

# 1943

- Income tax withholding introduced
- John Charles Butt was born February 8, 1943 to Marjorie and Ralph
- Gould takes a leave of absence from American Airlines to go to Brazil as a member of the Defense Supply Corporation mission to Americanize the Brazilian airlines which previously had been part of the German aerial network of South America. [*Information from the Smithsonian Institute*]
- Willard and Ellen are at Century Farm
- Gould and Virginia are in Manhasset, New York
- Geraldine is in Berkeley, California
- Dorothy and Harold are in Saginaw, Michigan
- Marjorie and Ralph are at Century Farm and then Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada
- Kathleen and Hugh are in Ft. Myers, Florida
- Willard is 78, Ellen- 75, Gould- 47, Geraldine- 45, Dorothy- 42, Marjorie- 37 and Kathleen- 35.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Jan. 9, 1943 was written from Fort Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen thanks Geraldine for the books sent for the children. Uncle Elbert ran for State Representative but lost. She expects to receive a baby announcement from Monnie soon. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Fort Myers  
Jan. 9, 1942 [*should be 1943*]

Dear Jerry:

Thanks for sending on those letters for Dot's answered many questions in my mind too. But I was disappointed in the length of your letter. I know you have been busy writing those dozens of letters to friends and will get around to me in time- but don't let the time be too long will you? And please when you write let me in on all this hush hush about Polly and Billy [*Leolyn's children*] which you promised to tell me long since. Everyone seems to know but me.

The books you sent the children are choice. They got lots of books this year (and plenty of other things too) but yours seem to be something special in the reading line. Hugh and I thought "Millions of cats" very beguiling and the children enjoyed it too. I can't say tho, that Cynthia is really keen about stories the way Jill is. She likes her books and looks at the pictures a great deal but seldom asks us to read to her and becomes distracted while I read to Jill- so I'm afraid she wouldn't be a good subject to judge child interest in a story by. Jill loves her little Suzanne book and hates to have me stop reading. Several of her books she reads alone now and she may grow into a regular book worm. I'm glad she loves reading so for I certainly missed out terribly by being a lazy reader. Trying to make up for it now by reading at least a book a month.

It's funny how the folks out East completely forget to mention things that we would like to know- like Uncle Elbert running for state Rep. - and losing. And not one of the family has ever mentioned much about Wells' wife beyond her presence. Dot's comment is the first I've heard. I had been wondering how Dot and Monnie felt when they got together again but evidently the strained feeling is still there. Hugh and I were saying tonight how terribly sad it is that such a situation ever came about for I'm afraid it is going to color every family gathering from now on, where they are both present, and hang over us like an unseen presence. Monnie said so little about Dot in her letter about Ralph's visit and Dot says nothing about either Monnie or Ralph to amount to much. I can't write about it to anyone but you for I guess it has become sort of our family skeleton. Mother has no inkling of it for she remarked to me last spring that she strongly felt that Dot should have gone to Monnie's wedding instead of Aunt Phebe. I nearly exploded but rejoined that Dot was far too busy being worthy matron to get away. I think Gould read the tension when he visited us all in Saginaw. Did he say anything to you about it subsequently? I can't help but wonder how Monnie feels about it now. She never would discuss the subject with me in Saginaw and apparently she ignores it all now. Poor Dot, it isn't fair that she should have that to plague her for all her life on top of not having any children. (There are plenty she could adopt here- illegitimate children of soldiers by local misfortunates.)

Well, I'm a lady of leisure again, or so it seems to me. I was so relieved to get back to being my own boss and doing my own work. There are several jobs I could have if I wanted to work, but we think it is better for me to concentrate on the home while we still have it. If Hugh is called there will be time for me to work outside. We do enjoy being together and the children are getting old enough to be fine as well as companionable. Jill has quite surprised us by her development and sweetening of disposition. Cynthia, reversely, is going thru a touchy period when she feels left out- of school, of Jill's play and of adult knowledge in general- but I think next fall will cure that- school!

We shall be getting Monnie's announcement in a few weeks now. I'm still waiting to learn what she lacks for the baby - if anything. I hope you really are taking an easier pace and feeling fit. Those pictures of you looked good. I do believe you look the youngest of us all now in face and figure.- Love from us all- Kathie

Did you hear from Gertrude this season? Eloise wrote that her Mother and Gertrude had been sick and she (Eloise) had to put her son in boarding school and turn nurse for most of the year. I should think the war would ruin their business.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Jan. 10, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Ralph has gone back to Canada. Monnie tells about the Christmas holidays and their visits with other people. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

I'm enclosing all the snaps taken during Ralph's stay- and Thanksgiving. Not many.

Century Farm  
Jan. 10, 1943.

Dear Jerry,

Ralph has been gone a day over a week and I'm just finishing my Christmas correspondence. Your gift to Ralph came last Tuesday and to declare it in order to send it on to him, I had to open it. But I did it up again just as you had it. You've done well to keep that change purse so long! I know Ralph will like it. I hope he'll write you himself. He has your address. I know he'll feel "Thank you" anyway.

The card you sent me was so cute, and the wish on it certainly came true- we did have a very merry Christmas and more gifts than ever before. Everyone seemed to try to make up for the two Christmases we were in Labrador! Ralph got here the Wed. morning before Christmas. His train was supposed to get into New Haven at 6:30 a.m., but all trains are late so Father, Mother and I started from here at 6:30. It was a bit icy, having just started to freeze after a thaw, but the sand trucks had been around, so we didn't skid once, tho Father went 15 m.p.h. all the way. We got there about 7:15 and Ralph's train didn't get in until after 8. We had breakfast at the Y.W. cafeteria, then came home. Ralph hadn't been able to get a berth because of the congestion, and had set up all night in the same seat with a woman with two babies. So he got no sleep at all, and I guess the poor mother didn't either. He was dead tired, having had only a few hours sleep the night before because of working early and late at the Company's trying to finish up. So he went straight to bed when he got here, slept right thru dinner and got up only in time for supper- and slept well that night to boot! We trimmed the tree that evening - a cedar that Father and Aunt Mary got in the back pastures that afternoon- one of the most symmetrical ones they've ever had.

We had our celebration all by ourselves, for Uncle Ben's family all had their own plans. We six did well by a 12 -pound turkey. Saturday afternoon, all but Aunt Phebe, who had a bad cold and didn't want to go out, went to see Bette Davis in "Now, Voyager". I liked it, but I don't think Father and Mother thought much of it. They didn't think of it as the problem play it was but were impressed mostly by the fact that the hero was married and there was too much kissing. I was surprised that they consented to go, but it was sort of a party, and they were good sports and didn't spoil the gay spirit of it at all. It was the only picture I cared anything about seeing, of all the ones which were going to be here while Ralph was here. And I did want to get out at least once while he was here, and it's so hard to with gas rationing and being so far from town, and with everyone here old enough to have lost interest in going out much. I'm afraid Ralph sometimes finds it dull.

Sunday was a full day. Ruth and Theodore invited all six of us to dinner. She had wanted to take us out to a seafood place for a lobster dinner, but no one felt equal to spending all that gas to get out to the eating place. So she compromised on raw oysters- which Ralph loves- and a 24- pound turkey at home. Joanna and her 19-year-old daughter were also there, having come up for Christmas at the Mill. They looked like sisters rather than mother and daughter, because Joanna is still a vivacious little fairy of a person. Her daughter, Rita Mae, sat beside Father at the table and he was impressed by her intelligent and well-informed questions about China. The two kept up an earnest conversation all during the meal. The aunts say she has a very good position as arranger of ads in some business magazine.

Sunday night Edith and Seymour had Ralph and me up with the two other young couples, one of whom was our minister and his pretty wife, both Oberlinites, of the classes of '34 and '36 I think. The men had a grand time with the \$150.00 electric train outfit Seymour has gradually been accumulating for Win (and himself! He said he always wanted an electric train as a youngster and never had one.) I was fascinated by it too. When the system of tracks is large enough and there are two or three trains all running independently, running them is very complicated. We had a grand time all evening.

Ralph was at his father's on Long Island from Monday to Wed. The Butts have just moved again, to Lawrence, into the nicest house they've ever had. Ralph was quite impressed by it. He said he'd like it himself.

Wed. afternoon he got back here with a bad cold which made his nose bleed- a kind of cold he'd never had before. So since some of the rest of us had colds too in different stages of "wellness", we spent New Years rather quietly. My cold just took my voice almost away for several days and that was all. The aunts, Ralph and I played bridge, and the Butts beat thanks to Ralph. He's really good, and likes to play.

He left Saturday morning on the day train, for he thought since he'd probably have to sit up anyway he'd rather do it by day. His trip was 23 hours long, for they had a ten hour wait at White River Junction Vt. while a wreck was cleared off the tracks. So he had a night on the train after all!

Father and Mother also left on the same train from Derby as Ralph took. They had been invited to Pearl River for the weekend, we thought to baptize Stanley Owen. Nancy, Fred and little Stanley spent Christmas and New Years at Pearl River. But Father and Mother came home with the baby unbaptized, so we had all somehow got the wrong impression or else they changed their minds at the last minute.

Life goes on rather quietly here, with much resting on the part of Father, Aunt Phebe and me. I'm so big now that I don't crave to go out any more than is necessary. I got tired sitting, in church this morning, for the first time. I hope it won't be much longer. Ralph said tonight when he called from Montreal that the tension of waiting to be summoned was getting him down!

We've enjoyed your letters so much. I've never known the Morgan family so well before. I'm glad you're going out with nice people like that church group and making friends outside the library circle. I hope 1943 is your best year yet!

Ralph would join me in sending loads of love, were he here. Monnie

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Jan. 14, 1943 was written from Fort Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is still recovering from Bell's palsy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Fort Myers

Jan. 14, '43

Dear Jerry:

You will be surprised at another full length letter from me right on the heels of my first, but I'm afraid I'll forget some of the items I want to tell you so now is the time to do it- or "take time by the forelock" as Mother was always telling us to do and didn't manage to do herself.

First about the check- thankyou for your most generous impulse- and the gift of the bicycle- but you see we really want to pay you for it, especially since we can't give the bike back to you- so I tore your check up and you may adjust your balance accordingly. (It was no. 132) I didn't want to tell you about the loss of the bike until it was paid for-it was stolen from our garage in Tampa. But we got much use and joy out of it before it slipped away and we keep kicking ourselves for not watching it better, for we could surely use it here. I'm afraid you paid more than five for it and certainly could get three times that on the market now so we should really pay you more. It only cost us five to get it here and get a new tire for it. Don't feel that it is any hardship for us to send it either for we made out very well during Dec. and still have enough to meet our income tax. I made \$97.50 in those two weeks of work and Hugh made three times as much for the month so we well might clear up some of our outstanding debts. I am all rested up from the work now and feel fine. In fact we have all been unusually well since coming here and I only hope the children don't come home with mumps or any other diseases that are going around. How is your poison oak? I well remember my siege of Ivy at the farm in 1931. There's nothing like it. I hope yours has run its course by now and it is clearing up.

My Bell's palsy seems to have left the facial nerves on my right side a bit unsteady. The actual paralysis cleared up within two months, the eyelid being the last part of my face to get back its normal muscular impulse, but I can see a definite sag to that side of my face (altho a stranger might not notice it) and if I get over tired or excited there is twitching in the eyelid and mouth corner. But it does not bother me and I don't think of it most of the time. However I have learned my lesson and limitations. I shall never try to serve dinner to twelve people again single handed as I did in Tampa a year ago- or let myself in for any comparable strain. It can recur and I think I know the conditions to avoid. My work at Christmas was not that type of strain- more plain fatigue.

I didn't see Gould's Christmas card. Was it a picture of the new house? Haven't even heard from them in many months. Your Christmas and New Y. sounded very jolly. I'm glad you had some kin (almost) to celebrate with. This is the first Christmas that we have been entirely by ourselves and it seemed peculiar.

Last night I went with one of my neighbors to hear a Mrs. Beahr from China speak. She is about my age, with two small children and was, with her husband, a missionary in western China. They were not members of any board but arranged for their own maintenance and were the only foreigners in their city. She was a fascinating speaker and I certainly hand it to her for courage and spirit. They had to leave when the Japs bombed the whole area.

I'm returning Mother's letters that you said you wanted back. I'm still in a quandary after reading it, as to what to get Monnie's baby. She must have stacks of things for it.

Have you read Marjorie Rawling's "Cross Creek"? It is such a good portrayal of rural Florida and a lovely book to saunter through.

Love  
Kathie

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **Jan. 14, 1943** was written from Lincoln, Nebraska by Stewart Hume to his cousin Jerry. He thanks her for her Christmas gift of candlesticks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Pvt. HS Hume

781. Tech School  
Barracks 218  
Lincoln Air Base  
Lincoln, Neb.

Jan 14 - 43

Dear Jerry:

Elizabeth and I thank you so much for the unique California candle sticks you sent us. While we were in house keeping- we burned many candles above our fire place mantle and on the table during the dinner hour so your gift is the type that we will always use. They are exceptionally beautiful and unfamiliar to the east. They were used to brighten up this Christmas season in Elizabeth's room.

I did a very foolish thing in accidentally loosing your address so I wrote to Dorothy first, which answered today. I knew it was Berkeley Calif- but did not have knowledge of the street. Consequently the delay in acknowledging the receipt for same. Please pardon me for this will you not?

I'll not pardon you unless you write us of the past ?? about yourself. I have told Elizabeth that you exist-, but she would not believe it until your communication came.

Elizabeth is the type of girl you will like and I hope you people meet not afar off. I am scheduled for a change the latter part of this month to be moved to an aircraft plant for further study. It could be California- in which case we could visit you. However I have requested to be sent east, but the Army does not follow personal requests in every instance.

We are well and happy as could be- and lets hear from your long over due letter. Love  
Stewart

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated **January 16, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Aunt Mary to Jerry. To conserve gas, they save up all their errands and do them in one trip. There are some shortages in town but nothing serious. She and Will are doing less speaking engagements as few people ask when fuel is rationed. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mary L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

January 16, 1943

Dear Jerry,

When Little Miss Sun arrived we took turns sitting down to read it. It is delightfully written and illustrated. I love the Chinese style in which it is gotten up. And the note on the front prevents readers from spoiling it to make it like our books. Many thanks. It was well worth waiting for.

Your letters with news of Leolyn and her family tell us much more than Leolyn's with the guarded attempt to conceal the whole truth. I sometimes wonder what the effect would be for one of us to write openly and let it be known that there is no secret. It might make it hard for you who are there and might not release her from the tensions of trying to live in a blind alley. There for I shall not do it.

It was good to know that you had such a pleasant Christmas. We had no Santa to kiss us with the gifts. But there was a pile of packages under our tree that left no unoccupied space. The seventh member, not yet in evidence, was well remembered also. Monnie has had several packages from New Foundland since Ralph went back and has sent on his gifts. She keeps remarkably well and went to Bridgeport with us to shop last Wednesday. We all save up errands until the accumulation warrants a trip. The last was before Nov 17<sup>th</sup>. I did not realize it until we went into the new store. Franklin and Simons opened up in Bridgeport since we were there last. I mentioned

that fact to the clerk and she remarked, "That was November 17<sup>th</sup>." It is mostly for dresses, but they were having a sale of toilet articles and we bought some for the house.

A letter from Myra says that Stephen spent the week end at Kits'. His letter was mailed before he had a room. It was air mail but took all week to get east. Ruth and H.M. [*Ruth Beard Taylor and Henry M. Taylor*] were in South Miami last we heard. We sent a package to them at Columbus before Christmas. It missed them. Yesterday I had word about it and hope it catches up with them before the next move. They seem very happy although life is so uncertain beyond a very limited time. Fortunately the couple who stood up with them are still with them so Ruth has someone to be with during the long days when H.M. has to be on his job.



Ruth Beard (daughter of Stanley and Myra Beard) and husband H.M. Taylor (as identified by Stanley Forbes, nephew of Ruth Beard)

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

We all had letters from Dot this week. She had a very busy time over the holiday season. I am glad for her sake that she would not stay on at the store. She evidently got tired enough.

Ben bought two head of cattle last summer. One was a promising heifer and the other not so promising. He kept them on some property they own on White Hills until feed got short and it took too much time to hunt them up and restore them to the pasture. Then he brought them down here. They have been here all these months for Will to care for. But it was only to feed and water, so not too much. On Wednesday Mike Behuniak, who lives across the street bought the good one. On Thursday Block took the other up to butcher it. We have a forward quarter. And some of the liver. We had liver today and start on some steak tomorrow. We will not have to buy our 1 ½ pounds of meat for some weeks.

So far in Shelton we have not had any serious shortage. One has learned to take what is available and hope for better luck next time. Phebe has made two pounds of butter but will hardly have cream for more until Annie freshens in February.

Weather seems to be unusual everywhere. We have had extreme cold and today the thermometer went nearly up to 50. We had two weeks without a clear day and next two almost all clear and cold. The extreme (15 below) cold before Christmas caught me with celery and turnips still in the garden. I went out New Years day and pulled or broke off turnips for dinner. They had been frozen but were good.

