

# 1938

- Hitler invades Austria
- War of the Worlds by Orson Welles is broadcast over the radio
- Willard and Ellen are in the U.S.
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Florida
- Marjorie is living in the U.S. – probably the farm
- Dorothy and Harold are living in Saginaw, Michigan
- Geraldine is living in New England
- Gould and Virginia are living in La Grange, Illinois
- Willard is 73, Ellen- 70, Gould- 42, Geraldine- 40, Dorothy- 37, Marjorie- 32, Kathleen- 30.

*[This letter dated Jan. 26, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Ellen is in Florida for a lengthy stay. Kathleen has had baby Cynthia and Ellen realizes how much work babies are, since she had the help of amahs in China. Geraldine did not make it to Florida for Christmas but sent a box of presents. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

R.D. 1 Clearwater  
Jan. 26 [1938]

Dear Jerry:

You are probably thinking that I am shamefully slow about writing and the truth is that I am thinking so too. There just doesn't seem to be any time for writing in this business of bringing up babies and I just can't account for the twenty-four hours of each day. Mother said the other day that she had never before realized how much work a baby was, and I think she surely was fortunate to have amahs when her children were young. Cynthia is almost a modle baby and demands very little beside a full tummy, but her feelings do come around with such surprising frequency that we get nothing done between times. And then my pep isn't up to par yet and I can't accomplish as much as when I feel normal. It does seem to take ages to get into the swing again after a baby comes and its no use to try to force it, as I found out with Jill. Mother lets me lie abed until ten some mornings and the added rest does help so much, but it makes the days seem that much shorter.

You have probably forgotten all about Christmas by this time and are engrossed in midyear exams, or are those out of style by now? Your big box came while I was in the hospital and Hugh and Jill opened it! So cards and wrappings got wildly scattered and I am still very much confused about what is from whom and to whom. As I rounded things up later your apt little verses did help a lot to piece information together but if I credit you with the wrong things or leave out some you will know why. Hugh liked his candy as well as anything and had it nearly devoured before I got home. The shoe trees, wash clothes and bowl covers will come in for their share of use, and we think the latter particularly nice. Mother and I were looking at them in the stores in November but came away without any so I'm glad to have them now. Jill's little apron and bib are big hits with her and she loves her blanket. It is a beauty and she needed it on cold nights. Now I won't have to scratch around to find something to put over her. I learned just recently that you got that tip from Mother. I have been wondering how it was that so many of our gifts fitted our real needs so well. Thank you loads for all of it- and have I got it straight?

It is Jan 28. now and I can't seem to make much headway on this letter. We are having another cold spell after having real mild weather for several weeks, and it chills us through. Mother spent a day at the state fair in Tampa yesterday, going over with Hugh, and said she nearly froze. I guess she enjoyed it though and is going again on Monday which is Gaspirilla day, named for the pirate who used to sail the Spanish Main and once took Tampa. They put on a mock storming of the town in very colorful style I've heard and I hope to see it someday. Mother has also been to Tarpon Springs on their festival day and to our county fair in Largo. Perhaps the St. Petersburg festival will be on when you girls are here so you can see it. I am wondering if Gould and Ginny's plan to come East during Hazel's spring vacation will change your minds about coming down here again. If so please say so now. We don't want to have a sudden disappointment just before you are supposed to come. Mother and I have been through your visit several times in imagination and I hope we can do all that we plan to do, or would you rather rest?

We have just got the first pictures of Cynthia so you will get the first peek at them. Here are two of the bed though they show mostly blanket. The one with Mother holding her was taken at three weeks. The other at five weeks. She just barely fits into Hill's doll bed which Dot send last birthday and we let Jill roll her around in it once in awhile. It makes a very nice portable crib for her to lie in if she is fussy during meals. Jill is crazy to touch and hug her and runs to her every time she cries. I think there is a little jealousy too, which comes out when I am preoccupied with feeding or changing her. Jill wants me to play with her all the time too. In fact she is right now at my elbow whining for me to come and play- and baby is yelling with all stops open to be fed long before feeding time- and so it goes. Be glad that your charges can take care of themselves between classes.

Thanks for Gidge's letter. I got one from her a few days later. I guess they are doing pretty well now with their show and we want them to bring it down here next winter. I think it would be very popular with the tourists. *[Gidge married a Russian man named Peter who had a marionette show according to Jill Elmer Jackson.]* I'll enclose her letter if I can find it- the one you wanted back.

I had better stop if you ever get this, and at my present rate of writing letters you may not get another for months. "Time does forget" as Mother says.

Much love from us all and much thanks too for the Christmas presents.- Kathie

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*[This letter dated Feb. 18, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen and Kathleen have sent citrus fruit to Geraldine and Dorothy. Ellen tells Geraldine what clothing to bring to wear in FL when she comes to visit. She also tells about the different train schedules. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Clearwater, Fla.  
Feb. 18", 1938.

Dearest Geraldine,

Night before last after supper, Hugh and I drove down to Coachman's Packing House, where Hugh used to work, and bought some oranges and packing boxes, metal strapping, etc. and bro't them home. Yesterday Kathleen packed two boxes (she knows the art of doing it as it is done in the packing house) nailed and strapped them and last night Hugh took them down to the express office at the R.R. Station at Safety Harbor, where they were entrained, destinationed (my coinage) respectively to Marot Junior College, Thompson, Conn. and to Saginaw, Mich. The one that will be delivered to you is intended for your birthday gift, six months ahead of time, or as a valentine a week late, just as suits you best. It is from the whole family with congratulations and love which will cover either or both.

You would better look them over every two or three days, as soft spots of decay or mould sometimes develop in packed fruit.

There are three Temple oranges in the box which you will find easily as they are wrapped separately in paper. These are considered the best oranges grown. They are skinned and eaten like Tangerines not reamed or dipped with a spoon. You'll notice their appearance is a little different from the Pineapple oranges in the box. They're a little deeper orange color, more wrinkled skin, glossier, and slightly pumped at the stem end. I take a sharp knife, just cut off the inner edge of each section, pull down the white skin toward the thicker outer edge of the section and bite off from the skin of the outer side of the section the pure pulp without getting any of that skin in your mouth; or you can lift it off with the knife. I think this is so much more satisfactory a way to eat them than chewing them, skin and all that I am describing it in detail. And I think the neatest way to eat the other oranges is to ream the juice out, then you do not spatter your clothing and everything else in reach, dipping with a spoon. Get a large size reamer with a deep trough around the spur next time you are in Putnam, at the 5 and 10. Kathleen likes the little Comquats, or Kumquats, that we tucked in here and there. I don't know whether you will like them fresh or not. If you don't, take them down to Emma's and make them into preserve, perhaps adding a little orange and grape fruit pulp. Kathleen eats them fresh, skin and all, - except the seeds. Choose the ripest looking ones to try first or they will be sour.

You asked what clothing to bring when you come a month hence. I am letting Kathleen dictate the answer to this, as she knows the climate better than I. She says, "The weather is unpredictable. But you will need mostly summer things. You should have one warm outfit, but that will be necessary anyway up there for you to start out in, at the season of the year. She says to bring mostly short dresses as that is what they wear much down here. Not much dressy. Something suitable for church wear. A street costume would be suitable for that. K. says Hugh wants to take you to a night club. If you want to go perhaps you would want to bring something suitable for such a place but not necessarily a strictly evening dress. K. says they wear "anything and everything." In general she thinks it will be warm when you get to Florida; I don't know what kind of weather you will start out in. I think you may find a light weight sweater handy even if it is warm weather.

As to R.R. lines there are two lines. The Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line (not an airplane line). Both come to Clearwater but you should not come to that station. K. says come either to Tampa or to Safety Harbor. And she thinks you'll have to take the Seaboard Air Line (= R.R. Line) to reach Tampa or Safety Harbor as the Atlantic Coastline does not come to Safety Harbor and she thinks not to Tampa. You see Hugh is in Tampa all day, -from 7:45 a.m. to 5:30 or 6 p.m. and he could meet you there and bring you home in his car. It is easy to meet you at Safety Harbor from their home as it is only a half mile away.

But I will get all the information about lines and trains that you need and send it to you in good time. I was just waiting to get the very latest schedule and fares, near to the time you want to come as there are changes, and as it will be late in the season, there might possible be excursion rates as an inducement to the public to travel, when touring to Florida begins to drop off, and most of the traffic is in the other direction, but also dropping off.

