well, I guess that covers their visit.

Aunt Emma hasn't said a word in her letters about coming down although I have written twice asking them to. She did mention to Pearle something about it- to see whether I could take care of them for I don't want to move before they come. I doubt if I can do it before I go north (and it seems for all comments that I am going whether or no) anyway, but I want to know what to plan on. I agree with you that travelling would be easier on the train and would take less time so tell Uncle E. he doesn't need to consider brining me and the children up. And more about the wedding. How can Monnie even get ready for it while she is staying there? I should think she would have to be at the farm for some weeks ahead of time. Is she planning a church wedding and house reception like Dots or all at the house? How many guests? Hugh seems quite willing for me to come but he doesn't want me to stay more than two weeks. Frankly I dread that trip with Cynthia but I guess I can do it somehow. Do you suppose some of you could meet me in New York to help me transfer and get up to Shelton? I was thinking I would come starting Monday or Tuesday (April 3<sup>rd</sup> or 4<sup>th</sup>) arriving there Wed. afternoon, and that would give us a chance to get over the effects of the trip before the wedding. What is the weather apt to be then? I suppose I shall have to bring all the children's winter things won't I? They will be all thru with them for the year down here. And I'll bring all my rags and tatters along too. I don't suppose it will be any use to bring summer linen dresses or light silks will it? And I haven't the vaguest notion what to get for the wedding. Any suggestions? Also do you have any idea what Monnie needs or wants for a wedding present? I'm stumped there too. I think, Father, that I have enough (or will have) to get up there thanks. I'll have to see about getting back when the time comes and I may need to accept your offer then.

I'm taking the items as they come in Mother's letter. It's funny how both of you wrote and answered the very questions I was going to ask you. You must be very busy with all those lectures and teas for the Chinese relief. I hope they raise a lot of money. Are you definitely decided to go back this spring? It gives me kind of a lost feeling to think of you leaving the country again and going so far away, but if you are really needed I know that is where you want to be and we must suppress our personal feelings about it. I do hope that it won't be for more than a year or two tho, for I want the children to know you better and they are growing so fast now and forget so quickly. I will be interested to see how Jill remembers you all when she sees you this time. She talks about it a lot more since she has heard Hugh and me discussing it and not the least of the pleasure for her will be the train ride (which I dread). And now you asked about my breast. Yes, it is completely healed over and gives me no more trouble, tho I don't like to have it bumped by Cynthia's head or anything else. There is an ugly read scar where the opening was, but it is gradually getting smaller and I suppose will eventually become white, tho will probably never go entirely away. Did yours leave a scar Mother? It didn't give me any pain for the last two months that it was draining but it was a nuisance to dress it. The breast is noticeably shrunken from it but I suppose that will right itself in time.

I can give you a little more data on Hugh's work now for I have seen him twice since I wrote about it first. His run is from Jacksonville down thru Orlando, Lakeland, Bartow, Punta Gorda to Ft. Myers- about 130 miles south of Tampa. He doesn't come anywhere near here and couldn't see me during his run if he did for at every stop he has to work like mad to put off and take on all Express packages. He has lost a lot of weight doing such strenuous work and is black and blue all over from bruises but he may not be doing that very long. He hopes to be a messenger soon. A messenger on an Express car oversees the loading and tabulates each article. On this run Hugh gets \$132. a month which is much more than he was getting in Tampa. His runs are all at night- four nights a week, so he has five days off. He has to sleep some of those days of course. It happens that he gets back to Jacksonville on Sunday morning and doesn't have to work again until Tuesday night so he has been coming down here every weekend to spend two nights and a day with us. Living apart is pretty expensive and as soon as we know whether he will work thru the summer I shall go up there and we will get a furnished apartment, leaving all we can of our belongings here in storage. It looks as though the next few years might find us moving here and there quite a bit so we can't accumulate much furniture I guess, but the out look for promotion is pretty good. Hugh's hopes are high for the future. It isn't so nice right now tho.

Well, I'll be seeing you in about six weeks and am already preparing for the trip. I find there is much sewing to be done for all of us and the time isn't any too much. I get so little done during the day besides caring for the children that I seem to get nowhere. Just how the house-moving will be accomplished I fail to see but I guess I will rise to the occasion somehow. It is getting late now and I must get to bed for the children wake me all too early.

My love to all there

And my special love to you both

Kathleen

Sat. Morning

P.S. I forgot to tell you of our trip to the Tampa Fair on Gasperilla Day. We left Cynthia with her Grandmother Elmer – took her pen and dinner right over there- and drove over with Father Elmer in his car. It came on a Monday so Hugh was here and went too. We got there about noon and the pirate ship was just coming up the river but I couldn't get a very good view of it from the bridge we crossed. We went right to the Fair grounds and got a seat on the grandstand (bleachers) in front of where the parade ended, but we had to sit there in the sun for more than an hour waiting for it. Hugh and Jill got a bad sun burn, having no hats on, and I got a burn on one side of my face. It was hot alright. There was a show going on in the field but it was rather far away for us to see well and Jill kept asking to go on the Merry-go-round. When the parade finally came it lasted almost two hours so it was three o'clock before we got lunch and started on the Fair. The floats were beautiful but there was a sameness in their make up and they all had a bunch of pretty, semi-nude girls draped on them. One man and his wife (in Tampa) design and make most of them up you know, so no wonder they are something alike. Several of them had motor trouble right in front of us and had to be pulled away by a tractor, which slowed up the parade a lot. When it was over we ate at one of the lunch stands and then Father went off by himself and he gave Jill her rides on merry-go-round and little cars that go around on a moving belt. I think she liked those best for she felt that she was really driving them herself. We all three went on the ferris wheel too but she was so scared when we got up high that we got right off. Then we strolled thru some of the buildings but didn't have time to see all the exhibits. The Pan American part was a distinct disappointment for they have advertised it widely as a "Pan American De Soto Exposition" this year and we expected something unusual. I was glad to have seen it once tho, since I may not be in these parts for another one soon.

The children are here for their music lessons now so I'll close again with love. K.

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*[This typewritten letter dated **March 16, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to folks in various U.S. towns. Willard gave Ellen her first driving lesson orally. He held 2 successful China Benefit tea and suppers to raise funds for China. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

March 16<sup>th</sup>. 1939.

Dear Folks in La Grange, Chicago (Geraldine), Saginaw, Clearwater and Putnam.

Mother is getting to be a regular gadder. And as she has not yet learned to drive the car I have to go along. On the way to Putnam the other day she took her first lesson in driving. It was an oral lesson. She was the passive driver, not an active driver. She does not want to drive on an open road the first time. A closed road she considers better for then she will know when to stop. Some such road as the path leading into the little house in Putnam. There is an end to that road and she will stop when she comes to the house, - or soon thereafter.

I forget just when I wrote last. Did I tell about the two suppers for China relief? One was on February 27<sup>th</sup> and held in the Parish parlors of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopalian. It netted \$62.00 which is in China by now saving lives. The next was in Ansonia Methodist Church Parlors, on March 3<sup>rd</sup>. It netted \$83.45. The next will be in Seymour. The first meeting of the committee is to [be] held tomorrow.

Did I write of our drive to Winchester, Conn. about 6 or 7 miles beyond Thomaston on Sunday afternoon February 26<sup>th</sup>. What a drive! The snow and ice increased as we went north and the rain fell all the time and froze. We arrived about 5:00 p.m. and the minister, a young man did not seem overjoyed at our arrival. I asked him how about the evening for a service. He said he could by phoning get out perhaps ten or a dozen. I looked at the clock and suggested that we put coats and rubbers on at once and beat it for home. He fell in with the suggestion quicker. It was rather amusing to me that as we were ready to leave Mrs. VanCleeve wanted us to stay for a cup of tea. I saw 6 or 7 miles of dirt road covered with snow and ice, before we reached the hard roads and we men had our way for once. We reached Thomaston before dark. But then fog came in and it was thick. In Seymour I got on the wrong road and the first familiar object was the corner at the very north end of Main Street Ansonia. I had come down on the East bank of the Naugatuck instead of the West bank. The fog light saved the situation. This is the second time this winter that the fog light has made it go-able. We reached home about 15 minutes to eight. If I wrote this before, well it's worth two writings.

Monday evening- afternoon also- we put on a China Benefit tea and supper. It was held in the Parish Parlors of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Episcopalian. I sent to China \$62.00 as the proceeds. I went to New York and bought 200 bowls for rice, the same number of tea cups, spoons and chop sticks. We sold these to as many as wanted them, - doubled our money on them. We fed 124 on Chop Suey or Chow Mein 50 cents. The food I bought in New Haven and Nancy came up to drive in after it and she brought out a Chinese to serve it, and took him back after the supper. Mother and I hung Chinese banners, scrolls, embroideries etc. on the walls and had a real Chinesy atmosphere about the place. On Friday March 3<sup>rd</sup> we duplicated the supper in Ansonia. I ordered 200 portions. Just as the people got most thru eating the head waitress came to me and said the food was all gone and no waitress had eaten and there were several at the door asking for tickets. I said if they would wait one hour I would go into New Haven and get more. They waited. Uncle Ben drove me in. The pointer touched 60 much of the time. We made it in less than an hour from Ansonia. The proprietor was on the job as I stepped into the door of the restaurant he appeared from the kitchen with the bucket in his own hand and carried it down to the car himself and put it in the car. He let me have the food for ½ price, and sent one man for Shelton and two for Ansonia to serve. I have sent my check for \$83.45 as the proceeds of the Ansonia Benefit supper.

As speaker for Shelton I got an old student who graduated from Foochow College in 1923, Ling Meu Seng. But now he is Dr. Mouseng Lin. He holds an important government position in New York. But he delivered the goods all right in Shelton. I came near getting proud of him. Tuesday I took him to Tarrytown where he wanted to stop and then took Nancy home. On my way home I stopped at Uncle Olivers and Aunt Annie got supper for me, - pretty near supper. Then I went and picked up Dr. Day of the United Church and took him to Shelton for a talk at our fist Lenten service.

A week ago last Monday, March 6<sup>th</sup>. Mother and I went to Putnam and on Tuesday Uncle Elbert took us all to Providence. My, but it was windy and COLD. Wednesday we came home. We went and came by Hartford.

Last Friday Monnie brought her four charges and Mary the Maid up to the farm for a day's outing. They all went over to the woods to look off at the river etc. They played in the hay. They saw the rabbits. They were much interested in farming. The second boy got hold of one of the teats with both hands. But he settled down and really milked well for the first trial. Monnie drove them up in Mrs. Adams' Buick.

Mother and I went down to see Monnie on Monday March 13<sup>th</sup> and again on Saturday March 18<sup>th</sup>. Monnie had been to Montreal to see Ralph in the meantime, - went up Monday nite and came back Wednesday nite. Spent Tuesday nite with Betty Lorimer.

We four here went to New Haven to see the moving pictures of the Madras Conference, given by Dr. Roy Houghton, pastor at Milford across the river.

Monday March 20<sup>th</sup>.

Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert stopped here on their way to New York, Washington and perhaps Southern Pines, N.C. Mother and I are booked to go to Waterbury for an address and the showing of Chinese things this week Friday evening.

Love to all

Father.

[handwritten]

Dear Geraldine-

As far as I have heard people of the Beard tribes are rather glad that Monnie and Ralph have decided it was possible to make the date for the wedding a month later- May 6. I think you will enjoy the prospect of the weather being a bit warmer. As I look out the north windows now it is a very wintry scene that meets my look. The snow is still much in evidence after nine days and altho the thermometer stood at 34 degrees above this morning a keen breeze from the north keeps the bright sun from dispelling the snow and ice too fast. What fine weather we have had [for] the maple syrup makers. Cousin Harvey's maple bush was so broken down by the hurricane that he is not making syrup this year.

We have gotten the apple and other trees that were blown down by the hurricane sawed and split ready to draw to the wood pile- most of the wood is already in the wood poke- but there are several loads yet to bring. I am anxious to have the boys use these mornings when the ground is frozen to bring up the rest. Yesterday I had the old farm truck fixed up so it is usable. We look forward to the gathering of the family in May.

Lovingly Father

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The Evening Sentinel, March 1939  
Town of Shelton  
Chinese Supper, Find Program, is enjoyed by 350  
Dr. Musheng Lin Hopes Chinese Can Wear Japanese Out Over Long Period.

Congregational hall was filled to capacity last night for the Chinese supper and program sponsored by the churches of Seymour for the benefit of Chinese relief. It is estimated that more than 350 attended, the stage as well as the auditorium being filled.

The tables were attractively decorated with forsythia, donated by Mrs. S.B. Rentsch, and Chinese cups, bowls and chopsticks furnished by Dr. Willard L. Beard. The chopsticks, bowls, cups and spoons were on sale after the supper.

The speakers' table was placed on the platform. An American flag hung at the side of the platform, which was attractively decorated with beautiful Chinese hangings and many Chinese curios. The walls of the parish hall were covered with scrolls and hangings donated for the occasion by Dr. and Mrs. S.B. Rentsch, of Derby. The curios were donated by Dr. Willard Beard, of Shelton.

Rev. Joseph Swain acted as master of ceremonies at the speaking program which followed the supper. He opened the program in a humorous vein and said that nobody had leaned on any one's shoulder in arranging the affair, as there had been splendid cooperation. He introduced Dr. Willard Beard, who made introductory remarks and in turn introduced Rev. C.G. Vickert, of New Haven, Chinese missionary who is soon to return to China and who spoke briefly.

Hopeful for China.

In introducing Dr. Musheng Lin, Dr. Beard spoke of having him as a pupil in China. Dr. Lin, of Columbia University and Foochow, China, is in charge of the Chinese Institute of America, in New York. Dr. Lin spoke at length following through the course of the war in China. He thinks the Chinese can hold out for a period of years by attacking small garrisons and retreating when necessary. He hopes they can wear the Japanese out, even though the Japanese are so much better equipped for war. His talk was most interesting and his personality very pleasing.

The hostesses for the occasion were Mrs. E.A. Jones, chairman, Mrs. Harold J. Edwards, Mrs. Joseph Swain, Mrs. Edward Gahan and Mrs. Fred Schuster.

Mrs. J.B. Honey and her assistants were in charge of the sale of Chinese linens.

Mrs. F.G. Space was chairman of the supper. The food was cooked in the Far East restaurant in New Haven and a staff from the restaurant came out and served the supper, which was delicious, consisting of chow mein and chop suey with bowls of rice, hot rolls, coffee and Chinese tea and assorted cakes.

Mrs. Robert Tocher was chairman of the dining room with 30 assistants.