The gas situation is giving Will and me more time because no one has the face to ask a speaker to travel any distance. I gave four talks in October and November and have none even scheduled. Will preaches for Mr. Stone in Huntington tomorrow; his first talk in many weeks. Our ration board has given me another B book which I asked for for Council and Church work. I have never used all the coupons and they are most glad to get them back.

We are enjoying the furnace and the even heat all over the house. Now there is more complaint about too much heat at night. I bank it and open the top draft but it is some time before it cools off. I am burning more coal than with the pipeless and have not yet gotten in the extra. I ordered it in April (The bin was filled in early March to finish out the year) and promised it in the fall. When I called, I was told it would be brought down in November. Frequent reminders failed to bring it and it is not here yet.

Will takes my helper boy (Freshman High) and goes to the woods to cut up the hurricane wood for the kitchen stove. Last week I had a second boy come three days and asked him to do it again this coming week. So far Will has been able to get Mike's horses to bring the wood up and another neighbor has been able to come and saw it into stove length.

Edith and Seymour moved into their new apartment next to Ben and Abbie Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>. They had a Terrill[?] party Christmas Night and three couples in for supper the following Sunday. It is the house Ben and Abbie went to housekeeping in. They are upstairs and Wells and Marion expect to move in down stairs this coming week. Marion says it will be nice to begin using her things they have had stored so long. They got stove, refrigidair, etc. very soon after the wedding so are all set to start. Ben has had to do much of the work himself. The two apartments look fine, new paint and paper everywhere and new electric wiring and fixtures. In the spring, if help is available, the outside will be painted.

Our church has an oil burner so we have stopped all use except Sunday School, Church and the Fellowship group on Sunday. Thus we hope to conserve our supply so if there is any important occasion we can open up for it. It is really quite cozy in the S.S. room for church and it is always nice and warm.

Jinny writes that Gould is away again. This time for two months. She has had a telegram that he reached his destination. Frick is staying with her while Gould is away for company. She writes, she has two dogs, Rough and Ready. This family has a habit of each taking part of an apple just before going to bed. Phebe came in just now with the donation. That means it is near retiring time. If you were here you could have your share. But it is good you are in a warmer country. Good for all who could be there.

Many thanks again for the book. I read today of a boy in the bombed areas who wished his friends "a gallant New Year". May it have much of happiness for you too.

With much love

Aunt Mary.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Jan. 21, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He discusses her financial account with him. According to the doctor, Monnie's baby will be born in February. Willard is keeping the car ready to take her to the hospital. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Your letter re the financial statement came a few days ago. When I turned to my account book, I found there was an old account. I had not looked at this. In fact I had not put any items in the book since coming home in Sept 1941. I am sending you a copy of what my book says from Sept 1937. I am not sending this to hold you to it at all. Some items are not clear in 1939 and 1940. You see I left it with Aunt Mary when I went to China in 1939. I found one mistake in addition, so I am not too certain about the whole. But my balance is greater than yours. Look this over. Do not let it bother you. When you have looked it over write me if you can shed any light on the account and I will reply. We may have to agree on some sum to start out anew. I wonder if you kept an account of what you received and of the refunds. I have just looked at your Bridgeport Savings Bank acct. and find a little over \$90.00 in your account there. I had it written up last year.

We are all sorry about Kit. Your letter to Aunt Mary received this morning gives a cheering account of her condition. I hope she recovers completely and quickly. I am sorry that their plan for an addition to the family circle must be postponed and I hope it will still be possible.

Those who hoped for cold and snow this winter hoped in the right direction. On Dec. 20 it was about 10 degrees below zero with 10 in. of snow and a very keen wind. Last week Sat and last Sunday it did not freeze. Clouds and rain. Then on Tues it rained and froze. Streets were icy. Tues. nite it got cold again. Yesterday morning and this morning 10 degrees above and staid cold all day. The new furnace does well. But when the ther. is zero or below with a strong west wind, the house is not too warm. The furnace is not [to] blame. More storm windows on the west will help.

Last May Uncle Ben bought two young heifers. They have been around here most of the time. Last week Mike Behuniak across the way bought one to keep as a cow. Uncle Ben made beef of the other. The beef is super fine. He gave one quarter 80 lb to us. Aunt Phebe and I have cut it up. She has carved some- put some in the refrigerator and we have been eating it for nearly a week. I took about 20 lbs up to Elmdens and he put it in the brine for us.

Ruth writes that another bride and she must bid husbands good bye shortly. They are in Florida. Each has a car and another knows what to do with her car or with herself.

Did I write you that Mother and I went to Pearl River and met Nancy, Fred and Stanley Owen two weeks ago. The baby is a hum dinger and Fred is all right. Nancy did well to find him - I say this after seeing some of the nuts she was hanging on to a few years ago. Fred will bear well.

Monnie says- after seeing the doctor a week ago, "It will be another Beard- born in Feb." This because so many of our birthdays are in Feb.

My goal these days is to keep my car ready for Monnie when she wants it to go to Griffin Hospital and to direct and help the high school boys out and saw trees over in the east woods for the kitchen stove. We are still working on the trees blown down in the 1938 typhoon. The work is a bit strenuous for a 78 year old, but I am learning to loaf. The boys got here about 2:20 p.m. and leave a little after 5,- so it is not too strenuous.

Last Sunday I preached in Huntington for Mr. Stone. Mother and Monnie went with me.

I must close this - "business" with

With much love

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **January 27, 1943** was written from Lincoln, Nebraska by Mrs. Elizabeth Hume (wife of Geraldine's cousin, Stewart Hume) to Geraldine. She sends a thank you for the candlesticks. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Army Air Forces Technical School  
Lincoln, Nebraska

January 27, 1943

Dear Geraldine:

Stewart has told me so much about you, that I feel as though I knew you.

The beautiful candlesticks reached Stewart at camp. I was so interested in the type of wood from which they were fashioned. The high polish the wood takes adds so much to them. Thank you so very much. I hope that when this war is over, and we have out house once more, that you will come to see us and see your gift in use.

Stewart finishes his course here tomorrow. Just where he will be then is not certain. But I hope I can be with him for a while longer. We will let you know where we go. In the meantime if you have time to drop us a note, you had better use my parents address 1702 Ohio Ave. Youngstown, Ohio.

Thank you again so much. Sincerely

Elizabeth Hume

(Mrs. Stewart) [*Mrs. Stewart Hume*]

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **Jan. 29, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. They have heard from Gould's wife Ginny, that he is gone on a secret mission somewhere for two months. Willard was concerned that the blizzard would keep them from getting to the hospital if Monnie were to go into labor. Predictions are that she will have a boy. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Yes, "sia-sia" was right. Father was quite tickled that you remembered.

Has Ginny written you that Gould is gone again for 2 months, several thousand miles this time on a very important and secret mission which is "quite a feather in his cap." She has heard by cable of his safe arrival. He should be home in March. Ginny usually doesn't worry, but this time she is quite anxious about him.

Century Farm  
Jan. 29, 1943.

Dear Jerry,

I had sat myself down to write you and Dot last night, and got Dot's letter written, in between radio programs, and it was bedtime by that time, for we got to bed early here, generally before 10:30. And today your grand letter came, so I'm glad I didn't get yours written, for now I can answer it. We all enjoyed that letter ever so much. I'm glad you liked the pictures- they weren't particularly good. Didn't you get that Christmas photograph of Hazel and Willard? That certainly shows how they have changed.

Those silk stockings I would have been ashamed to send as Christmas gifts before the war, but when I was buying those, the irregulars were the only silk ones I could get. The saleslady looked thru several pairs before she selected these as the pair with the least wrong with them. The only fault I found with them was that they weren't the same length. I hope there was nothing else. I don't know what make they were, but I think I could find the little lingerie shop in New Haven where I bought them. However, we don't go to New Haven very often now, since the ban on "pleasure driving". But if you'd like some more pairs perhaps we can try again next time some one has to go. Aunt Mary sometimes has to go for state church board meetings.

Your accounts of Count Sforza's [*Italian Diplomat who refused to serve under Mussolini*] lecture and of Dorris Tinney's mixed lineage were both most interesting. Sometime you'll have to give us some of the main points of the lecture, which changed your attitude toward the Italians.

How nice that Kits got on so well. We'll remember your warning about telling the Morgans about Polly. I hope she doesn't have to stay at the sanatorium too long. Evidently Bill's all right?

We all laughed when we came to that line about it being exciting during the last days. For last night and all day yesterday we had a regular blizzard. Father got more and more concerned as the day wore on, with no let-up. Just before dark he went out and started to shovel out paths thru the drifts outside the garage and at the bend in the lane. But that did about as much good as dipping out the sea with a teaspoon, for it was still snowing and blowing a gale. The night passed peacefully with no excitement, tho it had been decided that if the call came, Dan was to be called with his snowplow to shovel a path to the road. This morning dawned bright and clear and it has been a beautiful day all day, and not too cold. There was an undercurrent of excitement last night, tho no one was really worried except perhaps Father, and he didn't show it much. But he is careful to keep his car all pinned and ready at all times. This is being a real winter with more than usual of cold weather, slippery roads, and snow. They sort of blame me for bringing it from Labrador!



Century Farm – probably 1943

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

My last visit to the doctor last Wednesday produced nothing definite in the way of a birth date. Dr. Edson said only that there were no indications that it would come very soon- might be about two weeks. He advised against calling Ralph down from Montreal within the next week. Meanwhile I'm on pins and needles for fear it will come before we call him. And if we did get him here, then I'd be on tenterhooks for fear it wouldn't come for weeks, and would keep him waiting too long! So there I am!!

Did I write you about the other H.B. Co. [*Hudson's Bay Co.*] couple who are duplicates of ourselves in many ways? Pete Nichols is a Newfoundlander, his wife Marion, is an American, from Rochester. They are also on furlough- he is also taking the fur course in Montreal- and lives in the same boarding house with Ralph- and his wife is also (or was) expecting a baby. Pete went to Rochester the week before Christmas, for the baby was expected then. But it was three weeks late and only arrived last week. Ralph telegraphed me the news and he and I were almost as thrilled as Pete and Marion must have been. They named the baby Peter Royall Nichols- isn't that pretty? I haven't met either of them and Ralph knows only Pete. But I have written Marion and it seems as if we knew them well. Pete and Ralph seem to be like David and Jonathan already. Pete's and Marion's wedding picture was in the Beaver two years ago- they were married on the "Nascopie" just a week before we were. I got interested in them then. And then last year some excerpts from Marion's letters home were printed in the Beaver and I read them with interest. They were in an isolated Eskimo post on Hudson's Baby, and Marion loves the life and wants to go back. Their meeting and marriage was more fascinating than fiction. On her graduation from Duke Univ. her father gave her the trip north on the Nascopie. Coming south, Pete was on the boat, coming out on furlough. They separated at Halifax just good friends. She and her best friend went to Montréal during the following winter, and Pete was there. He and a friend of his made a foursome with the girls while they were there. The two friends became enamored of one another but Pete and Marion still didn't get serious. Pete and his friend went north again the next summer, and sometime the following winter, the friend wrote Pete that he was to be married the next summer and if Pete was thinking of the same thing why not get together and make it a double wedding. Pete immediately began "thinking" with the result that he sent a long telegram at a fabulous price, proposing! So the two girls went north again on the Nascopie and the double wedding took place- on ship-board, I think! Isn't that a lovely true story? And Ralph says they are as happy as they can be. Pete seems to be awfully nice and Ralph says he's a model husband. He's the son of a St. Johns clergyman. Pete wrote the sweetest letter to Ralph after the baby was born, and Ralph sent it on to me. It said it was one of the most wonderful moments in the world when you looked down at a tiny being and realized it was your very own. He said Ralph would soon know the feeling. Marion's last weeks, he said, were very trying (don't I know it!) and that a husband on hand was very comforting.

Thanks for the good wishes. Everything points to a normal and comparatively easy birth. Any fears that I might have had at the beginning (and I'll admit I did have a few when I realized that I was embarked on an undertaking, sometimes fatal, but from which there was no turning back) have been dissolved in the intense longing now to be relieved of this burden, sometimes very uncomfortable always in the way, and it makes me slow, clumsy, ugly, and quickly tired. I yearn to be thin again, to be able to sleep on my back and stomach, to be able to run!! And to see my feet once in awhile!! I'm now 43 inches around, and it all sticks straight out in front! Beautiful!! Mother says that's a good sign of a boy! Since Ralph wants a boy, I hope Mother's prediction is right. I do wish, too, that you could be here. But we'll take lots of snaps and when the baby gets old enough we'll have a "family photograph" taken!

I must close and get to bed. I'll try to write you from the hospital. Lots of love from us all, Monnie

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sentinel, February 4, 1943.  
Letters From the People

Century Farm,  
Shelton, Conn.

Editor of the Evening Sentinel:  
Dear Mr. Editor-

The question, what are we fighting for? Becomes more insistent as time moves on. I note that the answer- or attempts at the answer- changes as we get farther away from Pearl Harbor. The Japanese certainly knew how to unite nations against them. This they did in China and again at Pearl Harbor. When we declared war against Japan we did so in defense of our national existence. And we did it unitedly. We were of one mind. We were fighting to save our country, and our freedom.

There was no time to think far into the future. The immediate problem was self preservation. Then came the swift advance of the Japanese over the southern Pacific, Hongkong and Singapore, the Malaya peninsula. The war became global before we fully realized it. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill met somewhere and agreed on the "four freedoms," freedom from fear, from want, for the press and for religion. This was taken as an ideal for which we were fighting. But it is not yet certain how far these extend. Did Mr. Churchill afterward say that these freedoms did not apply to India and Hongkong? Others declare we must kill "every last Jap." They grow eloquent over what should be done to Hitler and the Germans. But we are not fighting to destroy any nation. In Germany there are Germans who are the salt of the earth. In Japan there are Japanese who will become the foundation of the new Japan. Our contacts with Japanese for one hundred years, through our diplomats, business men, missionaries and Japanese students who have come to this country for education and have returned- these have gradually raised up Japanese men and women who are true. They are as much against the ideals and tactics of the Japanese militarists as are we. At present these Japanese cannot express themselves, any more than can the true Germans express themselves. But many of these are all for the freedom of which we talk.

At times it sounds almost as if these freedoms were the result of the two men who met somewhere on the ocean last Year. But Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek five years ago said that China was not fighting to keep Japan out of China merely for the sake of China. He was leading China to resist Japan because Japan's attack on China was a threat to the whole world. Although the world did not then realize it, it would become known in time. I am not sure that the nations of Europe realize this even yet, but we in the United States realize it. We are thinking in terms of a world today, at least beginning to do so. The leaders of China were thinking in these terms five years ago. And they included Japan, Germany and Italy.

China is leading us in another line of thought. The generalissimo expressed this in a prayer not so long ago as reported. He prayed for the United States, England and China. And then he prayed for Japan – not that God would destroy Japan, but that she would be changed, saved. During the two years that I lived in China after Japan began her destruction there, I did not once hear from a Chinese an expression of hatred to the Japanese. I associated with all classes – officials, students, farmers, merchants and coolies. They distinguished the militarists from the Japanese people: I could detect no spirit of revenge or of retaliation.

In his report to the nation after his world trip to view the allies fighting on the fronts in the west and in the west, Wendell Willkie said: "Besides giving our allies in Asia and eastern Europe something to fight with, we have got to give them assurance of what we are fighting for. The 200,000,000 people of Russia and the 450,000,000 people of China – people like you and me- are bewildered and anxious. They know what they are fighting for. They are not so sure of us. Many of them read the Atlantic charter. Rightly or wrongly, they are not satisfied. They ask: What about a Pacific charter? What about a world charter?"

We have just abrogated our treaty of extraterritoriality with China. For a century we have not allowed a Chinese to arrest or judge an American for any crime he may have committed in China. We established our United States courts in China and sent our judges over there to judge citizens of the United States until the Japanese took Shanghai. (Personally I refused to avail myself of this privilege some 25 years ago). For more than 40 years we have maintained an armed guard in Peking (Peiping) and Shanghai and Tientsin. We have never held a concession. But a large part of Shanghai was "The British Concession." This was ruled by Great Britain. The French and the Japanese held concessions. And there was the International Settlement. Since Pearl Harbor these are in the control of Japan. There were concessions in Hankow and Amoy. Hongkong was Chinese territory until Great Britain took the island 100 years ago in war over the importation of opium. Since then it has been a part of the British Empire until the Japanese took it a year ago. Will the generalissimo ask that it be restored to China as he asks that Manchuria be restored? What will be the verdict?

What are we fighting for? Not merely to save our own freedom. I am in this war for freedom for every country. And for every individual. That means the untouchables in India, the enslaved inhabitants in Korea, and the alien races in our own land. It means that Orientals may enter the United States on the same conditions as Europeans.

William Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, puts this idea concisely in these words: We have to find a way of ordering life which -

- (a) Expresses the fellowship of all men in one family.
- (b) Gives sufficient outlet to the self-interest acquisitive tendency in men to harness it to the common interest, and
- (c) Provides adequate checks and balances to prevent it from seriously injuring the common interest.