We shall be glad to have Aunt Emma come with you and she need not worry about room. I'll write her to that effect, at once.

Don't worry about your invitation to the Beard aunts. I think it will come out all right. If they come it will be quite possible to manage it only I thought with K. that it would be a little pleasanter if it was a sister's party this time.

With much love,  
Mother.

P.S. Do you think you are improved decidedly by your nose treatments? And is your Dr. going to finish his job on you – sometime?!!! I am glad you are having some treatments by Dr. Pease- ostopathic.

Mother.

Baby is prospering and is a joy. All family well.

I hope you will not give away all these oranges to your teacher and student friends but will keep some considerable portion for yourself. You are in such an intimate and public position that it will be difficult, with your generosity, to keep such for yourself. The Temple Oranges are a cross between oranges and Tangerines.

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*[This partial letter dated **about Feb. 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Ellen probably to Geraldine. Ellen tells about the cotton balls and Spanish moss that she sent to Geraldine. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[About Feb 1938]

I did finally get your box of souvenirs from the cotton fields and Florida off to you day before yesterday and it will probably get there before this does. You may be so near thru this term of school that you will have no chance to show them to your students in class but they'll keep till next semester opens. Have you forgotten all I wrote describing the picking and baling and ginning of cotton? You may have to reread my letter. Or did I write it to Marjorie? I intended it to be passed between you two,- too long to write twice. I sent her the same as to you= souvenirs, yesterday.

In the box are 2 cotton balls just as they grow, and as I picked them in the field; a tiny bale of cotton, exactly like the commercial bales that weigh almost 500 lbs.; a few cotton seeds just as they come out of the gin; a small jar of orange blossom honey which I bought in northern Florida on the way down; be careful when you lift out the moss, as the glass jar is wrapped in the moss; a bunch of Spanish Moss or Florida Moss as it is sometimes called, such as hangs thickly from many, many trees all thru this section of Florida. I picked this from a live-oak tree in Kathleen's back yard. You may like to hang it in your room for a time over a corner of a picture or mirror. They say it will grow anywhere it can get moisture and food from natural air. I don't know that it would grow in a steam heated house or out of doors in N.E. winter zero weather. Also in a tiny package wrapped in white tissue paper is a tiny plant of the moss first started from the spore or seed, to show how it starts growing on the limbs and trunks of trees on the bark.

The cotton pickers pick the cotton out of the calyx of the flower leaving the whole calyx on the plant. I picked the whole on the stem so you could see how it grows. The sepals are now dry and brittle and may be much broken on arrival.

On your way down, or back, you will probably see the negroes in the cotton fields planting the cotton seed or cultivation the young plants for this years crop. Gins will be closed I think.

The orange blossom honey is for you, not your students, as indeed are all the other things, primarily.





Willard and Ellen in cotton fields while on 1937 trip through the south.  
[Photos from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]

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[This letter dated **April 7, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He expects Geraldine, Aunt Emma and Ellen to be coming back from Florida soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Shelton, CT]  
April 7<sup>th</sup> 1938

Dear Geraldine:-

Cards come to us from Florida that tell us you were all coming home- each one by herself. We think of you as back at work and Aunt Emma still in Florida. I hope your rest will last so you will get back into the harness with zest and pleasure.

This morning we woke to find about 4" of white stuff on the ground. At 4:15 p.m. it is not by any means gone. Yesterday we three went to Bethel to a Fairfield Women's Missionary Meeting. I spoke before two of these meetings a year ago- one in Georgetown- one in N. Guilford. A Miss Scott and a Miss Carter and a Mr. Lin were the speakers,- all good. Miss Scott specially so for Imanda Seminary Natal, Africa- where we sent Nettie Walker from Foochow in 1935 and where Dr. James B. Mclord is a big man as well as a big doctor. Mr. Lin is doing a real rural community job in Sherman, which is in the N.W. part of Fairfield Co. One of his problems is how to keep the Theological Professors of Yale and Union from leading classes out so "see" his work. He is not doing work to put into a show case. His work is being a friend. He deals in intelligent Sympathy and he is getting results.

My car is to be freed from prison April 15. I plan to take some rabbits down to Uncle Stanley just after Easter. If I do I will look in on Monnie. I wonder if Mother will be home by that time. I also want to drive up to Putnam soon after Easter just for a how-do-you-do, good-bye and stop in Pautucket to see Mrs. Cushman and Bettie Thelin and Mark and Robert- too much gadding about do you say?

I had the garden plowed Tuesday. Mary and I planned to plant lettuce plants today. Too easy putting them in ground.

Last Sunday evening we hear Rablin Wise in the Forum in United M Church B-port and supper with Uncle Oliver and Aunt Annie.- the week before we heard Sherwood Eddy in the same place.

Lovingly

Father

I enclose a letter from Ginnie. Please send it to Monnie

Father

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*[This letter dated April 12, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He talks about life on the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

April 12-1938

Dear Geraldine:-

Monnie plans to come home next Sat. leaving on the 8:53 or about next and ari'g [arriving] Derby 8:55 a.m. Can you come too? My car will be out of bondage Friday April 15<sup>th</sup>, and I can come after you or take you back. I plan a trip to Putnam soon anyway and plan to stop in Saybrook and Pawtucket either going or coming. I should like to take you either coming or returning.

Uncle Elbert writes of your good looks. Florida sun, rest and travel were good for you. Aunt Emma was completely captivated by something down there. She tells Elbert he must not mention Florida if he does not want her to go.

Spring gains a little each time it struggles. You must have thought the freeze zone was moving south when that snow came. It has been very chilly every day till today it has been balmy and fine.

Yesterday we set out lettuce and planted spinach and peas. The small garden was plowed before the snow came.

Rabbits are increasing fast. Two litters this week- a dozen in each. Of course I do not allow more than seven to live. So now I have four mothers with young- 1 with 6, 1 with 5, 1 with 8 or 9, 1 with 8 or 9. I do not destroy all at once- take them away gradually. Sold one 7 weeks old to a boy for a pet- \$2.00. *[Willard is raising rabbits for serum for pneumonia for Lederle Laboratories where brother, Stanley works.]*

If you want me to come for you drop a postal at once when you receive this.- That is if you can come at all. Tomorrow I speak to the freshmen of State Teacher's College New Haven, 75 in the class. Thursday evening I conduct communion for Mr. Strickland.

Lovingly

Father



Willard and one of his rabbits

*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

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A blurry photo of Ellen with Jill and baby Cynthia.  
[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson.]

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[This letter, dated **about April 1938**, was written from Florida by Kathleen to her mother. Kathleen is writing her mother shortly after Ellen's departure from visiting Florida. Kathleen is adjusting well to Ellen's absence and she thanks her for all her help with her new infant, Cynthia. There was a big brush fire between their house and Hugh's parent's house. They were able to successfully prevent it from reaching the houses. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[About April 1938]  
Monday

Dear Mother:

Letters keep coming for you and are a constant reminder to me that you were here not so long ago, but it seems as though you left months ago. It seems that Aunt Emma wasn't expecting you to get up there so soon for she enclosed this letter to you in with mine. I took the liberty of reading it since it wasn't under separate cover. You have probably seen her 'ere this but you will want to read it anyway.

I have your three postals written en route and am waiting for the one that tells of your arrival. I hope you don't do the way Dot did and wait a week before letting me know that you actually got there. Of course Bridgeport is practically home for you but it isn't the farm and I want to know that you got there. I'm sorry you had so much cloudy weather on the way and that you slept so little. I hope you get a good rest there or in Putnam. You didn't mention Washington. Did you go thru at night or didn't the train stop at all?

My teaspoons from Lux came this morning and they are beauties. If they are real silver plate they are certainly a bargain and the pattern is all they said it would be. Jill's song and Betty Lu paper doll also came last week and supplied play for a whole day. She is really being very good these days and is helping me all she can. Perhaps it is because she feels that I am all hers again now and my attention is undivided. Anyway things have gone very smoothly and if we all keep well I see no reason why they shouldn't continue to.