Alton MacHardy acted as treasurer. All of the money after expenses are paid will go for Chinese relief.

The Men's club of the church was in charge of checking in the Sawn Memorial. The money received from this went into the general fund.

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

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See enlargement next page



Century Farm - Possibly 1939 – is Willard taking the photo?

Back left to right: Harold Newberg, unidentified woman, Gould Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard, Jr., Virginia Space Beard, Mary Beard, Unidentified man-possibly Seymour Valentine, possibly Oliver Wells Beard or Dan Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, unidentified man, Emma Kinney, Ellen Kinney Beard, possibly Dorothy Beard Newberg, Bennett Nichols Beard, Elbert Kinney.

On ground left to right: Nancy Beard holding baby, Marjorie Beard, 2 unidentified Women-possibly one is Marion Beard, probably Beatrice Beard, Stanley Beard with arms probably around Willard Frederick and Hazel Beard, Edith Beard Valentine possibly holding Winifred, Phebe Maria Beard.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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[This typewritten letter dated **April 15, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He has received word from the Board that they are to go back to China. Willard would like to marry daughter, Marjorie and then leave for China in August. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

April 15<sup>th</sup>. 1939

Dear Geraldine,

The important letter from the Board Rooms in Boston came this week. I am quoting the important paragraph.

Voted that Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard of the Foochow Mission, retired, be returned to Foochow for a special three-year term of active service; with \$400 of their outward travel expenses to be reckoned as part of the budget provision for new Missionaries, for 1938-39.

This settles the question of our going as far as I can see. The time is not set. But I have written that I have engagements up to May 30<sup>th</sup> and that Mother wants a little time to pack. I think it will be the latter part of the summer, sometime in August before we get off. I also told them I must stay long enough to marry Monnie.

This week has been pretty full of going and meeting etc. Monday was snowy and drizzly. Monnie came up with her younger protégés. Mother and Monnie went to New Haven, - guess what for. The Aunts and I cared for the



children. This was on Tuesday. Then after an early supper the Westons [probably Weston, CT] left. Monnie had them pretty well trained. Coming up we noticed one child was on the front seat and the other, the boy, on the rear seat. But when they were ready to start home both children were on the seat with the driver, and they were to stay there, where the driver could control them.

On Thursday we all four went to Huntington Church to a meeting of the Women's Missionary Ass'n of Fairfield County. The church was full. For lunch they filled both the parish houses of the two churches. A native Indian woman was one of the speakers. And she delivered the goods. That evening we all went to our church supper and the Annual Meeting of the church. Two church meals in succession. Then on Friday Mary and I went to a meeting of the Women of the New Haven County and had another church luncheon.

Monnie came with Ellen from New York on the 7:57 p.m. train. I took Mother up to the 7:26 a.m. train for New York. Today Mother and Marjorie have been in Bridgeport, guess what for.

I am in charge of the service in our church tomorrow but a man from the Salvation Army speaks. Next Sunday I am to have the whole service. Mr. Strickland is in the hospital at Newington. I think he has to have a second operation for appendicitis. He had one three years ago. He was operated on yesterday morning and in the evening was doing well.

Mrs. Bartlett, mother of Dr. (dentist) Bartlett died quite suddenly yesterday morning. The funeral service is to be this evening at the home. She came from Putnam and they are taking her there tomorrow. I came near going for the service at the grave, tomorrow afternoon. But Mr. McGowan a former pastor here whom the Bartletts were very fond of is to have charge of the services this evening and at the cemetery.

Next Wed. evening another of the China Benefit suppers is to be held in Seymour.

We hope to see you all around May 6<sup>th</sup>.

With love,

Father

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*[This letter dated April 27, 1939 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia have arrived in Connecticut by train to visit. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

April 27<sup>th</sup> 1939

Dear Geraldine:-

I have not yet made a date with Dr. Bartlett. I'll wait till the wedding date is settled. They are now trying for May 13<sup>th</sup>.

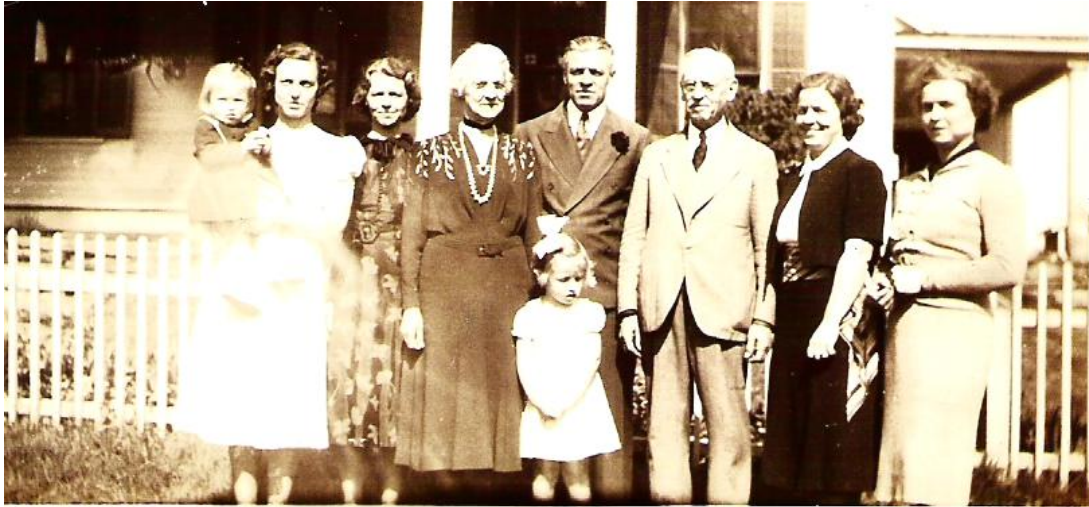
Uncle Ben, Monnie and I went down to Penn. Station N.Y.C. for Kathleen, Jill and Cynthia. Their train came in at 6:05 p.m. We had parked a little more than a short block from the station. Monnie and I went down to meet the trains and I chanced to see them thru the windows. We took the luggage and all walked to the car and were on the road for home at 6:25. How's that. We reached home at 9:45. Kathleen is thin but both little girls are quite fit. Grandma stayed with them rather than go to the State Annual Meeting of Cong'l Christian Women. Yesterday Uncle Elbert and Aunt Emma were there- Waterbury. Monnie and I took three ladies, the Aunts three and Ruth Tanter[?] Beard three. We had a very interesting and inspiring meeting.

Write again when you are coming. We all wonder if Nancy will stay and fly East with you.

Lovingly

Father

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Written on back of photo: "May 1939"  
 Cyndy, Kathleen, Geraldine, Ellen, Jill, Gould, Willard, Dorothy, Marjorie  
*[Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Beard, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]*



This picture was probably taken the same day as the above photo. 1939  
 Willard and Ellen in the back  
 Front L to R: Dorothy, Kathleen, Geraldine, Gould, Marjorie.  
*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

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Monnie and Ralph were to be married in May, but the Hudson Bay Company required that he finish his apprenticeship before marrying. The wedding had to be postponed.

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Cynthia and Geraldine – 1939  
 [Photo in the collection of Jill Elmer Beard]

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Left to right: Seymour and Edith Valentine, Dan Beard, Unidentified woman- Dan's wife Beatrice? (this lady seems heavier than what I've seen of Beatrice in other photos), Stephen Beard behind her, Stanley Beard standing behind Abbie Hubbell Beard, Phebe Beard, Myra Beard, Kathleen Beard Elmer, Hugh Elmer, possibly Marion Beard, Mary Beard, Possibly Oliver Wells Beard, Anna Beardsley Beard, Oliver Gould Beard Jr., Ellen and Willard Beard. Front row left to right: Bennett Nichols Beard kneeling, Winifred Valentine, Cynthia Elmer, Danny Beard, Jill Elmer, Beverly Beard.

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

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Etta Kinney Hume's husband, Willis Hume, dies April 29, 1939. Etta is Ellen's sister.

## Rev. Hume Dies At Oberlin

OBERLIN, May 1—Rev. Willis P. Hume of 263 West College street passed away about 5:15 Saturday afternoon at University Hospital, Cleveland, at the age of 77.

Rev. Hume was born October 23, 1861, in Marion, Ohio. He and his brother, Harry Hume, started the Marion Star which was later owned by the late President Warren G. Harding.

He was a graduate of the Oberlin Theological Seminary and held pastorates for twenty five years in the Meridian, North Bergen and North Tonawanda, N. Y. Since coming to Oberlin fourteen years ago, he has been engaged in stereopticon slide work.

He is survived by his wife, Etta, four sons and one daughter, Dr. Donald Hume, Alliance, O., Rev. Myron Hume, Milan, O., Dr. Fulton Hume, Hawaii, Stewart Hume, Youngstown, and Millicent Hume, Alliance, O.; also one sister, Miss Sadie Hume of Oberlin.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2 P. M. at the Sedgeman Funeral Parlors, with the Rev. J. A. Richards in charge. Interment will be made in Westwood cemetery.

May 1, 1939 from The Chronicle Telegram, Elyria, Ohio  
[Ancestry.com]

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# TIGER, LEOPARD SKINS ATTRACT MUCH ATTENTION

**Handsome Animals Were Killed in  
Ingtau, Foo Chow,  
China.**

Much attention is being attracted today by the two tiger and leopard rugs on display in the furniture window of Howard and Barber's store on Main street.

The rugs are owned by Rev. Dr. Willard L. Beard of Century farm, Long Hill avenue, Shelton. Both animals were caught in 1936, about 10 miles from Dr. Beard's home, in Ingtau, Foo Chow, China, and were brought to him by the man who killed them, a few days after their demise. The tiger was of the man eating variety and the leopard would kill a man if cornered.

The skins were brought to this country and mounted here.

[Newspaper article in the collection of Virginia Van Andel. Laura Amend Peugh now owns one of the leopard skins. On a loose piece of cardboard in the back of Willard's 1936 Homeward Bound Journal of 1936 is written Tiger skins 2, Leopard 3. Article dated about Spring or Early Summer 1939 based on article on back of this newspaper clipping.]

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[This letter, dated **May 16, 1939**, was written by Ginny to the family and all at Century Farm. She had to miss a visit to Century Farm because the children had to be quarantined. Gould will be awarded an honorary B.A. degree from the University of Michigan. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Tuesday nite 5/16/39

Dearest Family One and All at Century Farm-

Thank you Dears for your thoughtful telegram on Sunday. I was so glad to get it for I was missing it all with a little bit of an aching heart. We had all looked forward to it with so much joy, but I'm fast finding out that this business of raising two normal children is apt to be decidedly uncertain at times. [Hazel probably had chicken pox or measles, so the children were in quarantine.]

I've just pumped Gould continuously in the little while I have to see him. He didn't get home until 3 A.M. this morning (What an hour when I wanted to fire a million questions at him)

Thursday nite 5/18/39

Now he is gone again. Left on the 8.40 ship yesterday morning. They tried to send him off Tuesday nite but he asked if he please couldn't spend one nite with his family. After he left you Monday A.M. - he went over to the Wright Engine Factory in Patterson N.J. on business, came back for the 5 P.M. non-stop and was informed he couldn't dead-head for they needed his flying time, so he had to wait until the next trip and fly it in which didn't arrive until 1 something A.M. C.S.T. Tuesday, so it was 3 our time before he finally got home.

But we're a mighty happy little family when our Daddy gets home, even if it isn't for very long.

Kathie what glowing accounts of your darling daughters did that brother of yours give. And from their picture I believe every word. I'm just heart broken not to see them and even more so to miss seeing you. It's been just a long time since you and Hugh drove away from our apartment with Dot and Harold there in Cincinnati, and I

have never ceased being grateful to you for taking such good care of my family while I was in the hospital. I wish so sincerely that there would be some way of your still being at the Farm till the end of June, for now I'm sorta planning to come East about the 19<sup>th</sup> of June for a couple of weeks and really do some house-hunting. If Dot will have them: may let Hazel and Willard have their Saginaw visit at that time.

The 17<sup>th</sup> we both have to be at the University of Michigan for Frecks [*nickname for Virginia's brother*] Commencement and Gould will be in Cap and Gown also to receive his B.A. degree as of June 1925 which you know he never received because an Engineering drawing which took 25 hours of work during a sudden shower the nite before it was to be turned in at the finals so he never had finished that one three hour course. Now they feel that he has earned it many times over and want him to have it. He has always maintained that it didn't make any difference to him whether he had it or not, but now that he knows he is getting it, he's as tickled as a small boy looking forward to something very extra special.

Monnie I hope that by now everything has shaped up just as you want it and this time you are making plans that will hold to completion. So glad the sheets and cases pleased you.

Our quarantine signs came down yesterday and it looks as if Willard is really not going to get them tho we hoped he would get them out of his system so we wouldn't have to think about them after he got into school.

Hazels spots are all gone and her temperature has been normal since last Saturday A.M. She has been out for the past two days but wears dark glasses until the first of next week. Is fine except for a little throat inflammation. Hope to have her back in school next week. If she hadn't already missed so much of school I'd be tempted to bring them East next week end, but she only has three weeks more of school and I just don't dare.

Monnie I'm wondering if the latter part of June will find you well on your way North and just about to leave. Do let me know as soon as you know yourself. For I do so want to see you before you leave.

Father and Mother if you don't leave until September we should be able to entertain you in our new home before you go. Still don't know whether we'll move August 1<sup>st</sup> or Sept. 1<sup>st</sup>.

You've all been so generous with letters that I feel horribly guilty. Mother and Aunt Mary, Hazel has been so delighted with all the stamps you've showered upon her, and has had much fun getting them located in her album. Even Willard is getting interested in that hobby so the other day I bought him a small album from the 10 cent store as a starter and Hazel is being very generous with her duplicates.

Mother I'm just thrilled with those lovely linens you sent by Gould and those napkins tho not a perfect match will go very nicely with my big Chinese cloth. You know I have two great weaknesses, lovely linens and nice nighties. I just can't have too many. My lovely Chinese linens have been admired countless times by so many of our friends and I've always been very proud of them and so thankful that I'm fortunate enough to have them.

Sent the movie films in yesterday to be developed and am so anxious to get them back so I can have a peek at all who gathered for the reunion. If the other lesser halves missed being there as much as the kiddies and I, they were feeling just a bit low too.

How much Hazel and Willard talk about being able to go to the Farm more often when we move to Long Island. They just love it so up there. And they (especially Willard) insist that if we move again after Long Island that we just have to move near Auntie Dot and Uncle Harold. And after we get located on the Island we have to get a dog. We've promised them that we will, trusting that we'll be located there a bit more permanently than any where in the past.

