

1934

- Mao Zedong begins the Long March north with 100,000 soldiers
- Willard and Ellen are in Foochow, China
- Uncle Elbert Kinney visits Willard and Ellen in China.
- Kathleen and Hugh move to Florida
- Marjorie is teaching in Canada
- Geraldine is in Long Island, New York
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Gould and Virginia are in Cincinnati, Ohio
- Willard is 69, Ellen- 66, Gould- 38, Geraldine- 36, Dorothy- 33, Marjorie- 28, Kathleen- 26.

[This letter, dated **March to May 1934**, was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard Frederick Jr. She congratulates them on the birth of Willard Frederick Jr. (December 7, 1933). The Christmas season in Foochow was stressful for all because of bombings of the city by Chiang Kai Shek's troops. Thousands of people evacuated the city each day and Ellen describes the various types of evacuees and their loads. There is a new form of government in Foochow now. She tells about the upcoming meeting of the Anti-Cobweb Society. The mission had a birthday party and anniversary party for their oldest missionary, Miss Hartwell. Letter from the collection of Virginia Beard Van Andel.]

[March to May 1934]

Dearest Gould, and Virginia and Hazel and Willard Frederick Jr.!

First I must congratulate you all on the most welcoming arrival of the dear little grandson! Grandpa and Grandma Beard are very, very happy about this new addition to their family. Another recent cut in our salary lead us not to send our congratulations in a cable at once, which you will please pardon; but believe us, the congratulations and welcome conveyed in this slow letter couldn't be heartier or more sincere and enthusiastic.

Well, well, well, where shall I begin to tell you all the strange things that have happened in these last few days? How we would like to see one of your big American daily papers each morning these days and see what they are saying about our new Foochow government! Such a Christmas Season as we have had! Singing and talking and joy-making about "Peace on earth, good will towards men" with bombing air-planes roaring over our heads dropping destruction and death from the sky! It certainly has been a never-to-be-forgotten Christmas. I really cannot realize that we have passed thru the Christmas season at all.

Last Saturday afternoon I heard a loud report that didn't sound like a gun, nor a giant firecracker; but an explosion of some kind. I looked all about the city from our windows but could see no column of smoke nor other result to tell what had happened. Later the children of the compound said all the people were out of their houses in the street in front of our place, much excited and puzzled by the noise, and were closing up their shops as fast as possible (that means sliding a dozen or 13 boards into grooves along the front edges of the ceiling and floor which closes the whole front of the shop). But we heard nothing more nor got any explanation of the first report. Will returned soon after from a Christmas service out on the plain and packed up and went to Chong Ha up the river for the Sunday, to return Monday morning.

Sunday noon I had just finished preparing my dinner and was about to eat it and go at once to a Christmas service in one of the churches and was talking with Miss Armstrong who lives below us for a moment, when the sound of motors in the sky led me to remark, "That sounds ominous; there must be more than one." We went out to look but decided they must be below the horizon for we couldn't see them. But the noise grew more formidable and seemed nearer and we went out again and looked some time before we found them, 3 of them more than 4000 ft. up, I guess. The sky was covered with a white haze and the planes aluminum painted and we just couldn't see them at first. As we looked at them a terrific report startled us. Then another and another. "They're bombing the city," I said. Soon the servants of the compound all came running down the basement steps under our house which is always considered a safe place when bullets and kindred missiles are flying. Bang!- Bang!- Bang!- on this side and that and the other, all around us. And above us roar, roar, roar of the planes. It was simply terrific. And one feels so absolutely helpless, and defenseless; there is nowhere to run to, to escape it; nowhere is safe. I dared not stay in the house for fear of being buried under the debris if it were hit. I felt safer out in the open. So I went to the middle of the tennis court but would instinctively run to one side when a plane came straight over my head. [*Following sentence written in the margin:*] (I have learned since writing this that the three planes that soared so high were the protecting planes to the bombers which flew much lower to get good aim and were three in number.) Then I would realize I was too near a huge pile of boulders in the middle of our compound and flee to the other side, only to desert that, lest the old white pagoda might be the victim of a bomb and fall on me. We are very near it, you know. One doesn't realize in a time of such tense mental strain what ludicrous things he does in the quest of safety. About $\frac{3}{4}$ hour it lasted then the planes went away and O, what peace and what relief! This was my first near experience with war bombing, and I hope it was my last. Later in the afternoon we went out to see the ruins. Near our kindergarten, a temple and a house were struck and two people killed in the house. Our city church and a house near it were struck and several people killed in the house. The church was not much damaged except a small hole in the roof and much broken glass and some fallen plaster. A hundred children were in the court outside waiting to be admitted to the Christmas service at 2 p.m. The pastor had just come out of the church to tell them to hurry home to safety (?) when it was struck. No Christmas exercises were held that afternoon in any of the churches. Printed notices, dropped by the planes said the city would be bombed again on the following day from 8 to 12 o'clock. So the next day was a great moving day.