Yesterday Jill asked to go to church. I had not been planning to go since I wanted some time for the flowers and corn but she insisted and I knew I shouldn't refuse so I dressed us both up and Hugh stayed with baby

while we went. There were about thirty there, few of whom I knew. The minister talked some more about his new \$5000 church, which is absurd for its membership, and delivered a fair sermon on the fourth day after Easter. Hugh trimmed his Mother's double hibiscus and brought seven cuttings over here which we planted and hope will grow. They make more things for me to water every day so I'm praying for rain. Today there is not a sign of it- clear, breezy cool and a grand drying day for my washing. I did a big one this morning starting early, and had it all out by noon. Baby was a perfect angel and required only one feeding during it and nothing else. I marvel at her goodness. She gets a wee bit fussy around supper time but Hugh is usually here to hold her until I can get something ready to fill the little tummy. I have moved her and all her things into your room now so you may think of her occupying your big bed all by herself. I thought it would be more quiet there and we wouldn't disturb her going in and out the side door. Besides I have none of my things in there so have no occasion to go in while she is asleep. Mrs. Codville gave her a pair of soft white doe skin booties trimmed with blue. They look adorable on her but she can't wear them many months.

The Codvilles are back down here now, having sold her farm up North and also their house down here. They plan to build a new house now on their lot in Dunedin. Rollin said they cleared about \$1000 on their house in Clearwater. Sally was quite ill yesterday- had a cough and fever Enid said. Father and Mother Elmer want me to drive them to St. Petersburg this week. Don't know how I'll manage but guess baby will go with me anyway, and Jill too if the children over there aren't all well.

Thank you again so very much for all the help and company you were to me last winter. I shall remember it a long time with a lot of pleasure. It was awfully hard to let you go but I'm fast getting used to being alone again. A heartfelt of love to you and Father – Kathleen

Tuesday

P.S. – For I must tell you about last night's excitement. Hugh came home early for a wonder and suggested that we go to the beach before supper. The Lowells have invited us to come to their cottage out there and use it as a dressing room for swimming so we decided to accept. We took suits but found it too cool for a swim so just visited for half an hour. They told us (the younger couple is there now) that they got \$100 a month for that tiny cottage all winter!!! and those around them were getting \$125 and \$150. Imagine! Well, baby got fussy and sleepy so we came home and on approaching the house saw a great smoke rising to the north of it. In the afternoon the woods across the road from the Elmer's place had burned but the North-East wind had swept it way to the West of us and we thought it beyond danger. It seems that a telephone pole or stump had continued burning and had blown sparks across the road, for there was a great blaze up at the corner and the wind was blowing it toward our house and a little to the West. We got right to work immediately and were ever so thankful that Mr. Woodell had disked and burned all around our house. But you know how dry everything was around here and with the stiff breeze that was blowing I feared danger from sparks. I put the children in the house and told Jill to roll baby in the carriage to keep her quiet, and she stuck by her guns and did just as I told her all the time I was helping Hugh start a back fire all along the edge of the woods and draw a lot of water to have ready. It was getting dark by this time and the approaching fire made a great light in the sky, and as it reached each clump of trees with moss in them it made a great flare and a flash of sparks high in the air. It was beautiful but a little terrifying so near us. Mr. Woodell came by and said Hugh had done the right thing in lighting up this and Mr. Hyde came over to see. Father Elmer came over and went right back to start a back fire across the dirt road from his place. Imagine if you can the entire woods between ours and their house ablaze with the reddest fire I ever saw. It was a gorgeous sight for a full half hour or more. Hugh stayed out to watch it until the two fires met and died down somewhat, while I fed baby and got some supper together. It was eight o'clock when we sat down and, nine when I got thru putting both children to bed. By nine thirty when we turned in we could see only embers glowing on the ground here and there and smoke rising from the charred area. This morning it is black everywhere to the North of us and all the trees are badly seared. It is too bad but I'm glad it didn't come while I was alone or away – and I got my wish to have all the grass cleared away along the walk from here to the other house so I won't be afraid of snakes when I wheel baby over there. I rather expected to see some snakes around here this morning driven by the fire but have seen none yet. It is another glorious bright, cool, breezy day today. We are having the best weather of the year right now. Yesterday Hugh brought over some huge tomatoes from his Father's garden, but they say there won't be many unless we get rain soon.

The girls may be interested in reading this note so you may send it around if you like.

Love again

Kathleen

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[This letter, dated **after April 17, 1938**, was written from Putnam, Connecticut by Emma Kinney to her sister, Ellen. Emma thanks Ellen for sending her toiletry articles that she left behind while visiting Kathleen in Florida. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

[After April 17, 1938 and  
before May 1, 1938]

Dear Ellen,

Just as I was finishing Kathleen's the parcel postman left the box containing my toilet articles which you so kindly sent.

Everything came in perfect order. But how could it be otherwise with such wonderful packing? When I saw how much care and time you had put into the packing, I was very much ashamed of my carelessness in forgetting it.

I was very much pleased to get a card with the Jacaranda tree. I intended to get a card after seeing the tree in St. Petersburg but did not have a chance to do so. Please accept my hearty thanks.

Since I hav'nt stamps enough at hand to send the postage now I will bear in mind that I owe you 26 cents for postage.

We have had three very impressive services during the Easter season. On Palm Sunday evening 49 voices from all the Protestant Churches of the city rendered the cantata "The Seven Last Words". The church was filled as we hav'nt seen for years.

On Fast Day the four churches had a three hour service (12-3 o'clock) in the Episcopal church. Ministers from the surrounding churches took part including the new pastor at Woostock Hill and the new pastor at Danielson. Mr. Gaylord whom we met at Harry Bachs about a year ago yesterday left Danielson last Fall for a parish in Maine.

We had a fine service Easter morning at which 15 people joined the church and 4 babies were baptized.

Elbert records 330 as the number of people present. We ought to have two thirds of that number every Sunday. I thought of you rising about 3 o'clock Easter morning and driving to Lake Wales to hear the chimes from the Bok Tower. I hope you were able to go.

Bright and early about 9 o'clock, last Monday morning Harry appeared with 10 gallons of maple syrup which Will had ordered. He reported that he had a long season of syrup making. He thought the season was over about the last of March, but a snow storm early in Apr. started the sap again and he taped the trees again and make more syrup. Harry also reported that Eleanor, Mary's daughter is to be married May 21, at Mt. Ochetuch. She is marrying an electrical engineer and they will be located at Nyack, N.Y. His people live on Cape Cod. The cousins are to be invited so you better head for Conn. by May 1 to get your wedding garments ready. Don't be alarmed, it is to be a small, simple wedding but you will be invited without doubt. Time for the mail man so I'll have to close.

Much love

Emma

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[This letter dated **April 19, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Gerry (Geraldine). He delivered rabbits to Stanley's laboratory. Ellen should be back from Florida on April 29<sup>th</sup>. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

April 19<sup>th</sup> 1938

Dear Gerry:-

Monnie and I had a pleasant ride home Sunday afternoon. As we drove into the garage we noticed a light in front of the Hudson. The fog light has been on -perhaps all day. The rest of us had decided to stay at home and go to bed. Aunt Mary was going up to the church for the Easter Cantata. She went out and after several minutes I noticed she had not left the garage. The fog light had used so much of the battery's energy it would not start the car. I tried to have her take my car, but she decided to stay at home so we were all in bed by 8:30. At 4:30 I was up and at 5:30 I had loaded the rabbits, the bicycle and some trees for Uncle Stanley. And at 6:00 a.m. we were on the way. As Monnie walked in the school the girls were just coming down to breakfast.

Aunt Mary and I caught the 9:00 o'clock ferry and at 10:30 we were at Aunt Myra's with the rabbits safely ensconced at the Lab'y. I had a good long nap while Aunt Mary and Aunt Myra shopped for eatables for lunch. At 1:00 we left for home- drove over 10 to 15 miles of the new Merritt Highway,- coming out at S. Norwalk- not so good- 4 or 5 miles of rough earth roadbed,- stopped at Uncle Oliver's and Aunt Annie's 10 min. and reached home

at 5. Aunt Mary had to go to Shelton in the evening for a "dress rehearsal" of The Old Peabody Pew. It rained some yesterday but was pleasant travelling. Today is very fine.

Mother had planned to reach Shelton April 29. In my letter I mentioned my plan to go to Putnam and she wrote that she could hurry to come home, go to Putnam with me and get back by the 28<sup>th</sup>- when Aunt Phebe leaves for the South. I have written her to follow her original plan and get here Apr 29, and we will go to Putnam after Aunt Phebe gets home.

I hope you feel much better and that the spring sunshine and balmy atmosphere with lots of rest will help you.  
Lovingly Father

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*[This letter dated April 27, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Geraldine visited Kathleen and Kathleen offers to have her back for a length of time to help with her health. Ellen has left Florida after staying there for six months. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Wednesday  
April 27, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Forgive me for being such a rotter as not to answer that good boat letter and your other one. But it seems as if almost every letter I write nowadays must be prefaced by apologies for tardiness- and I think you know how it is.