We've been having a few warm days, it's still far from being very summery. Have planted a few seeds. Have radishes 4" high, and carrots just beginning to show. I put out 56 pansy plants ("Giant Maple Leaf") about three weeks ago and they are just beginning to bloom. Am trying the same kind again this year for they were so very successful last year. Even had a few blooms as late as last December and quite the envy of the whole neighborhood. Seems to have more song birds here this Spring than ever before. Everyone is remarking about it. Sonny says they wake him every morning. But that is much nicer than an old alarm clock.

Presume Dot has already returned to Saginaw and Jerry leaving this weekend. I'm so glad they were all able to be there. I wouldn't have had Gould miss it for anything.

Hope the next time we try making some definite plans they aren't all shattered.

Good nite My Dears must lie myself to bed.

Very Much love to each one of you from All of us.

Love - Ginny

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

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*[This letter dated **July 7, 1939** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh has joined his family in Shelton and went to Bridgeport to look for a job. Willard and Ellen will be sailing to China on the President Coolidge on August 25. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
 Century Farm  
 Shelton, Conn.

July 7<sup>th</sup> 1939

Dear Jerry:-

This is just to begin a short letter to you and I'll have to finish it later. I wrote the La Grange family and mailed it last evening when Mother, Kathie and Hugh and I went to B-port for Monnie at 10:24 p.m. We got her all right. She returns tomorrow evening.

We have sailing on the Pres. Coolidge Aug. 25<sup>th</sup>. We plan to leave here Aug. 10 or a day or two earlier, spend 4 or 5 days with Dot and Harold and 2 or 3 with Gould's family and get to the coast so as to spend one day at the S.F. Fair. These dates are very tentative. We are not planning to stop at Oberlin for Aunt Etta is planning to drive to New York with Millicent and Fulton\*, starting just about the time we leave home. I have not fully decided whether I will fly or not= to Chicago. Then Dot spoke of coming East in Aug- when? and when will Ginny come to house hunt?

Mother has begun to pack- she read old programs etc that I was to throw away for about 2 hours a few days ago, and she has begun to look over a box of things we brought from China three years ago.

I have a talk before the Meth. S.S. Sunday July 9<sup>th</sup> and I have been asked by Mr. Strickland to speak at his morning service July 23. This winds up my speaking as far as I know. I had a good time speaking on China for the Pearl River High School at their Commencement- a full house and a very appreciative audience. I was 100% innocent of any financial thought related to the effort. And came home thinking that a talk in such a place and before such an audience would do China as much good as a talk before an audience in a church service. So I was 100% surprised to receive a check for \$25.00 with a note of appreciation that was flattering, a few days after I returned home.

Haying is on its last legs. There are about 10 or 12 acres only not cut, and it looks as if Aunt Mary would have to put that into her own barns.

Some of us are planning to take Monnie to Stamford this evening, leaving here about 6:00 p.m. to put her on the 8:00 p.m. boat for Oyster Bay.

This morning Monnie and I took Hugh to B-port to look for a job and do some errands.

To day has been warm- some would say hot. It must have been very hot in cities- but here in the country it has been not bad with a good breeze all day.

I wonder when you are coming East for the other week of your vacation- before or after we leave.

Very lovingly  
Father

[\*From an article from *The Chronicle Telegram* (Elyria, OH) dated July 20, 1939: "Dr. Fulton Hume, who has been on the Hawaiian Islands during the past two years, arrived in Oberlin Tuesday and will visit his mother, Mrs. W.P. Hume of West College street for several weeks. Dr. Hume has accepted the appointment as head of the medical department of Beirut University, Syria, and plans to sail some time this Fall for the Near East to take up his duties there in October. The Beirut institution is under the Rockefeller Foundation and is the leading university in Syria."]

[Another article:]

### SON GOES TO SYRIA

Mrs. Etta Hume of West College street, left several days ago for New York City to see her son, Dr. W. F. Hume, embark on the Normandie for Beirut, Syria, where he has accepted an appointment in the Surgical Department of the University of Beirut.

Mrs. Hume will also visit in Batavia, N. Y., and in Shelton, Conn., and plans to make a farewell visit at the home of her sister and husband, Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Beard, who are sailing from San Francisco August 25 on the President Coolidge for China where they will resume their missionary work.

August 11, 1939 from *The Chronicle Telegram*, Elyria, Ohio  
[From *Ancestry.com*]

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Written on back: "Will and Ellen 1939"  
 [Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

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*[This letter, dated Sept. 5, 1939, was written from the S.S. President Coolidge near Honolulu by Ellen to Dorothy. Ellen and Willard are on their way back to China and she tells about touring the ship with the Captain. She tells about some of the new clothing and swimsuit styles on board. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES  
 New York -California- Orient- Round the World

On board  
 S. S. President Coolidge  
 Six Days Beyond Honolulu,  
 Pacific Ocean  
 Sept. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1939.

Dear Dorothy,

I am addressing this letter to you because I am sending a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Wager in your care asking you to add the proper address and mail again as I failed to get their address when we were in Saginaw. I am writing a note of thanks to them for their hospitality to us. But you may circulate this letter among the children as it will save writing for me. I wrote one to Marjorie which I hope she has circulated in the family, and one to Etta describing the wedding in Honolulu which we unexpectedly attended, and which I have asked her to forward to you children after her family have all read it. *[Millicent Hume may have married Richard Arimizu at this time.]*

I stopped my letter to Marjorie before I had brought it up to date, as Father was also writing and covered all the ground and I tho't best not to repeat.

I may as well begin this letter with the experiences of this date and work backward as far as my memory will go. Do you know what this date is? *[Willard and Ellen's 45<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary]* We are not saying anything about it here on the boat for we don't want any one to feel obliged to celebrate it for us. A boy in his teens going to Korea had a birthday cake candles and all given him at dinner a few nights ago and the orchestra played "Happy Birthday" and then played it again and the players sang the words. We didn't care for any such publicity. But there was a little incidental celebration not especially so designed. The passengers were invited to go up on the bridge at 10 a.m. About 30 went. The Capt. welcomed us in the room, where all the steering apparatus is and the apparatus for electrically closing the doors between the different parts of the ship (in case one compartment is flooded) and the machine for reporting fire in any part of the ship etc. etc. He told us there is a little electric mechanism in the ceiling of each cabin by which he, by opening a switch in the room where we were standing on the bridge, could hear every thing we said, even a whisper. "So be careful what you say!" he warned humorously. "And when it is open, you can hear what we say up there." He was very gracious and answered many of our questions and told us many things about a ship that we did not know before. He is a sea-faring man of long and varied experience, very wise and careful, takes no risks not required by duty, is a religious man and has a very sane view of World Conditions and talked some time on that line. He was on a ship as an officer in the World War for one year and has been on the sea ever since. He said he trained the navigator on the China Clipper and was in radio communication

with him whenever he flew over his route so each knew just where the other was. He told us there was a big American flag 25 X 15 ft. spread out on the deck above, of heavy canvas painted red white and blue, stars and stripes, so that bombing planes flying over could distinguish our nationality. We all went up to see it. It was thrilling to be away up on top of everything with the blue dome over us and the calm deep blue sea stretching out over every side so far below us; it seemed like flying. He said the ship was all arranged for our utmost safety and we need not be at all anxious.

(Too sleepy, as you can see, to write or think so will hold up till tomorrow.)

I read in the Sept. Reader's Digest that American seamen were not as well trained as other countries but that government authorities were taking strenuous measures to improve such conditions. The article quoted some one as saying he would never make a voyage on an American boat. I think this invitation to the passengers to visit the bridge was a measure connected with the government's reorganization plan to reassure the traveling public and prove to them the efficiency of the service and equipment on American boats. We have also had three fire drills thus far, one for everybody (except engine room crew required to run the engines) - passengers and crew, when we all had to don our life preservers and go to the life boat to which we were directed by a posted notice in our cabins, (ours was No. 7.) the other two drills were for the crew only. Each time life-boats are unfastened and swung out over the boat's rail on the davits (?) but not lowered into the water. At the same time others of the crew manned half a dozen or more lines of hose throwing as many streams of water over the rail into the sea, at different points of the deck. At a signal whistle all boats and hoses were replaced and every body went back to work.

The Capt. said he used to see the China Clipper go over, but recently he does not see it as they have changed their course; also they fly too high.

Today they conducted a tour to the engine room. I went part way but it got so hot I stopped and waited till they came up. Father took the whole trip away out to the propellers. I probably could have taken it all right but at my age I thought there was some little chance that I might be a burden to some body altho I have never fainted in my whole life. I wanted to be on the safe side however. I have been in a ship's engine room twice before.

I have seen no sea life except half a dozen flying fishes. They fly from 50 to 150 feet, close to the water.

The ladies on this boat use their house-coats as bathrobes to cover themselves when they go thru the halls or public rooms from their cabins to the baths. And it is very interesting to sit in the writing rooms as I often have done at the writing tables and see the procession of house-coats kimono and men's bathrobes, in gayest colors and large figures and various styles as the people go for their baths before dressing for dinner, from all the corridors and aisles opening off the writing room which they have to pass thru to get to the baths on the other side.

It is equally interesting to see the great variety of togs the young men and young women and girls can scare up. The men are wearing a garment I never have seen before, - a kind of shirt blouse with short sleeves worn outside the trousers with a straight hem at the bottom which covers about 9 or 10 inches below the waist. And the figures they have on them and the colors! One had writing or printing all over it. News paper headings and advertising. Another had San Francisco Fair pictures all over it. One couple had blouses just alike in big red figures on white background, and the wife had slacks to match. Miss Buckhout who is going with us to Foochow has the sloppiest outfit of big loose slacks and blouse to match of a sleazy dust-colored or no color at all material, and when she rolled the slacks up to about half way to the knee to play shuffle-board, with socks and tennis shoes on you can picture about how she looked running about when I tell you she weighs about 180 lbs. An officer of the ship asked her if they had roped her in to wash decks! A number of young women wear slacks.

And the shorts that are worn here by so many both men and young women; and grownup sun-suits, - those bible affairs. And the bathing-suits!! They are getting briefer and briefer, both male and female!! All the children wear sun suits below 8 yrs. of age. So it all makes for a great deal of nakedness around here.

The table steward service has not been all that could be desired. Only American men can now be employed by American Boats, - Orientals can no longer be employed. And these men are green at the work. Ours has been changed once on account of inefficiency; a change but not an improvement. They forget what we ordered and then guess at it; and get the orders mixed up delivering to the wrong person; and service is slow; sugar bowl empty, - no pepper on table, - only one menu for four once, etc. Nevertheless we are pretty well taken care of and the food is generally good. Once my baked apple was fermented, once the rhubarb was, once the prunes were and twice the corn on cob was too hard to bite. But our room steward is good and we are pretty well satisfied everything considered.

The "Matsonia" on which Millicent sailed was to leave at 5 o'clock, the same time as our sailing. Hers did sail but ours didn't get loaded in time so sailed at 7 o'clock two hours behind. We overtook the Matsonia the second night out and went along almost parallel for 24 hrs. when we got ahead and she followed us about 3 miles behind all the rest of the way and docked about half an hour after we did not far from us. Her course the first two days was

about 3 mi. off to our right. I sent a radiogram "Greetings" at 16 cents per word including address and signature. She responded with a radiogram of 5 words!

Must close to get this into the mail on this boat closing at 6 o'clock tonight. We get into Yokohama at 7 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Can't you hear the children in this room screaming, through this letter? Well you can see the screaming in my writing and composition.

Much love, and thank you all for making our departure so pleasant. Did you get my deaf and dumb message thru the sleeper window? It was "Fine Children"- not Five Children. Love Mother.

Circulate among you five children only- perhaps Emma and Elbert.

[In other handwriting:]

Please send to Jerry. Kathie, Dot and Monnie have read it.

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*[This letter, dated Sept. 28, 1939, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to her children and friends. Ellen gives a lengthy description of her trip from Shanghai to Foochow. Because of the Japanese control of the Fukien Province ports they were only able to take a boat part way and had to be carried over the mountains to get to Foochow. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Another chapter of ancient history, but I am going to send it on as I have spent so much time and eyesight writing it. You can read it if of sufficient interest and circulate it if it is worth it. But eventually keep it for me as it is my only record of the arrival here. I may want to review it myself some time.

Tai Bing Ga Compound,  
Foochow, China,  
Thursday  
Sept. 28", 1939.

Read first.

I am putting in these two sheets of another letter as I find to send the other completed I have to add 30 cents anyway and it may as well carry my money's worth. Send on the other but keep these two sheets till the other comes.

Dear Children all, and friends,

I can hardly believe my senses that we are really back in Foochow again! Yet here we are surrounded by the old familiar scenes, and a few of the old friends.

The great city is all about us, yet it is so quiet that hardly a sound breaks the stillness except those made in our own house here. Since the recent bombing of last week, little business is done in day time when the bombers may come, but people keep quiet indoors during the day and open up business after sunset when the danger of bombers is past, continuing to 11 o'clock at night.

Two of the houses in this compound are vacant, and there are no children in the compound. Mr. Topping's family have just gone home on furlo; we met them in Shanghai where they were waiting for the steamer we came out on, (Coolidge), to get back to Shanghai from Hong Kong and Manila. They gave us our first installment of Foochow news.

We received a letter in Shanghai from Mr. Christian inviting us to come right to their home to stay until we go to Ing Tai. So we are here in their home. Miss Buckhout who came out with us for the Wenshan School is with Miss Atwood in the house we used to live in when Marjorie and Kathleen were with us. Miss Walker and Miss Wiley are in the up stairs apartment where we last lived, by the tennis court. Dr. Tucker and Miss Stanbli are in the Hodous-Belcher-St. Clair- Beard-McClure house.

Now where shall I begin? For I have another letter started in my suit-case, but we landed here without a single piece of our luggage,- nothing but what we had on, our steamer rugs, umbrellas and my hand-bag and Will's brief-case. No night clothing; no comb, brush, curlers! safety razor or tooth-brush.

Well I'll start in with leaving Shanghai and fill in the intervening events when I finish the letter I started some days ago.

Regular coast-line boats are not running since the Japanese interfered with our Fukien ports, all of which are supposed to be closed now; but we hear a day or two ago that the ban was lifted on Wenchow. There is one boat, the "Shinhwa", which does run fairly regularly sneaking into whatever small port is thought to be practicable at the time.