I went, with the two ladies in the house with us down stairs, out to the school where Phebe taught, (where we lived first, Gould) and there, at the gate on the street, watched for Will to come along on his way into the city and to stop him off there, for he knew nothing of what had been happening or was to happen, having been out in the country. Such a scene as I looked upon for nearly two hours! I have never seen anything like it before and never expect to again. The street, - both the center road and both sidewalks, was full of men, women and children of all ages, classes, and conditions, all traveling together at the same steady pace, nobody hurrying, all going in the same direction, over South Side across the long bridge to a place of safety away from the bombing. There were blind, lame, crippled, sick, healthy, rich, poor, all traveling side by side, no one paying any attention to any one else, most of them on foot, doggedly traveling on. There were mothers carrying babies in their arms; others with a baby strapped on their back and leading one or two others by hand; children of all ages above seven carrying babies, or 2 or 3 yr.-olds on their backs or in arms; children carrying dang loads or hand loads of personal effects as well as women and men similarly laden; men carrying children or sick people on their backs; sick people from hospitals being carried on stretchers by 2 men; one woman I saw who was well dressed was carrying a dang load, one end of which was a Chinese trunk, her little girl got tired and couldn't walk further, so the mother set her on the top of the trunk and picked up her load and went on. A man had two children in a dang load, one in a basket on one end of his dang stick, the other on the other sitting in a bamboo baby chair which had a guard rail in front to keep the baby in, and further secured by two bamboo spindles from seat to front guard rail between the baby's legs to keep him from slipping out downwards off the seat. Scattered promiscuously through this throng of pedestrians were rickshas loaded to capacity with women and children, every one having a trunk, or bundle, or bed rolled up on the back, or in front of the riders or under their feet. Some were loaded with so much stuff, one could hardly see the person riding with it. Some loaded their effects into rickshas and walked beside them. There were horse carriages filled with people and piled high in back and on top with trunks beds and bundles. Many carts piled high with similar luggage, were pulled and pushed by from two to five men and women. Some men and women had just a bed in their arms, - a bed is just a very thick cotton comfortable. The two most common articles of hand or dang luggage were beds and cooking utensils. Some moved their entire house furnishings on carts, that is, those who had ancestral homes in the country villages. This procession of refugees began immediately after the Sunday bombing ceased and continued uninterrupted all night long from 3 p.m. Sunday until 2 p.m. Monday, when that day's bombing began. I think I must have seen, in the two hours I stood there watching, between 10,000 and 12,000 people pass. And this road out of the South Gate is only one of six or seven roads out of the city, but is the one from which more people would leave the city than by any of the other roads leading out of it, - the East, West, North, and Water gates and two others. But the populace were undoubtedly pouring out of all these other gates in great numbers, into the country villages on the plain and in the hills. People have been leaving the city in smaller numbers every day since. As I went to church today I saw some leaving, a week later. Undoubtedly over 300,000 people have left the city since last Sunday's bombing. Of course not nearly all those people who went out of South Gate to South Side could be accommodated in houses, but as the weather was fortunately fair, mild and dry and had been so for weeks, so that the ground was very dry, they just scattered about on the hills out in the open and slept on the ground, those who could not find housing. Many of them returned to the city in the afternoon after the bombing was over, at 3 p.m. I returned home every day about 4:30 and every day there was quite a procession returning from 3:30 till after dark. People are now moving their goods back to some extent altho there is still great lack of confidence in the situation, evident, for all shops in the city except restaurants, fruit shops and food shops are closed except for a little door in the front just large enough to admit a person; you know usually all the front is open. Many are entirely closed. Business has been at a stand still for a week. All schools in the city are closed and some outside the city. No services were held in many churches today. I should have said above that during the week the people who came back into the city for the night went out again the next morning and did it every day, most of them, except last Friday which was rainy and therefore no danger of bombing. Think of several thousand people walking (or riding) out of the city three or four miles every morning and back again at night to avoid being bombed! Since Monday nothing has happened but no body could know when it would come so we had to play safe. Rumor had it that the 28th of Dec. Thursday, was to be a terrific bombing. Another report said the 30th was to be the worst yet. So we had to all run and take no chances.

The Union Christian Council of Foochow sent a telegram to the National Chin. Council at Shanghai asking them to telegraph beseeching Chiang Kai Shek not to bomb civilian population any more; and we have now had word that he has promised not to. This "People's Government" group send to the newspapers of the city any thing they want printed as propoganda and the papers have to print it. As to the "news" they print, one cannot put any dependence on it at all. One never knows whether it has any truth in it or not. Every thing we hear seems to be only rumor so we hardly know what is happening right around us except what we see.

As I stood at Wenshan Gate watching that unique procession moving thru the street, I thought many times, what an interesting moving picture that would make. Afterwards I learned that Mr. Culver of the Christian Herald Orphanage took a moving picture film of it. So I think I shall see it on the screen here some day. It may be released to the world, if good.

Mar. 4", I wrote the above while things were fresh in mind but seemed to find no time to finish it.

After our bombing some of the cities around us were bombed we heard. About two weeks after the bombing after the 19th army had left and the navy was in charge of our city, and the upstart "People's Government" heads had all fled, people began to move back their goods into the city and for weeks the same kind of loads in rickshas, dang-loads, gong-loads (2 men loads) horse-carriage loads, auto loads, and carts piled high with Chinese trunks and goods, could be seen coming into the city every time we went out South Side or on South Street, but I think it was over two weeks before the shops really opened up for business. Business was at a stand-still all that time, only the most necessary buying,-principally food was carried on. From the trader shops, the employees,- many of whom came from the country villages or places out side the city, had gone home for safety and did not return till peace and confidence were restored; so no business could go on.

When the 19th army began to leave and the nationalist troops and the navy (first) began to arrive to take over the protection of the city, such hords of soldiers as were in the streets coming, and going. For three weeks this condition continued. One of our missionaries was coming from the University (down the river) over the new road and reported that he saw double lines of soldiers on one side of the road coming and on the other side going! thousands of them, - a mobilization that he could not understand. On another occasion in the city streets this same missionary asked a soldier what division he belonged to. He replied indifferently "I don't know." The missionary laughed and said in surprise, "You don't know what division you belong to?" "No there are three divisions all mixed up in this company; how do I know which I belong to!" That is about the status of many of them I fancy; so many of them are young ignorant boys. But the present government has instituted a system of gendarmes or super-police force who are over the ordinary police, controlled by the military but never fight as soldiers and whose business it is to keep peace in the city. They are superior men and look and act as tho they had had experience and superior training and know their business. They are nattily uniformed in olive-tan wool uniforms, in foreign style with brown leather belts, swords, pistols, and clubs with long orange silk tassels on them; and Will has often remarked as we pass them on the street how uniform in size the men are presumably selected with that in view; - figures well developed by military training; and they have a business-like bearing. So our province belongs again to the Nationalist Government,-thanks to Chiang Kai Shek's courageous move.

Just a little "aside" here.