I hope you really did get a little benefit from your vacation, though Aunt Emma writes that you have been ill again. I'm terribly sorry. I'm afraid we let you do too much work and going while you were here, for you have that enviable ability to appear quite well when you are really feeling rotten, and we thoughtless people let you go right on wearing yourself out. For your own good you ought to be more like me and show it all over when you have any little ache or pain. Now if you don't pick up a whole lot during the summer I want you to take a year off and come down here with me (if you think you can stand me that long.) Seriously, I mean it, for with your kind of trouble I am sure the climate here would be relaxing and you could get the fresh air and sunshine that you need. Of course I'm issuing this invitation with little financial backing but I'm sure that I'll still be here and that I'll have a roof to cover you with. You might have to do a little humble tilling of the soil for nourishment but that might go in on the health program. Do consider it, and feel assured the door is always open.

If you have seen Pearl [*cousin Pearle Tayler*] recently you probably know that I asked her to come down when you wrote me her state of health. I fear my invitation was a little late for her needs tho, and for the season too. But she said she might come next winter and I hope she does.

You have probably also seen Mother since she got up North. It was hard to see her go after having her for six whole months and has been lonely around here without her, but I am just about readjusted to being alone again and everything is going smoothly. Jill takes a nap almost every day now and that gives me a chance for a rest. Cynthia is as good as ever and as full of smiles. Jill made real progress in her speech while you were here. Her double consonants are very clear now and she sometimes says f correctly too. School- stocking-spring are some of the words she has improved upon- and all by her own effort. I am stiffening up on the discipline, and since I have had her alone she is much better. Only once or twice during the week have I had to punish her for disobedience and I think she understands what I am after.

Have you seen some of the pictures taken down here? Monnie has most of the negatives but one film is going around from my camera for your orders and mother has another taken since you all left. There is a darling one of Jill holding Cynthia. I'm sorry we didn't get more pictures of the whole crowd while you were here but, my goodness, whatever became of the twelve days you were here anyway?

Your red pajamas are getting a good deal of wear now and I doubt if you will ever see them intact again. They are so cool for hot days and are just what I need. Thanks so much for leaving them and the shorts too.

We had a little excitement here the other evening when the woods caught fire down by the corner. You know how dry everything is now. The whole space between us and Father Elmer was ablaze as darkness fell, and made a dazzling sight. I feared for the home but the open lot between us and the fire saved us and now there is a blackened stretch to the North of us.

I would like to hear just how you are but don't take time to write if it taxes your strength for other work. Mother will probably give me the news. Lots of love from all of us- Kathie

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*[This typewritten letter dated **April 29, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard and Gould to members of the family. Willard shares Gould's story of how his daughter, Hazel, was hit by a bus and her resulting injuries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Marjorie, Kathleen and Hugh, Stanley, Myra, Phebe and Nancy:-

Gould's letter has just come and to facilitate matters I am making copies for you of the main facts in it.

The opening of the letter is so like Gould that I copy it.

"The trees have burst into green verdure and the fruit tree blossoms have blasted wide open in full glory these last three days. It has been like summer. The June bugs are early and fat and have come in hoards and the lake shore residents have been almost driven off the streets in the evening. All the country is exuding the joys of Spring, but our little girl lies badly broken up in a hospital bed.

It happened only yesterday afternoon, yet it seems like a week ago. Hazel [7 years old] was coming home from school, and was crossing Ogden Ave., which is the main thoroughfare thru the town. The policeman who is at the crossing during the hours when the children are around school was busy for the moment talking to an out-of-town car and Hazel didn't see him around. She finally decided on a gap in the cars to cross the street, but the bus that hit her was coming faster than she judged. The little tots just haven't learned to judge the speed of oncoming cars. She was dragged about 55 ft. but the bus did not run over her.

The police took her immediately to Dr. McDugal's office which is very near our home. Virginia was in one of the shops of the lower floor or in the next block at the very time, but did not know about it until I got home just as she got home. Hazel was conscious and told them who she was and where she lived. They called the house and the maid kept her head and called our family doctor and told her to go to Dr. McDugal's office. She got there at once and went to the Berwin hospital in the ambulance with Dr. McDugal and Hazel.

The Police Department called the field (Airport) and Operations sent a man over to me at the flight surgeon's office where I was getting ready for my semi-annual physical exam. I left at once, went to McDugal's office and there was directed home arrived just as Virginia was being told about it.

Dorothy Littlewood was having a big tea party of 70 some ladies that afternoon. The school principal called her when Virginia couldn't be located. Three of our friends left the party in their cars and came over to the house to be there when Virginia arrived and take her to the hospital. I forgot to say that Mrs. Jacobs one of the wives of our company called with her little son at Dr. McDugal's office while Hazel was being examined and recognized Hazel's voice thru the door and on being told that it was an emergency case she walked in and was there and followed the ambulance to the hospital and stayed there till we came. Hazel knew her and she and Dr. Schwartz, our family doctor were the only ones she knew who were with her.

Mrs. Francis who was waiting at our house led us in her car directly to the hospital as we had no idea where it was. Hazel was on the X-ray table when we arrived. She was not crying, but doing a lot of directing and scolding. She lay very still and white, while the last pictures were being taken. The first were just developed and Dr. McDugal took me in to see them. No ribs broken and the spine apparently O.K. But the right arm snapped clean about 2 inches from the socket and the ball out of joint. The right hip joint out of place and the top of the ball joint broken off and down behind the bone. The collarbone snapped. That is only the broken parts of the bones. Her urethra apparently was pulled clear of its outer attachments and completely severed so that the doctors could not find it. Something seemed to have gouged or punched her so severely that the clitoris and all the flesh about her uterus was gone. The doctors were unable to completely stop the hemerage last nite but this morning they operated and found the connection to the bladder and spliced it together and stopped the flow of blood. Immediately after the operation I gave her 400 cc's of blood. They were going to give only 200 in two doses but she had lost so much that they gave the whole dose in one transfusion. She had more color to her lips afterward, and in the afternoon she developed a slight fever 103 degrees which is normal after a transfusion because the new blood does not mix or fit exactly for a few hours. Tonite the temp' was back almost to normal.

This afternoon Dr. McDugal put a brace on Hazel's arm to pull the bones end to end.

There are so many blood vessels near the sharp edges that he doesn't need to force the bones in an operation but will draw them into place by slow constant tension.

Virginia is standing up very bravely. The friends have been wonderful. It has created a wave of motion to put an underpass at that crossing since there are three schools in two blocks.

The maid has two note book pages of names of friends who have called to ask about Hazel while we were out at the hospital. Dotty Littlewood has established an information bureau on the case.

Thursday Morning:- Last nite when we left the hospital we were all very pleased with Hazel's appearance.

We send love to all and deeply appreciate your love and sympathy.

Signed

Lovingly  
Gould

Dear Jerry:-

Mother and I took Aunt Phebe to Pearl River to go to White Sulphur Springs, WV with Uncle Stanley, Aunt Myra and Nancy. The will be gone a week(?) according to the business.

We saw Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert Wed. at New London.

Drop us a card- we want just a word from you.

It looks as if we would get up about the last next week May 6 or 7 if Aunt Phebe gets back.

Rest and do not worry- I know- easier written than done but I know also what it is to have cause to worry- and by leaning heavily on God to stop worrying. If we can do anything to help before we come - -call us

Very lovingly Father.

Will you cut this off and send the letter from Gould to Aunt E. and Uncle E.

Father

We are very thankful that news of Hazel is so good- It is still a serious case.

Father

The last telegram says the operation on the hip was to be performed to day, April 29<sup>th</sup>. Hazel is doing well. If no complications set in she is on the way to recovery.

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*[This letter, dated **May 2, 1938**, was written from Alliance, Ohio by Etta Kinney Hume to Ellen and Willard. Her grandchildren have had scarlet fever. She will be traveling to Alaska with Emma and Elbert. Millicent will be visiting Fulton this summer (I think he is in Hawaii and this may be where she meets up with Dick Arimizu – a fellow Oberlin graduate of hers and Fulton's. She marries Dick eventually.) Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[May 2, 1938]  
2048 So. Seneca St.  
Alliance Ohio

Dear Ellen and Willard:-

I was home three weeks, and because I saw much Spring work to do, and was supposed to rest every afternoon, to keep my blood pressure down, a letter did not get to you.