Bishop and Mrs. Gowdy, Miss Plumb and Miss Jones of the Meth. Mission took all the available cabins on her first trip after we reached Shanghai, so we had to wait there till her next trip which was last Sunday, Sept. 24<sup>th</sup>.

The first announcement was that all baggage must go on board at 4 o'clock. Saturday and passengers, Sunday morning, sailing at 7 a.m. Later information gave Sunday at 9 a.m. for baggage, passengers on at 10, and sailing at 11. We actually did get off at 11:30.

I think I have described the boat and voyage in the "started" letter so will begin the land trip now.

We had hoped to go in to the little port of "Sung A" near Diong Loh near Foochow, but this trip it landed at "Sang tuao". Anchored at 7 a.m. we had breakfast on board. Then a customs official came on board with white cap and white suit and brass buttons looking very official whom we recognized as one of our old students. I helped him to get his English. He offered to help us in any way about our baggage and getting boats to get ashore etc. but we told him Mr. Christian had sent a man from Foochow to take all that responsibility. He did pass us thru however without examination of any kind so far as I know, on the merits of our profession. He said his wife and two children were on the boat too, from Shanghai.

You see we were the very first ship-load of passengers to be debarked at that port and we were sort of blazing the trail to Foochow, albeit over long established routs much used locally in short journeys but regular thru traffic trips were in their initial stage.

"Seng seng", Mr. Christian's man hired three boats for us and our baggage, and we packed in and were rowed a short distance to shore where "the Military" had to give us an examination which Will and Mr. Stowe took care of, and had to show their cameras and answer a lot of questions and were passed. Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, he a professor of Fukien Univ. and she a teacher of English and dramatics in the U. were on the journey with us from S'hai to Foochow. Then they had the long 2 day trip up river and overland to Shaowu where the U. has moved.

Then we were rowed farther into this deep harbor for an hour and  $\frac{3}{4}$  on those little boats to the place where we were to get chairs and burden-bearers for the long day and a half trip overland to Guang tan, where we could get the launch for the up river trip to Foochow.

The weather had been fine the first day on the boat, somewhat cloudy the next day with a few drops of rain altho the sea was very smooth; but this morning as we left the little boats, and our baggage, forty odd pieces in all, for the company of five was promiscuously stacked up on the shore, a fine gentle rain began to fall and the clouds promised an increase. We had no oil-paper to cover our baggage and none could be bought in that little village. So the luggage would have to take the wetting.

By a stretch of imagination you may perhaps visualize that squad of shouting coolies that came to carry our chairs and baggage; all in bamboo rain-hats and old ragged and patched faded blue clothes, trousers rolled above knees, and straw sandals on their bare feet; gesticulating and vociferously clamouring for a little higher remuneration; and scanning the piles of trunks, suit-cases and parcels, the while, to select an easy, convenient shaped load to carry. Seng Seng is a general and handled the situation with a master hand. The customs officials passed us thru without opening our cases and with only a routine questioning, probably because it was raining. We went into a native restaurant (buong daing) in the village and ordered each a bowl of vermicelli with pork and greens. These native eating places are most unattractive buildings to think of taking a meal in. They are roughly and primitively built, the woodwork, floors and most of the meager furnishings are unpainted, old and dirty looking, the tables once painted, are old and peeling off, and the utensils of doubtful cleanliness. But we ordered a bowl of hot water to wash the spoons and chopsticks in, and the food was hot, right off the fire, so it answered the purpose of nourishment and tasted rather good to those who were hungry. Meanwhile the loads were making up and starting off one by one.

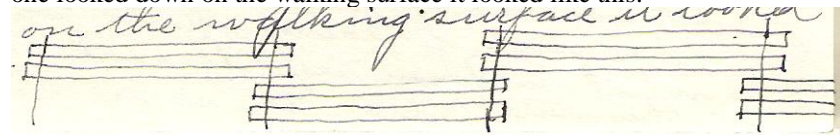
The chairs for most of the party were the regular mountain chairs all made of bamboo, consisting of a simple seat with arms and a folding back, fastened between two bamboo poles that were held together by a cross-piece at each end, which rested on the back of the coolie just below the neck while the poles rest on his shoulders. The poles project about 8 in. beyond these cross pieces and these ends the leading man holds in his hands. A stick of wood 4 in. wide swings by ropes attached to each side of the chair, for a foot rest. Those who rode in these chairs were protected from the weather only by rain-coats, steamer-rugs, umbrellas and over-shoes. I alone had a real sedan chair, with top, side and back curtain, front curtain and side-and-front-guarded foot floor. This special provision, as being the "old lady" of the company! And with my rain-coat, rubbers, and wrapped from neck to feet in my steamer rug, I went very comfortably.

At one o'clock we were off and we had come only about a mile when we began to climb up the side of a mountain range by stone steps in easy lifts. For over an hour we were ascending on this mountain stair-way. Mountains, range upon range, were all about us and the scenery was grand! The precipitation was a light, fine, rain most of the time, but it rendered the road wet and slippery and the atmosphere misty so that much of the beauty of the scenery had to be imagined especially the distant views. The Topping family, Mr. and Mrs. and three daughters,

Muriel, Rena, and Lois had just come over that road from Foochow to take the same boat, up to Shanghai on their way home on furlough, that we had just left and Mr. T. was very enthusiastic about the grand scenery on this route, when we saw him in S'hai.

After an hour and a quarter of climbing we reached the top of the pass and our coolies stopped and set our chairs down under the foot of a tea house, to rest, drink tea and smoke. After a 10 or 12 minute rest, they picked up our chair and started on again and began the descent on the other side of the range, over a similar road of stone steps, which zig-zaged down the slope. The angles were so sharp at the turns, the grade so steep, and the speed of the coolies so great that I feared the head man would go off over the precipice before he could make the turn. It was as bad for me as speeding in an auto. All my muscles were tense till we reached the bottom of the descent.

As we proceeded from this point along the earth road that wound along the uneven terrain, across valleys and over low hills, I noticed excavations in the red earth close beside the road or rather cutting into the road so as to leave only about a foot or 15 in. to walk on. They were about 10 by 15 ft. and 3 ft. deep and several yards apart. At first I thought them wash-outs or slips from heavy rains, yet there were no signs of real erosions. (I am using whatever writing paper I can scare up among my baggage! Please excuse.) They looked more like the work of man-dug with implements. Then, as I passed a pile of this earth, I wondered if all that earth had been removed for making brick. But this red earth was not clay. It took about an hour of observation and thought as I traveled along to arrive at the correct conclusion. This was one of the new roads that China had built but a short time before the Japanese invasion but had never completed. It had not been hard-surfaced and bridges had not been built. The old-time make-shifts for bridges over small streams and gulleys were still being used, and there was a great variety of them. One consisted of two 10 X 10 in. stone stringers 12 ft. long and a foot apart. My coolies used but one. Another longer bridge was of the same size planks laid on cross-pieces supported by rather frail looking trestle. As one looked down on the walking surface it looked like this: -



I sat very still so as not to shake the chair on their shoulders to make them make a misstep, and held my breath (as I did over all the different bridges) but they negotiated it as easily as I would have done on a bridge 4 ft. wide. At another place where there was no bridge at all the coolies waded right thru the stream. At another wider and deeper stream they went thru on stepping stones which was rather shaky uncertain business for me. Had it been high water in the rainy season it would have been almost impassable on foot. The excavated places that I had seen so many of, were the work of the local people under the orders of the government to tear up the roads to make it impossible for the Japanese army to bring in their tanks, trucks, heavy guns etc. over the newly built roads and they cut so nearly across the width of the road that only a narrow foot-path was left for pedestrians. This was a defense measure of the government, but in my opinion, they carried it out a little too far, and unnecessary destruction and inconvenience to the traveling public. But the coolies took it as a necessary evil and uttered not a word of complaint. It was "all in the day's work" to them. This work of "tearing up the roads", varied somewhat in form in different localities. Here, they were all on the same side of the road leaving only a narrow foot path only 12 to 15 inches wide, on the other side, sometimes worn down to 4 inches in places or entirely broken away, in others, so that the coolies had to walk down a steep little slope into the hole then up another on the other side. In three different places on this first day's run, the road had been cut away so close to huge rocks that the chairs could hardly get past them without scraping; and the earth had been dug away from under them so much and they were so poised that it seem as tho a jar or a slight push would start them rolling over upon us, and we were really almost under them as we passed. The fact that it was raining and softening the ground around them made it all the more dangerous. But the coolies did not seem to think anything of it at all, - not even of the inconvenience and difficulty of getting the chair around them. They proceeded in silence with the exception of a few inevitable grunts from the extra strain. But I did considerably more than tense my muscles and hold my breath, and was not at all at ease in my mind until the last chair and the last load were safely in at the next rest house where we all stopped for hot water or tea and rest for the coolies.

Gentle rain continued to fall throughout the day and at about 5:45 we entered the compound of the English ladies at Lo Nguong, Dr. Cooper and Miss Loader both of whom have been in China nearly as long as we have. Dr. Cooper retires next year. Mr. and Mrs. Luder, two children and amah had arrived about a half hour ahead of us and were well settled in their quarters for the night, and were just having tea in the dining-room, where we joined them as soon as we could get washed up. Mrs. Luders and two children had been in Japan for the summer and were returning via S'hai. They were on our boat coming down, and Mr. Luders came overland to escort them home on this unaccustomed route which we were taking. Their house was not a foreign built brick house like the ones in the

city compound that Marjorie and Kathleen will remember, but a large wood and plaster house built in semi-Chinese style, painted in dark colors of Chinese paint, and was old; so that just at dusk, on a dark cloudy, rainy day, it looked very dreary and dismal so far as external appearances are concerned. But it offered us a very welcome shelter for the on-coming night with dry, clean beds, hot water for refreshing clean-up after the long day's travel. Boiled drinking water, foreign food, and very generous welcome and hospitality. They knew we were coming for both Mr. Christian's man who was sent to meet us left a letter from Mr. Christian on his way out to Sang Tuao and Mr. Luder had stopped there over night on his way out to meet his wife and children. The ladies did the very best they could to care for us all and we were very comfortable. But, of course, they just didn't have enough of some things to go around and couldn't get more in such a small, inland, entirely Chinese city, - no other foreigners were there. They could set up Chinese beds enough to piece out their ordinary furnishings, because their girl's school (or woman's school I forget which) was either closed or moved to another place. They had blankets enough, for the weather was still mild; but Father and I had no upper sheets on our single beds and I had no pillow and no mosquito net. One or two others didn't either. But I improvised a pillow out of one of our parcels. The food was good foreign-prepared food but was rather limited in quantity for three husky men in the party. But we couldn't find any fault with that for we were a crowd to entertain over night in a small place where the markets are so limited in the goods foreigners use. Nine of us in the house; and the amah and a Chinese woman who was traveling with us were entertained in the school building by the women in charge, with Chinese food.

We planned to get started at 5 o'clock the next morning and were up at 4, by candle light. They have no electricity there so their artificial light is all by kerosene lamps and candles. But it took the coolies so long to argue out their carrying problems that we did not get off until just 6, and daylight, for a long 30 mile trek in the rain which was still falling as it had thru out the night, not at all to the improvement of the torn-up roads. As we traveled along over the hilly scenic, sparsely-settled country, luxuriant with wild growth, and the mountains surrounding, - whenever one's chair got out of sight of the other chairs, and the coolies ceased their talking, and no human abode was near, and we were far from the sound of running water, how deep and impressive was the silence of nature! It was truly amazing that, out there in the wilds, so little frequented by man, ideal for the home of wild life, hardly a bird or an insect was heard. It was so wild and apparently so remote from man's habitat that meeting a traveler on the road came as a surprise. And we did meet a surprising number of people, for that region, - not just the local country folk, but men and some women who were evidently educated, cultured persons riding in chairs; and the reason we met so many was that they were bound for Shanghai and had no other way to get there than the road we were traveling from there. Very unusual.

We did not stop at Lieng Gong where another English lady lives, for the second night as we thought we might, but pushed right thru to make Guang Tan before dark and to catch the up-river launch before it left.

The plain on which Lieng Gong is situated presents an immense stretch of rice-fields, - beautiful to look upon as its luxurious greenness. It was almost full grown and bearing a heavy crop. We rode miles on narrow stone-paved foot roads right thru the center of this fertile plain with acres and acres of standing grain stretching out on every side. The sun was very low when we reached the mountain range that lay between us and the river Min on which Guang Tan (and Foochow) are situated. The clouds were heavy and as we began the ascent up the stone-step road among the trees, dusk seemed to fall very rapidly. Climbing was slower than level travel, the road was such as to necessitate good vision, the region was wild and remote from human habitation, we had no lights at all for six chairs and the on-coming darkness made me a bit anxious as to our safe conveyance over the pass and especially down the decent on the other side.

At the top there were several immense banyan trees near which was a rest house where our coolies stopped for the last rest on the journey. There were some tense moments in more than one chair as we descended on the other side, but at last we were safely down to the plain and the coolies cautiously and wearily picked their way along the two miles or more of winding road to the river, in almost darkness. They set our chairs down in front of the native hotel, and Seng Seng, who had gone ahead to hold the launch and order the supper for us, came out and ushered us up stairs to quieter rooms, to get us away from the confusion of the loud-speaking coolies. Bowls of hot vermicelli were set on the table for us all, but just as we were beginning to eat, Seng Seng came in and said the launch captain said he could not wait any longer and would go on, unless we came aboard at once. So we left our steaming bowls, grabbed our hand luggage and made for the pier where a small boat was waiting to row us out to the launch.

Seated in comfortable places out of the wind near the front of the launch, the ride up river was very pleasant and restful. The river was calm and smooth, the moon was full, and had it not been cloudy, the moonlight ride would have been perfectly beautiful. We were almost four hours making the run to Foochow including a few stops, and we reached the pier on the bund below the long bridge about eleven o'clock. Things were rather quiet and closed up around there but we succeeded in taking up three ricksha men and were soon off for the city. The streets

were dark and almost deserted; the street lights were few feeble and far between; the clouded moon however shed a subdued light, that enabled us to see the standing ruins of the bombed buildings along the bund. The old streets had a familiar look; only the three years of wear and weather since we last saw them made them look dowdier and more shambly built than ever. Even in the dim light we noticed some changes that had taken place since we left; and looking for the familiar land-marks, and for the changes in the old scenes, made the mid-night ride interesting.

When we approached the city compound, the grand, new 5 story Union Hospital loomed up before us with all the dignity of a New York City skyscraper. When we left three years ago the walls were just beginning to rise.