To attain this freedom will be the most gigantic task that man has ever faced. Men and women are already working on it. Groups are discussing it, a clergy man has written the president asking him to appoint a committee of the clergy to work on a post-war order. The president very wisely replied that: "Clergymen do not need formally to

be commissioned to do this. Indeed, there is advantage in your not being commissioned except by your duty and your God." . . . The government through the office of war information, the office of civilian defense, the department of agriculture and the office of education, is trying to facilitate a program of discussion of war issues. Prominent among these is the problem of the world beyond the war. We are counting on the leadership of our clergymen in making this effective.

From an isolationist nation we were suddenly and savagely roused and pushed into a global war. We are now the leading nation in that war and without willing it we are faced with the problem of the peace after the war. These two problems are separate problems, but they are linked together. We have won one war and then lost the peace. There must be some kind of a new world order if the world is to gain anything from the expenditure in life and money and material. There are already several authorized groups working on the problem. This will not detract from the effort we are putting into winning the war. It will rather give point to it. There are very few thinking people among us who are giving thought to what kind of a world we shall have when this holocaust is over. This is somewhat like a committee of the whole. The ideal committee is one where each member puts in something, not with the idea of dominating the committee but of contributing something to a whole which will be different from any one idea, and better than any one idea. When all have contributed, the result will not be recognized by any one as his, but be better than any one's individual idea.

We are in this war to preserve our freedom. We are also in this war, whether we will or not to help make a new world. What that world is to be depends very largely on us. There can be no reverting to the status quo before the war. There must be advance, and we must guide that advance.

WILLARD L. BEARD.

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

\*\*\*\*\*



\*\*\*\*\*

[This postcard dated **Feb. 10, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT probably by Phebe Maria Beard to Geraldine. Monnie is a new mother and Phebe comments briefly about the new baby boy. Postcard donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

[Postcard addressed to and written in Phebe Maria Beard's handwriting:

Miss Geraldine Beard  
2508 Parker St.  
Berkeley  
California

Postmarked Feb 10, 1943 Derby Conn.

Feb. 10 [1943]

Hi!!!! We know why you are sending us such a saucy valentine- but we'll be your valentine with pleasure. We showed it to the new mother and told her to tell her son about it. He's terribly exclusive – doesn't really turn up his nose at his relatives but keeps himself in a sort of glass house and dares us to throw stones as it were, sleeps, or pretends to, when we dare to gaze thru the glass at home. But he's so adorable that we forgive all this upishness and hope to gain his favor when he gets a little better acquainted with the ways of this world.

Love from  
"Century Farm"

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Feb. 16, 1943 was written from Fort Myers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She thanks Geraldine for a magazine subscription and comments on the condition of her husband's sister, Pearl. Monnie's new son's name is John Charles. Hugh may have to go into the army. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

I mailed you Monnie's Labrador snaps today. She wants them sent back to her after you look at them.

Fort Myers  
Feb. 16, '43

Dear Jerry,

Before I forget it again I'll start by thanking you for Arizona Highways. We are enjoying the second issue now and tho we haven't read all there is in them we have become well enough acquainted with the magazine to like it very much. The Christmas issue was full of lovely photography. How did you find it?- there in the Library? I had never heard of it before but it is giving me new light on that section of the country.

That explanatory letter of yours was most enlightening, and it all does sound very sad. I had no idea that the situation was that bad- in fact I had very little idea of what the family was like at all I'm afraid. I would like to see them all sometime but the prospects don't look very promising. It must make visiting there a bit strained but I hope you don't let it worry you too much. *[Kathleen is probably referring to Leolyn and William Morgan's family]* I think Enid let Pearl wear her down and now that Pearl has gone to Chattahoochee I hope Enid will pick up. Pearl got to roaming around the town so much that people were afraid of her, and she went into an empty house where she used to stay for hours doing heaven-knows-what. Enid finally summoned all the help she could and got red tape broken so that they could get Pearl into the state hospital where she seems to be doing as well as could be expected.

What do you think of your new nephew John Charles *[John Charles Butt]*? We got our telegram Tues. morning and I am now impatiently waiting Mother's detailed account of the episode. I am relieved that Monnie is safely thru her ordeal and that everything seems to be O.K.

The children liked their Valentines and are still playing with them. Cynthia loves the ones that "wiggle."

I wonder how long our suspense is going to last- about Hugh's going into the army. One day we are sure he will have to go in the spring and the next day the news sounds more encouraging. But I may be looking for a job yet, tho I'd rather go into production work again- Baby production. Hugh is ready to go into the army if called but he has no desire to do any killing.

I'm dying to know where Gould is. Ginny wrote that he met the Chinese Minister "there" whose wife was Mary Whang of Oberlin. Monnie and I knew her well. We are having a little winter now for a change. Is it as rainy as predicted there? Must be miserable.

Do keep well- Love- Kathie

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Feb. 17, 1943 was written from Hilo Hawaii by Millicent Hume Arimizu to Jerry. She updated Jerry on her sibling's whereabouts and doings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Millicent Arimizu

Feb. 17, 1943  
Halai Tract, Hilo, Hawaii, T.H.

Dear Jerry,

It was a delightful treat to hear from you during the Christmas Season. I had often wondered whether or not you were still in Seattle, and twas your letters that informed me of the change.

Stewart asked me in one of his recent letters, if I knew your address, so as soon as I know where he is, I'll send it to him. He has just left Nebraska for another post, and I'm hoping it isn't overseas, yet. Elizabeth has been

with him, and she will be, just as long as that is possible. How I would like to see him in Hawaii! It would be one chance in a million.

You, and Kathleen and I share similar regrets in missing out on so many family get togethers. I met Bish [*her brother, Fulton*] and Helen (and family) when they landed in Honolulu, and was so thankful that I had, for they never did get to Hilo after the blitz. We were so disappointed. There seemed to be many family gatherings we had to miss when they returned to the Mainland. Someday tho, this war will end, and Dick and I shall take a trip over, as soon as it is possible.

You probably know that Bish is on the Island of Aruba (off S.A.) under a 2 yr. contract with Standard Oil. He preferred it to the Army as Helen would always know just where he was, and in comparative safety. She remained in Long Meadow, Mass. to be near the children. Mother, Aunt Emma and U. Elbert have visited there several times.

Mother misses Hawaii very much. She agrees with us, that our weather is just about all one could ask for the year round, and this past winter which has been so cold, has made her yearn for the climate we have. She seems to dread the winters.

I am teaching this year as teachers were needed so desperately. I felt it my duty to help out. Have signed up for another year since an emergency still exists. I've really enjoyed it too, and feel that I am doing something worthwhile since it is so necessary. Have a 3<sup>rd</sup> grade, much to my liking.

Dick has worked so strenuously since his start in Hilo that it is beginning to tell on him. He needs a vacation- and a long one, but he just doesn't seem to get around to it. I'm trying now to get him to take a week off with me at Easter, but I'll never know until it is upon us. He is so thoroughly content in his own home, that he doesn't enjoy himself when he's away from it- yet the phone keeps ringing when he stays around. If we stay home- I shall refuse to let him answer it!! I'd love to hear from you again, Jerry. Love, Millicent



Millicent Hume's husband  
Dick Arimizu's 1928 senior photo at Oberlin College

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated **February 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard talks about the events surrounding Monnie's baby. Willard had a blood vessel break in his eye. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton Conn.

February 24<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

Dear Geraldine

A week ago I decided that I would write my own history of the events of the past two weeks as they center around Century Farm and Johnny. That means John Charles Butt.

All winter I have kept a shovel handy and have tried to keep a road out to the main road so at anytime I could get the car out and up to the hospital. I have slept with one eye open and one ear open. But Monnie was very considerate and called us about 5:00 a.m. Monday February 8<sup>th</sup>. There was no hurry, so we got off, - Monnie, Ralph and Mother. I went along. The morning was clear and mild. We got to the hospital, about 10:30 a.m. Mother and I came home for lunch and went back. Ralph and I walked down to Clark's Hotel in the evening for a bite of something to eat. We waited until 9:55 p.m. when the doctor came in to tell us that Monnie had a 9 lb. boy. In fact he did not come in till 10:30. Quite soon we were invited to go in and see Monnie and then to see the baby. He was a very mature looking young man. Not as green as some I have seen. My, but wasn't Monnie happy! As we stood by the bed she raised her hands and brought them down on the bed and exclaimed, "It's a boy". Everything moved according to Hoyle for ten days and Mother and I brought the two home on Thursday the 18<sup>th</sup>. It was a fine warm day. Ralph had to leave Saturday the 13<sup>th</sup>. It snowed but was not cold. Stanley, Mother and I took him to Bridgeport. His train was 50 min. late. Then we three went out to see Aunt Annie. The car pushed thru the snow until we got most up to Ard Blakeman's. Then it stopped. Stanley and I put on the chains and we came home. Sunday was not bad. All went to church, except Monnie and Johnny and Mother.

But Monday morning was a different proposition. The mercury stood at 18 below. Neither car would budge. Stanley and Myra wanted to get to Bridgeport. I had an engagement with the oculist at 9:00 a.m. We tried three garages in Shelton. No one could come. Aunt Phebe phoned Dan and he came right down. But my car would not start. He towed me and Stanley up to his house. Wells was just starting for Bridgeport and took Stanley and me home and Aunt Myra took my place and Wells drove them to their train for New York. Dan and Uncle Ben got my car started in the afternoon and I got it the next day.

That evening, Tuesday, Mother and I were invited to attend a farewell reception for Dr. and Mrs. Burtner in Ansonia. He has resigned and is leaving May 1<sup>st</sup>. The members of the Lower Naugatuck Valley Clergy Club gave him a reception. It was cold but we went and so did most everyone else. It was a very pleasant affair. Everyone enjoyed it. Cake, sandwiches, tea and coffee were served. They gave Mrs. Burtner a bouquet and a sewing basket, and Dr. Burtner a wood basket. This was for the fireplace.

The Clark Hotel in Derby made something out of the new baby, - at least fourteen meals. It has recently changed hands and they certainly serve good meals, at fair prices and are courteous. Two or three days I let Ralph take my car to drive up, and some days we made two trips.

I went to Bridgeport this morning to see Dr. Havey an oculist. He found that a small blood vessel had spread or burst in my right eye. I saw Dr. Edson this afternoon and he thought with Dr. Havey that it would clear up. Dr. Edson gave me something that he hoped would hasten the absorption. It obstructs the vision somewhat but I read and do everything much as usual.

From what I have written above you will get the idea that we have had and are having a real winter. The new furnace has kept us warm and we have all been well. Gould has been away on his third trip about 6 or 7 weeks- he was to be gone 60 days. 1<sup>st</sup> trip to Greenland, 2<sup>nd</sup> to England, 3<sup>rd</sup> ? With love Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Feb. 25, 1943 was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Mary is going to see Madame Chiang Kai Shek at Madison Square Garden. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Feb 25-1943

Dear Geraldine:-

I have made a new balance in our account with \$1200 due me on Feb 20- 1943. Your check for \$83.85 arrived all right,- not yet in the bank.

Aunt Mary is running about a bit these days. This week she has been in Hartford two days on Miss'y business- Women's Miss'y Society of Conn. Next week she plans to go to the reception given to Madame Chiang Kai Shek= Tuesday. This means two days- the reception is in the evening at Madison Square Garden. Both she and I received individual invitations- but it will be a hard job, and cost about \$15= It does not appeal to me- altho it would be very interesting to see the lady and the crowd. Crowds never appealed to me- Both the generalissimo and

the Madame do appeal to me tho. Months ago I agreed to address the D.A.R. in Derby that very day. Mother will sing a solo in Chinese. Mek Le Kua. The music as well as words are Chinese.

Johnnie is a very good baby,- cries perhaps enough to satisfy us and sleeps well at night- does his fussing in the day. Monnie complains that he will not eat when she wants him to. He begins to nurse and forgets what he is doing and goes to sleep,- wakes up shortly and cries to eat.

Have you investigated to find if you would not be allowed to deduct from your income tax something for paying your debt. I heard here the other day something to that effect.

I'm glad you enjoy your work, your room mate, your home and that you feel well.

Lovingly Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Aunt Phebe to Gerry. She talks about Monnie's baby. Gould is expected back from his trip. She updates Gerry on the other relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Hope you are well over that Grippe bug-

Shelton, Conn.  
March 21, 1943

Dear Gerry,

You see I am a harbinger of spring and this morning was beautiful and one expected to see bluebirds and every farmer everywhere. Tonight is rain. Chill and cloudy- so goes our New Eng. weather. On the whole, tho, spring is surely in the air, and most of the spring birds have made their appearance- peepers are not in our pond yet but I suspect that some protected places have heard them. Mary was calling on the Platt girls up at the end of Long Hill and they had had their maple trees tapped and had a 40 qt. can of sap which they couldn't use because they had no way but by oil burner to boil it down and so they offered it to us as we have the "old-fashioned" wood stove. So we took 30 qts. of it and soon we will have in another 24 hrs. (after 4 days of evaporation) about a qt. of lovely syrup, which in these rationing days is quite a gold mine.

What do you suppose Aunt Mary is doing at this moment. She is giving your newest nephew a bath. I gave him one yesterday and its lots of fun. I must confess that it is the first time I can remember in bathing so small an infant and strange to say he didn't cry a cry- but he was in a good mood for his bath came midway between meals- today he is almost to the end of a starvation period and I hear a few crys. It does make a difference if our stomach is clear empty I fear. He is adorable tho whether he cries or not. He really cries so little that one forgets that he can. He is getting to be a big boy- 11 lbs. Monnie is worrying lest he is gaining too fast. He has so many dresses-sweaters etc that he'd have to kick hard and fast to get the good of them before he outgrows them. Every day brings something new. Today, Sunday, began with a gift from Margaret at milking time, of a lovely silk romper suit pure white but big enough for him at 6 mos. and possibly a little older. Then Ruth Hall ?field sent him by Monnie some lovely oiled silk bibs at church – one of which he is using at this very moment for his bath is over and he is happy with his bottle. He is the greatest little grunter- and stretches even in his sleep sometimes he ? grunts and murmurs and he is a very sociable little boy and loves even at this early day- he has you stand beside his blanket and talk to him. He really follows you with his eyes if you move about near him. If at first ?? ?? that you can't see him at this darling stage- but then all stages is just as fascinating. Edith's little joy is at a most interesting stage- just beginning to talk and always ready with a smile and Well's Marian is grinning all over when?? in there because she has learned to walk alone this last week. You see we have them at all ages now so are quite co?miscuous along this line. We are wondering if Gould is home for a letter from Jinny a few days ago said that she was daring to hope that he would come any time now.

Ruth's husband has been gone over a month and she had had 6 letters from him last we heard- each from a different place- India- Egypt- S. A. ? she has with his people at High Point N.C. until last Friday, when she was driving to Nancy's. (Ruth and her parents left for Nancy's Friday and will drive home with her sometime this week we expect.

Did you know that Uncle Ben has remodeled the house next to his for a two family home- and Wells has downstairs and Edith upstairs? This is the house that Ben and Abbie went to housekeeping in. It has made two lovely rents. Of course they are all much concerned lest Wells-Dan and Seymour be drafted. Dan is planning to do some farming on our farm if he is still here. Ben plans to fence our apple orchard and raise some pigs. If we have a big harvest of fruit perhaps we'll send for you to help harvest it. We got some giant prunes from a farm down in Tenn. and every time we have them your father asks if we think those are some you picked. (Johnny has just gone downstairs all dressed in a yellow sweater and cap that his Aunt Winefred made him).

We are wondering if Monnie and Ralph will be anywhere in Canada near enough for you to get them in case you could get away that long. I do hope that they can go by way of Dorothy. Monnie has her belongings here all sorted ready to pack. She is very methodical about it. We are going to miss her terribly. She said the other day that she had been here six months- and it doesn't seem more than six weeks. The baby has been so quiet and asleep so much of the time and upstairs in her room that we hardly realize that he has been in the house. We run in and peep at him whenever we are upstairs.

Elizabeth Frazier (our pastor's wife) is awaiting the arrival of her second child any minute now. She and Don have enjoyed Marjorie so much and have invited her and Ralph there and been down here, that Marjorie is hoping that her baby comes before she (Marjorie) has to leave for Canada.

Hazel Space [*Gould's mother-in-law*] has just telephoned that Gould has just talked to Virginia from Miami and expects to be home either tomorrow or Tuesday so they can probably arrange to go on to Father Butts when, Marjorie and Ralph go there, if they can't get up here. Won't Gould have a good story to tell sometime after all this turmoil is over. What a mess this world has gotten itself into!

Donald Blessing has just gone with they navy and his brother Charley- who married about two years ago going the last of May or after their first baby is born. Louise is working in the shop again. Marjorie is in High School and gets home in the afternoon to look after the old grandfather, who now lives with them because he cannot care for himself and gets the dinner with the help of her little sister Lillian almost 9 yrs. old.