Millicent and Donnie came for me Sat. with Donald's car. Bobbie has the fever, and Donald and Donnie are boarding out (as did Millicent when Donnie was ill) because Bobbie cannot be confined to one room, he is so lively. Donnie must go to school too. Millicent is helping Donnie with his school work as he has lost a month, and several weeks before while he had the mumps.

We drove to Milan to church this morning, to hear Myron preach. Hurried back and had a hasty dinner, and started for Alliance at 1.30 so Donnie could see his Mitchell grand parents before they left for Pittsburgh. They had been to Youngstown to see their daughter Margaret, and arrived in Alliance after Donnie left. He wanted his grand daddy to see him ride his new wheel which he had as a "balm" for being confined a month in one room. I do not know what Bobbie will get- he doesn't stay in one room.

A letter from Emma which I rec'd just before leaving (Willis has a P.O. Box) said Hazel Ellen had been injured. We are surely sorry to hear it. What a long seize it will be for both little girl and parents.

The apron from you came a day or two ago. I hav'nt seen one like it. Shall use it when I work at the James Brand House. Am sure others will enjoy seeing the unique pattern. Thanks very much.

We did enjoy the oranges you sent for our birthdays. They arrived on the 31<sup>st</sup>, Donald's birthday, and lasted thru mine. I asked Elbert to let you know they arrived, as I did not want to send a letter to a home where there were children, from a scarlet fever home.

Those that came later to Oberlin from Emma and Elbert were equally fine, and came in good condition. We took some of them to Myron and Lucybelle today. It was an exceptional treat to have two crates of oranges in one season. Many thanks to you all, I wrote to Kathleen before I left home.

You have had a very happy winter with Kathleen and family- and a new baby- and the reunion at Easter and an escape from the New England winter; tho you did not escape all the "Jack Frosting" weather as Myron used to call it.

Fulton wrote of seeing snow on the Mts. on Xmas day. That is more than we saw in Oberlin, which was a green Christmas.

Millicent is planning to visit Fulton this summer. She may drive across the country with a lady going about the time she plans to go. I am quite thrilled about going West with Emma and Elbert. Imagine me in Alaska! Impossible!

I am glad now that Elbert did not take Emma last year. Perhaps he had more in the back of his head than we realized then.

The treatments I am having will fix me up for my trip. Dr. is giving them in two installments. I consulted a Dr. in Oberlin to see if I could not have it finished there. I would need to go to the Hospital for four or five days, which would be much more expensive. Here the Dr. treats with electric needle in his well equipped office. Guess Helen did not realize the time it would need when she wrote "I am coming after you. You can rest better here and our Dr. is especially fine for case like yours." Will be here ten days. Regards to all - Etta

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*[This postcard dated **early May 1938**, was written by Monnie to her parents and Aunt Mary. She missed seeing them because of a field trip with her fifth graders. She just found out about Hazel's accident. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

[Early May 1938]

To Father, Mother and Aunt Mary

I'm sorry that I had to miss you. But I promised to take my Fifth grade to the Stamford Industries Exhibit this afternoon. Your card came this morning, Father. I was horrified to read about Hazel's accident. What more will happen to the poor child! Do keep me posted on news of her.

I'm sorry to miss seeing Mother.

Love to you all,

Monnie

Spending the weekend with the Butts weekend after next.

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*[This letter dated **May 8, 1938** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). He feels that life for Geraldine is going well at the moment and that she is healthy. Willard and Ellen plan to visit various friends. The barns at the farm are being painted. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Sunday afternoon  
May 8<sup>th</sup> 1938

Dear Jerry:-

Three things have come to me within a few days or weeks that have given me pleasure and hope. 1. You made the remark the last time you were here that every time you went to New York it seemed to pull you down- or something to that effect. 2. Uncle Elbert wrote that he had taken you to Worcester and the doctor there had said after examining you that you had no constitutional troubles. 3. Monnie wrote that you had written her in reply to her invitation to come home for Sunday, that you were not going to leave Thompson again this term. You are all set for enjoying life. Under normal conditions I would urge you to jump into the chevy and come along to Oberlin with Mother, Monnie and me, but I guess you'll get farther along on the road to normalcy if you stay quietly some place, - come home and pick the few strawberries that we have if they ripen by that time.

Mother and I have been looking forward to find the best time to go to Putnam- that means at least a call in Pawtucket to see Betty Cushman Thelin, her two boys, Mark and Robert, and her mother, and a call in Saybrook to see Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Reking[?] Woodin.

It may be we will take a meal with Betty and perhaps overnite with the Woodins. Mrs. Woodin asked us to spend the nite with them when we saw her at New London recently.

Last evening Mother and I went to New Haven to listen to the Junior Orchestra- some 70 pieces – with a harpist, a violinist and a chorus of older persons. We enjoyed it immensely.

This is Wed. evening, - -

Farm work has been and is pressing. We are painting the barns. Today I have just done nothing but the chores and this a.m. I took Mother to Derby for the trolley to go to New Haven, then drove to Wh. Hills to meet Oliver and a Real Estate agent to talk over and look at land for sale. We have just sold 125 acres for \$16000.00- no money down but he gives a mortgage. He has 50 head of cows and calves 3 horses- a silo- and much farm machinery. He milks with electricity, has already put in a pump and has running water at the barn from a drilled well. We have also just sold 2.7 acres to a young married couple who are building. We gave a mortgage here also. Aunt Annie lends the money.

I am leaving the plans for going to Putnam to Mother and Monnie. I'll go when and how they decide.

Apple blossoms are nearly gone. Lilacs are in full bloom. I did not add about that from Wh. Hills I came back to Shelton, got a hair cut and met Mother at the bus in E. Derby, drive home- ate a hurried lunch, drove her to the dress makers in Shelton, then to Howard and Barbers. Then home to find Mr. and Mrs. Fred Donaldson and Freddie here. They took supper and left to drive to Princeton ?? about 7:30- 132 miles. They all looked fine and Freddie impressed us all as being a fine gentlemanly young man, 19 years old- with one yr. in Oberlin and this year working for money to go on in Oberlin.

Monday Aunt Phebe got home at 1 p.m. At 4:30 we all drove down to Greenfield Hill to see the Dogwoods- almost miles of them- white and pink. Uncle Oliver said there were 14000 cars drive thru Greenfield Hill Sunday to see the Dogwoods.

Rabbits are 44, Lovingly Father

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*[This letter, dated May 1938, was written from LaGrange, Ill, by Gould to Willard and Ellen. They thank Willard and Ellen for their prayers for Hazel who was hit by a bus. He tells a little of what they have been through. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

75 N. Park Rd.  
La Grange, Ill.  
[May 1938]

Dear Father and Mother:

Your wire came and we appreciate deeply your prayers and feelings. It has been a trying ordeal for Ginny and me but we do not consider that, when compared to what little Hazel has had to go thru with and will have to endure for months to come.

Yesterday morning Dr. MacDougal set the hip joint and today he is setting the arm permanently. We asked him to call in a specialist on bones to make sure the job was done as well as possible. We feel that we have had the best medical aid available and probably as good as any in the country.

Hazel has been a very brave little girl. She talks to the Drs. and nurses and tells them everything they want to know about her feelings and painful parts and helps them in every way.

Hazel is now in a plaster cast from her ribs to her heels complete except for the necessary opening at the crotch. Her legs are spread about 20 degrees and a broom stick is cast in the plaster across about at the knees so the nurses can lift her to put the bed pan under.

This morning the Dr. set the arm and the Xray shows a perfect set. She is a bit uncomfortable all confined that way and it is getting on her nerves a bit so we will have to find means of diversion for her to keep her mind occupied.

Ginny found her holding the shears in the trussed up left hand and cutting the paper as she rotated it with the left. She managed to do a fairly decent job of cutting out paper dolls. It is hard to know what to get her to do for she can do so little with her left hand free and flat on her back so that she cannot work puzzles that have to lie on a horizontal table.

I have spent all afternoon going around to witnesses of the accident getting written statements. There were only a very few adults. Most of the witnesses were children at the crossing. I am laying plans to get all expenses paid by the Chicago and West ?? B.R. Co. who operate the bus that hit Hazel. I am advised that the case should not be closed for at least two years when it can better be determined what the costs will be. No attorney has been decided upon as yet as it is not necessary to decide that immediately. I have a professional investigator getting in contact with all the outlying witnesses and getting all the statements in order.