Early last fall we entertained at dinner in our home, a young man whom we heard was principal of a school in Foochow making a study of the schools of South China; another guest was the Chinese lady principal of Wenshan, the school where Phebe taught. She came with him. He was going to Amoy and Swatow later in the same capacity. Because of his educational connection and position, he was invited to one of our mission suppers and meetings in which rural evangelism and mass education were to be discussed. He was hesitant about expressing his opinion on some questions when asked, and frankly said at last that he didn't dare speak his sentiments too openly for Chiang Kai Shek would cut his head off if it got to his ears. But he didn't hesitate to say he thought Chiang Kai Shek was a bad man and that he had many enemies in China. That set us wondering somewhat; but what was our surprise when some weeks later, six of us American Board missionaries were invited by Miss Huang, the Wenshan principal, to be her guest at dinner, at a large restaurant on South St. It was the very night of the day the rebel government was installed, with great doings at a mass meeting on South Parade Ground. And that evening, the People's Gov't put on a lantern parade on South St. of students and police and fire companies etc. and as we went to this dinner up South St. we were meeting the parade the whole length of the street. But the surprise came when we entered the private dining room where our dinner was to be served, and there stood Mr. [left blank], all arrayed in his new uniform of the People's gov't. a blue cotton one, and Miss Huang our hostess, introduced us to him as one of the heads of departments of the new People's Gov't.! That put the missionaries in an awkward situation at once and conversation proceeded with much restraint. But I decided to break the ice and "take the bull by the horns." So I said, "We have a good opportunity now, by the presence of Mr. U, to learn all about this new government. Won't you tell us about it, Mr. U?"

He did tell us some things about it, - that he was the Commissioner of Finance, that all the officers were to wear the same blue uniform he wore; that no officer was to have a salary of more than \$150 a month etc. But we felt rather queer to be hobnobbing with the officers of the rebel gov't!

When the 19th Army had to evacuate and retreat at the approach of Chiang Kai Shek's troops, they are said to have poured oil (kerosene) over several hundred bags of rice that they had to leave behind, so that the incoming soldiers might not use it. Well, they're gone, and that episode is over. What next?

Mar. 11- Schools opened again two weeks ago and we had three day's review, then the examinations in last term's work which we were prevented from having by the closing of the schools before the term was completed, by the rebellion. The depression has kept some of our students from returning this term but most of them are back. I am teaching two classes in English three times a week, which gives me about all the written work to correct that my eyes will stand.

This week Friday our literary society, the Anti Cobweb Society, is to be held in our compound and I am one of the hostesses, three other ladies cooperating. Tea is served and social intercourse proceeds for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, then the program is given lasting about $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours. This month our subject, I thought was to be "Psychiatry"; but our notice says "Chemistry and its allies." Last month it was "Technocracy." The month before, it was about the Nazzi movement in Germany. Three or four papers are read by the members of the group which elected to study up the subject for any one meeting; and we have eight meetings a year.

The past six months we have had some very helpful meetings of the "Oxford Group." I suppose you have read of their work in the U.S. and Canada when the delegation came over from England last year. If they come to Cincinnati or to Cleveland when you are there attend them. You will find them interesting and helpful.

I hope you are sending Marjorie messages every week or two thru K.D.K.A. and letters will be going thru to Labrador by the time you receive this, so do write her a nice long letter as you did us a few weeks ago. She must be so lonely after that fine year at home with Geraldine. A letter from Geraldine this week told us how terribly lonely she was after Marjorie left. Dear girls! They did enjoy that year together so much judging by the letters from both. Geraldine wrote that there would be an opening for her in North West River next year according to Marjorie's letter, and that she was thinking rather favorably of it. Don't say any thing about this tho; perhaps it was confidential until she makes a definite decision.

I want to tell you, dear Gould, how very, very much we did appreciate that fine long letter telling us all about the arrival of dear little Willard and of the precious little sister's mystification over the whole situation. Poor dear little girlie! She was too young to comprehend the situation which robbed her of her loving mother's presence and companionship and left her to the care of almost strangers. She was fortunate to have so sympathetic tender and understanding a father to help her to adjust herself to the new situation. Such early evidence of deep affection and the strong bond of family ties, is gratifying and reassuring. May they be ever fostered and cherished.

Virginia wrote recently and we did appreciate her letter so much telling us all about the babies, father's business, the new home and the family life generally. She did not remember whether we had received latest pictures of the little folks or not. We certainly have not and we are most eager to see a likeness of his Highness, and an up-to-date one of her Majesty.

Has father written you that we had the hardest winter here that we have ever known in Foochow? It seems to have been so the world over by letters we have had, etc. I wonder if it was unusually cold in Labrador where Marjorie is. I hope she did not suffer from it. Out here, trees which have always remained green all winter and never drop their foliage in the fall, were turned all brown and dead looking on top, and some varieties of bamboo were entirely browned by repeated frosts. Some more nearly tropical trees and plants were entirely killed. Ice formed on father's chicken water-cups so thick I could not break it with my fingers. Some of our poinsettias were killed but it is easy to replace them; just cut off a stalk and stick it in the ground eight or ten inches and it grows. We had beautiful ones this year and lots of them all over the place. Some of mine grew nearly twenty feet high. Roses are in full bloom now, except ramblers which came a week or two later. There is a fascinating little bird here whose brief, oft-repeated little song says so plainly "Don't pick those cherries" and he rolls the double "r" in cherries so prettily. Every time I go out to pick my red roses, he sits on a tree nearby and sings it to me over and over. Sometimes he adds "Don't pick those cherries, Joe." Wouldn't you like to hear my little bird friend sing his little song Hazel? I'm sure you could understand the words for he says it so plainly, - in English, too, even tho he is a Chinese bird! I wonder if you and Willard have a nice place to play out of doors in your new Cincinnati home. I am afraid father doesn't have any place for his flower garden but perhaps he is having some flower boxes outside the windows. There are in bloom now in our compound, roses, pansies, calendula, pinks, cineraria, snap-dragon, nasturtions [*nasturtiums*?], marguerites, callas, white locust trees, stocks, camphor trees, begonia, marigolds, geraniums; and in other compounds in Foochow sweet peas, petunias, flox; azaleas, etc. Johnsonian lilies will be along in about ten days, Easter lilies, in about three weeks, and I am expecting (?) my two kinds of night-blooming cereus (cactus) one from Honolulu, and one raised in Foochow to blossom for the first time in June, $2\frac{1}{2}$ years old. I had this year three beautiful trees of double flowering peach, one white, one pink and one red, just covered with bloom. This spring I have just planted more roses, two deep red hibiscus trees, blossoms all the time nearly, and two trees of myrtle, lavender-pink flower in falls, like wisteria. Wisteria is now in bloom here. I have also planted four ginger plants the flower is very lovely. I am having my first success, (2nd try) with glads this year; they will bloom the last of June. I

must stop the flower topic or I shall make Gould envious! Just one more, - I have about twenty pink hydrangeas planted some in pots the rest in the ground.