Your father has just started an adult Sunday Sch. Class at church, and the members are very much interested and quite enthusiastic about it. He has to get there at 9:45 so it means that he has to miss a part of his Sunday morning nap. I'm a real back slider for I don't hustle off and go too. Perhaps sometime I'll get up enough energy to go. But with a possibility that going Danny may be here some this summer to help with his pony and the garden work and the extra duties of Victory gardens I'm afraid my courage about taking on any extra work – even at church- will not be up to such a mark.

Now that gas rationing is cut in half I'm afraid that we won't now be able to keep in touch with the family. I don't mind walking but it takes more time than I have to give sometimes. We now drive to Shelton- and walk to Derby for most of our errands.

It is nice to get your letters and learn the ? about Leolyn's family. It looks as tho Polly [*probably Leolyn's daughter, Pauline*] were really too far off mentally to get back- does it not? Is Billy [*probably Leolyn's son, William*] still able to keep at work? I feel so sad for Mother Leolyn and I hope that she is getting interested in outside activities enough to ease the tension somewhat. Leolyn Griffith [*Leolyn Jr. or 2<sup>nd</sup>*] writes us quite often. I think it was a good thing for her mental state to get away from Berkeley for a time at least. Stephen has seemed to enjoy her nearness to him as he ?? of running on these fairly often. The friend of Nancy's from Holland, Martha Holland, is married and lives near Stephen too and he has seen her often too. Then there is a Pearl R. boy in his factory so he isn't so isolated after all. He's working days and studying evenings and thus keeping busy-

With love-

Aunt Phebe

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Monnie to Jerry. Monnie writes a letter to go with some photos of Johnny. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

March 21 [1943]

Dear Jerry,

Just a note to go in with Aunt Phebe's letter, and to bring you the latest photos of Johnny. Aren't they good! One day week before last Aunt Mary fixed up a regular studio with reflecting sheets and every thing. And all the trouble was not in vain because the pictures are perfect- every detail comes out beautifully. And Johnny is so good in both of them. Just forget about me- I'm terrible. Too bad I spoiled the picture. Having me hold him was a last minute idea and I hadn't fixed up at all. Just notice Johnny's lovely little round head- it's a beautiful shape- and his tiny fists up on his chest (he holds them that way when he eats – so cute). He gets wider awake and more observant and intelligent-looking every week. When you talk to him now he looks as if he understood every word and looks at you too. He's just beginning to coo, very occasionally. It's such fun and so fascinating to watch that tiny being develop. I do wish you could all be here too, to see him and live with him. The aunts do enjoy him so, and Grandma and Grandpa simply dote on him- Grandpa in a very quiet and not very expressive way, but doting all the same. I can understand now how proud parents simply hit the ceiling when Jr. gets a tooth or can sit up alone. You do feel like telling the world. But it is boring to others!

Father is going to baptize Johnny next Sunday. Don Frazier, the young Oberlin graduate who is pastor here, offered to let father do it. Wasn't that nice?

We leave Shelton about a week from Tuesday and reach Winnipeg on Saturday, after spending a night at Ralph's father's to show him his first grandchild.

Your letter of the 14<sup>th</sup> was grand. The clipping about the creed of the modern baby was so cute. We all hope you are strong again after that bout with intestinal flu. I had that in Labrador and can fully sympathize. I'll have to wait to answer your letter till I get to Winnipeg- I'll have more time. Loads of love from us all, Monnie

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **March 21, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He tells about Johnny. His eye is better since the blood vessel broke. Aunt Flora's estate is being settled. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

March 21<sup>st</sup> 1943

Dear Jerry:-

That tie was a beauty. I put it on the very day it arrived. Mother laughed at me for being like a little boy, - had to use it right off. When I was 15 years old my Mother gave me for a Christmas present a nickel watch chain. I had been using a shoe string to tie my watch to me. I wore the new present to church. But Monday morning I put on the old shoe string and ticked the new chain away in the dresser drawer. When Mother saw the she string she asked, - "Where is your watch chain?" "Why I'm saving that for best." "Well you had better wear it and get the pleasure from wearing it. When it is worn out some one will give you another." I have remembered and usually lived up to her advice. I did wear that chain until it fell to pieces. For every day I am wearing a string tie that I tie in a bow. The tailor boy in Ing Tai made it lame- not much good- but he could do my mending and make over my clothes for the orphans- from the bags of old clothes sent by various people from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

I note you are changing your address. But I'll mail this to Parker Street.

Marjorie seems to have overcome all the inconveniences incidental to "borning" a baby and stopping the manufacturing of milk. Both Johnny and she are benefiting by the change from natural to artificial feeding. She was much disappointed but it was necessary. Johnny is a perfect child, sleeps and eats and evacuates normally and cries enough to exercise his lungs and let us know he is normal. He is growing rapidly- weighs 11 lbs I believe now at 6 weeks. I have not known of his crying - except for food and when he was wet or soiled. The Aunts are captivated by him. Monnie allows them to bathe him which both of them consider a rare, greatly to be desired privilege. Yesterday Monnie was packing in her room and put him in his basket on my bed in my room. I lay down for a nap on the other side of the bed. Pretty soon the basket began to shake and the bed to shake. I looked over and he was awake. His hands were clawing the air and everything else that came in their way. Then he began to make a noise. I went round and uncovered him and found him wet. As soon as I began to unpin his clothes he stopped crying and looked at me as if he understood that in a moment he would be comfortable. But soon he had another thought that seemed to come from his stomach and Grandma came and when he got food he was all right. He is a very proper child. I believe Ralph plans to come the last of this week and be here for next Sunday- Mar 28<sup>th</sup>, when John Charles is to be baptized by his maternal grandfather. I think they plan to take him to Long Island to show him to Ralph's father and to Gould's family. Then Monnie hopes to go to Winnipeg via Saginaw. This is not all worked out yet but that is as far as we all know now.

Winter is evidently giving up. But it is still rainy and damp, frost is out of the ground in some places but not all. People who don Victory Gardens are looking for flowers.

Dan may work the farm this year. Uncle Ben bought two heifers last May and parked them both here until the middle of Jan- he made so much off them that he has bought three more- one a bull- and has parked two here so I am a cattle herder. Annabelle freshened March 3. I could not dry her and she is not doing so well in milk production- we got about 11 gal a day instead of 18. Aunt Phebe does not moan, for it makes less work in caring for butter and cheese. We do not have to look out for butter rationing tho.

This morning I began leading a Bible class in our Shelton Church School. I think I shall enjoy it and I hope help people.

The ration for gasoline is only 1 ½ gallons for a coupon. That means No. 5 card must last until July 21= 12 gallons. I will try for more. Next week I drive to Stratford to speak at a Lenten service and it is almost necessary for me to use about 3 gallons of the coupon to do all my work.

I hope you are entirely well from your pull down. We here have been very free from any ailments all winter, - unless I could call a burst blood vessel in my right eye about 5 weeks ago. I perceived an obstruction to my vision- I thought at first it was my glasses. I made an appointment with Dr. Havey in B-port. But the morning I was to see him the mercury was way below zero and no car here would start. He found a tiny blood vessel burst, and told me to see Dr. Edson here. I have seen Dr. Havey once since and the vision is much improved. I am taking something to help absorb and it or nature seems to be on the job.

I do not know if you knew I received from Aunt Flora's estate a mortgage deed for \$500 with interest it amounted to 540. Mr. Fratcher was the mortgagee. (if that is the right term). Louise Blessing got him to sign the property with the mortgage to her. She sold 4 acres to a Mr. Swallen. He paid down enough so she paid me all last Wed. So that is one item cleared up.

May God guide and keep us all  
Lovingly Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated **March 31, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Mary to Jerry. Monnie, Ralph and baby John have all left for Canada. Gould was in Brazil training pilots in American planes. She fills Geraldine on the relatives and the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

March 31, 1943

Dear Jerry,

We are feeling much like the morning after the night before today. Only it is after the six months before. Yesterday there was a big exodus here - - baby Johnnie and his parents left for Canada. They took a 3:50 train to New York so they might have a three hour visit with Mr. and Mrs. Butt senior and Daphne. The later came from Long Island and they were to meet at the hotel Penn. Mr. Butt is on a job that demands his presence within the borders of Greater New York unless released for a short time by a special permit. Hence the place and time of meeting.

Your father took Ralph and the trunks up in the morning and checked them to Montreal via Bridgeport so he could check the personal baggage down. We gave them a lunch of sandwiches and cake which they planned to supplement with hot drinks at the hotel.

I had the fun of giving Johnnie his bath and bottle in the morning as Ellen was busy washing and Monnie was packing. Abbie had given Monnie a two handled basket to carry baby in. Monnie had been unable to get a regular baby basket but this is really handier than the one she could not get. It was lined with blue and babies bunting had blue trimmings, so he was very cunning in it.

Edith had loaned her bathinette and Mrs. Pease her baby scales. Also Edith had left her baby carriage which Johnnie did not get big enough to use. But now soon I shall have a returning day. The only article that will go into immediate use is the scales. Baby Pease will still use them.

On Sunday Monnie had invited a group of the young couples with whom she had mingled several times for tea from 4.30 to 9.00. Also on that date she and Ralph joined our church. Ralph joined on confession of faith and Monnie by letter from Oberlin. And Baby's grandfather baptized him at the morning service. He was wide awake and cooed and talked all the time while up front. He also stayed through the service and slept most of the time.

Jinny wrote that Gould was due back soon. Then the first of the week she called her mother and she relayed the message that he had talked from Miami. He did get in Tuesday but we had not heard. So Monnie called Manhasset Friday evening. Gould was there and when they learned that Monnie could not get down they said they would come up Saturday and stay until Sunday afternoon. They were able to get the 4.10 and Ralph and I had gone into town for errands. When we telephoned they had not yet called so I gave the list of calls I had yet to make. At Mrs. Bartlett's where I had to get two Angel cakes for the tea I was told to return to the station. Sunday afternoon all Ben's family came and had a nice visit with us all. The friends purposely waited until evening as they knew we were to be together. We served egg and chicken, sandwiches and peanut bread ones with just butter. Ellen made that bread. For drinks we had either coffee or cocoa. What a time we had getting the latter. Finally it was Hershey Chocolate we used. Coffee is no trick for us as neither of your parents drink it except on special occasions. We have furnished two pounds and a half pound for church group parties. We were also O.K. on sugar as Johnnie had a ration card, and shared his with his mother's guests.

Your mother feels the shortage of sugar very much. So on Saturday I got the 5 pound package of sugar due on Johnnie's book and did it up as from "Johnnie and The House" for the 29<sup>th</sup>.

Baby had gotten well over 11 pounds and was so good we hardly knew he was here. The only thing that upset his calm and happiness was a late delivery of his bottle. His bath he loved and during the last two weeks especially, he often lay wide awake and cooed to himself.

Gould has been in Brazil since just after Christmas. Among other things he trained several pilots to handle American planes. He was brown as a berry and showed the outdoor life he had been leading. [The following article regarding Gould is from the *Encyclopedia of American Biography, New Series, Volume XXIX, a Publication of The American Historical Company, Inc. New York, 1959*: "Mr. Beard was attached to a special mission for the Defense Supplies Corporation as pilot on a DC-3 to indoctrinate the Brazilians with the excellence of the American flight equipment to replace the German airplanes which were taken over when the Brazilian Government nationalized the German Condor Airline System into a Brazilian Airline System. This mission was conducted from January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1943 to March 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1943".]

Hazel has passed the five foot height and is very proud of the fact. Just in fun I told her she could have her choice of the cot, the baby basket and the baby carriage to sleep in. But "could Five feet" get into either of those, she asked most seriously. Both children looked fine and acted fine. Willard, Hazel, Danny, Beverly and Win had a grand time playing outside together. But they kept an eye on the indoors as they had spotted the table set for refreshments. The numerous errands were quite amusing.



Left to right: Willard F. Beard, Winifred Valentine, Daniel Beard Jr., Beverly Beard, Hazel Beard, Jay Valentine  
[Photo from the collection of Edith Beard Valentine.]

Jay has at last gotten to talking something besides his one word "Ah". Marion walks alone but is not very steady. She will be a year old tomorrow and Ruth will be 21.

Ruth drove H.M.'s car to High Point and stayed with his people for several weeks. Two weeks ago she drove to Nancy's. Stanley and Myra took the train down and have been there 10 days. The three are driving to Pearl River. Started Tuesday if they kept their plan. They will take two days for the trip.

Stephen is on your shore. At first he did not sound interested in his job, but now he does. He sees Kits and Fred occasionally. But working 6 days a week and studying nights leaves little time for social life.

Dan [Bennett Nichols Beard's son, Daniel N. Beard] is planning to work the farm this summer. He has a starter of ten cows already. Little Dan is anticipating being his father's right hand man. When they brought down a calf, a heifer, a young bull, Danny was along and begged to take the calf back. His father let him and they say he takes entire care of it as well as of Bucky.

The weather has been such that it was hard to burn the refuse about until this last week. We had so many extras with getting Monnie off and all that we did little, until Saturday morning. Today I did a little then it rained and nothing would burn.

So far I have gotten the feed for my hens and the cows. The last delivery was Saturday instead of Monday when it was due. If I can keep ahead enough, it will be O.K.

Our church is having Lenten Suppers with the Methodist church. The first three were in their church, these last in ours. That was to make it warmer for us as we have oil heat and they have coal.

I shall not send this off until I get the snaps Monnie and I took of Johnnie last week. They should be back soon now. If they are good, I can enclose one for you.

It was good to have you feeling so well that a Christmas celebration was all to the good. We are glad that you keep us informed about the Berkeley Morgans. Leolyn writes occasionally. More often than I do, I fear. Give my love to all and keep a big share for yourself.

[not signed- letter written by Mary]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter dated **April 4, 1943** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. She and a friend have started a victory garden on a rented lot. She is substitute teaching a lot lately. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Saginaw, Mich.  
April 4, 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Forgive me for waiting so long to thank you for my birthday gift. It's a very pretty blouse and I so like it! I have nothing like it. Thanks heaps! It was quite a coincidence that yours and Kathie's gift- a white slip- came on the same day. Thank you also for the cute valentine.

Your last letter told of spring coming your way, and we rather envied you. We've had a long, cold winter and will be awfully glad when spring comes to stay. Tulip plants are up three or four inches, and shrubs and trees are in tiny bud- and that's all we can boast of.

We were rather expecting Monnie, Ralph and Johnny last Thurs. They planned to come this way and stop over one day, but something must have gone wrong for last Sun a wire came saying that they couldn't make it. We were terribly disappointed. I haven't heard from them since.

Myrtle Johnson and I are planning to rent a lot not far from here, for a Victory garden this summer.

(Mercy on us! I thought I'd finished and sent this, and I came across it in my writing box today. Well I'll hurry up and get it on its way.) Yes, Myrtle and I have a garden out at the end of our street here. It is all plowed and harrowed and ready to plant, and we are waiting for warm weather now. Probably next week-end we'll put in our first seeds. Harold has out potatoes, corn and several other seeds already to go in. How about coming on here for your vacation this summer and help us enjoy the fruits of our labors.

I've been doing lots of substitute teaching lately- everything from soup to nuts (pedagogically). No kidding the other day I taught kindergarten and had lots of fun. I've had H.S. biology and cooking, Junior High Sewing and arithmetic and about everything but gym. However, the girl who took my place when I stopped teaching, has joined the Marines and may be called anytime. Mr. Case asked me if I'd be ready anytime, in case she went. So- I may be right back where I started from soon. I'd finish up the year, but don't know whether they'd ask me back next year, if there were a single girl available for the position.

We had two letters from Monnie- one explaining why they couldn't come here, and the other a duplicate of one you got. It seems that the Co. had bought their tickets right through from New York- through Montreal, so they had no choice. They're certainly getting a big kick out of little Johnny, aren't they?

Are you planning to stay over there next year? When are we going to see you again? I do wish you could come on this summer.

Believe it or not, I've been out of town just once since I came back from the East last fall, and that was way over to Bay City!

I am chairman of my church division now, so that with everything else keeps me busy. We made \$55. on a rummage sale lately.

Hope you have a Happy Easter. Thanks again for the blouse.

Love - Dot.

I've been listening to the radio as I wrote this letter, so it sounds simple- that's why.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated April 6, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to some of his children. Gould was in Brazil establishing airports and training pilots. The family members enjoyed having Marjorie and baby Johnny at Century Farm for awhile. Willard refers to all the wood from trees downed by the 1938 New England hurricane. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

April 6<sup>th</sup>. 1943.

Dear Geraldine, Dorothy and Harold, Kathleen, Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;-

It takes a whole line to address you all. And "you" are not the all. Gould and his family were up last Saturday and spent the nite and so saw Monnie and her family. They were all looking very well. Gould had some to say about Brazil. He spent his time there for more than two months. He established several airports there and spent much time training pilots. It looks as if the U.S. was planning more business if not friendly relations with South America. One of the air ports was in Juruena way in the west of Brazil. And along the sea coast there were perhaps fifteen that he mentioned. There were others. He let fall one remark. "The next trip may be China." I imagine he would not be averse to going there and I also imagine he would try to make Foochow one place that he would see.