We paid off our ricksha men and knocked at the familiar old gate, now decorated with an American flag painted on its face, to let the Japanese know “who’s who”. The gate-keeper was wakened without an undue amount of noise, and we filed up thru the compound without waking the residents. At the Christian’s house, Father called up to Mr. Christian from under his window, he soon heard, rushed down stairs in his pajamas opened the door, switched on the hall light then skipped up stairs three at a time to get out of sight of the ladies. In a remarkably short time Mr. and Mrs. Christian were both down stairs in appearable attire and enthusiastic indeed were the greetings. They said they had no idea we could get thru to Foochow that night, and did not in the least expect us till the next day.

Mrs. Christian’s knowledge of the Mandarin quickly solved the riddle as to who the woman (Chinese) we had brought along with us was and to what hospital she wanted to go. Fortunately for her and us, it was the Union Hosp. right here at our compound. And the people she was going to were her son and his wife who (he) is a technician or something of the sort at the hospital and he and his wife live there. Mr. Christian skipped down there and woke them and they were both up here in a short time and took the lady home with them.

Father was not backward about reporting the disappointment of the “inner man” at having to leave that steaming bowl of food on the table at Guang Tan, so Mr. Christian woke the cook and coolie who built a fire and cooked eggs, coffee and toast for us while Mrs. C helped set table and get out provisions and Mr. C. went up to Miss Atwood’s once to tell her Miss Buckhout was here then a second time to tell her not to get her cook up as Miss B. would have supper with us. Then a third time to escort her up and introduce her when the midnight repast was over. Finally all got to bed again and some slept while others keyed up to super mental activity by the environment and experiences, reviewed in restful comfort the experiences of the days in the near past, and glowed with the consciousness of really being in Foochow.

The next day Helen Smith appeared from Ing Tai and wanted to start with Miss Buckhout the following morning for Ing Tai where Wen Shan school now is in which she is to teach. But Miss B. had some business in the city to do before going up so Helen was persuaded to wait another day.

The next Wednesday the Synod held a “welcome meeting” for us at which we both had to speak and receive welcome speeches. Our reception by missionaries and Chinese alike has been most cordial and enthusiastic and we are heartily glad to see them all again. - The matter of Father’s taking Mr. Topping’s work here instead of going to Ing Tai was put up to him at the outset and he decided to visit Mr. Smith and talk the matter over with him first. If he planned to go home at once we would go up there this fall. If he planned to stay till spring and go home with Eunice we would stay here and live in the Topping house. The latter plan won out.

With much love, Mother.

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*[This typewritten letter dated **October 2, 1939** was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children and grandchildren. He and Ellen reached Shanghai and he describes travelling on to Foochow. To get a break from all of the visiting they took a relaxing trip to Kuliang and later a trip to Ing Tai where they will be stationed when Ned Smith decides to leave. There have been 63 bombings in Foochow. Letter from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]*

Foochow, China, October 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1939.

Dear Children and Grandchildren, That is Gould and Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie; Kathleen and Hugh, and Jacqueline and Cynthia:-

On Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup>. I wrote the above. A knock at the door held me up. This is October 13<sup>th</sup>. In the intervening time Mother and I have been to Ing Tai and returned. I hope our “goings” are now at an end. We are now cogitating how we can have our home here and set up housekeeping very soon. But I must go back for my story and outline our trip to Foochow, to Kuliang and to Ing Tai.

We reached Shanghai Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> and left the 24<sup>th</sup>. The French Concession and the International Settlement are crowded. Stores are doing a rushing business. Hotels are jambed. It is considered safe to live in these areas. And missionaries and business men are coming and going all the time. It was no trouble to get in or to get out. Freight is a different matter. Rates are high and steamers demand prepayment on all freight. We were out for lunch or dinner with the Mains, Cio Lik Daik, Munsons and with the Ladies (about 12) at the McTier Girls School. Took lunch once at the Navy Y.M.C.A. I preached at the Foochow church once. We went often to the office of the steamer that had promised to take us to Foochow. The Gowdys went on her two days after we arrived. She came back on schedule and sailed with us on schedule,- only they told us that they could not take us to Foochow, only to Sang Du some 60 miles north of Foochow on the coast. I had stopped there twice in my going to Shanghai. I remembered it as a very beautiful harbor.

The ticket cost us \$105 each. It was an old boat and not too neat. But we were not too fussy about such things,- after having visions of buying two trucks in Shanghai and transporting them to Ning po, and using them to transport us and our baggage to Yeng ping 100 and more miles above Foochow on the Min river and then after selling them to the Chinese government, coming down to Foochow on a river boat. We had a good captain and a very congenial Radio man and we were good company for each other. We left Shanghai at 11:00 a.m. Sunday. Monday nite we were within 100 miles of Sangdu. And about four Tuesday morning we anchored off the entrance to the harbor. We for once were glad it was foggy and rainy. Airplanes are not apt to fly in such weather.

Just as I was talking about boats and coolies to take our trunks and other baggage up to Hi Luang six miles on up the bay to its head, a man whom I recognized as the brother of Mr. Hseu, principal of Foochow College, appeared and handed me a letter from Mr. Christian. This letter told me to put all our baggage and ourselves in his hands and he would plan all. We did this. It required about 40 coolies. We were told in Shanghai not to plan to bring anything in the line of groceries. So we obeyed. We did not even plan for a lunch on the overland trip of about 50 miles. A lunch at a Chinese restaurant at Hi Luang,- and we were off at 1:00 p.m. We had a climb of some 2000 ft. and then it's descent. At 5:00 p.m. we were at Lo Nguong at the home of Dr. Cooper and Miss Loader, two British ladies. They put us,- Miss Buckhout, Mr. and Mrs. Stowe, Mother and me, and a Chinese whom we were taking down to her son at the Union Hospital, up and fed us supper and breakfast. They also gave shelter to our baggage. With us were also Mr. and Mrs. Luders and two small children. A day or two after reaching Foochow I was talking with Bishop Gowdy and Mr. Williams, of the British mission here. Bishop Gowdy expressed sympathy for the ladies who were so harassed by such large groups of transients dropping in on them. But Williams said "No such thing. It is the very best thing that could happen to them. Lo Nguong has been bombed and these ladies are just there by themselves, the schools have moved off into the country and they have not too much work now and a house full of friends is a bananza for them."

Wednesday morning we were up at 4:30, breakfast at 5:00 and after half an hour of "visiting" by the coolies (that sounds better than "wrangling") we were off at 6:00. It rained and kept it up all day,- just a drizzle,- but good weather for "birds" to fly. We had 5 puo, i.e. 15 miles to go to Ding Iang, another 5 puo to Lieng Gong and another 1 ½ puo to Guang Tau on the Min river. We made Ding Iang by 11 a.m. That was on schedule, for the coolies told us they would get us to Guang Tau that nite by dark. At Ding Iang we went to a Chinese restaurant and I ordered a Chinese meal. Rice, duck's eggs, bean curd, greens. Ellen ate some. Miss Buckhout ate well. By noon we were on our way. The road was a new auto road. All thru the country these new roads have been made during the past four years. But within the year the military had dug them up,- holes four feet deep and 8 or 10 feet square. They have left about 1 or at most 2 feet on one side and not always on the same side, for a path. This is so an army can not march on the road. When it rains you might imagine how muddy and slippery it is. But there was one time one of mother's men fell into a mud hole beside the path. This hole was full of water and the water was mixed up with yellow earth. I chanced to see him just as he came up. He went all under except his head. Mother said that other coolies have been poking fun at him all day for his clumsiness. They just gave him one good laugh and went on with Mother. He went to a nearby tea house and the keeper poured water over him and had to actually scrape the mud off from neck to feet. One of my men fell and in trying to keep the chair right side up another man sank into the mud up to his knees. He had to be helped to pull his foot out. At 5:00 p.m. we were at Lieng Gong and 5 miles to go, we made it. It was dark. But our man Friday was there before us and had held the launch. He also had a supper of Hung Ang i.e. rice vermicelli on the table for us. But the launch already had its anchor up and howling for us to come on board. We had to leave the supper. At a little after 11:00 p.m. we were at the Foochow jety and at 11:55 we were in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Christian. Were they surprised? They had not dreamed we could make it before Thursday nite. So we were on the go steadily from 4:30 a.m. until 1:00 a.m. Thursday. 20 ½ hours. The hour after we reached the Christian's home was not a resting hour. It rained steadily all the time. The roads were very slippery. Everyone calls the distance 35 miles. It seems humanly impossible for men to carry 90 pounds each over such a road in one day. The actual carrying time was 6:00 to 11:00 a.m. and 12:00 to 7:30 p.m. or 12 ½ hours.



And yet some people say that rice does not give strength. We had reached the end of our journey. The next morning we woke up at 9:00 o'clock. Miss Buckhout had rather a strenuous introduction to her scene of work for the next three years. But she accepted it like a hardened veteran. I think she rather enjoyed most of it. Helen Smith came down from Ing Tai and took her up with her on Sunday.



*Helen H. Smith*

**B**ELIEVE it or not, this is the lady who inspired this little account book. She inspires many other things, too, such as her Wen Shan classes, student conferences and her fellow missionaries.

Thursday and Friday were pretty full of business and saying hello to lots of people. It always tires me. I told Mother we had better get out of it for a day so we lit out for dear old Kuliang on Saturday morning. It was a perfect day. Kuliang men met us half way across the plane and the trip up was very restful. After we left the city the road was full of holes to retard progress by an army. But when we struck the mountain road it was all natural. And the hills were beautiful. Just as still and majestic and green as ever. Our cottage that two of you children, - Geraldine and Kathleen were born in was much as we left it. The two kitchens have been thrown together into one large one. In the passage way also thrown into the one large kitchen. The amahs room and the passage way from the kitchen to the dining room all thrown into one large bathroom with a door opening into it from the living room. They also have an aseptic tank and cesspool so there is no more emptying of jars. Otherwise the house is much as Monnie and Kathleen left it. It is the first time I remember to have gone to Kuliang with no business to transact. We just sat on the veranda and talked, for the people came. Deliciously cooked rice, sweet potatoes, eggs and boiled water were brought to us with the lunch Mrs. Christian put we lived on the fat of the land. We did not stay long. At 4 p.m. we were home.

The Topping family left Foochow on the ship that took us down to Foochow, so we saw them in Shanghai. He told me there that the Synod had unanimously elected me as Assistant General Secretary in his place. At the next Synod meeting they put all his committee and board of manager work on to me. They were very considerate and told me that if it turned out that I went to Ing Tai at once I could still do these various jobs by coming down once a month or oftener. Then the president of the Theological School asked me to take two hours a week teaching there and also by the Treasurer. We have been here three weeks tomorrow nite. I have spoken five times thus far and have two more sermons to give next Sunday. Many asked me what we were to do when we got to Foochow. Part of the reply is in the above.

I shall remember that Kuliang trip a long time. When we got back I was relaxed and ready to sleep. But it seemed to me I must get to Ing Tai soon. There was in the air a pull to have us stay in Foochow but we had come because Ned Smith had started the call so he might go on furlough. Mrs. Smith's death had somewhat changed that, and no one seemed to know whether he wanted to go now or next spring. All seem to be looking to me to make the decision. For if he went now we would go to Ing Tai now. If next spring we would stay in Foochow until then. So on Tuesday evening we went over to Mr. and Mrs. Brewster Bingham on South Side and spent the nite and at 5:15 a.m. Wednesday we were on our way in the rain to Ing Tai. The road for three or four miles to the launch was one of the auto roads that had been dug up. It was worse than the road from Sang Du. Both Mother and I had to walk most of the two miles. We got to the launch just as it [was] starting. That nite at 5 o'clock we were in Dai Kau, six miles from Ing Tai. A student from Ing Tai and an old Foochow Colleague, now teacher, of Foochow College were there and helped us to get chairs and a Coolie to carry our belongings. About two miles on the way a man whose life we saved three years ago in Ing Tai met me with fire crackers. Before he had set them all off I told him Mother was coming behind me. He dashed back and soon I heard the crackers again. Then on he came to me again. It is impolite to ride when you are met in that way so we both got down and walked all the rest of the way. That man bare headed and bare footed, with only parts of two garments on, gripped my arm and held it as in a vice, "to keep me from falling." When he had gotten me safely over a precarious place he would run back and grip Mother in the same way. In this way we soon met some 400 students of Foochow College and Wen Shan and the Ing Tai school. What they thought of our saviour we have not yet learned. But such a reception we have never had on this earth. Lanterns and torches and fire crackers and songs, two miles long. This coupled with personal greetings from many old friends made our hearts swell. I wish you could all have peeked down from the sky and seen it. Two lines of students all in uniform, and we (with our saviour) walking between them. Lanterns, flashlights and large lights with

mantles (kerosene under pressure). We'll never forget it. Every school had to give us a feast and a play. The Japanese would not have been pleased with the plays. We both spoke twice and I preached once Sunday. They hold two services with two different audiences on order to accommodate all.

We left Monday morning at 6 o'clock. Five miles down river the boat hit a rock and we pulled ashore and repaired. One half hour gone. Just as we got down over the last rapid the first gust of a typhoon struck us and took off two large pieces of the bamboo cover to our boat. Another half hour to recover. The typhoon was against us and we reached the launch landing at 2 p.m. instead of at 11 a.m. The launch had gone. By three I had secured a tow boat to take us down for \$5.00. 13 of us. The boatman cooked a meal for us and we started about dark down river. At 8:30 the wind was so strong against us that we told him to tie up. At 5:30 Tuesday a.m. we started and by 10:00 a.m. we entered a customs place and as we had seen the launch coming up the river in spite of the typhoon we said we would wait for it to come down and board it for the rest of the journey. We had had no breakfast. So we went ashore and bought rice, sweet potatoes, eggs and bean curd. Just as they had started a fire on the boat to cook, our boatman announced that he had found a boat with three good oarsmen, just come from the place we wanted to go to, that would take us right over and that he would bear the expense. He would also go with us and cook our meal. We hustled our things over and soon had breakfast and lunch in one meal. My, but it was good. The wind had ceased but rain fell in torrents. But the men worked right thru, and at 2:00 p.m. we were at uang bieng the landing and it was raining suds. The chairmen were in for a harvest. One chair for two miles \$1.50, three men. One for our baggage to keep it dry two men \$1.00, one with 2 men, I to walk half the time \$1.00. Mother got off then the baggage and I went to get into my chair. "Oh but you must have three men and give us \$1.50." I started to walk and did not look around. You see I'm economical. I saved \$1.50 by walking and got wet to the skin. I had a brand new pair of rubbers, bought in Honolulu, but the rain was so heavy that my feet were wet as if I had soaked them in water. But Mother and the baggage were dry and at 4:00 p.m. we were at home and I was there in time for the Synod meeting as I had told the general secretary I would be. I reported in my wet clothes and then got a bath and dry clothes and something to eat as well as drink.