We have asked Dotty to take Sonny for a few weeks till we can get squared away on a new mode of living between home and hospital. He will probably go to Detroit Monday or Tuesday and be met there by Dot and Harold. Now he will get his "trip" that he missed out on at Xmas.

Sonny has been a very good boy during it all. Sometimes he feels a little left out when we go down to the hospital most of the day and leave him with the maid, but all told he has helped out wonderfully just as he did when sister had pneumonia.

Luckily I have not had to leave town. I may have to get a trip in to Ft. Worth soon.

Hazel says to give Grandpa and Grandma all her love and Aunt Phebe and Aunt Mary all her love and to keep the bunnies nicely.

All the friends have been so very nice and sympathetic. People have called up whom we have never met. Little school mates have brought their mother's around to enquire about Hazel. Her room is overflowing with flowers. I hope they remember two months from now when the sudden shock and fever of excitement has worn off and it is hard to keep Hazel interested and doing something to occupy her time.

Give our love to all the relatives. Pray for little Hazel that we may be able to bring her home all whole and uncrippled so she may walk her way thru life as freely as she ever would before.

Lovingly-  
Gould.

*[The following was written by Ellen:]*

Mrs. Space please send to Marjorie Beard, Low-Hernwood School, Stamford, Conn.

Mrs. Space please use enclosed stamp for forwarding.

Marjorie please send to Geraldine; and Geraldine to Emma and Elbert then to Kathleen.

Thank you- E.L.K.B.

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*[This letter dated **May 20, 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Cynthia cut her first tooth. Kathleen expresses concern for her niece, Hazel. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Friday May 20, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Just a note with these snaps. I am sending two from this file that was taken after you left, which Mother has. You have probably seen them all and if you want prints of the other picture just designate which ones and I'll send them.

I suppose you are seeing Mother and Father today as they wrote they were to be in Putnam now. They are taking quite a swing around the state this week aren't they? I wonder if you are going to that wedding of Mother's cousin tomorrow.

Cynthia cut her first tooth today and I wasn't the first to discover it. Mother Elmer was up here and was holding her when she felt it and I was so surprised. She hasn't been eating very well for the last few days and that is

probably the reason, but she hasn't been fussy. She weighs 16+ pounds now and can sit up alone for about a minute or more. She can travel too, on a bed, so she'll soon have to be put into Jill's bed.

We have had several helpings of our own corn and it is delicious, tho rather stunted and under-developed. If it would only rain I think we would get a good crop of corn. We are getting lots of tomatoes from Father's garden and their lima beans are good this year.

Poor Hazel- such a siege of misfortune. It will set her back so in development, if it doesn't injure her permanently too. I feel so sorry for Gould and Ginny with all the worry and expense it is causing them. It makes me fear all the more for my own little ones and poor Jill thinks that I keep her too much at home. But how can I encourage independence at such terrible risk? I think I'd rather have her molly-coddle than marred for life.

When does your school close. I'm looking forward to it for then I may get a letter from you once in a while. But I can wait so don't take any of your over-full time now. Jill hasn't forgotten your visit and often speaks of you all. She remembers surprisingly well what each of you gave her.

All of us send our love - Kathie

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*[This letter dated **June 17, 1938** was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Hugh is working at the packing house again. Kathleen tells about how Hugh's sister, Pearl, is doing since her insulin treatments (for schizophrenia). Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

June 17, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Your letter was like an oasis in the desert. The silence from my family was beginning to be deafening and I was wondering if the mail man would ever bring anything but bills. You sound so happy about your new job- and how fortunate it came when it did. I hope you can find something equally interesting to follow it. I want to know more about Monnie's job too. Is it a private school, and what will she teach? You all seem to be landing such grand work, but I guess you say "it's about time" don't you? I only hope we can have something to make merry about soon but Hugh's still working at the packing house and has had no opportunity to look around. They bought another crop of fruit which kept them running three weeks longer but I think this is really the last week.

Why didn't Stewart write us that he would be in Jacksonville? We just might have been able to drive over and see him for a little while. I thought Uncle E. was going around by Panama. Did he change his mind and is Aunt Emma alone? Do you know Gould's new address? I have never known their Chicago address so haven't written at all, but they wouldn't miss my letters so I guess it doesn't matter.

Mangos are coming in now and we have had a few. I'll send you some when we see some nice ones but I can't promise that they will arrive in perfect shape. Let me know if you suddenly change your address so I won't send them wrong.

Pearl is really much better and it is such a relief to the whole family. They treated her with insulin injection, and that is pretty drastic in large enough doses to produce the necessary shock. I guess it is sort of a "kill or cure" treatment but it has produced such remarkable results in Europe that progressive doctors here are beginning to use it, tho it is not approved by a good many eminent specialists. Pearl herself says that her mind is much clearer than it has been in five or six years and she certainly acts much more normal. She helps with the housework now and takes quite an interest in things. She still rests a good bit and doesn't go out much but, then there isn't anywhere to go easily.

I'm feeling none too ambitious. But much better than at first. I don't think the first months are usually the worst but they were bad this time because of my flu and excessive nausea. That is about over now. This week I had my teeth fixed up and the dentist found them in bad shape. A couple more babies and I'll be ready for my third set. Perish the thought!!

Jill has a puppy now and she loves it when it isn't nibbling her toes or her sun suit. It is pretty hard on her clothes but we keep it outside so it doesn't bother much. It is a tan and white pointer-setter-female. We named her Trixie.

Yesterday was the coachman picnic- a regular southern fish fry. I always wanted to attend one- and this quite satisfied all my anticipation. They fried 200 lbs. of mullet in deep fat over an open fire- and was it good. We also had salad and all the trimmings.

I do so hope you girls can all come down sometime this summer. Now that the summer rains have begun the heat isn't so bad and it would be such fun to show you Florida. I want you to see Jill too before she gets any older. I know she would have the time of her life with you because her old mama is no good to play with any more. Do write again and here's stocks of love from us all- Kathie

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[*This postcard, dated **June 25, 1938**, was written from Fresno, California by Emma Kinney to her sister, Ellen. They saw Etta's daughter, Millicent, off on a ship to Honolulu. They are now on their way to Yosemite. Postcard from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

Fresno June 25, 1938

Dear Ellen,

We are waiting here at Fresno after an all night ride by train, for the bus to take us to Yosemite. Last night at 5 o'clock Millicent left with flying colors for Honolulu. Since she was taking the boat 2500 miles from her home and friends, she was most fortunate to have four relatives (Etta, Gould, Elbert and I) and five friends to see her off. M. was most happy with the anticipation of the trip. Gould remarked that "she looked like a million dollars". E. said the boat was a very large boat. We think of you starting for Putnam. We hope you find conditions sufficient for your comfort. This is the wedding day in Berkeley. Much love

Emma

P.S. Received Wills postal at Los Angeles. Having fine time. EJK.

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According to the bulletin of The Congregational Church, Putnam, Connecticut, Sunday, June 26, 1938, Dr. Willard L. Beard preached the sermon for the 11:00 A.M. service.

"We are also glad that Dr. Beard could come on this day. He is always well received by his old-time friends, and always makes some new ones. May he inspire us all to do our work better and with God's benediction resting on it as on the work of Dr. Beard. God bless you all as you part for the summer, to meet here and there and may we all be rested and recreated during these few weeks of the summer."

[*Bulletin from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.*]

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[*This letter dated **July 5, 1938** Chicago, IL by Gould to Jerry (Geraldine). Gould gives Geraldine advice on a Dr. Coltam's treatment to help her health. His daughter, Hazel, is now able to walk since her accident. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.*]

July 5, 1938.

Dear Jerry:

Got to Seattle Wednesday nite and did a day's work Thursday then caught the 9:00 p.m. Northwest Airline plane for Chicago. Arrived today at noon and went into conference. It was very good and got back to the little family and what a reception I got-always get too!

I slept well all the way up to Seattle and slept the rest of the nite at the hotel. I felt fine Thursday except for a little soreness in my throat when Dr. broke the puss sack. Today I feel fine in the head but a little tired from sitting all nite long in the Northwest plane. My throat is draining a lot and probably so because all I could get to eat was meat and potatoes and eggs. If I could have had salads and fruit and vegetable juices the mucus would have been much less. Milk, meat and fish are awful mucus makers as are also eggs in excess.