The visit of Dorothy last fall and the long stay of Marjorie were a very great pleasure. The Aunts enjoyed the visits also. How they did enjoy Johnnie! Monnie let them bathe him once or twice. Aunt Mary had the job the morning they left, and she is bragging about it still. If Monnie was busy all she had to do was to ask if one of them wanted to feed him and she would drop anything she was doing and sit down with his bottle in her hand. His personality certainly permeated this household. He was a very good baby. I think he never cried unless for a good reason. If he was hungry he let people know it. And if he was wet or soiled he told about it. One day he was put on my bed while Monnie was packing in her room. I was lying down asleep. Pretty soon he woke me. He was not crying but kicking and throwing his arms about and so uncomfortable. I began to unpin his diapers and he stopped crying and looked at me interested. He did not say another word until some time had passed then he began to fuss, and did not stop until he had something to eat. Two or three times I had the same experience.

Monnie wanted very much to nurse him and tried for perhaps two weeks to do it. But she had to give it up. He could not negotiate her nipples. When he got on a regular schedule of the "formula" he began to grow and to sleep and be contented. It made it much more complicated to plan for the journey from here to Montreal and then to Winnipeg, - prepare and take all the paraphernalia for his food but they made it. We had just a note from her mailed at Winnipeg. Mother and I took them to Bridgeport to a 3:50 p.m. train. Johnnie slept all the time after leaving here until I handed him up to his father in the train. Monnie wrote he was a very proper baby all the way to Montreal. On the way to Winnipeg, she went into the diner for supper, leaving the baby with Ralph. The service was slow and she was gone an hour. Johnnie got wet and his father tried to change him. He got all protection off and then was Johnnie's chance. A nice little stream shot right into the father's face. The last diaper was used and he reached for the bundle of paper substitutes. The whole thing tumbled on the floor and sprawled. Johnnie did not like that and he thought it was eating time. When Monnie came back she found a squalling baby and an irate husband. But she soon restored order and calm reigned.

This is Sunday the 11<sup>th</sup>, 5:30 p.m. After I began this letter I had meetings and went to Hartford and to a farm auction one day with Wells and Ben and to Bridgeport with Mother yesterday and to a forest fire yesterday afternoon with Mary. More than a month ago I burst a small blood vessel in my right eye, according to Dr. Havey in B-port. I have been down three times, it is almost absorbed, and I will not go again. A new road has been built from Wells Hollow right to B-port, that shortens the distance one mile. Mother and I called on Aunt Annie. She has a peck of trouble about getting her ration books and with sciatica and lumbago and with loneliness. She still has three roomers. She says she does not see them for they leave in the morning before she is up and she does not see them at night. They all leave the house Friday morning and do not come back until Monday nite. All the neighbors are Jews or Catholic she says. And her former pastor who is in Old Greenwich, do not come often due to gas and tires, and another congenial minister who often called has been ill himself. I hope our call cheered her a bit.

All winter I have been trying to get up wood from the east woods. A high school boy 15 years old has helped me. We have sawed down some 15 or more trees from ten to 20 inches in diameter. And some half dozen that were blown down in the 1938 hurricane and one big oak over 20 in. in diam. we have sawed up. This all lies on

the ground and is to be carted up to the woodpile. It is getting to [be] real work for me to walk over and do two hours work and then walk back. Uncle Ben has three head of stock here so I have four of the bovine species to feed and water. He has three cows up at his house. He found an old truck body that he drew down back of his house and has covered with something. Dan milks in the morning and Dannie in the evening. Dannie says he gets about seven or eight quarts and his father about six or seven. Bee Dan's wife, [Beatrice], Dannie and Beverly [Dan and Bee's children], Seymour, Edith, Win and Jay [Edith and Seymour's children]. That's quite a milk route in itself. Ben came down the other day looking for a small churn, which Aunt Phebe produced, - a two-quart churn so they will now have butter.



Written on back: "Daniel and Beatrice Beard and Beverly and Danny Beard 1942"

Daniel Beard is one of Bennett Nichols Beard's sons

[Photo from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]

Spring is trying hard to beat old man winter. But this morning ice formed on the cows trough an inch thick. The grass is a little green. Vigiana has plowed and planted lettuce. But Aunt Mary stopped two days for small lettuce plants and he said "no wait. I set out some last week and they are mostly dead." I have bought two hundred pounds of seed potatoes to plant next winter. I want also to sow some soy beans. If you could get some seed of the edible variety I would like two quarts or say three or four pounds. I owe you money for pictures. If you sent the beans I will send you a check for all.

Yesterday afternoon the woods across the road from Vigianna's were on fire. We all thought it was farther to the west over in what we call Nell's Rocks, west of the Bridgeport turnpike to Henry Wells and home by the cross road by Blessings. We could not see the fire from the B-port road. It was on this side. Neither could we see it from the cross road. But later it was found to [be] about opposite Vigianna's. The fire trucks from Shelton, Pine Rock and Huntington came. The Shelton truck was for city work and not of great use but the other two had chemicals and water buckets for men's backs. They soon had it out.

This morning I was up at 6:05 a.m. and went to a men's breakfast at the Meth. church in Shelton. 49 were present. Several remarked that so many young men were in the service that it decreased the number who would have been there. The Meth. Baptist and our churches united in the service. It was an impressive service and after the service we all had breakfast together in the parish house of that church. Then I drove over to our church and led a Bible class which I took on three weeks ago and then attended our church service. I WENT TO CHURCH THIS MORNING.

We have one note from Monnie and that's all. We are looking daily for one from her mailed in Winnipeg telling where they go from there.

Don Frazier our pastor is taking the high school girls who sing in the choir to New York for a sight seeing trip soon. They plan to see Fisdick's church, Broadway Tabernacle, the Offices of our church 287, 4<sup>th</sup> Ave and perhaps a Museum in Central Park.

We remember you every night as we talk with God and family prayers.  
Lovingly Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated April 13, 1943 was written from Florida by Kathleen to Jerry. Kathleen is curious as to where Gould's secret trip took him (Brazil). She is teaching Sunday School at the Methodist church they just joined. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Railway Express Agency  
April 13, '43

Dear Jerry:

What have the past few weeks brought your way? Have you gone into one of your busy spells again or are you doing some more volunteer agricultural work? I don't hear much from any of the family these days but at least we know that Gould is home from his secret flight safely. If only they could tell us where it took him. We are eager to know where Monnie will be located for the next few years too, and I bet she is having a time travelling with young John. Don't you wish you could see him tho!

There isn't much to write about here just now but we have plenty to do. Measles are going around (the short kind) so I expect the children will both catch them. They had the long measles last spring about this time while Mother was with us in Tampa but these will not be so bad. Hugh and I are joining the Methodist Church on Easter by letter, and no sooner had we voiced our intentions to the Pastor than I was pulled into the Sunday school as a teacher. I will be in Jill's department teaching the class under hers. I already belong to the missionary society and am acquainted with several of the church ladies. It is a friendly church and about the largest in town I think. Mrs. Edison [*Thomas Edison's wife*] goes to it when she is in town but she didn't come down this winter.

What kind of weather are you having there now? Is this what you called the lovely green time of the year? We can tell more or less how it is by listening to the program "One man's Family" which comes from San Francisco but they don't always mention the elements. I think you have lived in more different sections of this country than any of our family but I bet I have lived in more towns. We went to see the motion picture Air Force not long ago. Most of the action was taken at Drew Field in Tampa and we wanted to see if any of the scenery looked familiar. There was very little ground scenery but I thought I did recognize the highway to Davis causeway in one scene. The picture was very exciting and tied right in with the story "Queens Die Proudly now running in Reader's Digest. Another picture is now being filmed at the same field.

I must make a lunch for Hugh to take to work now and Jill will soon be home from school. Do write soon and remember we all love you-

Kathie

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter, dated April 18, 1943, was written from Marrakech, Africa by Gould to Willard and Ellen. Gould writes a brief note comparing Marrakech to the mountains near Denver, Colorado. Letter from the collection of Virginia Van Andel.]*

Hotel De  
La Mamounia  
Marrakech

April 18, 1943

Dear Father and Mother:

This is Africa. Now I have only Australia and Antarctica to visit and I will have been on every continent of this globe. Believe I will have to take a year off and visit a lot of the out of the way places with the kids and Ginny when the kids get into or thru High School. This Marrakech is beautiful. It reminds me of flying up to Denver or Colorado Springs from the east. There is a range of snow covered mts. 13,000 ft high to the east just the same as at Denver only there the mts are to the West. The natives here are very poor and ragged. The people are either wealthy or poor. There are very few of the middle class.

Have only a few minutes to get a few letters off.

Love to all,  
Gould.

*[According to Gould's Biographical Sketch, he was the first engineer and pilot on the first C-54 cargo survey over the Atlantic. This flight was non-stop from Gander, Newfoundland to Marrakech, Morocco for which the entire crew received Air Medals.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This postal card dated **April 20, 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Marjorie and her family arrived safely in Winnipeg, Canada. Phebe will have breast cancer surgery. Postal card donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

[April 20 1943]

Miss Geraldine Beard  
2008 Parker Road  
Berkeley, Cal.

Dear Geraldine,

Have you received a copy of Marjorie's very detailed letter, her first after arriving in Winnipeg? It begins, "Our Butt luck is still holding"- and ends, "We have got no mail at all, - quite naturally, of course." I did not know whether she sent carbon copies to all the sisters or not. If you haven't received a copy of this one or a similar one giving a full account of their experiences after they left here,- 5 pages long, type written on large sheets,- just write me a postal and I will mail ours to you.

Your good letter came today. Let's have the second one "written on the train." Phebe had a lump taken out of her breast a week ago. Examination showed malignant tissue and she is having the whole breast removed tomorrow at Griffin Hospital. All the rest are well. Love Mother

I wrote this postal intending to mail it as is, but later thought best not to send so open a message about Phebe. So as I had these photos to send you of Marjorie's baby, I decided to enclose this with them and send it along. Phebe discovered a small lump in her left breast about 2 weeks ago and went to Dr. Edson at once about it and he thought it best to remove it. So she went to Griffin Hospital the next morning at 7 o cl. and had it out with only local anesthetics. Dr. Edson sent it away for analysis. Phebe staid in the hospital only the rest of that day and came home to supper. Next morning she was up as usual and prepared breakfast and has been doing her usual work ever since. Yesterday, Monday, she went to Dr. to get the report of the analysis and he told her they found a little malignant tissue and that she must have the whole breast removed. So she goes to the Hospital at 4 p.m. today, Tuesday, for 2 weeks at least. I suppose they will prepare her for the operation today and operate tomorrow perhaps.

Thank you very much for your share in my gift of a floor lamp. I am using it daily and enjoy it much. Also thank you for your fine Birthday card and slippers.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated **April 20, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Willard's sister, Phebe, has breast cancer and just left for the hospital for surgery. Geraldine heard Madam Chiang (Kai Shek) speak. Willard talks about some of the Foochow missionaries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm  
Shelton  
Conn.

April 20<sup>th</sup>. 1943.

Dear Geraldine,

This is to tell you specially that ten days ago Aunt Phebe discovered a lump in her left breast. She saw Dr. Edson about it and he told her to have it out. He took it out with local anesthetic on Monday April 12<sup>th</sup>. She got to the hospital, Griffin, at 7:00 a.m. In the afternoon she came home. She was about the house and only rested more seriously and did no lifting. She went to see the doctor last week but he was in bed with the gripe or flu that is quite prevalent about here. Wells, Dan and Seymour were all in bed with it last week for most of the week. They are up now. Yesterday, Monday April 19<sup>th</sup>, she went and found him up. He had phoned the evening before and

asked her to come. He told her that at first nothing serious was found but later as they examined more carefully unmistakable tissues of a serious nature were found. The sooner she had the whole breast taken off the better, for such growths sometimes progressed rapidly. It is now 4:00 p.m. Tuesday April 20<sup>th</sup> and she and Aunt Mary have just left for the hospital. She expects Dr. Russell of New Haven will perform the operation. Dr. Edson will be there and possibly give the anesthetic.

Yesterday when the Aunts stopped for me at the service station where I took my car to be serviced, I opened the door as they drove up on Aunt Phebe's side of the car and I felt the second I looked at her that the news was not good. She is bearing up well, and slept well last night. The doctor said she had taken it in the very early state and there should be no trouble. At the same time it is not a condition that any of us would voluntarily chose. The doctor says she will probably be in the hospital about two weeks.

Yesterday was a sour cold drizzly day. Last night the mercury went down to 38 degrees. This afternoon it is brighter and warmer. The grass is beginning to show green but there is not much of it yet. I have written to some of you that I hope to do something toward raising food this year. I have two hundred lbs. of seed potatoes, and two hundred lbs. of fertilizer promised. Uncle Ben is chairman of vegetable gardening in Shelton. He has called a meeting of those interested for this evening at 8 o'clock. I hope to go. But Aunt Mary has taken Aunt Phebe to Derby and my car is being brightened up and I may not get there. Mike Stobiersky is plowing and this afternoon is disking the east end of the long meadow south of the house for potatoes. He is putting in nice acres of potatoes, he says.

Geraldine's letter received yesterday was very interesting. Specially the part about her hearing Madame Chiang. No one has in my memory made such a deep and favorable impression on the American people. I have been asked several times how she does it. I say because she asks nothing for herself and very little for Chiang alone. What she asks is for others as well as for herself. She is selfless. She is urging people to be good. Her text is really the Golden Rule. AND she lives her preachments. In their comments on her influence on her talks and on her character, I do not find any buts and ifs. She is real.

Guy Thelin is home after a long trip. Charlie and Peggy Storrs are also home. And several are starting for China this summer. Helen Smith, Merlin and Eunice Bishop (Eunice Smith, Helen's sister) Susan Armstrong and Hazel Atwood. Others are going too. I had a letter from Cong Li Gong (Robert G. Uong) last week. He has sent me 30 small packages of Chinese stamps, to sell. He will use the proceeds to help educate his five fine children. He was an Ing Tai orphan. I had a hand in his education and I married him and our Phebe was bridesmaid.

Lots of love to each of you,  
Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This postal card dated **April 27, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. Aunt Phebe is doing well after her breast cancer surgery. Aunt Mary also got to hear Madame Chiang talk, but in New York. Postal card donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

April 27- 1943

Dear Jerry:-

This is specially to say that Aunt Phebe is doing very well indeed- Sat up over an hour yesterday. Stanley and Myra plan to arrive on the evening train today. We 3 plan to dine at the Clarke Hotel in Derby and go see Phebe. They go to N.Y. on a morning train tomorrow.

Dan came down and plowed and harrowed the gardens yesterday. He has bought farm machinery and has rented the aunts farm- except the pasture in front. He is also putting in 20 acres of corn on the island in the river which they own. They have had 2 or 3 head of cattle here all winter and 3 head in a converted big truck near Uncle Ben's house in Shelton. These are giving milk. He also has 3 or 4 head in another place. I have set out 26 lettuce plants and Aunt Mary has planted peas that have not yet come up. We did not have a sunny warm day till last Sat. Apr. 24. It was rain, rain and snow almost every day.

You will write of your visit to Los Angeles and of Stephen etc. Aunt Mary heard Madame Chiang talk in N.Y. No one has ever had the respect, honor and approval of all U.S. people as she has. She was positive, selfless, altruistic, asked for herself and China only what she asked for all. Love Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This postal card dated **May 1, 1943** was written from Derby, CT by Aunt Phebe to Gerry. Phebe writes that she is doing well after breast surgery. Postcard donated to Yale in 2006.]*

*[Postcard addressed to:  
Miss Geraldine Beard  
2508 Parker St.  
Berkeley  
California*

Dated May 2, 1943, Derby, Conn.]

May 1 [1943]

Dear Gerry,

The top of May Day morning to you and the rest of the day to me self if you please. It was a nicest kind of surprise to get your letter and to know that you still love your old aunt even if the doctors are taking turns carving her up. I'm in fine shape now and walking about the hospital at will and taking care of myself in every way possible. As soon as a bit more healing is done and a bit of draining I can go home- about Tuesday they say. Want to hear all about your visit to Leolyn. How is Stephen? Stanley called on me the other evening. Your mother and father come often too. Then we miss that adorable baby and he is just as wonderful as all the stories tell. Wish you could have seen him. With love Aunt Phebe

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **May 13, 1943** was written from Putnam, CT by Emma to Ellen with an addition by Ellen. Ellen forwards Emma's letter to someone (probably Geraldine) and comments on how well Emma writes with her failing eyesight. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Putnam, Conn.  
May 13 1943

Dear Ellen,

I am writing just a few lines to thank you for the "Handy Helper" which you sent me some time ago. It is just what it's name implies, very handy to do very many things. I have it constantly at hand. You seem to find all the helpful kitchen gadgets. Thank you.