Sunday April 22 Father went to Nan Seu yesterday right after breakfast and will return tomorrow about 11 o'clock. I am knee deep in monthly examination papers and note-book correcting. That is the hard part of teaching for me on account of my eyes. Four o'clock tomorrow must find me at work on these.

Rather a notable event has taken place in our mission this last Monday. Miss Hartwell, our oldest missionary reached her 75th birthday and her 50th yr. of missionary service. I thought our mission should not let that numeral event in missionary circles pass by without some celebration of it. So I got busy and got a committee at work and we had a party of 100 guests from the four missions and the business community. A tea in one house in our compound with a 3 story birthday cake, 3 tables of refreshments and four to "pour", and a profusion of flowers, 75 candles in two circles; program at another house (where we used to live, Marjorie and Kathleen), (tea in Rachel Hodous' house), 7 speakers, violin solo by a Chinese, and bass solo, gift of \$50 from our own mission presented in new one dollar bills, pinned to a long strip of adding-machine paper and bro't. in in a long strip over the shoulders of the children of the Mission led by the smallest one carrying a large bouquet of sweet peas. The presentation was by Mr. Christian and Father was chairman. O yes, we had a photograph taken which you will have the opportunity to see soon. It came out exceptionally well of nearly every one, and nearly all the missionaries in Foochow were present; so it is a photo which we shall prize being taken so near to the time where we shall leave the field and this particular group of people permanently, the majority of whom we shall never meet again in this life. It was an outstanding occasion and was greatly appreciated by Miss Hartwell.



This is probably the photo that Ellen refers to. In the book The Gospel of Gentility by Jane Hunter, there is a clear photo of Emily Hartwell and Martha Wiley on page 67. I believe the two ladies in the bottom row sitting in the middle are Emily Hartwell (on the left) and Martha Wiley (on the right). Willard and Ellen are at the bottom, far left, front row. *Hunter, Jane. The Gospel of Gentility. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1984.*

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

May 20th Dear Me! how even the months!! slip by and I don't get this letter off on its way to you.

It is Sunday again and I am alone again. Father went to Teng Chio yesterday to conduct services today there and will return some time tomorrow. He took with him, 2 1/2 doz. pint glass jars to bring home strained honey in. This year's big and best crop of honey is just gathered from the blossoms of the pumelo, gang orange, Gek orange, lie cie, nong dang and leng geng trees and we are buying our year's supply while it is fresh. These flowers make the best honey. The Chinese about here are doing a good deal of that business these last three years and by strictly modern methods too. The honey is taken out of the comb by a centrifugal machine and is clean and sanitary if rightly operated. Last year we bro't the machine right to our house to separate it. This time Father hopes to be able to oversee the process done there

[Letter either not signed or finished by Ellen.]

[This letter, dated **April 22, 1934**, was written from Cincinnati, Ohio by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Virginia's mother and brother were visiting them recently and they showed them around Cincinnati. Gould is waiting for a 1st pilots position with his company. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

2204 Madison Rd.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
April 22, 1934.

Dear Father and Mother;

Father's letter came yesterday before Mother Space left for Connecticut. She has been here for the last ten days on a little visit. Great Grandfather VanNamee died a month ago at their home in Seymour and she came here for a rest and a change and to see her two grand children.

We had something to show her too. Both the kiddies are in good health and spirits and she decided that we were doing a good job with them. We drove her around the city and showed her parts we had never seen ourselves. She was of an opinion that Cincinnati has more pretty residential suburbs and more pretty and large homes for its population than any other city we have seen.

Bob Space came down from Ann Arbor for his Easter vacation to be with mother. We did'nt have enough activity for him at first until we introduced him to a young lady. He managed to get in plenty of entertainment after that.

Virginia and Mother had a grand time talking and shopping together. I kept the kids at home and let them go shopping on afternoons that I got in from Chicago. I gave Ginny the respite she needed from constantly being with her children. Ginny and I also managed to go once to the picture together which is the first time we have been together to a show since last November= 6 months.

I am enclosing the long waited for pictures. The one of Willard I took in a 1 min time while he was asleep on the divan. The group pictures of Martha, Ginny, Hazel and Willard were taken at the base of the campanile at Marie Mount, a suburb east of Cincinnati. Hazel and Bob are flying a kite on the bank of Ault park which is on the top of a hill overlooking the airport. The group in front of the auto is also taken there.

Now for the family- Master Willard is a little husky fellow. At four months and 1 week he weighed 15 1/2 # and was 25" long. He eats like a healthy calf= 7 oz milk every 4 hours from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and is starting on a couple of spoonfuls of cereal in the morning after his bath. He is the happiest little duffer I ever saw. It is very seldom that I cannot get a smile out of him and he even stops crying for his meal and grins me a laugh if I take him up and bounce him a little. He spends hours on his tummy with head up in the air and raised up his arms trying to look over the side of his basket crib. He likes to be on his stomach better than his back. He is awake a full hour every morning before we hear from him and he always looks up with the fullest smile when we come to him. I will get a picture of that smile before long. He really laughs and has laughed for at least two months.

Mother, I suppose you would think we are rushing him out of his babyhood too fast. We got a little knitted suit for him. Dark navy blue trousers, white sweater and navy blue baret or French cap. He looks just like a little sailor man in it. He has'nt worn any of his little dresses that were given to him and he will probably outgrow them before he can use them at all. They will be passed on to Dot or Kathleen or Lillian. Lillian is expecting a baby in about 6 months now.

Ginny I think has fallen in love with her young son. Mother Space admitted he was so cute and good a baby as she had ever seen. He likes company and keeps them interested by smiling and laughing for them.

Hazel is growing faster here than she did in Memphis. Just lately her appetite has come back to a visable degree and I think I see a gain in stature a little more rapid than before. She is getting her spirits back too. It took her the full ten days to get accustomed to Mother Space and she was still a little shy yesterday when she said good bye

on the train. Hazel has a little streak of independence which comes out every now and then and it takes all the ingenuity we both have to handle it. Her vocabulary is increasing daily and she is very fond of picture books which have a little story about the picture which can be read to her. We hav'nt a good place for her to play around outdoors near this apartment and it is difficult to give her all the outdoors she needs. If I get a 1st pilots job soon I will move into a house where she can have a yard to play in.