This is the fourth sheet I have not mentioned the condition of things in Foochow. There have been 63 different bombings. Very few people killed and not so many wounded. The most serious damage was the complete burning of the Union High School building, the land for which I purchased and which I helped erect. The planes first machine gunned the building then dropped one ordinary bomb that struck some ten feet from the structure killing two little girls in a small house near. I saw a piece of the bomb. Then an incendiary bomb was dropped and completely destroyed the large building. The Am. Consul is demanding \$30,000.00 U.S. for damages. The report is that the Seventh Day Adventists have demanded reparation and have gotten damages for all their losses. The Consul has hope that he be successful here. There have been no bombings for some months. Mails are coming thru fairly regularly. The second day we were here Aunt Mary's letter arrived, - 28 days from Derby. Geraldine came in 32 days. It had 70 cents in stamps, air mail all the way. Papers are coming somewhat regularly. Our best radio is Treasure Island [*During World War II Treasure Island in San Francisco became part of the Treasure Island Naval Base, and served largely as an electronics and radio communications training school, and as the major Navy departure point for sailors in the Pacific.*]. But Japanese have intercepted this and it is most impossible to get anything thru it. There are five centers with facilities to feed about 1200 people once a day. Right here in the buildings of Foochow College we are feeding 200 each afternoon. A meal costs 5 cents. In Shanghai we saw one refugee camp with about 4000 living in it. This one was supported by the Salvation army. The camps in Shanghai have been reduced from about 180 to 40 or 50. And the refugees are being taught to work to help pay their way. Business is very quiet. The only inlet and outlet is the way we came. This means over land carrying by men of about 50 miles. We met many many men carrying tea in 50 lb. boxes. And many people on foot and in chairs going to the boat enroute for Shanghai. The coolies along that route are reaping a harvest. We are getting everything we need. Flour is \$15.00 instead of \$3.00 a bag. But fruit and sweet potatoes and vegetables are only a little if any dearer than three years ago. Wages rickshas etc. not much changed. Rickshas are 20 cents where they were 30 cents. Exchange here is about \$12.00 mex. for \$1.00 U.S. We are still with the Christians. But have two servants on the string and hope to set up our own mess in a few days. We go into the Toppings house and use their things. We do not hear anything from our two boxes sent to Boston to be shipped here.

I'm sorry this machine does such bum work. I think it my fault in not being able yet to put my finger on the defect.

You are all continually in our minds. We want to hear from you. Has Hugh gone to Florida yet? It has pleased me greatly to hear how fast the barns grew red under his dexterous hands.

I must close this now and promise not to write so much at once again.

With oceans of love and prayers for you all

Father

Mr. Smith it seems to me will prefer to wait till next Spring and go home with Eunice. I left our going to Ing Tai- in this way "When you go home we will come to Ing Tai."

I think you may believe in complete victory for China about Chang Shi. But I feel it useless to write such news for you hear of it before we do and perhaps more accurately.

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*[This letter, dated Oct. 22, 1939, was written from Pagoda Anchorage, Foochow, China by Ellen to her children. Ellen describes the exciting attempt of a boat trip from Foochow to Pagoda Anchorage so Willard could preach there. They had a nice visit with the Gillettes. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel]*

Please preserve for writer.

Ma Moi,  
Ma Aing, or  
Pagoda Anchorage  
Oct. 22", '39.

Dear Children all,

I am going to write up this trip while it is fresh in my mind,- before it is completed, in fact; for it is so difficult to remember details when it is a few weeks past.

You see where we are today by the heading above. Mr. Rinden, who has charge of the Diong Loh field, asked Father to preach in the church here today so Father wrote Dr. Gillette that we would be down Saturday (yesterday) to spend the week end with him. A gracious letter of assent, invitation and welcome came back by return mail.

Marjorie and Kathleen will remember Dr. G's place as the home in which they played "tiger" with his two younger sons when they were very small boys, and thereby gained the name "Lau hu cia" by which they were always called by the boys, ever after. The interpretation, (for the benefit of those who are not up in the Foochow dialect) is "the tiger sisters". Humorously but not uncomplimentarily applied of course.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian, with whom we are still boarding, left us to keep house for ourselves and started for Ing Tai on a vacation trip of a week, last Thursday morning. Saturday morning, (yesterday) right after breakfast, at 8:30 we closed the house and left it with the servants, took rickshas at the gate and rode over to the head of the long bridge, walked down the bund a few yards and engaged a small boat to take us down here to Pagoda Anchorage for \$1.00 (according to present exchange that would be about 7 cents gold! for three persons in the crew!) But it must be explained that \$1.00 here, now, means almost as much purchasing power for the Chinese as it did before exchange slumped. Will had engaged the boat of the woman member of the crew who was out on the bund seeking passengers; and when she led us to the boat, we found it a rather poor apology for a craft. It was small, very old, unpainted, leaked and had a small pung[?], that is, a cover over the seats to protect from sun or rain. I doubted if we could ever make our port in that tub. But they assured us it was entirely sea-worthy, and we started.

We had engaged, the night before, at the "Anti Cob" meeting, to pick up Dr. and Mrs. Skinner at the Fukien Christian University as we passed by, for they were also spending the weekend at Dr. Gillette's, on their way to Futsing or (Hok Ciang). We had not gone far when the wind began to rise, which convinced me that when we neared the Anchorage where the river is wider and the wind has a greater sweep, the waves would be high enough to capsize that little boat. Moreover, adding 300 lbs. more at the University would make it all the more dangerous. So when we arrived at the U. pier, I told Father I would go no further in that boat; we would hire a larger boat or I would walk the rest of the way. Only two boats were in sight and they wouldn't go.

I sat in the little boat while Father walked up to the house where Dr. and Mrs. Skinner were supposed to have staid over night. He returned saying the servants reported that there was not a foreigner anywhere on the campus. So they evidently did not come down from Foochow the night before as they planned. (You know all the schools have moved back into the country and only one foreigner to an institution is staying at the campus of each school to guard the property.) So all we could do was to go on our way and let them come by themselves.

Just then two more boats drove in sight coming down the river and our boatman called to them asking if they would take us down to Pagoda A. They replied that they were a Ma Moi boat and were going right there and would take us there for 50 cents about 4 cents U.S. currency for 4 people in the crew!!! A distance of about 7 miles! This was a much larger, better newer stronger boat, clean and painted outside and three strong women and a burly

man to propel it, all of which gave me confidence and peace of mind. They battled sturdily with the wind which was against us, keeping close in the lee of the river bank to avoid the force of the waves in the open river. The clouds were dark and angry and the wind blew like a typhoon, increasing as we proceeded. For over an hour and a half they rowed and poled strenuously, then all declared repeatedly while they continued to work like beavers, that they couldn't possibly make it. Impossible! After seeing them work to the limit, for an hour and a half I agreed with them. We told them if they could land us at a place where we could get ashore without walking ankle-deep in mud, we would walk the rest of the way. A small village at the head of a cove was just ahead. Another passenger, a petty official, was as anxious to get there as we. He had been lying on the bottom of the boat at our feet covered with a Chinese bed= (thick comforter) until things got exciting then he roused, folded his bed and stood up and talked with us a little. The Chinese (men particularly) nearly always take a boat trip on a small row-boat in that way- many women also. Once settled, and the boat started, they lie down in the most comfortable spot at their disposal, and sleep!, - cover or no cover. If they are carrying a bed or a blanket with them they use it, except in the hottest weather. I have even known a man to borrow! (without request, or permission) my blanket when he had none of his own and I was not using the whole of mine. Even on a steam launch those who get there earliest will select the best places for sleeping and hold them, if they can, as the launch fills up, even tho they (the launches) are nearly always crowded to capacity of standing room.

The crew gladly headed into the cove, but it meant crossing a fiercely-wind-swept stretch of water about 500 ft. wide just inside the mouth of the cove. They got out the anchor from the depths of the hold with its length of chain and placed it on the prow of the boat ready to be slipped off in case of emergency. Then they headed the boat into the wind with "full steam ahead." All four pulled mightily at the oars, or strained powerfully at the poles. But the wind blew the boat right back and turned it half around. Again they tried, and it took a lot of yelling orders to the crew from the captain and a lot of shouting and grunting by the women straining at the oars and poles. Again the wind overpowered them and over went the anchor. After a little breathing spell and much talking shifting blame on the women to save his face, the captain attached one end of a rope, thru a hole to the prow of the boat, slipped the loop at the other end over his shoulder and jumped out into the water and walked ahead to pull the boat while the women pulled up the anchor and took to the oars and poles again with might and main. Sometimes it seemed as if the wind would surely tear the boat away from the women's hold and drag the man after it. But they made progress and he waded till the water was up to his armpits, when the worst was over and he climbed back into the boat with nearly every thread of his two garments dripping wet. But that never matters to a boat-man; he went right to work at the pole again and in a few minutes we were in quieter water and soon reached the tumbled-down stone steps to the village. The steps being missing, we had to walk a slanting 1 foot-wide plank laid from an adjoining boat to the top of the sea-wall. One of the crew walked off first (they are entirely used to such makeshifts and think nothing of it, but they were thoughtful enough to know that we were not, and planned nicely for us) and another of the crew extended one end of one of their bamboo poles to the one on the wall, and held the other end herself thus making a fairly steady hand rail for our use.

Our baggage deposited on the stone landing, the boatman helped us bargain for a load-bearer from among the crowd gathered to see the foreigners. An up-teenage boy agreed to go but after we had started his mother came running after us and took the load saying he did not know the way. We didn't, exactly certainly, either so our loadbearer was to be our guide as well, thru the rice-fields till we reached the auto road, now torn up which led straight to Ma Moi. We paid the boat-man the full-bargain price altho he took us less than half way, for we thought they had certainly earned every cash of it.

The wind blew so hard that it was difficult to stay on the narrow paths between the rice-fields. Twice it blew me off with one foot in the rice-field but the fields were being dried out for the harvesting, so I did not get a wet or muddy shoe. Several times when a hard gust came I had to stop walking and hold my grip on the path till the wind abated a bit, to keep from being blown off it. To add to the difficulties I had to keep my hand on the top of my head all the time as did Will, to keep my (and his) hat from blowing off until I finally changed the pin from the back to right thru the top of the crown and my coiffeur. That held it on.

Finally we reached the auto road which had been torn up by digging big holes from the edge of the road in toward the center, about 10 X 8 ft. and from 3 to 5 ft. deep. Most of them were nearly half full of water. The holes alternated between the two sides of the road in such a way as to leave a narrow zig-zag or serpentine path between them. Thus:- [*insert sketch*]

Imagine walking miles on such a road! The path left was hard and smooth and easy to walk on aside from the constant turning. After we emerged from the rice fields on to this auto road, we met many people in groups from 2 to 10 all going to the theatre in a village up river. When we passed them we had to stand on the wide spaces between the holes and wait for the line to meander over the winding path by us. There were several places where

bridges had been blown up and make-shift contrivances had been placed to accommodate the foot traffic, generally a single plank or two or three small timbers bound together, some with no hand rails at all and others with very shaky and unstable ones. Whenever we came to any irregularities in the road of questionable safety, our woman leading would stop and turn around and watch me until I was safely over, the while cautioning me “kiang ho”; “maing maing”, meaning “walk carefully; slowly. But when we came to these make-shift bridges, which were from five to ten feet above the water, she would go across with her load, set it down on the ground, come back and get my bag and umbrella and take them across the Father who had crossed behind her, then come back and lead me across taking my free hand while I used the other on the handrail if there happened to be one. This was all her own idea, - I didn’t ask her to do it, but was very glad of her help in some instances. I did ask her to stop and wait, when an especially hard gust hit us right in the middle of a span, till the wind abated.

And so we arrived safe and sound and quite unwearied, after a most interesting trip throughout. Another interesting little gesture of our woman guide amused me as it showed her sense of responsibility for my safety, and also it demonstrated the Chinese innate sense of obligation on the part of the younger and stronger to care diligently for those who are aged and of gray hairs. I was wearing new rather heavy leather shoes without rubber heels, and their impact on the hard, smooth gravel path enabled our leader to keep track of me. Whenever I paused for a few seconds to take a sweeping glance at the surrounding scenery (and there was plenty of beautiful scenery well worth viewing, to do which however it was absolutely necessary to halt, as walking at all meant “watching your step”) she would stop, turn around and watch me till I started on.

Dr. Gillette did not see us approaching, and when he answered our knock, he was greatly surprised, for he said he did not think we could possibly get down the river against that wind, which he said had been blowing for three days. And of course he was interested to know how we did it.

It was then 2:30 p.m. and we had had no lunch. Father’s “inner man” spoke up and told the truth, but we told Dr. Gillette to make it an afternoon tea and not to make the cook prepare a meal. We did have an egg with our bread, butter, and cakes and Dr. took his tea with us.

Father then wanted his usual nap and I “retired” too to get out of the way so as not to hinder Dr’s hospital work. Oh, it was such a beautiful quiet, restful place overlooking the river with the varied scenery close around and the mountains across the river, and so many big trees and beautiful plants surrounding the house! Do you Marjorie and Kathleen remember it? You’ll recall that this was the missionary house that was bombed and greatly damaged and Dr. sent us photos of the wreck. Well, you would never know now that anything at all had ever happened to the place. Everything, -house, grounds, walks and furniture, has been repaired and restored just as it was before, so that there is not hint of the serious damage remaining, - except the absence of a huge banyan tree far back in the rear of the property, and two or three smaller ones which the occasional visitor would not miss from the luxuriant abundance of verdant growth.

Just before we emerged from our siesta about five o’clock, Dr. and Mrs. Skinner came in and after they had refreshed themselves, we heard the story of their journey. They had reached the bund almost an hour after we had left, and were told by the boat-men around there that we had already gone so they got a boat and started. Before they got down to the place where we started to walk, they had changed boats twice, and the third boat gave it up and landed them at the same village we disembarked at. But Mrs. S. could not walk so they had quite a time getting a chair for her, but finally succeeded and Dr. S. walked. We had a good dinner and an interesting evening of conversation together. Dr. G. gave up his bedroom to them and went down to the hospital to sleep, himself.