We have heard glowing accounts of Elbert's trip to N.Y. and Shelton. We are glad to hear that Phebe is recovering nicely from her recent operation. *[According to Jill Elmer Jackson and Edith Beard Valentine, Ellen's brother, Elbert Kinney was interested in Willard's sister, Phebe Beard.]*

Miss Thayer has been in the Day Kimball Hospital eight days with Pneumonia. She has been in an oxygen tent for 4 or 5 days, and her recovery seems rather doubtful. Charles had a hard cold and gave it to his wife and mother. Gertrude had the gripe and was unable to attend Martha's wedding which took place May 7 at Suffield. A chaplain she met at the veterans hospital officiated at the wedding. Martha has a furnished home in N.Y. Etta is leaving Saturday for Long Meadow to visit Helen a few days before going to Towanda and Oberlin for the Summer.

She has been mending and sewing for several weeks and has us all fixed as far as clothing is concerned. Today is warm and sunny after three days of rain. It has been so wet that we have not even ploughed the garden, consequently no seeds planted yet.

On Tuesday we attended a meeting of the Windham County Association at Abington. In the evening we heard a very interesting lecture on Australia by Rev. Walker of Waterbury. The lecture was illustrated by colored moving pictures.

Elbert is not here to blue pencil my letter. Hope you can read it but I can not correct mistakes. Hope we are to see you in P *[Putnam]* this Summer.

With love  
Emma

*[Added by Ellen]*

I am sending you this rather old letter from Emma, not so much for the news in it as to let you see how well she does at letter writing even with her defective eye-sight. The early training of her hand in penmanship stands her in good stead when vision fails.

Mrs. Thayer has been moved from the Putnam Hospital to the institution in Mansfield, Ct. for the mentally diseased patients. She went quite wild at times and it took 4 people to control her. Other times she was quite sane and normal. But a letter since this one says she is failing and has lost her sight.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated **May 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to some of his children. Monnie and her family are to live in Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada. He updates them on some of the Foochow missionaries. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Century Farm, Shelton, Conn. U.S.A., May 24<sup>th</sup>. 1943

Dear Gould and Virginia, Hazel and Willard; Geraldine; Dorothy and Harold; Marjorie and Ralph, Johnnie; Kathleen and Hugh, Jacqueline and Cynthia;

We think of Monnie and Ralph and Johnnie as settled or at least in their home in Nelson Forks, British Columbia, Canada. So all our children and grandchildren are located. We have followed the family of three with great interest as two letters have come from Monnie telling of the route and mode of travel. We still are baited with the query of how they will get from Edmonton to Nelson Forks.

Thursday May 27<sup>th</sup>.

Helen Smith came to Derby on the 11:05 a.m. I took Monnie's two boxes up to the freight depot and met her. We came home and had lunch and then Mother and I took her to the 2:05 p.m. train to meet an engagement at Fairfield this afternoon. More about the freight. They refused to accept it to be paid for at the destination. Household goods going out of the country must be paid in advance,-that is the freight. I did not have money enough in my pocket to pay, so told them I would bring the money in the afternoon. I went after putting Helen on the train. But they met me with the news that I must make out a "manifest" for the goods. They had no manifests. But after a time a man from one of the manufacturing plants volunteered to get one and leave it there by tomorrow. So I hope to get the boxes ready to start tomorrow.

Helen had quite a bit of news from Foochow and Foochowites. She has met for an hour Mary Frances Buckhout and her husband. You will remember Mary Frances was the lady who lived with Helen and me in Ing Tai in 1940 and '41. [*Willard refers to this romance in his letter dated June 2, 1940- they were "sparking".*] I married her to Bill McVay. After we left they were sent to Chungking. He was in the Navy as radio man. He was stationed in Foochow, then in Chung King then they came home and he is now appointed to work in Louisiana. They were months on the way home. Guy Thelin got home about five weeks ago. E. Walter and Lucia Smith of Ing Tai with their son E. Walter III are doing well,-so well that they have planned for a brother to keep E. Walter company this summer. Living is very high. It costs most of the missionaries \$5.00 a day to live most anywhere in China. Mrs. Bankhardt is dead. The \$5.00 above is U.S. currency. Helen, Susan Armstrong, Merlin Bishop and Eunice Smith Bishop are told to be ready to start for Foochow in July.

My potatoes are up nicely. I have hoed most of them before cultivating, - just close to the plants. If all goes well, Dannie will come down with Bucky tomorrow and we will make the grass and weeds look sick. I have transplanted 71 red raspberries and got from May Palmer 13 ever bearing plants and put them in. I have seed for rutabagas and carrots. My hope is to have these for next winter. Salsify and Brussels sprouts are a trial. We have not had them before. The Aunts bought 2000 spruce trees 6 cents each and Uncle Ben is putting them in the ground. I guess it is some job. He has put in a row along the Coram Lane, north of the house. Dan has ten head of cattle in the Spring lot. Annie Belle finds all she can eat of grass in the lane leading to the back pasture and about the yard and north of the house.

The pictures of the newest family came the other day and they are FINE. Johnnie looks like a New York Alderman, and a happy one too. They are very good. They are good of Ralph and of Monnie and of Johnnie. He looks as if he would be a load to carry about. My enlargements came in the same mail. I like them and am sending one to each of you children. I would have them framed and send them, but it will be a bother to pack them so they will not break. I will put a dollar bill in with each and you may get them framed. I cannot guarantee the dollar will pay for the frame you choose but it will help.

Aunt Phebe is getting on very nicely. She is not yet fully in the harness as to work but is fast getting there. Keep writing. Your letters are most interesting.

Love to all  
Father



This is the photo that Willard is probably referring to in the above letter.  
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **June 1, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. Marjorie writes that she and her family are on the way to Nelson Forks to settle. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

June 1- 1943

Dear Geraldine:-

Enclosed is a letter to all the children and a letter come from Marjorie in this morning's mail. She wrote it en route to Nelson Forks and writes to have this one sent round. I will make carbon copies and send at once. It will [be] a long time before the last one receives this one if I do not. Their new post is in some ways more isolated than Davis Inlet,- a much more interesting trip to get there judged from this letter from the trip to Davis Inlet.

I am sending this to your old address hoping it will be forwarded if you have moved.

With love

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **June 7, 1943** was written from Ft. Meyers, FL by Kathleen, to Jerry. The heat and humidity have set in. They expect Hugh will be deferred from military service for at least a half of a year. She updates about Jill and Cynthia. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ft. Myers  
June 7, 1943

Dear Jerry:

At long last I get my lazy pen to moving. The adjective actually applies to me and not the pen but there are lazy days and one is prone to think that things as well as people are lazy. We have settled into a humid summer much earlier than usual this year and it is difficult to keep from sticking to everything we touch. Almost daily showers do help briefly but they also make for perpetual static on the radio so that we feel cheated of our news and entertainment.

So you have moved again! Do you do that sort of thing just for a change or was there some urgent reason? I so hate the sight of a suit case that it takes a war or a transfer order to make me pack one, but maybe you don't have so much junk as we do. I have got so that I don't write your addresses in the book anymore for I have to cross them off too often. I just keep your current one on a loose card in the book. Do you do that with mine too? As a matter of fact we have been half expecting a transfer this month and the possibility of it is not over yet, but we have to keep swallowing those little eruptions of impatience to know, that well up in us, to keep a peaceful spirit. We are almost sure that Hugh will be deferred from the services on account of his work for at least another half year so we only have one worry at a time.

Thanks for the three dresses you sent. I think I can use them with some remodeling. The red one fits alright but I must be a lot bigger than you in the arms and have a longer waist. The blue linen I bisected and will use the skirt with blouses. The dotted one I can't wear till cooler weather anyway so it awaits decision. I find it increasingly hard to get any sewing done for it is too slow by hand and I always have to bother my neighbors to use machines so things just pile up until a move comes, when I get rash and give everything away. Isn't that awful? Last fall I gave away really good things that I could have used for the children but simply had no room to pack. I think they are doing somebody some good tho for the Salvation Army took them.

Jill has been out of school for a week now. I gave her that week for a complete vacation and she was begging for an assignment before it was over. This week we have begun a not-to-rigid program of school work and housework on alternate days to keep her from getting rusty and to help me a bit. She and C. do a little cleaning, keep their room straight, help with dishes and washing and Jill is going to learn to sew some too. There is talk of a community vacation program but it is slow in getting started and it would all be so far away from us the J. may not be able to participate. Our own recreation is rather cramped here for there is no way of getting to the beach, as in St. Pete, and the long walk to town is too hot to make when unnecessary so I guess we will be sitting at home trying to keep cool most of the time. (It saves money anyway.) Jill has changed noticeably this year and mostly for the better. She has developed from practically a baby to a reasoning and sensible girl and we are pleased that she seems so much more responsible and personable. Of course she still has her rough edges and is still awkward and lanky but if she keeps on growing as likeable as she has this year and doesn't get silly adolescent ideas in her head she will be very much alright. Cynthia, poor child, is going thru rather a trying period, coming out of her baby ways and trying to be big like Jill when she can't. She feels terribly hurt, too, when Jill refuses to play with her and from my own childhood experience I tend to sympathize with her. She is still her lovable self most of the time and needs loads of affection. There is one little girl whom they play with two doors away and they divide it about 50-50 between the two houses. Most of the time it woks pretty well but there are fights and squabbles every day or so. Just now my children are over there and the house is very quiet and peaceful, but they may decide to migrate over here at any moment.

Have you read "Last Train from Berlin" by Howard K. Smith? I am almost thru it and am finding it most interesting. It sort of begins where Berlin Diary left off and is especially elucidating about conditions in Germany since the Russian war started. Smith is a smart young fellow and gives a brilliant analysis from his six years in Germany. Simultaneously I'm reading The Secret Garden to Jill so my eyes get plenty of exercise. Cynthia has a sudden flare for Millions of Cats just now and begs Jill to read it nearly every day. Our only family mail for weeks was a letter from Father saying the Monnie is already at Nelsons Forks. Also said he was sending us his picture. Mother's tinted photo is on our piano so natural it almost speaks. Don't you like it ever so much?

The ever present need for nourishment impels me to stir my lazy self toward kitchen. Much love from all-Kathie



Stamped on back: "Vanart Studio, 501 ½ Franklin St., Tampa, Fla."

This photo is probably the one Kathleen refers to in the above letter taken during Ellen's 1942 visit to Tampa, Fl.  
[Photo from the collection of John and Nancy Butte.]

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter dated **June 7, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He and Ellen visited with fourteen other "Foochowites" at the Newell's home. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

June 7<sup>th</sup> 1943

Dear Geraldine:

Last Friday Mother and I went to spend the nite in Putnam and go to Uxbridge the next day to a get-together at the Newell's of 14 Foochowites. I have just returned home and had a nap. I have an engagement in Seymour tomorrow so I came back early. Mother is staying for a week or more. Your letter was waiting for me. I have the "shoe" coupon, have stuck it onto this sheet and am getting just a word off to you in air mail envelope to make sure you do not go limping about the streets of Berkeley and Oakland on bare sore feet.

We found Aunt Emma, Uncle Elbert well. Aunt Etta had been gone for a week. She went to Helen's first then to Donald's then to Myron's then to Oberlin. I think that was the order. She is likely to stay at Oberlin for some time. But she plans to return to Putnam for next winter.

At Uxbridge we met Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Dwight. Mrs. Cushman (Betty Cushman Thelin's mother) Guy and Betty Thelin with their two sons Mark and Robert, 7 & 9. Ned and Helen Smith, Susan Armstrong, Mrs. Rinden. We had a good dinner together at the Newell's and had a picture taken and had a lot of good conversation. The day was perfect and all thoroughly enjoyed it. Helen and Susan are told by the Board to be ready to start for Foochow any time after July 1<sup>st</sup>. They go by boat to India then either by plane or Camel to Chung King. Then by plane or some other way to Foochow.

It is Aunt Abbie's birthday and she and Uncle Ben have just come so I must stop now. I also found a letter from Monnie, - just arrived in Nelson Forks. I will copy this tomorrow and mail a copy to you. So this is all for this time.

Lots of love.  
Father.

Fri. ther. stood at 90 degrees  
?? " at 50 degrees

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated about June 1943 was written from Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. She sends photos of grandson, Johnnie, and updates Geraldine on other missionaries from Foochow. Letter donated by Yale to family in 2006.]*

[About June 1943]

Dear Geraldine,

I am sending you some photos that we had taken of Johnnie while he was here.

There were earlier ones taken which Marjorie may have sent you, but these I ordered specially for you and I am sending the other sisters and Gould the same.

Father thinks,- or rather we heard thru Mrs. Frazier our pastor's wife who was in the Griffin Hospital to have a baby boy (their second); and thru Rev. Mr. Graham the Seymour Cong'l Ch. minister who called on her there, and thru Mrs. Space his parishioner, that Gould is away again,- somewhere. And Father thinks he may be in China. For Father remembers that when he was here last, he dropped a remark whose implication was that he might go to China some time. Father thinks he would certainly want much [to] visit Foochow in case he went to China, but whether that would be possible for him in his capacity, is doubtful.

We shall be interested to hear about your visit to Los Angeles. I wish I could have let you know, before you went, that Ray Gardner, formerly of Shaowu mission lives there, with his wife and two sons,- or he did live there 12 years ago. He was teaching in a high school in the suburbs. Do you remember him as a boy, on Kuliang, summers?

A letter from Mr. Smith formerly of Ing Hok, this week told us that Helen, the eldest daughter, and Eunice and her husband Mr. Bishop, were intending to return to Foochow this summer to be ready for the fall opening of the work. Miss Armstrong and Miss Atwood were going with them. That must mean that they are flying by Pacific Clipper for the A. Board would hardly take the risk of sending them at this time. What a trip they'll have! The Storrs and Mr. Wiant of Meth. Mission came home that way a few weeks ago. They flew from Chungking to India and from there home. I wish I could see them and talk with them.

[not signed]

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated June 18, 1943 was written from Putnam, CT by Emma to Geraldine. She updates Geraldine on the various relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Putnam, Conn.  
June 18 '43

Dear Geraldine,

Since my failing eyesight allows almost no reading or writing, I have been asking Uncle Elbert for several months to write you how much we have enjoyed the nuts you sent some time ago. We find nuts a good substitute for meat especially since meat is so short.

These nuts you sent are very good and we thank you. Regarding letter writing Elbert says his middle name is "Procrastination".. and I am convinced.

We had a nice visit from your Father and Mother recently. They went to Uxbridge Mass to attend a reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo Newell.

16 people were present.

How we would liked to have seen John Charles Butt before he went to his far away home at Nelson Forks B.C.!

He will be quite a boy when we see him three years hence. Elbert spent several days in N.Y. in April and had a fine visit with Gould and Virginia over a weekend. From the little that Gould can tell of his trips he has made

in the last 6 months we judge he is having some worth while experiences. I think he should make a record of these trips. They will be valuable to future generations.

Aunt Etta left about the middle of May to visit her children and to spend a part of the Summer in Oberlin. You know that Fulton is in Aruba, and island north of Venezuela, S.A. and that Stewart and Elizabeth are in Lincoln, Neb. He has been instructing classes in air-plane mechanics. His last letter stated that he might be transferred soon, but did not know his destination. Pearl and Bill were in Woodstock about May 1, and took dinner with us one day. Planting is about one half done. The season is very late. When you try to read this scra[scribble?] remember that I cannot see a word I have written. Let us hear from you once in a while. With best wishes. Love  
Emma J. K-

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated **July 11, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Ellen to Geraldine. Ellen talks about a photo of her grandson, Johnnie. She updates Geraldine on various relatives and gives advice on the maple sugar that she sent. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

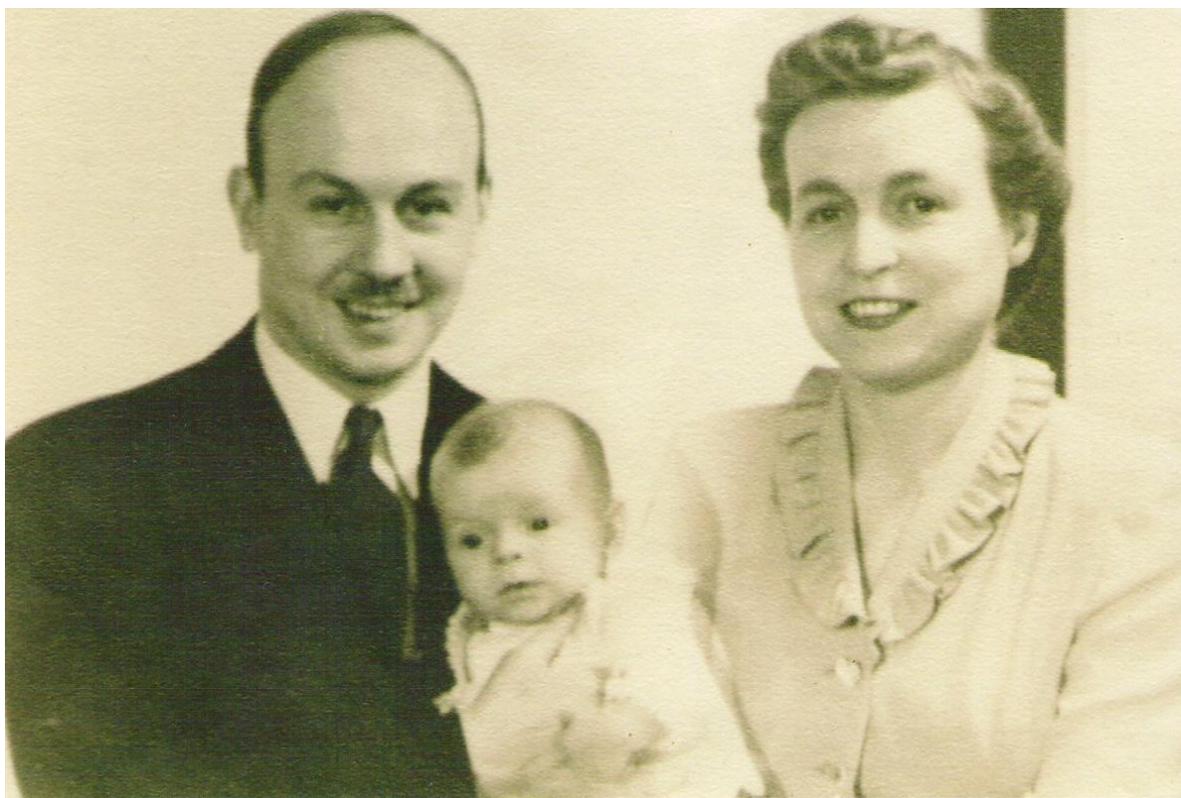
Mrs. Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

July 11", 1943.