Its time to get ready for the run to Chicago so I will finish this tomorrow.

April 26, 1934.

This letter just side tracked longer than I had intended. Things are just getting nice and green here. The trees are in blossom and the daffodils and tulips are in their full glory. Cincinnati is beautifully blessed with landscaping and with pretty residential districts and it is a pleasure to drive around thru the city and see the architecture and landscaping of the various homes.

Ginny is feeling very well these days. In fact she is having difficulty in keeping the scales from telling on her avoirdupois. I gave her \$10.00 for her birthday. Mother added two and Bob one more and another from somewhere so she had \$14 to spend for a spring outfit. She got material for a dress and a pair of white shoes and a slip and two pr of stockings and some other miscellaneous items of clothing all out of that fourteen dollars and I think she still has a dollar or two left.

My salary now is \$225.00 a month. With insurance and paying for land I bought on L.I. and installments on dentists bills and doctors bills for delivery of Willard we go thru each check completely with only a dollar or two to spare when the next one comes. I am glad I own everything we have outright and not on part payment installment plan. We pay \$50.00 a month for a furnished apartment with gas, light, heat and hot water all furnished in the rent. This is about the best I could do here in Cincinnati and live in a good section of the city and with the comforts we have been used to having.

Kathleen and Hugh are both busy in Saginaw and I think they are very much happier than before. Hugh has given up his funny idea about not wanting to take a factory job and is in the Chevrolet auto plant in Saginaw. We have had only one letter from the Saginawites since the first of the year. Gerry also is too busy to write much so we have not much news about the others.

I am waiting patiently for a 1st pilots position. It is a case of wait until the opening comes. The lines would expand and the position would be there if the administration would only get over their blunder and give us back the Air Mail.

We think of you every day and ask Gods blessing for you both. All the family sends love and kisses.
Lovingly, Gould.

[This letter, dated May 8, 1934, was written from Cincinnati, Ohio by Gould to Uncle Elbert. Elbert is headed to the U.S. West Coast to leave for Foochow to visit Willard and Ellen. Gould would like to also, but work keeps him busy. He talks about the airlines bidding for delivery of airmail. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

2204 Madison Rd.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
May 8, 1934.

Dear Uncle Elbert:

We were awfully disappointed that you could not get down to see us on your way out, and I can assure you that your sister will be also when you get to Foochow because they would like first hand information about one little chap they have never seen. I have the fever to go out there too before Mother and Father leave Foochow but I don't see any possible chance rite now.

This air mail situation may upset all my plans. The American Airways has been badly under bid by several little jerk-water outfits who have scraped together a little cash and enough second hand planes to cover the requirements of the Post office bids. Last year we lost \$200,000 in operations with mail contracts that averaged 38 cents per mile. Evidently the board of directors does not intend to run in the hole just for the privilege of carrying the mail and they figured that 39 ½ cents per mile would allow them to break even on operating the line, so they bid that price on all their runs. So far we have only three of our former eight runs. We have a chance to get about four more with the remains of the runs to be bid on.

The only way the low bidders who took our runs can possibly break even is to cut pilots salaries, eliminate two way radio and have only Dept of Commerce weather running apparatus which eliminates all company radio

operations, and pose the ground personnel to a skeleton crew. The equipment will be old, slow and in poor condition and will not carry half as many passengers as our modern planes.

This situation will exist until the operators who bid low go into bankruptcy or turn their contracts back to the government then they will have to rehash the whole mess. In the mean time I expect to either be put on one of our fun runs (if my seniority is high enough to keep me on), or to choose between flying for the new operators at an appreciable cut or to go to the farm and get in the hay. I probably will know by this end of the month what my fate is. I am not worrying – it has gotten beyond the worrying point long ago. “Gen” Farley has made good Republicans of the Aviation crowd.

Myron, Stewart and Milicent drove down the other evening (Sat.) I have to go out on the run to Chicago that evening so had only an hour with them after they arrived. We hope to see Aunt Emma some time while she is in Oberlin.

I don't suppose you have two extra trunks with you for curios and trinkets. No you are traveling single, it's the ladies that need the extra trunks for carrying all their purchases.

Chicago, May 9, 1934.

I didn't get this finished last night at Cincinnati so I brought it along to finish and mail here. While you are on Kuliang I hope Father takes you to Kushan Monastery, Moon Temple, Kushan Top, Tipping Rock, Ox Head Fort, down in the Bernie where I used to go swimming and all the other places I used to know. You have a good camera with you and plenty of films in tropical cases.

Get in with all the chief engineers of all the boats and ask to see the engine room each time. It is the most interesting part of any ship.

Virginia wanted me to give you her very best wishes for a grand voyage. I could thrill myself at the thought of hearing the last long three blasts when the ship drops the pilot- meaning- Good-bye, Good Luck, God Bless You.

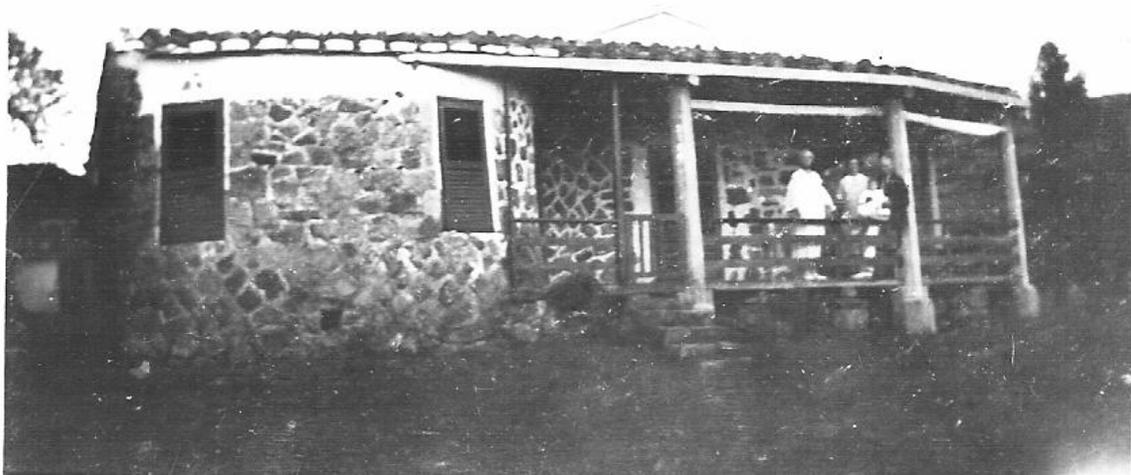
You are carrying all the good wishes and love of all the folks to Father and Mother so tuck Willard Frederick's, Hazel's, Virginia's and mine in your kit for them.