I just wanted to let you know that the clearest treatment Dr. Coltam gives is not so severe on its after affects as I thought it would be. I believe though you should allow two days to rest of it and take the regular treatments before starting back. Get yourself a sun suit and lie out in the sun a little. Pack[?] out for the sun as it is twice as hot down there as it is in Conn and you will burn in 20 min. the first time. If you are already burned ask Mrs. Coltam where you can get Naturo Day. It takes the acid out of all burns and they heal quickly.

Let Ginny phone when you can come here to begin your work. Give my regards to Ish and her family. Dr. Neal Lewis is near you somewhere.

I asked Mr. H.W. Beals my partner there in the Douglas factory to see that you did not get lonesome. His wife is very pleasant and Ginny and she are real pals. They live in Santa Monica on Montana Ave. and you can call them up by asking information or call him at the Douglas Factory, Santa Monica.

Hazel very proudly showed me how she can walk alone when I got home tonite. She walked once around the room and later at nite the front walk to show the little girls.

Soney [*Sonny*] had a Snow White paint book given him and they proudly showed me some large blotches of color smeared around the several pages which served for coloring the pictures. I am going to get Ginny and Hazel down to Dr. Coltam sometime during the Fall if possible.

Heres hoping fervently that you find Dr. Coltam's treatment all you expected. I fully believe it is showing some benefits to my mental capacity already. Stick with it and learn all you can about it for it is natures process and I believe it will work if given half a chance.

Those three are the best I have read on the subject and are compact and direct. The rest you can read when you get here.

Lovingly your brother  
Gould

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*[This letter dated Aug. 3, 1938 was written from Clearwater, FL by Kathie (Kathleen) to Jerry (Geraldine). Geraldine flew to California for health treatments. Kathleen's family have had colds and other minor health problems. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Aug. 3, 1938

Dear Jerry:

Well I swan!! So you're out in California! Even tho you are having a rough time with your health you do manage to get around. What a thrill to fly across the country! Do write me about every air bump and beacon light. I do hope you get something besides pleasure out of it tho, and come back feeling fit. Will the doctor really have time to do much in two weeks? Your job sounds alright too and I hope you have it "in the bag", you at least won't have papers to grade and classes to bone for and you may see something of Gould's family if they are still there. How long do you suppose the inventoring takes- as long as Sabin?

Thurs. we have been going thru a few minor health troubles ourselves for the last two weeks and tho none of them are serious it is surprising how the little ones pile up to make quite a mountain of trouble. Cynthia has had her first ill health and I did so hope I could get her thru the summer without a sick day. Diarrhea has appeared off and on for a month now and causes her some discomfort. It's a novelty to have her fussy for any length of time. I think it has cleared up and begin to give her full strength milk when it comes on again and it's so discouraging- boil things as I will I can't seem to eliminate it in this hot weather. Just now she seems to be alright but tomorrow it may begin all over again. It hasn't been really bad yet but enough to keep her uncomfortable. Then too, she caught a bad cold from Jill and has been coughing a lot. All the children had colds and all but Chickie [*Rollin*] had fever with them. Jill's has cleared up now. She never holds a cough long thank-goodness. On top of all the children's ailments my breast had to begin acting up again with a hard lump, soreness and inflammation. I tried treating it with heat for three weeks and it just went on getting redder and sorer so I finally went to Dr. yesterday. He said "must open" so I swallowed hard and let him hack away. It was an abscess and he said it was at just the right stage to lance. He "froze" it so it didn't really give me any excruciating pain but I always get weak and teary about a thing like that and feel like a fool afterwards. He is a deft surgeon so that was right in his line and didn't take two minutes when all was ready. It's draining now and doesn't pain at all. Mother had the same thing when Gould was a baby and stood lots more pain than I did, I know.

Well, here I go on about my own petty trifles when you have enough trouble of your own- but that is all the news around here just now. Except that Enid and her family are going North for a two weeks visit starting next week. I hope she gets a little rest for she looks awfully tired. It will be a change anyway.

Thank you again for your part in the fiesta ware cups and saucers that you girls gave me for my birthday. I don't use them much- only for company for I don't want to break any before I get a whole set- but I do enjoy looking at them and feel very proud when I can set them before guests.

Are you seeing anything of the country or just concentrating on treatment this visit? Glad you got a taste of mangos but guess you just missed the second box I sent. Sorry. Love- Kathie

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*[This letter dated Aug. 3, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Monnie (Marjorie) to Jerry (Geraldine). The family at Century farm enjoyed Geraldine's account of flying across the U.S. to California and Willard would like to make the same trip some day. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

A box of mangoes came from Kathie day before yesterday! They would – just after you'd left. But some will keep till you get back. Have some out there if you can buy them.

Century Farm  
Aug. 3, 1938.

Dear Jerry,

Your grand log came this morning, and how we all devoured it. You've been prayed for every meal and every night since you left, and I suppose it was partly relief as much as anything else that made our interest so avid. However, your very welcome telegram had already uncorked our tacit tenseness, which could be seen in the over-casual interest in the weather and in where you might be at a given time, or just what time it was with you etc. I myself am guilty. But it is funny, that we should feel such anxiety over your trip while we let Ginny, Gould and the kiddies go without another thought.

Your log was fascinating, and when Father read it he stopped and looked up while reading the description of the odd sunset and said, "I must take that trip sometime."! He won't be satisfied now till he does. I bet you anything if he goes back to China, he'll fly across the country. Mother won't tho, even tho she was much touched by your description of it all.

I do hope you aren't finding it as hot there as we have it here. All reports say today will exceed last Friday and yesterday which were the hottest so far. It is 90 degrees by our thermometer in the shade. You feel it too. Aunt Mary says the West Coast always is cooled at night by the Pacific breeze. It was so hot last night we slept with nothing over us.

A note from Betty Lorimer McLaren today made us decide on the trip there tomorrow. We are going in the morning, taking a shore dinner on the way, and spending the afternoon with them. Everyone is there, I guess, for she said she couldn't have us overnight because they were full to overflowing. They are to be there until Sat. the 13<sup>th</sup>. I'm so sorry that you aren't here to go, too. We'll take pictures, tho, to show you.

Today is Aunt Phebe's birthday and yesterday was Uncle Ben's. So this evening for supper Uncle Ben's family is coming up. Aunt Mary got some ten cent presents, some jokes and some useful- six for each of the birthday-ites- and she and I did them up. They are surprises to everyone else, too, so it will be fun.

We've asked the Groves's for the 14<sup>th</sup> and the Jewetts for the weekend of the 21<sup>st</sup>- no answer from either yet.

I'm so glad Gould is in Los Angeles. Make him take you around and show you the sights. And have a real good time. Don't rest all the time- I know you won't anyway- you couldn't!! And we're all hoping hard that the doctor is all he's cracked up to be. Lots of love from us all, Monnie

We forwarded some letters. Did you get them?



Written on back of photo: "1938"

Left to right: Phebe, Willard and two unidentified women probably eating watermelon.

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

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*[This letter dated Aug. 3, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry (Geraldine). He is glad that she arrived safely in Los Angeles and hopes that she comes back healthier. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

Aug 3- 1938

Dear Jerry:- Your postals that came yesterday by mail were most welcome, and your telegram telling us that you had arrived at Los Angeles made us feel that our prayers had been answered as we hoped they would be.

Yesterday and today have been very hot 90 degrees + and at 4 p.m. now 86 degrees in the cool place outside the dining room window.

Last evening we all drove up over White Hills and to Monroe, the sun set was grand,- not as grand as yours last Monday nite when the sun set the side of the horizon. Your letter from Fort Worth is much prized by us all. It should be printed. Your descriptions are vivid and clear. You make me want to take the same trip. Mother says if we go to Foochow I may go by air- she - - - -?

Yesterday was Uncle Ben's birthday, today is Aunt Phebe's. Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie are coming down for a birthday supper- double.

You have fulfilled one of my wishes expressed on that little piece of paper in the B-port station, now keep in mind the object of your trip- make that primary and all else secondary. Give yourself= your physical self a chance and come back home- not restored (too soon for that) but reconditioned for a renewal of life.

Lovingly  
Father

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Stamped on back of photo: "September 16, 1938"

L to R: Geraldine Beard, Phebe Maria Beard, Mary Beard, Dorothy Beard Newberg, Harold Newberg, Marjorie Beard, Ellen Kinney Beard, Willard Beard.