Sunday morning, all three men, after breakfast, went their several ways out of the house and Mrs. Skinner and I were left alone to visit together. I learned that their daughter Geraldine is way up in the north-west of China and was teaching in a gov’t. school until the place was invaded by the Japanese. She said the school had a beautiful campus and fine buildings and that Geraldine was the happiest there that she had ever been. She did not mention this but others have told me that her first husband (Chinese) deserted her and that she is now married to another Chinese teacher with whom she seems to be very happy. Lawrence is married and has one child whom I think Mrs. S. said she had not seen, born since they last visited him. Both sons are married and both are Dr’s I think.

Sunday a.m. an old church member whom Father knew called on him and told a pitiful tale of personal loss of a good job, and then everything he had by fire. He was once well to do. Father says he doesn’t see how he and his family live. We are hearing of plenty of similar tales now.

Dr. G. invited a Chinese English-speaking Dr. from the navy hospital at Ma Moi, to dinner with us Sunday noon and we sat long at the table chatting after the dinner was cleared away. After the guest had gone naps were in order- for those who sleep, while I began on this letter.

Dr. Gillette invited me to preside at the tea table for afternoon tea, which gave me something to do, the while, as I never take it. We had an early supper as the people down there have their church service in the evening on account of the bombings in the day-time. All but Mrs. Skinner went to the service. We walked down to the river

and took a boat to within a short distance of the church. We found it crowded to the doors. A Bible woman conducted the service and Father preached the sermon. She seems to be doing excellent work there among the women and children. They sing the hymns remarkably well for a country place where there is no large boarding school student body to give trained leadership to the service. They read the responsive readings well and carry out all parts of the service intelligently. The Bible woman also played the organ- not perfectly.

In the midst of the service Dr. G. was called out to a case which kept him at the hospital so far into the night that we did not see him again that night, but when we got home from church we locked up the house ourselves and went to bed, for we knew he was sleeping at the hospital. The next morning we were all up at 4:30, had breakfast at 5:15 and were off for our boat a little before six, on our way home. We left the Skinners in the house still waiting for their boatman to come to take their baggage down to their boat which was to take them in the opposite direction from the way we were going. As we were walking down the hill, we met Dr. G. coming up from the hospital. He had hoped to get up in time to take breakfast with us all but slept too late as his patients kept him up so late into the night. The cases he said were two men shot by bandits and one of them had an abdominal operation and died on the operating table.

Our trip home was a smooth and comfortable and interesting one, all by rowing, as there was no wind. The boat was large and clean and was the home of twelve persons. When we boarded the boat at six o'clock only the grandmother, father, mother, one son and one daughter and the baby were on deck. Presently a boy of five was pushed up thru the trap door in the deck floor. Then a girl of twelve popped up from the regions below; then another boy of ten, and so on till nearly the whole family was in sight. Each took to an oar as soon as they appeared and at one time there were seven people rowing at once, 4 at one oar,- the lead one,- the "wiggly-tail", the sculling oar, but one of the 4 was the five-year-old, just putting his hands on the oar and learning the motion of hands and feet in rowing. Grandmother combed her hair before her mirror, then went to the lead oar but they soon excused her to give the baby his second helping of breakfast. As soon as another appeared to take their place at the oar, the father and mother successively took their breakfast of rice and sweet potatoes; but the rowing at four oars never stopped for a minute.

We passed the fine new paper mill equipped with the best modern Swiss machinery built only five or six years ago, now in partial ruins, bombed by the Japanese. A saw-mill and the old electric light plant, likewise. A new electric plant has been built so we have electric light again.

The one other passenger, a teacher took a small boat and crossed the river as he wished to land on the south side. The two miles of river just below the long bridge that used to be so full of boats of all sizes and so busy and bustling is rather quieter and less crowded now since the port is closed; still there are a good many boats anchored there and not a few small ones moving about.

We landed at the fourth or fifth hill up, not far below the bridge, found rickshas near, and were off for the city, reaching home before ten o'clock.

The whole trip was most delightful. In all the forty years of our co-residence in Fukien as missionaries, we have never had so ample an opportunity to visit with the Skinners as we had on this week-end trip. The journey down the river and the stay at the Gillett home recalled many pleasant memories of experiences and events of the days long past.

The boat trip down, was probably the most eventful and thrilling experience we have ever had on the river in all our forty-three years here, - which is probably the reason I have written it out so fully, - more to my own amusement than to yours, I fear. How old folks do like to reminisce!!

With much love to you all, - Mother.

Nov. 16. We aren't receiving your letters yet, - only two, - but we hope you'll keep on writing and they'll all come in our grand bunch come time.

And another retarded message! But it brings you another of our new stamps, so perhaps you'll welcome it if it brings no news.

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*[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 12, 1939 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, brothers and sisters. Because of conditions in Foochow, paper is at a premium. Mr. Bishop has experienced three bombings while travelling up the Min River. Willard lists and describes his duties in Foochow. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Foochow, China,  
November 12<sup>th</sup>. 1939

Dear Children and Brothers and Sisters;-

Paper is at a very large premium in Foochow just now, and will be as long as present conditions prevail. I find some of the old Hospital letter heads left and am using them. Mr. Bishop now in charge of the Christian Herald Industrial work, has gone to Shanghai to buy paper. He was on the steamer which had not weighed anchor, when planes with machine guns and bombs sank about half the freight which was in small boats about the steamer. He seems to be in bombings whenever he starts anywhere. A few months ago when he was taking the boys of the orphanage to Kucheng, 100 miles up the Min River, he was in three bombings. Fortunately I brought out with me quite a supply of paper and carbon paper, so I am all right for a time. I am making three copies of this letter. One for brothers and sisters, and one for Geraldine and Dorothy, and one for Gould, Marjorie and Kathleen.

Mother and I moved into the Toppings house to sleep last Monday Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> and to eat lunch the next day. We are quite comfortable. One expression is frequently on our lips, - "When our boxes come." For almost everything we are using belongs to the Toppings. We saw them in Shanghai and they told us to do so.

I wonder if people are still asking what we find to do here. It is rather difficult to set down in order just what fills up my time but here is a leader.

1. Associate General Secretary of the Synod. This involves reading and translating all the correspondence from Boston to the synod, translating the minutes of all meetings of the Synod and preparing them to send to Boston and understanding all questions that come up regarding any part of the Evangelistic work, the Educational work the Medical work and Property. These questions are always present.

2. Teaching two periods a week in the Theological Seminary. That means an hour of travel for each period. Preparation also takes time.

3. I am a member of more than a dozen Boards of Managers and Committees, besides I must act as a member of various committees that are transient. Just the other day word came that the Provincial Government had told the Church High Schools that there were too many of them. They must be reduced. A committee of five from each of the three churches in Foochow have already sat twice (three hours each time) on this question.

4. Interviews eat up time as rust eats up iron. Saturday morning I had designs on getting a place fixed up for ten white leghorn pullets that I have engaged. Just as I was ready to go at the job in came a young man, a graduate of mine, with his Ph.D. from the U.S., to talk about his work. Two hours of the very most worth while talk. Before he was away another came to talk about his future, and before he had finished another pastor came to say that he had just come from the death bed of an earnest Christian man, a church member for many years. The present condition of the family was as low as it could be. Not a cent with which to buy the coffin, and hire bearers etc. In a case like this the only thing to do is to fork out \$10.00. This is a little less than \$1.00 U.S. money. Then in came a woman who said that the village of Sung A, at which the first steamer from Shanghai since the port of Foochow was closed by the Japanese last summer, landed passengers and freight, was bombed and the whole business street burned out clean. Several Church members had lost their all. What could we do to help. When we went down to the Anchorage for the Sunday, an old friend whom I had known for nearly a quarter of a century came to call on me. This is his story in a few words. When the Arsenal was burned with bombs he and his son were thrown out of employment. He had worked in the Arsenal for a long time. Just about that time his ancestral home was burned in a fire accidentally started. All his furniture, bedding etc. went up in smoke. He was in straights. I'll not burden you with more stories of this type. Just as I had this last sentence half written another man appeared with a hard luck story.

5. I have just agreed to meet a class of the refugees at 5:30 p.m. each day for, - I do not know just what to call it, - Helping them to know Christianity, I guess will be a good name for it.

There are about 1200 poor people that are caught in the distress caused by the war here in Foochow. The churches have set up six so-called Soup-Kitchens. Most of these give one good meal a day, about five o'clock. After the meal some pastor or missionary talks to them about Christianity for twenty minutes. Two hundred are fed each evening at Foochow College. I have spoken to them several times. Most of these people (all ages and both sexes) are desperately poor and illiterate. Imagine what you would get from a twenty minute talk each day from a different man each day. There are two hundred of them. I have suggested several times that there should be more intensive teaching, but no one has caught on yet, so I'll see what the power of example will do.

Day after tomorrow, Friday, I am to speak with two others at the Anti-Cobweb meeting. I shall tell some of the most interesting experiences of our trip home in 1936. This is evidently meeting a need here in Foochow for the Anti-Cob is going strong. Business men that did not used to come are now in it and the meetings are well attended.

While I have been writing our former coolie's letter came in telling us that he would be here from Shaowu in a few days, - as soon as possible. So we are now all set with a cook and a coolie. Just as I was looking at his letter another applicant brought a letter of recommendation as coolie.

My mind keeps running back to Century Farm. The last we heard from any of you was Geraldine's letter that came a few days after we arrived. Bessie's calf must be nearly a cow by this time. There must be another nest of kittens. What few apples there were are gathered. No corn to pick, no potatoes to dig. Margaret is "putting the cows ON the barn" every nite now. In the minutes of one of my committees which I gave to my teacher to mimeograph the other day, I spelled Night as above. He was reading the minutes over and pointed to that word, - "That is spelled wrong". Stanley is still driving up for a week end. I wonder if Gould has learned the way yet. There are five or six private autos in Foochow, business men and missionaries own them. Gasoline costs \$26.00 a tin of five gallons.

Our two boxes are somewhere. That is all I can say about them except to add that we would like them. It is getting cold weather and the people who own the bedding we are sleeping under may want the blankets. We want to hear where Monnie is this winter. Also what Nancy is doing and how Ruth enjoys Holyoke. Stephen is of course getting as much of a kick out of Yale as he did last year. I have finished the Autobiography of William Lion Phelps. It is astonishing how many men and women of letters he knew. I am now reading Jack London. I hope the mails will get loosened up soon. For I think there must be a jam somewhere.

There is lots of thought and love going out to you all from Foochow,  
Father

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*[This typewritten letter dated Dec. 2, 1939 was written from Foochow, China by Willard to his children, brothers and sisters back in the U.S. They are having many sirens sounding to alert for possible aerial bombers. Willard experiences one while writing the letter. He belongs to a cooperative store for the purpose of obtaining items that are difficult to get at the present time. Willard attended a wedding and the reception was similar to an American one. Prices are high on rice and wood. Letter donated to Yale in 2006 by Cynthia Elmer Amend.]*

Foochow, China, December 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1939.

Dear Gould and Jinny, Hazel, Willard; Geraldine; Dot and Harold and  
Monnie; Kathleen and Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;-  
Oliver and Annie; Ben and Abbie, Wells, Dan and Beatrice, Dannie  
And Beverly; Phebe and Mary; Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen and Ruth

You people run around so much I hardly know how to send the five copies. So I will ask that they be thus used;-

- 1 copy for Gould family to be sent to Stanley and family
- 1 coy to Phebe and Mary for Oliver and Annie
- 1 copy to Ben for & family.
- 1 copy to Phebe & Mary to be remailed to Kathleen

If this is not the best or most convenient disposal just let me know and I will follow your suggestions.

The Annual Meeting of the Synod took place Dec. 22 to 29 *[He probably meant Nov. 22 to 29 since he was writing the letter on Dec. 2.]* It was a small meeting compared with some years previous but it was a good meeting. The spirit was good, and the Chinese, specially the younger men are coming into leadership in a way that is good to see. One hour was given each day to the discussion of "Worship". You would have been interested in hearing the Chinese discuss the church furniture and the shape of the church. Where should the pulpit be placed? They decided that the church should be rectangular and the pulpit at one end. Should there be a cross in the church? Shall we copy the Episcopal church in the furniture? This brought a rather definite No. But there was a decided set toward a



more decorative interior for the church. One room was arranged and decorated and reserved for worship ONLY. There is a memorial service for those of the church who have died during the year. The question was asked whether this could be held in the room set apart for worship. This shows how strict were the rules for the use of this room. The last service was a communion service. The two officiating pastors were dressed in gowns and stoles. The service was rather elaborate and was followed or rather closed with a candle light service. This was very elaborate, and it was effective.

The siren has just sounded or groaned, but I hear no plane. Yesterday we saw one plane, the first in a month. It only flew over and off. I bought 5366 lbs of wood yesterday. I paid \$1.05 for 100 lbs. How would you girls, Phebe and Mary like to pay that for your wood? We are eating the most delicious persimmons, the winter variety. Ned Smith sends them down from Ing tai. He brought down with him when he came for Annual Synod meeting over 400 lbs. I distributed them for him. He wrote that when he got home he found another 400 lbs. I have written him to send them down. I will put them in our Co-operative store. There are about 80 persons in this Co-opt. Chinese, British, American. We are making money too. Thus far some of the people, both Chinese and Foreign have "kept store" from 4 to 5 p.m. four days in a week but at the last meeting we voted to engage a store keeper. And we look to renting a store soon. The society has been running ten months. Last Monday evening they distributed dividends. They have about \$1000.00 to their credit in the bank. The idea is to supply articles that it is difficult to get at present. They have sugar, soap, vinegar (I found a pint bottle the other day after much searching, for \$2.50. The Co-opt sells it for 75 Cents) carbon paper, corn starch, candy, quinine, flavors, etc. We pay \$1.00 membership and invest as much as we like. (The siren says no trouble this time)

We find that we did not put in any teaspoons and only two serving spoons. It is rather difficult to find these here. I think ours are in the trunk in the room over the kitchen. I think I left the key with Phebe and Mary. Will you please see if you can find teaspoons, send all there are. One gravy ladel, one berry spoon and if you find two soup spoons there, do not send them. If there is only one carving set do not send it. Do not send the steel. Send them by mail. They will be likely to reach us some time. Our two boxes are somewhere, I hope. We do not yet know where.

This evening we attended the 70<sup>th</sup> birthday b-fast for Bishop Gowdy- we were the only ones not Meth. there.  
December 14<sup>th</sup>.