We wish you a most happy and successful voyage with plenty of smooth seas and just enough rough weather to make it interesting.

With all our love,

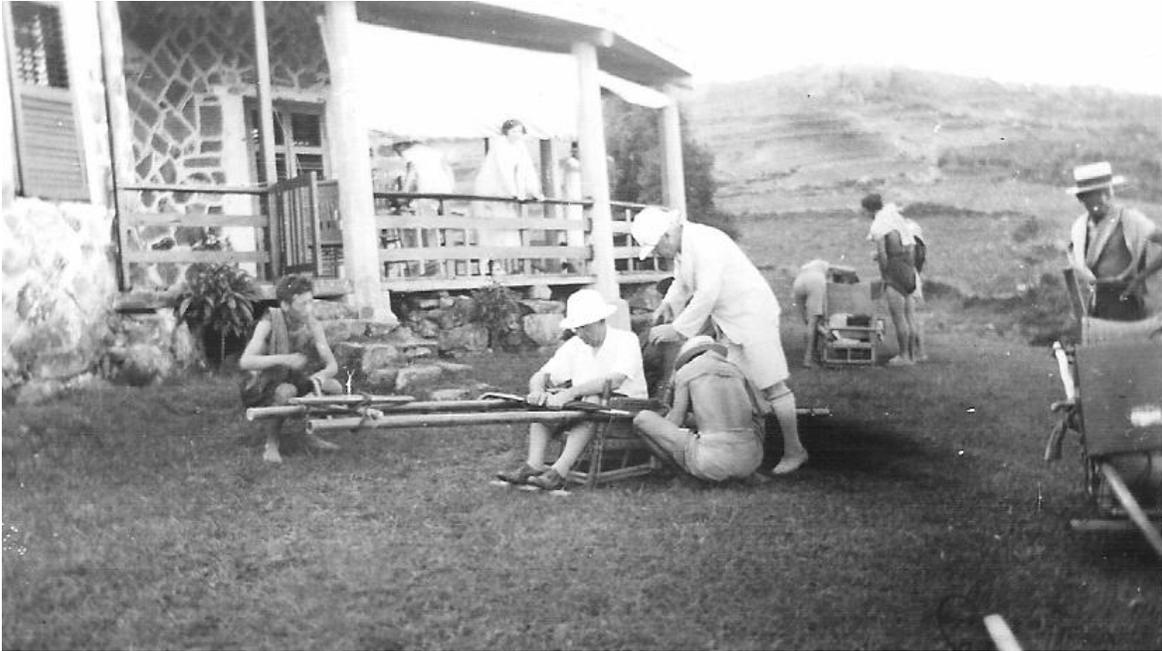
Gould and family.

[Evidently Elbert traveled via the Pacific Ocean to China and came back via the Atlantic. The ship's list for the S. S. Manhattan shows Elbert traveling from Southampton, England to New York from September 27, 1934 to October 4, 1934.]



Written on back: “Mother- Betty Cushman Thelin, Mark Cushman Thelin and I. Uncle E.C.K. took it.” Uncle E.C.K. is Elbert C. Kinney, Ellen's brother. He visited Foochow, China in 1934.

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



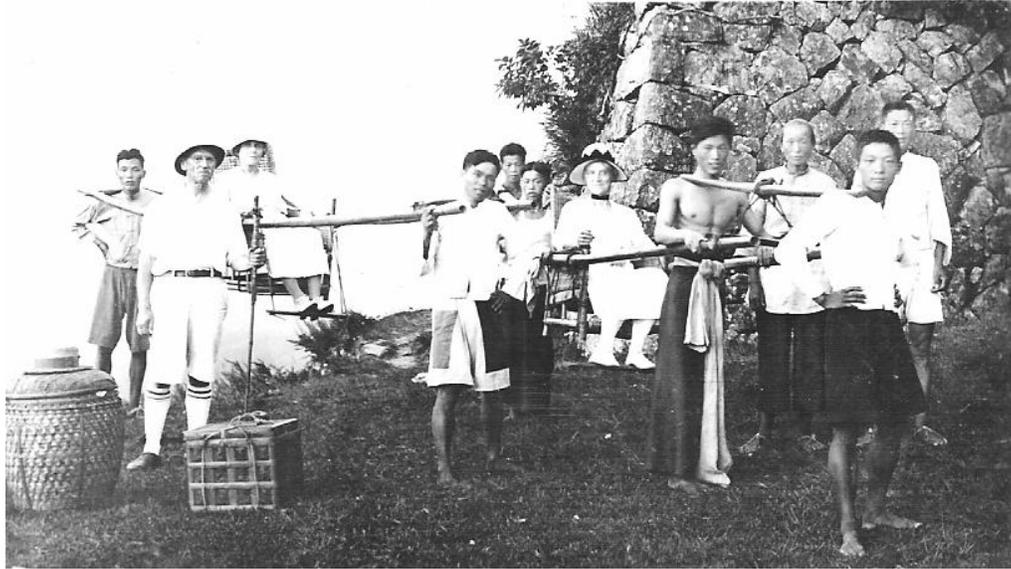
This was taken at the Kuliang cottage. It appears that the chairs are being prepared for a trip. Uncle Elbert may have taken the photo or is in the photo.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