*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

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Cynthia and Jacqueline Elmer about 1938

*[Photo from the collection of Jill Elmer Jackson]*



Stamped on back of photo: September 1938

Front row L to R: Geraldine Beard, Abbie Hubbell Beard, Mary Beard, Marjorie Beard, Phebe Maria Beard  
Back row L to R: Unidentified older lady, Dorothy Beard Newberg, Harold Newberg, Willard Beard, Ellen Kinney  
Beard, Bennett Nichols Beard

*[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]*

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In September of 1938, a strong hurricane hit New England killing about 600 people and injuring about 3500. New York, Connecticut and Rhode Island were hit the hardest. Source:  
<http://www.geocities.com/hurricane/hurr1938.htm> ,March 13, 2007

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*[This typewritten letter dated Nov. 30, 1938 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to many family members. He names those who were at their Thanksgiving dinner. He tells of the damage in parts of Connecticut from the hurricane. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

November 30<sup>th</sup>. 1938.

Dear Gould, Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie and Emma and Elbert;-

As I write the landscape is all white except where the woods are. About seven inches of snow lies on the level. About the buildings there are banks- some of them three feet deep. This snow fell last Thursday and Friday. Thursday morning was cloudy and rather cold. Stephen came out Wednesday morning, no in the afternoon. Thursday morning he and I ran out the old truck and I got out my car and towed it until it went on its own. Then we drove

over to the woods and got some white birch wood that he and his roommate had cut. They want it for their fire place. I think we had to start that old plug seven times, some of those seven times took a lot of cranking.

There were eighteen here for Thanksgiving dinner. Here are the names; - with no handles Annie, Oliver, Ben, Abbie, Wells, Edith, Seymour, Winfred, Phebe, Mary, Stanley, Myra, Nancy, Stephen, Ruth, Will, Ellen, Monnie.

Just after dinner we sent Thanksgiving messages to Lagrange (including Geraldine), Saginaw, Safety Harbor, Putnam, Berkeley and Pleasantville. Jerry has since written that she was alone and of course she did not get our message that day. It was good to hear that Gould's family were with Dot and Harold. Too bad the deer escaped. Strange you had less snow in Michigan than we did here in Conn. Uncle Stanley's family except Stephen left about 8:30 a.m. Friday. We put his chains on, even then he said he had to creep along about 20 or 25 miles an hour and got to Pearl River about 2:00 p.m. They took Monnie to Westport where she had agreed to meet Mr. Adams' man. When they pulled up to the curb he met them. Just right. The Aunts had chains put on the car Saturday and they are still on. The mercury went to 12 degrees above Sat. morning. It has been warmer since but not much snow has gone.

The trees that blew down in the hurricane are about 2/3 in the woodpile back of the woodhouse, which is now set square on its foundation and painted. When we get all the wood that blew down on the pile it will be a big one. I now have the north part of the old woodhouse made into a nice tool room with cement floor and a partition between it and the woodroom. And Aunt Phebe's ship that tells which way the wind is blowing is on the north peak.

Several letters have asked if the water tank blew down. Aunt Mary had that taken down about a year ago, so it would not fall to hurt anyone. It is very interesting to drive about the country and see so few houses damaged by the falling trees. Some of you have not heard that Mother and Elbert drove us thru the Woostocks and Union to show us the devastation. Words do not express the damage done to forests and buildings. Cousin Harvey Lawson and Bill and Pearl were pretty hard hit. Harvey lost one barn flat on the ground. His auto was in it but the timbers so fell that the car was not damaged at all. The roof of another barn was taken off and carried some five rods or more and set down right in front of the house. The roof paper was taken off the house. About 1/3 of his maple trees were blown over. He said it would be very difficult to get them out of the way so he could get about to collect the sap next year. The beautiful pine grove just south of the Union church where the Old Home week celebration was held, is flat. The trees were mostly pines. Aunt Emma and Uncle Elbert wondered where the Old Home Day would now find a place to meet. The East Woodstock church was a sight. The steeple fell thru the roof and half the roof was crushed, repairs were in progress when we were there. Uncle Elbert said if all the equipment in the country were available they could not save all the timber that is flat. In two places we saw logs in piles ready for the mill.

We saw a flock of 600 turkeys. Uncle Elbert engaged one for the Kinney Thanksgiving. They were inviting Bill and Pearl.

We have just been to a Turkey supper at the Shelton Episcopal church. I grabbed four times and am sending the four to the grandchildren. This is not breaking the rule to send no presents, I'm just passing on my grabs.

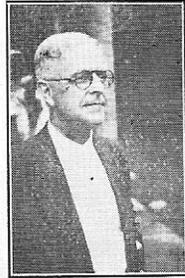
For a whole week now we have been partly marooned here with not good travelling. It is the longest spell of such weather I have seen since we came home from China.

Several Foochowites have had a furlough recently and returned. Misses Wiley and Ward and the Storrs are planning to return, the sailing date has been set once or twice and is now set for January 27<sup>th</sup>, 1939. I hear nothing relative to our going back, from this side. One of our graduates wrote last week that he was on the Synod and voted with the others to make the call unanimous for us to come. Boston has not made a whisper.



*Laura D. Ward*

THIS lady is not really wrapped up in clouds. She is much more wrapped up in Rural Worker's Institutes of her own staging, in practical demonstrations of 'how it can be done' in the country churches as well as in schools.



*Charles L. Storrs*

RADIATING good-will, "this refugee from Shaowu" has been ready to fill many a needy opening made by cuts and withdrawals. He is now located in Foochow College.



*Mrs. C. L. Storrs*

MRS. Storrs keeps the compound school with its eight American children up to modern standards. Her home is the center for the activities of Shaowu women who are now in Foochow.



*Julia and Charles Storrs*

JULIA 11, is a home loving-body who would often rather refuse an invitation than miss a meal with her family. Charles, 8, has a great admiration for knightly strength in books and is sometimes found reading the Readers Digest. In spite of his brother's epithet of 'book worm' he is a real boy.

Mother and I have joined the New Haven Congregational Club. The next meeting comes next Monday. And I have promised to attend a meeting of the Church Committee for China Relief in New Haven a week from Tuesday. I wonder if those of you are giving to this relief would send the money to me and let me forward it. I have sent a little already,- the contribution taken at Putnam two weeks ago when I spoke to the Men and Missionary group and \$2000 given me by Mr. Morse to forward.

I took a snap of the cows the other day, thinking Willard would enjoy seeing the looks of the new cow that takes Bessie's place.

Now the children would enjoy seeing the little rabbits now. I have six hutches with the little ones in now. Some are a month old and some only ten days, all are cute. One of the mothers is so careful to keep the little ones warm that she pokes all the hay in the big hutch into the little hutch and fills it so full I can hardly find the youngsters.

This carries a lot of love to you all

[*handwritten*]

Dear Geraldine:-

Before this I hope you have your share of the message we sent Thanksgiving Day. We rather figured you would be with Gould's family but- in a recent letter you wrote of planning to give \$50 to the China Relief- think it over. That amount seems rather steep to both Mother and me. I had thought of giving \$25.00 for mother and me. 56 boxes of jasmine tea came the other day. (Do you want more? I sent you 4.) I plan to send them to some of my old friends to whom I have sent for several years, and to write Christmas greetings to all relatives and other friends to whom I do not send tea.

I did not write in the general letter that Mother and I went over to the Riverside Cemetery the other day and chose a lot- next to two that Uncle Stanley owns. Mother wished to buy there rather than use the Beard lot in the Long Hill Cemetery.

It is good to see how Monnie enjoys her work and her charges. It is also good to see how something has put you on the right road. Keep up 8 or more hours in bed every nite and not too much "friend Pigeon"- a quiet life for a time. Mark anxious thoughts taboo. Miss Garretson of Foochow used to talk about letting yourself rest down on the bed- sometimes she said we do not - touch only the shoulders, hips and knees- she said one could not rest in that way. With lots of love Father

*[Willard and Ellen purchased a perpetual care lot in the Riverside Cemetery, Shelton, Connecticut for two hundred dollars on February 9, 1939 in Section number I, Block G, Lot number 6 containing 200 superficial feet according to the deed by The Riverside Cemetery Association, Book 2, Deed 73. Copy of the deed is in the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

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A frozen Century Farm

This photo was in an envelope marked "Snow Storm 1938". Other similar photos were labeled at "Ice Storm 1939".  
Either the snow/ice caused the damage to the trees or the trees were already damaged from the strong September  
1938 hurricane that hit southern Connecticut.

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

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Marjorie, Gould, Virginia and Ellen probably between 1936-1939.

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