This date shows my slowness in writing letters. Since the Annual Meeting of the Synod committees have been thick. One day I sat in committee from 9:00 a.m. till dark. Three different ones. Sunday I went to church here, then went up to the northern part of the city to see a poor family. I found the man 70 yrs. old, his wife and a son 11 yrs. They have two sons and a daughter in school, at Ing Tai and Mintsing, in Christian schools. Some one is supporting these three. The man was in government till the Japanese took Mukden in '31 was it? He was then thrown out of work and came back to Foochow his home and being so old he could not find employment and lived off what he had laid up. He got on fairly well till the war came on. He is now down and out. His wife is working on embroidery work and earns about \$2.00 a week. This of course will not keep the family alive. I have known of their plight for more than a month. But it is just as well to not rush into such conditions too fast. The same story has come to me from different angles and I am convinced that the need is real. I promised them Sunday that I would see them thru. This is just the conditions that I have been waiting for before spending the money that several persons gave me. This amounts to something over \$30.00 U.S. It amounts to over \$300.00 mex. This will help the family to help themselves for the next two years.

After this visit I came home and took a nap and went to a church in the suburbs to preach in church that has just called a preacher but he has not yet come. After that I went to a wedding feast. The ceremony was held in the Y.M.C.A. and the bride was the daughter of a man who joined the church twenty years ago but who took a second wife and thus cancelled his church membership. He has not severed his connection with the church. As long as we were in Foochow Mother and I had supper with him once a year. And he wanted me to attend his daughter's wedding feast. 16 tables, 160 people. The bride sat next to her husband. She had changed her dress and wore a red dress at the feast. She had a boy's cut on her hair and talked and laughed as an American bride. At the proper time she took a pitcher of wine her husband a wine cup and they went the round of the tables. She poured wine in his cup and all at the table filled their cups and drank together. When they came to our table I had my cup upside down. I took it up, but he said I must drink wine. At last he accepted my refusal. Soon however they returned with two tea cups. He gave me one and she filled both and I drank. He was satisfied. After they had gone the rounds, 16 tables, 16 cups of wine he could still walk straight, he came over to me and had quite a chat, very pleasantly. I told him my father told his sons they must not use wine or tobacco til they were 21 and then they did not care to. As we left he

was at the entrance with his bride and there told me he was sending his best wishes to my country and I was to tell them we had greatly helped China and I must take his thanks with me to America.

This is Sunday morning, Dec. 17<sup>th</sup>. 1939.

A letter came from Phebe the day I began this and another a few days ago. A letter also from Mr. and Mrs. Topping. They are at home now but I expect in the west. I judge Mary is finding the work as president of the Woman's Missionary Society some job. I'm glad she has it and I know she is making good.

I have just returned from church. I intended to go half an hours trip to Ma Puo. But just as I started the siren sounded and I had to go to Lau Memorial where I could go without going into the streets. Just before pastor Lu (one of the boys whom the King's Daughters helped to educate) began his sermon we heard the planes. When the noise from the planes was so great he could not be heard, he stopped and said, - "If any one wishes to leave feel perfectly free to do so. Only do not go into the open." I saw five persons leave. They soon came back. Pastor Lu stood perfectly still. The planes seemed right over the church and within a few hundred feet above us. When they had receded he went on with the service, and never once referred to the planes. After the service I went to him and told him I was proud of the way he conducted himself, he thanked me and said from the first, when the bombing was severe he had never changed the time or place of the service. You may read this to the King's Daughters if you like.

There is no coal of any kind, except charcoal, to be had in Foochow and those who are dependent on coal to keep warm are wondering. We have never burned coal, - perhaps a ton in all the years so we are not disturbed. I bought more wood this past week and have 12,000 lbs. or 6 tons on hand. I am letting a poor man and his wife saw it and split it so they may keep alive.

At its last meeting the Synod voted to give the pastors and preachers and others who are in church work two extra months help for 1939,- about \$2000.00 mex. and \$4000.00 extra for 1940. The church members are as hard hit as the pastors, and the only things to do seemed to be to ask the Board to make an extra grant of these sums. The Board has no money and to me it was like asking a hen for an ostrich egg. To save the situation I gave them my check for \$100.00 on the Birmingham National Bank. This amounted to \$1175.00 mex. I am considering asking the Booth brothers for a few hundred. Rice is now \$26.00 a load of 160 lbs. It is normally about \$10.00 Wood has more than doubled in price and other necessities have increased some five some six times. The pastors that are in self-supporting churches where they have just about made the ends meet are very hard hit now. One of the pastors lives in the Upper Bridge village. This was bombed since we arrived. One bomb was dropped on the house next to the church and the stone fell on his church and the roof was badly torn. Some of the members were badly destroyed and his income is nearly nil. I gave him \$5.00 the other day to tide his family over till something could be done.

The other day I went with a pastor one of our students of years ago to call on a man 76 years old. He says he will not be with us very long, and he wants to talk about plans for the "future". He is a bachelor. His brother's son was given to him as a son. This son is a graduate of Foochow College. He is now in south Fukien in the Post Office. The old man's brother is dead. The wife is an idolater. She declared the old man who has been a Christian and a faithful worker for forty years, must have a heathen funeral. We went to persuade her to allow a Christian funeral. She said the old man has no burial place no coffin. We had talked these affairs all over with the man before we saw her. The pastor promised to see about burial in our Christian cemetery and promised to see about the purchase of a coffin at once. There were four adults before us who belonged to the family and they agreed that there should be a Christian funeral. I never before talked so freely with anyone about their death as with this man. It was as if he was planning to go to America. We left after a prayer with the man carrying light hearts.

I hope you all had a merry Christmas and Happy New Year and that the peace of God will be apparent in your lives all the year.

Lots of love to each,  
Father

*[The following is handwritten.]*

We discussed the style of coffin. Chinese or foreign. The deciding factor was- a foreign coffin requires immediate interment. He said interment must *[wait]* till his adopted son could be present.

M.B. - The 25 cents ?? there'll be a 5 X on the Messenger soon.

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*[This letter, dated **December 28, 1939**, was written from Foochow, China by Willard to David and Stephen Booth. Willard tells them of the dire food conditions in China and is asking American friends to help financially if they would like. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Willard L. Beard

December 28<sup>th</sup>. 1939.

Messrs. David and Stephen Booth  
Stratford Conn., U.S.A.

Dear Messrs. Booth:-

It is quite a change from your Easter Morning Service in 1938, with its quiet and comfort and safety and well ordered program, to the service I attended here a few days ago. I had planned to attend a church half an hour away. But just as I was leaving the house the siren sounded telling all people that an enemy plane had been sighted. This meant no one on the street till the "all's well" sounded, - about an hour. I have been caught on the street in this way. I waited in a shop for an hour.

So I attended the church near my house without going on the street. Just before the sermon began three bombers (so I was told) were heard coming right over the church. The pastor's voice was no match for the noise of three bombers only a few hundred feet over his head. He said calmly, - "Anyone is free to leave, only do not go into the open." One woman with four children left to return soon. He stood perfectly still until the sound of the planes died out, then went on with the service, never mentioning the planes. The audience seemed not in the least perturbed. He was one of my graduates fifteen years ago and I told him I was proud of him. A few months ago this enemy's plane dropped a bomb on a building ten rods from where we sat that morning. That morning no bombs were dropped.

This is the third year of the "undeclared war". Possibly bombs are not its worst feature. They kill few soldiers, and comparatively few civilians. They destroy property and stop business. They make a lot of people hungry and poor and destitute. The military significance of these bombings is almost nil. It is estimated that in a city 30 miles from here, the Japanese spent \$75,000.00 to kill five people and destroy five buildings.

The churches in Foochow, with money from the U.S. and contributed locally by both Chinese and foreigners, are giving one square meal a day to about 1200 destitute. Mrs. Beard and I are trying to keep three families from starving. Rice which every Chinese eats three times a day if he can get it, has risen in price from \$10 to \$30 for 160 lbs. Wood the same. Wheat flour from \$3.00 to \$18.00 for 48 lbs. Sugar from 23 cents to 85 cents per lb. Two months ago the meals we give to the 1200 cost 5 cents now 7 cents and they are inferior. This high cost of living is falling heavily on the workers in the church. Specially is this true of the pastors in self-supporting churches. Their expenses are more than doubled and the ability of the members to pay their subscriptions is going the other way. Their business is shot and their living expenses are mounting. Imports and exports with Shanghai are nearly at a standstill. Hospitals have to send men to Shanghai to personally buy and convey to Foochow the drugs they need. Fukien province is still free. The Japanese gunboats at the mouth of the Min river. Foochow is forty miles up this river.

The other day the Synod discussed ways and means of helping these Chinese workers. We had been helping the destitute regardless of whether or *[not]* they were Christians and forgetting that some of those who were doing the actual work of cooking the rice and distributing it to the poor were themselves getting pretty hard up.

We voted to ask some of our friends in America to help in this emergency. We ask for \$2000.00 Mexican or \$200.00 U.S. currency for 1939 and \$4000.00 or \$400.00 U.S. for 1940. But people have to live and cannot wait for a letter to go to America and the reply to come, so I have advanced \$100.00 U.S. which brought \$1140.00 Mex., to tide over.

I was struck on Easter 1938 with your novel method of giving money to those who came to the service. Here people pay to come to church, and then they pay to help the destitute. Money is continually coming to me for buying rice for that 1200. The Chinese send it.

I am not asking my friends at home to give to help these needy church workers, but I am trying to let them know the facts and give them the privilege of giving if they want to do so. I am also telling them that their private check sent to me is just as good as a draft on New York, or that a check sent to my brother Oliver G. Beard, 135 Beechwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., or my sister Mary L. Beard, Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. will forward to me at once any money sent to them for this use.

Mrs. Beard and I left Shelton August 11<sup>th</sup>, 1939. All went as usual til we got to Shanghai. We expected a hard time of it to get over the 500 miles to Foochow and we had no idea how to do it till we disembarked at Shanghai. We found one steamer had made one trip to a place 60 miles north of Foochow and we booked on her.

When we stole into the little port of Sangdu we knew there were nine J. gunboats at the mouth of the river Min. We made the trip, overland in two days, in sedan chairs. Got into Foochow at 11:55 the second nite and have been trying to do a full days work each day since.

We hope you have had a Merry Christmas and are now having a Happy New Year that will last till 1941.

Very sincerely yours

*[unsigned copy of original letter]*

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姜陳淑英平安：  
 六月廿八号由郵寄傳手寄來面粉壹包 22.7 <sup>Kilogram</sup> 公斤生  
<sup>oil</sup>油壹公斤白米伍公斤于七月十五号由僑貨倉  
 都已收清請勿念餘言后陳即祝全家健康  
 林茂德手復  
 七月十六号



Written on envelope: "This letter and stamp from China acknowledges money and oil and food rec'd".

九龍山林道2号地下  
 姜陳淑英先生收  
  
 福州青圃鄉林寄

Possibly from 1939.  
 [From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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Written on back of photo: "Orphans at play on the campus. We had 80 here for vacation this winter and San Muoi was "pater". The relief work grows as the poverty and suffering increase. They drift in almost daily – 150 now here. Ned"

Ing tai 1938.



Written on back of photo: "Attacking the Ing Hok hill. "Every mountain shall be laid low.""  
[In Ned's handwriting]



Written on back of photo: "We too have rabbits, and orphans. These two were begging."  
*[In Ned's handwriting about 1937-38- Ing Tai]*





#### FOOCHOW MISSION MISSIONARIES

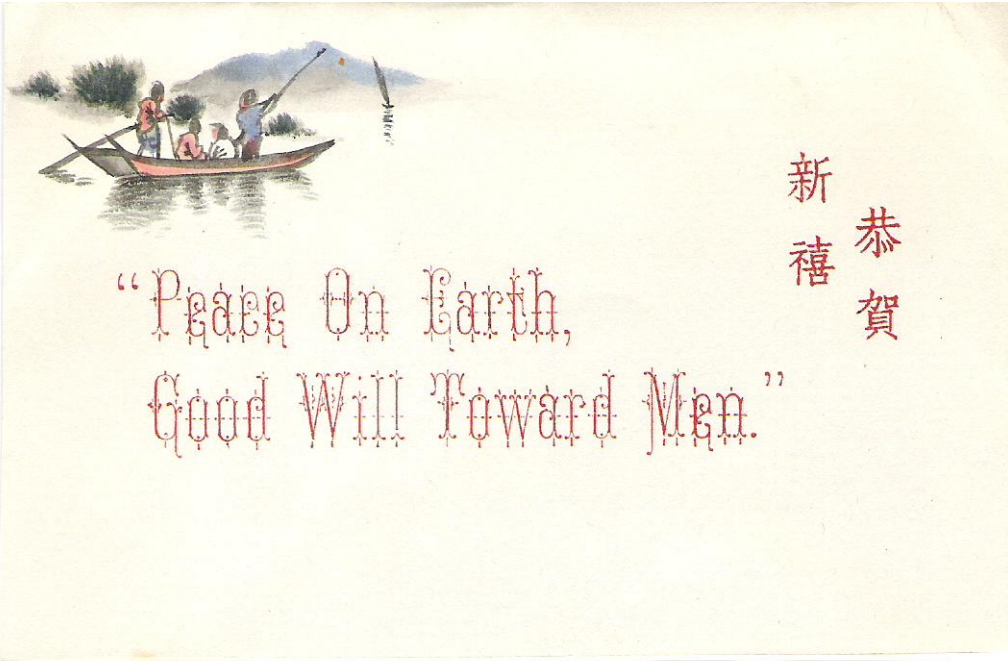
First row (left to right): Mrs. Christian, Lucy Lanktree, Martha Wiley, Susan Armstrong, Laura Ward, Lois Topping, Mrs. Newell, Mrs. Smith (died July, 1939), Mrs. Topping. Second row: George M. Newell, Hazel Atwood, Mrs. Bingham, Alice Tapley, William H. Topping, Charles L. Gillette, Edward H. Smith, Helen Smith, Albert Faurot. Back row: Brewster Bingham, Arthur O. Rinden, Leonard J. Christian.



Mr. and Mrs. E. Walter Smith, who sail in August (1940) to Foochow, will fill the pastor's chair. The Smiths are to be the missionaries of the First Congregational Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, and Mr. Smith was ordained in this church in June (1940). Miss Mary F. Buckhout's is the third picture. She arrived in Foochow in September 1939, and filled the teacher's chair. Miss Buckhout is the missionary of the church at South Hadley, Massachusetts.

[From the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]





We're sending this with our best wishes hoping  
it will reach you some time.

It will be too late to wish that the Christmas-  
tide and the New Year will be joyous and happy  
for you, but most of the year is ahead and this  
brings our best wishes that success and joy and  
happiness will be yours thruout the year.

—W. L. and E. L. K. Beard

Undated Christmas Greetings from Willard and Ellen