Dear Geraldine,

My pen has at last heard the signal "Go", so we are off on the epistolary track, and it was Kathleen who counted the "One, two, three ---!"

In a recent letter from her, she mentioned writing you something about my photograph taken while I was in Florida last year, and that you had not seen it. And I suspect you wondered why I had not sent you one. And I wonder why too, for I had one finished for you as for each of the other children and it should have reached you long ago. But it is one of the things that I have inadvertently let slip. None of the others had to be sent. Kathleen took hers out when she got them from the photographer after I came home. I took Gould's down when we visited there. Dorothy took hers when she came East last fall. And Marjorie took hers when she was here with us so long. But now I will send you yours at once and with it your copy of Marjorie's family picture which they had taken in Winnipeg. They had two or three sittings but all were so poor that the photographer would not even let them see them but said he would take the best one of each of them, from the negatives, and put them together in a composite picture, which he did; that is the reason, Marjorie writes, that her right shoulder fades out. And I think it also accounts for the baby's position. But Johnny's picture looks much as he did when he left us here.



Ralph, John and Marjorie Butt  
[Photo from the family of Myron Gould Beard]

She sent a picture of Johnny alone which she asked to have circulated among you children as the expense was too great to have one finished for each of you; but each gets one of the family picture. The two pictures of Johnny alone are now making the rounds starting with Gould who was to send them to Kathleen and she to Dorothy and Dorothy to you, after which they are to be returned to father and me. These two pictures of Johnny alone, I think look fully two months older than his in the family picture. It shows him as so much bigger and fatter than when he left here, as of course he was. But the one in the family picture looks so much as he did when we last saw him that it is hard to see how they could look so different, taken the same day. But we all think they are all very good likenesses of the family.

I took the picture to Putnam to show to Emma and Elbert before starting them round and Elbert was much taken with Johnny's picture, - they did not see him before he left, much as Marjorie wanted to take him to Putnam; for it seemed rather unwise to take him on a train journey just on the eve of their leaving on the long journey as he might catch some germ that would hinder their starting to Winnipeg when they planned to, as the trains were so crowded with soldiers and measles were also around then.

I am glad their journey to Nelson Forks turned out so well; Marjorie had her misgivings about traveling to such a distant place in such uncertain conveyances with a baby, as she had had no experience in that line, - with a baby, I mean.

Perhaps you knew that Aunt Etta rented her house in Oberlin last year, reserving two back rooms for herself which she hoped to remodel a bit to make a home for herself whenever she wanted to be in a home of her own. She has been much with Donald's and Myron's families since she returned from Hilo, and spent last winter in Putnam with Emma and Elbert. It was fine for Emma to have her there, as Emma cannot read or sew at all. She left Putnam, as the enclosed letter from Emmas says, visiting Fulton's wife in Longmeadow and Myron's family on her way to Oberlin, to fix up her house. But she found it so badly out of repair and the cost of putting it in condition to rust or to live in herself was so great that she was discouraged and wrote details to Elbert, very evidently eliciting from him the advice to sell the house. I was there when her letter came and we all thought it wise for her to sell, particularly as she said frankly in her letter that she was somewhat weaned from Oberlin now. Elbert wrote advising her to sell and giving her some helpful directions as to how to proceed. He advised writing the three sons here in the U.S. for their opinion. Donald wrote Elbert he approved and would go up to Oberlin and help his mother

dispose of her remaining belongings there, and sell the house. Last week Elbert wrote me he had received a letter from Stewart detailing his opposition to her selling (what Elbert did not state except to say that S. thought he might want some of her remaining furniture after the war was over). So she decided not to sell now and has gone to Donald's for July at least, perhaps for the summer, where, Elbert writes, she has found plenty of sewing. Elbert thinks her daughters-in-law, particularly D's and M's wives are perfectly willing she shall work when she is at their homes. She has trouble with her feet and it was hard for her when Judith, and Myron's baby were little.

Hazel and Willard have gone to camp again this summer for two months, in Maine, Lake Sebago.

By the way, we must all write Marjorie right away, if not sooner, to reach her in the July 27<sup>th</sup> mail, as she will not get another until fall.

Do write her a good long letter.

Dan has rented the farm for the duration and has put (or Ben has) 14 or 15 cows in one of the back pastures (cows that they are not milking) and two that they are milking have calves. He drives up every night and morning to milk them. He has plowed with a tractor and planted potatoes. He has mowed the grass and loaded the hay by tractor. Last week was a pretty busy haying week, with some wet days too. It means lots of people milling around, for Ben, Dan, Seymour, and two of Dan's hired men; and almost every day Dannie and Beverly and a friend of Dannie's and Wynn ride up and spend the day and sometimes one of the hired men's children. They all bring their lunches but the aunts furnish milk and punch etc. Dannie's pony is up here most of the days. Dan has bought a horse to pull the rake for haying.

Dan and Wells are still doing jobs of building roads, and airports and excavating work with their bull-dozer and other heavy machines, but are taking on the farming so as to be exempt from going to war. Wells doesn't figure in the farm work however; he prefers to office work and riding around supervising their operations and looking up jobs. He is greatly devoted to his year-and-a-half old daughter Marian, who closely resembles her father.

Fulton likes Aruba, has a bungalow all to himself but would like to have his family with him. They have bought a house in Long Meadow near Springfield [*Massachusetts*], and the entire furniture of another house to furnish it with. His wife Helen and her 4 children are living there.

Emma thinks her quite an able woman doing her own work for a big house, into church work and war work and Woman's Club etc. The children are spoken of as being very fine, well trained children.

Tell us about your new residence and your associate there. Do you like it better than your former arrangement and companion?

Don't let Gwen interest you in any of her Italian men friends.

I hope you'll find the right man sometime, but don't let it be an Italian or a Jew or a foreigner or a Catholic. He may be a Christian Scientist, or a Quaker or a Methodist or a Baptist or a Presbyterian or any kind of a protestant Christian but not the above mentioned.

A recent letter from Mr. Ide said he had retired and now living in Pasadena near some of our Foochow Missionary retired friends.

I hope you are keeping well and not working too hard. With much love Mother

Do write us again soon. Your letters are most interesting.

P.S. - I have thought of another thing that had slipped my mind that I should have written about, so I'll begin all over again.

I ordered sent to you about six weeks ago from Vt. two pounds of maple sugar, as a gift from father and me. It was intended to be an Easter gift but didn't quite make the date. I ordered it thru an old friend of mine in Lyme, N.H. and know that it is the genuine article every grain of it all the way thru. I was ordering maple syrup for all the children who are nearer, but was not quite sure that syrup would travel so well going so far, so ordered sugar for you, from which you can make the syrup by breaking off pieces, put in a small stew pan, add a little water and boiled slowly. I think the tendency is to add too much water and make the syrup too thick; but it must have enough water to prevent its getting too thick and burn before it is all dissolved. A few trials will get the right consistency. But always cook it rather slowly, and watch it carefully as it boils over so easily and you lose some of it. It is always thicker when it gets cold so you allow for that. Let it cool before pouring into a table receptacle as it is so much hotter, than boiling water that is might crack the container. Be careful not to get the hot syrup on your hands for it does burn frightfully. The sugar goes well as candy if broken in pieces. I hope it reached you in good condition. And were you somewhat mystified by the arrival of the parcel? I think it should have bourn the dealer's name so you need have had no doubt of its wholesomeness and quality.

Let me know if you did not receive it and in what condition it arrived if you did receive it.

There! Have I left anything "to the imagination" this time? Ha! Ha!

Please give our regards to all the Morgans when you see them and give us the news from their families. We are having lots of fine large raspberries now from bushes we have planted when we first retired and came home 6 yrs. ago.

Aunt Phebe seems to be as well as ever and does almost as much work as she always has; but Mary now takes the lead in the weekly washing and somewhat about the meals. I think she cannot use her left arm as well as before, i.e. cannot lift it as high, and freely, for when she was buying a dress, the other day I think I heard her give that as a reason (to the sales lady) why she wanted one opening down the front.

Yesterday, Saturday the 10<sup>th</sup> after lunch we all drove to Munroe 6 or 7 miles away and picked high huckleberries. I never saw berries hang so thick. We pulled them off by handfuls and didn't have to bend over or squat at all as the bushes were all 2 or 3 ft. higher than our heads. We could stand and pick all the time. And the bushes were so thick that I didn't move 20 ft. from the place we stepped over the wall to enter the field. We were gone from the house 2 ½ hrs. and bro't home about 14 qts. of berries. It was the greatest picking any of us ever saw. There were plenty of them left when we came away too.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This typewritten letter dated July 25, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He is sending Geraldine an extra #18 ration coupon for shoes. He updates her on the farm and the relatives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

Sunday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

Dear Geraldine:-

Some one got an extra #18 coupon for shoes and I am sending it to you. I think this one is good for some weeks if not months, so I hope you will be able to keep your bare feet off the side walks for the rest of the year. You must be able to get hold of these for yourself some time.

Dan is finished with the haying. That is I expect he calls it finished. I call it a sloppy finish. This is a lot of hay left in the corners of the meadows, - a small load. It has been out to the weather so long that it is good only for bedding. Yesterday he put on an exhibition. There were three plies of cow manure in the barnyard and back of the barn. It has been there for two years. Instead of using a manure fork and pitching it onto a wagon or a truck he took his power shovel and dug it up and emptied it onto the truck. What would Grandfather Beard have said to see his manure subjected to such indignities? It did the job fairly well but there is still a good load in the corners and places where the machine could not get. Dan awfully hates to do anything by hand. He bought an old horse for \$50 and either [he] or Dannie have done all the raking. If he had had to do any of it he certainly would have had two men, one on the rake and one on the tractor or pick up.

They have four small calves in the barn here and one in Shelton. Three are heifers and they plan to raise them. The other two are bulls and the various members of the family are already wheting their teeth for veal.

We four went up to Monroe for dry ground bilberries a week ago. We were gone from the house less than two hours and brought home over ten quarts. Did I write this in my last letter?

Nancy and Stanley Owen were here one night last week. Aunt Phebe went to Mr. Palmer's with them and from there she went to Pearl River Saturday afternoon. She plans to stay until Uncle Stanley comes up here with Aunt Myra for a week.

July 18<sup>th</sup>. I preached in Seymour for the Meth. minister. Yesterday I preached for Mr. Maylott in East Derby. Every Tuesday evening I go down to Pine Rock Park to attend the meeting of the Sea Scouts. Last Tuesday evening Mother and the Aunts went with me and stopped at a Mrs. Patouski or something like that, and I picked them up on my way home. She her husband, three children live in the old Seth Hurd place, the last house on the right as we go down to Mr. Palmer's, the place is owned by a Miss Peale. She took the Russian man and his Vermont wife and their children in for a few weeks until they found a place of their own. The two parties liked each other so well that they have lived together for some three years. The family have bought a house in Stratford and will move out shortly.

Blackberries are ripe in the east pasture and I have been twice and plan to go again when I finish this letter.

With love

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated August 21, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Jerry. He reminisces on the day Geraldine was born (August 25) on Kuliang in China. He talks about the farm, relatives and acquaintances. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

August 21<sup>st</sup> 1943

Dear Jerry:-

Here are congratulations for next Thursday. I hope this reaches you in time. Forty five years ago on Kuliang we routed Dr. Goddard out about daylight and Dwight, her husband, was leaving about 8 o'clock to go to Ing Hok. She was in a great hurry to get away from our house. I guess she made it. I may have had to do more things than otherwise but it all came out all right. I hope you have a pleasant day all round.

Things are humming here on the farm these days. Dan or the B.N. Beard Co. have 7 small sucking calves in the barn and six cows to feed them. For the first months Uncle Ben came down each morning about 8:30 and let the calves eat. But for the last three weeks Dan has been getting here about 7:15 with Dannie. Dan feeds the calves and milks what they leave and goes to work leaving Dannie to lead the calves out and ties them to logs of wood out in the meadow. In the evening Dan comes down or from his work about 7. Dannie spends the day here taking lunch with us. Seymour also comes down nearly every evening and helps.

Bucky, Dannies pony, is here all the time- has been since May. In June they bought a cheep old mare to rake hay. Dannie did nearly all the raking with her. She was a very gentle old flug[?] and Dannie and Beverly and Win could do as they pleased with her. Two weeks ago Seymour traded her for a swanky riding horse and Dannie has frozen to him. Seymour rides him nearly every night. Dannie rides very well indeed. He and Dusty- the saddle horse- are just as one piece when he is on him.

The six milch cows are in the meadow north of the barn and they have ten young stock in the big pasture. Also they are pasturing seven for other people. And they have 2 cows and a 3 months calf in Shelton. Uncle Ben cares for them and makes butter. You see there are thirteen in his family to take milk and butter and one calf up there takes the skimmed milk. Dan has ten acres of corn on an island in the river off Coram and 2 acres of potatoes beside many vegetables. They have bought \$3000 or \$4000 worth of farm equipment since April. Dan said two days ago he had bought a milking machine, separator- cooler and 6 40 qt. cans. So they now have to take care of - feed etc 25 head of cattle and 2 horses.

Gould said over the phone a week ago that he and the family planned to come up for a few days Aug 28. Hazel and Willard will enjoy the horseback riding.

Mother went to Putnam last Wed.- she plans to return before Gould comes. He has been home most of the time this summer.

I dug 4 rows of my 9 rows of potatoes last week. They produced 4 bushels of good potatoes @ \$1.75 per bu. They just ?? for all the seed. The other 5 rows are later- still growing. I have a row of soy beans = edible 100 ft long that look fine. The Japanese beetles are trying to eat them up but by picking the bugs off twice a day I keep them down. My rutabagas (turnips) and carrots that I sowed for winter use do not look too good- not enough rain. The raspberries did very well, gave us from one to three qts. a day for five weeks. Blackberries in the East pasture were very thin. I have picked perhaps ten ??- 1 ½ qts. last Friday. The pasture is getting quite dry.

Helen and Eunice Smith- Mr. Bishop were to have sailed for China two weeks or more ago. I sent them an ounce of cabbage seed to take along to Foochow and Ing Tai. But I have not heard a word from it.

You are lately seeing Leolyn, Fred and Nancy by now according to Leolyn's letter last week.

A week ago Uncle Stanley, Aunt Myra and Ruth were here for nearly a week. Aunt Myra was in bed with flu most of the time but seemed all right when they left a week ago Thurs.

Letters from Monnie are less frequent than formerly. They were all well and Johnnie was thriving when they wrote. I judge summers are hot there and insects thick. Kathleen tried working in the Express office but it proved too much for her,-produced a miss carriage- I perhaps ought not to write that, but if you do not write it no harm will be done.

With love  
Father

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter dated **Aug. 22, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Aunt Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe sends Geraldine birthday congratulations. She talks about the various relatives and the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Century Farm  
Shelton, Conn.

Aug. 22, 1943

Dear Gerry,

Aren't you glad that you have a birthday so that we Augustites at least will be reminded that you are due a letter of congratulations. When you get to be 70 as I did this month you really wish that you could forget several years.

If you were here now you might think yourself set back to the old days for Dan, with his young Danny (and sometimes several of his boy friends and Beverly with her's) and Seymour and Win- 20 head of cows, more or less, a bull, 7 calves- a horse (for riding or driving) the pony and all the activities which these demand almost puts us in a whirl. A well has been dug at the further barn to furnish the truck with water as they considered this easier than to lay pipes, put in a deep well perhaps and bigger motor in order to use our present well. The riding horse is a beauty and gentle as a kitten and all the men enjoy riding it. Danny is devoted to it and rides very well.