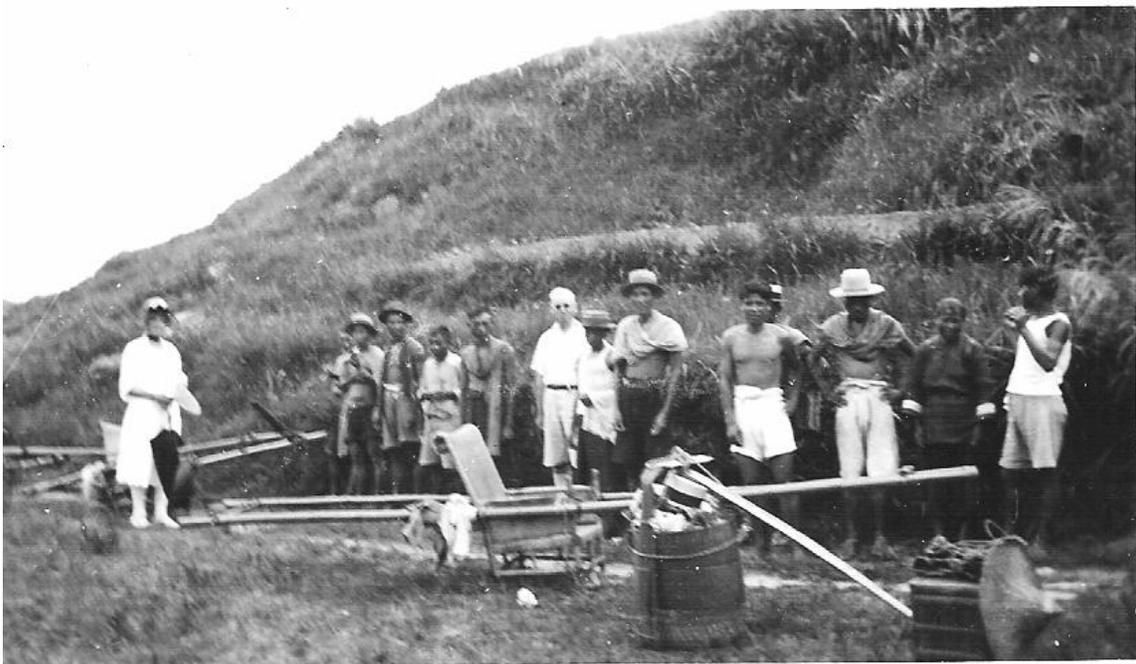
Ellen sitting in a chair and holding a black umbrella at the Kuliang cottage. Probably 1934.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Ellen is in the chair to the right and Willard is the man standing to the left and holding the walking stick.
[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel, and also, John and Nancy Butte.]

Ellen riding in the front chair holding her umbrella. Probably 1934.
[Photos from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]



Ellen to the far left and Willard in the middle wearing all white.

[This letter dated **July 20, 1934** was written from Jacksonville, FL to Monnie from Kathleen. It talks about the new old Chrysler that Hugh bought and fitted for camping. Kathleen meets Hugh's parents for the first time. She tells of the trip and move to Florida. At the end of the letter she tells Monnie of some special news. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Jacksonville Fla.
July 20, 1934

Dearest Monnie:

It shames me terribly to think how awfully I have neglected writing you. I'm very very sorry and will try hard to be better after this. Just now we are travelling and it is hard to find opportunity for writing more than a postal but a day of respite gets my latent pen to work.

I don't believe I even wrote you that Hugh and I stayed with Dot all spring and were both working. Hugh was doing horrid labor in the Chevrolet foundry and I was doing teaching at the YW night school. For a while we were making good money but my work stopped the first of June and Hugh wanted to meet his folks in New York so he resigned at the end of June. It was fun being with Dot and I was sorry to leave.

Hugh bought an old Chrysler, much better than the one we had before, and we fitted it all up for camping even to making a comfortable bed inside the car and cooking inside the engine hood. We started out across Canada following the Blue Water route that we took that summer after Dot's wedding, only we went clear up to Montreal this time and down thru New York state past Silver Bay. It was a grand trip and wonderfully cool all the way. We stopped in Nyack to see Winnie, my Logan chum, then to Uncle Stanley's where we spent the night. He and Aunt Myra had just returned from Europe and Aunt Mary was still there. [*The ship's list for the President Roosevelt shows Stanley and Myra Beard arriving in NY on June 23, 1934 from Southampton, England.*] Later at the farm we saw all his moving pictures taken over there. We met Hugh's Mother and Father on June 28 as they docked on the Bremen. It was a thrilling sight to watch the big boat come in and it was my first introduction to my parents-in-law. Mother is ever so sweet and Father is quite the executive type but rather liberal in some of his thinking. Gerry put us all up on Long Island for two nights after which Father went up to Dalton Mass. to preach and Mother came with us up to the farm for the weekend. We had a lovely visit and saw nearly everybody except Edith Louise. Danny and Beverly Ann are two cute children. Aunt Flora is better than I had expected but is failing rather fast I guess. I hope for Aunt Phebe's sake that she doesn't last much longer for it tolls on Aunt Phebe's looks and actions. She certainly deserves something very good after all these years of service to her family and I hope she gets it.

Tuesday we met Father in New York and drove to his home in South Jersey stopping in Atlantic city at his cousin's for supper. Atlantic city is dying a slow death, for the tourist business, or guest business, has diminished to almost nothing compared to what it was, they say. In Fairton N.J. we spent two of the hottest days I ever remember and Father had packing to do in the attic of all places. We were glad to move on West to Warren Ohio where Enid and family, and Pearl were staying. It was decided there that all of us should go South with Father and Mother to settle in Florida. It has been Father's idea for some time to settle on the south coast when he retired and have a place where he could be almost self subsisting by producing all his own food. Since Hugh and Rollin didn't have good jobs he asked them to join him and help with the work of making a homestead. So here we are in Florida and we may stay here the rest of our lives.

In Warren Father bought a new Chevrolet and a luggage trailer to trail behind our car. We got a tent and cots and camp stove so we could save money camping on the way. There are nine of us counting the children and it makes quite a crowd to set up for and feed. One night we camped in a cow pasture just outside Lebanon Va. and bathed in the brook. The next morning I walked into town and chatted with Mary Ann Burns while they were breaking camp. Remember Mary Ann? She is as dear as ever and I met her mother and brother too. They were so nice to me.

We drove straight down thru Ohio, crossing at Marrietta, thru West Virginia over terrible roads but beautiful scenery. Then thru the western part of Virginia and a wee bit of Tennessee both of which were thrillingly mountainous and wild. North Carolina was gorgeous too but South Carolina was poor and uninteresting. Georgia was even worse and it makes one wonder why people even try to live in that part of the state. It was almost a desert where we went, only a few scrub pines along the road and a dirty cottage here and there inhabited mainly by Negroes. Our one night in Georgia is long to be remembered. We saw a place with a swimming pool which greatly appealed to all of us so we asked to camp. We were given the privilege without that hospitality which we had noted in other places but we stayed. We enjoyed a good swim and supper and prepared camp, but we couldn't sleep. Mosquitoes kept buzzing around, gnats got in our eyes, the heat was almost unbearable, and to add to that a little dance hall near by started up a victrola played "You Nasty Man" about twenty times in a row. Have you heard that crowning glory of jazy absurdity? As if that weren't enough we discovered that we had camped in the pig pen for a dozen little pigs came grunting around our food supply and made a frightful stink. Rollin swears he didn't sleep half

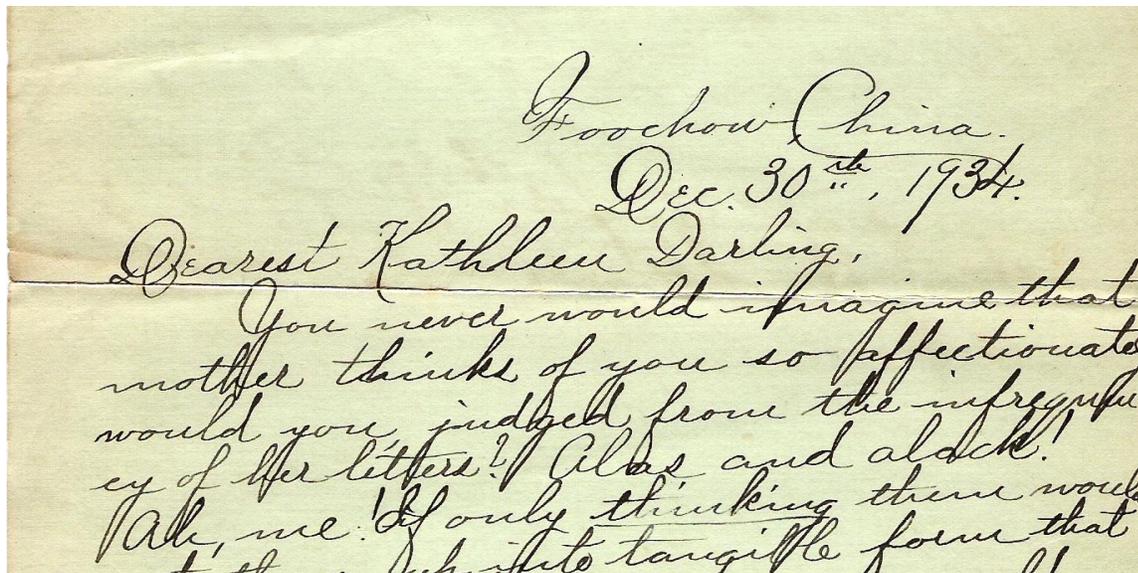
an hour that night and both the children look as if they had measles with their bites, poor things. We got out of there in a hurry and made tracks for Florida. Last night we found this lovely tourist camp with showers, kitchenette et al and we women are staying here while the men find a cottage or house for us to live in while they comb the coast for a desirable place to buy. It really is great fun coming to a new country to settle and from all reports it is a land of Paradise. I hope we shall find it so but just now it is rather warm during the day. I hope we soon get near the sea where it is cooler.

You ought to see Molly [McNutt] now. She is a perfect little doll toddling around on her dainty little legs. She has more hair now and it is very light. Her big blue eyes show off better than ever and she jabbars a mile a minute saying absolutely nothing. Her little body is so cutely formed and proportioned. You just can't help but love her.

And now I'll tell you a deep, dark, secret if you will promise not to tell a soul. Promise? Yes, I'm going to have a baby about between yours and Dot's birthdays next Feb. Isn't that too thrilling? I'm so happy I could fly. Not a soul of my family knows but Dot because it started before we left Saginaw. I want to surprise all the rest of the relatives but I was afraid I couldn't get word to you at the time so I'm telling you now. Don't you dare even hint about it in your letters for I'm sure they suspect nothing. I may write Mother and Father because they do like to know beforehand. I was examined in Warren and everything is O.K. A little nausea has troubled me but not much. I can hardly wait. Remember "mum" is the word. Love Kathie

I'll write you our address as soon as we are settled. Send my mail to Dot until then.

P.S. I saw your good long letter at the farm. Your cold story helped to alleviate the heat we were enduring.



[This letter dated Dec. 10, 1934 was written from Foochow, China by Ellen to Kathleen. Ellen talks of Kathleen's wedding day. Letter in Jill Jackson's collection.]

Foochow, China
Dec. 10th, 1934

Dearest Kathleen Darling,

You never would imagine that mother thinks of you so affectionately would you, judged from the infrequency of her letters? Alas and alack! Ah, me! If only thinking them would set them up into tangible form that could be sent to you, you would get many of them. Well, mother does think of you letter-wise very often and very affectionately. If I could only have taken you in my arms on your wedding day and hugged mother's love and sympathy and Godspeed into your troubled heart, and smoothed out the roughness caused by your trying experiences, and have made it the happiest day of your life! Dear Dorothy was a good sister to you and took mother's place so well! (Did she not?) Geraldine was kind and helpful when she was assured her baby sister knew

her own mind and had thought it all through and was not to be moved. (Was she not?) And Gould has relaxed his over-cautious, sagacious, wisely-critical, older-brother attitude and respect his "little sister's" confidence in herself and the courage of her convictions even if she has to "go it alone"; and all are feeling the warming, sympathetic cherishing spirit and the drawing together influence of the family bond, (which may be stretched but cannot be broken,)

[*letter is unfinished*]



About 1934

Photo magnified with key on following page



Willard includes a typewritten "Key to photo"

W.L. Beard – Right front standing

Mother – Squatting near him.

Mrs. Betty Cushman Thelin – Standing back of E.L.K.B.

Dr. Dyer – Behind Betty – head only visible

Mrs. Scott – with back to Dr. Dyer

Miss Graves – Next to Mrs. Scott, a space between

Mr. Culver – White hair, black belt

Mr. Scott – Tall man near left of picture

Mrs. Culver – Extreme right

Helen Smith – Lowest front left in grass

Helen and mother – are frying bacon and eggs others you do not know

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]