I have just had a two weeks visit with Uncle Stanley's family. Nancy and little Stanley Oliver [*Owen*] came up here for two nights so that we all could see the baby and I went back to Pearl R. with them. Then after Nancy went home, Stanley, Ruth, and Myra brought me home on a vacation permit given Ruth to use her car. I am well over the effects of my operation but for some reason I had two days in bed at Stanley's because of an extreme dizziness which the doctor thinks may have come from some ear disorder for it took nearly two weeks for it to disappear after I got home. It seems entirely gone now I'm glad to say. Poor Aunt Myra went to bed the day after she got here and stayed there until the day before she went home- nearly 6 days. Hers was the grip. She is all right now they write. So our vacations weren't all that we could have wished. I wish you could see Stanley Owen before he gets too grown up. He makes me think a bit of Willard- He is that same Petite little figure- rather solemn on the whole but a delightful little chuckle when amused. He is of course very active and very bright is talking some- puts two or three words together. One day he said, "Me ride me- mule Bye". His father puts him on their old mule in everything like a horse is "Me Mule". When he saw the calves ?? he said "Me Mule". We think because they had no horns for he calls a cow a "cov". He loved to watch the squirrels at Stanley's and will say "Quirl, quirl". Everything he's generally said twice like that. He's a marvelous little traveler. On our way home that day he was as cute as could be- just sat on one lap and looked at pictures and didn't even ask for a drink. They met us in N.Y. in the car so that made it easier. Does Stanley D. love to hold him and is Myra his ?? ??- even Aunt Ruth thinks him a dear and plays with him by the ??.. Nancy is doing a grand job at bringing him up. He has to mind. She is anxious to have him have a little sister- but the doctor tells her to wait at least 3 years. She had to be cut so much that he wants her to have time to be well healed. She is working very hard and looks ?? but seems well and is just as handy as ever with her fingers. She tried on five or six dresses that Ruth, Esther and Becky [*see photo of Esther and Becky at end of letter*] didn't want so that she could wear them. Much to the dismay of the clerk at Stearns she bought a silk jersey dress- a 42 I believe because she liked the style and color- the clerk said "You never can fix that to wear and almost refused to sell it to her- but Nancy persisted and she made a lovely dress without any apparent trouble. When she went home, unknown to her mother she bought material for a silk jersey ?? and old dress of her mothers in her bag. (She left Sat. night on a midnight train) and are next Thursday. Myra got the new dress all finished as a surprise. With the help question her dress all her own work with an occasional day of help from some ?? woman.

We heard thru Leolyn that Stephen has bought himself a Ford car and has driven it over to see her once and is very proud of it. He has at last finished his "studies" at the plant and has a metallurgistic job which makes him travel all over the plant so he really needed a car for that. Ruth gets letters sometime from 6511 at a time from H.M. who is flying a transport plane for India to China. He gets her letters but not so well as his came thro.

Your mother went to Putnam last Wed. but is coming back at the end of this week for Gould's family are coming for a week's vacation. ?? ?? first part ?? in Seymour the rest- that she's keeping her fingers crossed. The children come home from camp so they can come too. Won't Willard be overjoyed when he sees Danny's riding horse? He knows about the pony. The other day Danny and a friend rode the two up ?? for dinner. Danny has been coming down in the morning with his father to do the chores and playing all day to work of ?? after things. Dan is still doing a full days work at his construction jobs and the farm work is put in before and after and at any stray time he happens to have. When school begins he'll miss Danny who much of the time has done a man's job,

especially during haying. Seymour coming in every night about 7 and helps feed the calves and helped with haying too.

Aren't the letters from Kathleen interesting. We all offered a prayer of Thanksgiving when we read of Hugh's narrow escape. She sent a very cute picture of Cynthia in the pretty dress that was bought for Jill when Monnie expected to be married here. We do look forward to Monnie's letters ?? and ??? ?? about that darling baby is news to our ears. He has the most interesting little smile and we missed him so when they went.

I hope that your new house and companion is proving pleasant. We wish that you were not so far away. It seems a long time since we have seen you. You probably are not changing so much as Johnny is but nevertheless we do like a peep at you.

We are canning- canning and then canning these days. I made elderberry jelly the other day and no day goes by but some garden product is added to the closets in the cellar nearly 300 jars already. It is my dry line and the things like corn which like dry weather are fine, never finer I think, but tomatoes ?? my first quality are not too numerous. Wish we could get some of our surplus to you. Your father is raising potatoes for our l??der and they are good.

The family have all taken naps this afternoon and are now coming alive again. ?? to ?? ? – We can get no help in the house- so cleaning has to take a back seat. I can do just about so much and then I have to stop. I give my advanced age as the reason.

Hoping that your birthday will be a happy one and that there will be many more of them. I am,

Yours with much love,

Aunt Phebe



Left to right as identified by Stanley Forbes (son of Nancy Beard Forbes): Esther Haviland, Nancy Beard Forbes, Becky Haviland Zurner

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

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated about **October 1943** was written from Saginaw, Michigan by Dorothy to Jerry. Willard and Ellen are planning on going to Florida for the winter. Dorothy would like to go to Florida for Christmas but feels it would be unpatriotic. She is having success with her Victory Garden. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Saginaw, Mich  
Sunday  
[Early 1943]

Dear Jerry:-

I just don't know where time goes to! Don't the week-ends just whiz by when you're working. There is so much piled up to do on Saturdays and Sundays that I never seem to get it all done.

Last weekend we had company-friends from Royal Oak, who came up to go Pheasant hunting with Harold. The men went out early in the morning (Sun.), came back to dinner and went out all afternoon again. Jane and I stayed at home and got dinner and visited. They got six or seven birds and said it was the best hunting they had ever had. Harold didn't get any, so they left one for us, and we did enjoy it.

Mother sent me letters from Monnie and Aunt Emma. I should have sent them on long before this. I also have two photos of Johnny that I must send on to you this week. Mother wants those back.

I do want you to know how delighted I am with that striped blouse you sent for my birthday. I bought a brown winter suit and wear that blouse with it a lot. I have looked high and low for a jumper to wear it with, but have found none to suit me, so am going to have it made. I've received many compliments on it.

We have enjoyed the magazine "Arizona Highways". When Harold does get time to read it, he really enjoys it, but we don't always get the time to read the latest issue clear through and before long reading material piles up and magazines go down stairs unread. We always look at the pictures and enjoy them. I have saved every one of the magazines and thought I'd take them down to school. Some class ought to be able to make good use of them. I'm afraid our "trip west" is only in the long distant future, now. When are you coming East again?

What do you do with your food rationing stamps? - give them to your land-lady, or are you cooking for yourself, now? If you ever have any extra sugar stamps, we'll trade you for anything you need. That seems to be the only rationed article that bothers us.

How did your "picking" vacation turn out? Did you get rested or all tired out? Do you get those A-1 large prunes out there? We did until they went on ration, and now all I've seen are the smaller ones, that aren't quite so sweet. Those were delicious!

It was good to hear about all those Tankites again- Jippy, Dottie and Ish. Yesterday was Ish's Dottie's birthday. I hope my card got to her on time.

I'm well into our Volleyball season now. A game a week. We won our first game and lost the second. I do hope my girls can take this week's game. I have good material and they are a dandy bunch of girls to work with.

Mother writes that she and Father are going to Florida for the winter. They are trying to get a room or apt. near Kathie, for she hasn't room enough for them. Father probably won't stay as long as Mother wants to. I am trying to persuade them to come out here for Thanksgiving, and go direct to Florida from here. Would I ever love to go down there for Christmas, but again it couldn't be patriotic, I suppose, nor very pleasant travelling.

From Monnie's letter it seems as tho they were more isolated and alone up there, than they were in Labrador. It is too bad that all of Johnny's babyhood days and years will be spent way off up there. I suppose the silver lining to that cloud would be that there will be no interference in his early training by fond and doting Aunts, Uncles and Grandparents.

I'm so anxious to know how Cynthia likes school, and I haven't heard a peep from that part of the country for a long time.

We really did reap quite a harvest from our Victory garden. Still haven't dug our carrots and beets. The corn was the only big disappointment. The potatoes didn't do too well, but we got almost 2 bu. I canned more this summer than I ever have before. During the summer when we were eating fresh vegetables, I used my vegetable ration points to do a little hoarding for canned things for the winter like fruit juices and things that I didn't can much of, so, all in all, we have quite a supply in our cellar.

Would you send me a list of things that you would like for Christmas. It would help a lot - and soon, please, for I'm determined to get my shopping done early this year. We hear that they are going to ask people to mail their Christmas packages in Nov. this year. Can you keep a package that long without peeking?

Now that I am working again, I am also determined to send you money for your bicycle, that I've been using so long now. How much would you have sold it for. Please tell me.

I have only your summer address, so if you've moved again, this will have to chase you.

Very much love,

Dot.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Oct. 3, 1943 was written from Ft. Meyers, FL by Kathleen to Jerry. She talks about her family and hopes that Willard and Ellen will come down to Florida for the winter. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Ft. Myers  
Florida

Oct. 3, 1943

Dear Jerry:

Today I was thinning out my accumulated letters and suddenly had the urge to write you. It must be nearing the time for your next move but maybe this can be forwarded to you. I was just reading your letter telling about your prowler scare and hope you haven't been bothered again. But how do you sleep without air? I can sympathize with your feelings, for Hugh is gone every other night and this cottage is a mere shell. I had felt quite safe until a month ago when some neighbors said they had seen a prowler and then Mrs. Logan (landlady) began telling me some things that happened before we came. Hugh got to work and "burgler proofed" the house, as he called it, by putting a bolt on the back door (previously unlockable) and securing my window screens from inside, but for several nights I heard house-breakers all night and even slept with the hammer handy. Now the fear has worn off some, but don't know what I should do if a real occasion arose. I hope you get situated where you feel quite safe for it is bad to have your sleep wrecked.

Are you going out picking any nuts or fruits this fall, or is the danger of poison oak too great? I do hope somebody picks prunes soon for I haven't been able to lay my hands on a dried prune in months, and they are a must for Jill's regularity. Right now local fruits and vegetables are at their lowest, and apples and grapes are almost prohibitive in price. The crazy grocers would rather let them rot in the store than bring down prices. Persimmons are beginning to come in and we all love them. Citrus will be ripe in another month.

Cynthia is a school girl now and Jill is a fourth-grader. C. loves school but is impatient for some "hard work". She comes home chanting the cutest little rhymes such as

1-2-3

1-2-3

I don't drink coffee, I don't drink tea  
Milk and water are better for me.

And she jabbles on and on about her little friends and all that she does. Poor child had to miss all last week on account of a bad cold and fever but will go back tomorrow. She also had to miss promotion day at Sunday School last week, and the department party. Jill graduated out of my class and department and C. came into my department. I would feel lonely without one of my children in there.

I have had two good letters from Monnie since she got to Nelson Forks and have been so busy that I simply haven't written. My curtains are all dirty and sewing piles up in mountains before me, but even having the children away all day doesn't leave me much time. I have been making more speeches on China, and another one next Tuesday. Also had some P.T.A. work put on me so it will be a wonder if I even get my dishes done. It's too bad I'm not one of these energetic efficiency hounds so that I could make every minute count, but I'm slow geared like Mother, and simply have to take my time about things or nothing goes right.

Mother wrote one letter during the summer that sounded as if she and Father are really planning to come down for the winter, but her subsequent letters have said nothing more about it. I know they will like Fort Myers but I only wish we could put them up. This shack has no extra beds and we are a mile from anything of interest in town so I don't know how it is going to work out if they can't bring their car down. I do think, tho, that it will be best all around if Mother leaves the Farm for awhile and gets away from the Aunts. Their accounts of Dan's farming up there this summer have been very interesting and amusing. They must have been much engrossed with the activity it created for every letter from there had much to say about it.

The local Exp. Agent and his wife and daughter (whose place I filled at the office in August) went to California for their vacation. If I had known they were going there I would have sent something by them for you, at least a message, but they never breathed a word about where they were headed for, on account of possible criticism I suppose. Lucille said they went to Los Angeles and Santa Monica so they weren't anywhere near you, but I was a bit breathless when I heard about it anyway. Having been here a whole year without moving has almost roused my gypsy blood again. Anyway I'd like to go somewhere on something besides my feet. We are prodigious walkers by now- all four of us. Even Cynthia can take a two-miler in stride.

Read "The Story of Dr. Wassell" by Hilton if you haven't already. It is so vividly written. "This is the Enemy" is very good on Germany too. I guess every correspondent in Europe has written his book- and so many of them are real good.

Well, how about a few words in your handwriting some day, and if you have moved- your new address.

Love Kathie

Am enjoying the slippers you sent so much. Wish they didn't have to get dirty.

\*\*\*\*\*

[This letter dated **October 24, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He talks extensively about life on the farm. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

October 24<sup>th</sup>, 1943.

Dear Geraldine

For a month I have been looking for this hour. Life is interesting here and now. The farm is humming. Ten cows go into the barn morning and evening to feed six calves and to give milk for Uncle Ben and Aunt Abbie and their three children and their families. In the pasture are still ten more young stock to become cows in a few months. Four more are about which they are feeding for other people. In the orchard (when they are not on other parts of the farm) are six big (500 lbs.) cows, three [pigs] with seventeen small pigs between them. These are living on Frizbie's pie dough [Bridgeport pie bakery].



[An ad from *The Bridgeport Telegram*]

Dan brought about a ton or more of this stuff in barrels and boxes and tin containers. He dumped it in the orchard as he brought it up and the pigs go and eat as they feel like it. The only care they get is the water Dannie takes out to them once in two or three days in forty qt. cans and pours into the concrete trough, which is an old sink that Uncle Ben picked up someplace. The little pigs are getting to be some pigs. They run all over – even up to the house. The sows produced nearly twice as many but they had no suitable place for barning (find that in the dictionary) them and the sows are very large and fat and altogether too logy and the little pigs got the worst of it. But the seventeen are doing all right. The plan is to sell the old ones as soon as the small ones are weaned, for pork. The pigs are plowing up the orchard and the meadow back of the house in fine shape. Then there are Dusty and Bucky. Dusty a fine saddle horse and Bucky a nice little pony that Dannie has had for three years or more. Seymour bought Dusty. But Dannie has adopted him. He is a very pretty riding horse, dark bay and rather fancy looking and knows several gaits. He is very honest and gentle. Dannie goes up to him anywhere and leads him to some stump or elevation, jumps on his back and with only the halter, which is always on him, rides him after the cows or anywhere he wishes. Bucky is supposed to be Win's pony now. He carries Beverly or Jack Butler, Dannie's friend or any of the other children. The two horses are very close friends. Uncle Ben has dressed two calves. Each weighed about 150 lbs. meat alone. So the whole family have had all the good meat we needed for the past two or more months. Another is ready to be converted into food as soon as he is needed. They plan to raise all the heifer calves.

This farm work keeps Dan on the jump. Uncle Ben comes down in the morning and feeds the calves and milks three cows. The milk of one, an Ayreshire, he saves separately for a small child for one of his neighbors. Since last May he has furnished the whole family in Shelton with milk and butter. In the evening Dan comes after work on his bulldozer or shovel, and does the chores. It makes a long day for him, but he seems to enjoy it. Wells comes down once or twice a week and looks on. He seems to enjoy this also.

Dan got the job of furnishing 15,000 yards of loam for the shoulders of a new road running from near Bridgeport to near Shelton. They bought 20 acres of rough land over on the Bridgeport road opposite Platts, and have skimmed off the top of practically the whole piece. They do the skimming with the bulldozer and they also shovel it on the trucks, State owned. Their income on the job is around \$600.00 a day. When I tell them something on the farm needs attention the answer is "Will it bring in \$600.00 a day?"

My garden has been a pleasure this summer. I got Dannie to lead Bucky and we did a good job at cultivating the potatoes and the empty ground until I had planted the carrots and ruta begas for winter. I dug and sold eleven bushels of potatoes @ 1.75 a bu., dug them one day and sold them the next. So there was no shrinkage and no bother. I have sold about two dollars worth of summer pumpkins. We picked nearly one hundred qts. of red raspberries. The ruta begas and carrots are still growing. I think they should be very fine, for they were planted late and have grown quickly.

The cattle and horses and pigs make work. Hardly a day passes but they need some attention. Two Hereford steers got so nothing in the line of fence would deter them.

We've not been places much during the past six months. I have an "A" gas ration card and have stuck to it. It has taken us where we had to go. Aunt Mary has an extra allowance for her work with the Missionary society so she has been to Hartford a few times and we have been with her sometimes. I have [been] saving gas hoping to go to see Gould and Ginnie and then to Mt. Vernon and then to Pearl River. If all are agreed Mother and I will start next Saturday and be gone perhaps over two Sundays.

Perhaps I should add a word about the farm. With all the stock, some one has to be about practically all the time if all is to go well. Two of the white headed steers ate some of the garden. One day they got into it three times and no fence seemed to stop them. I told Ben they would have to do something. He put them into the stantions and there they have stood for nearly a month. The pits. Dan or rather Uncle Ben put a wire this side of the orchard and electrified it. That kept them in the orchard, until the battery ran down. Now those pigs go anywhere. But they do no damage. Then with Ben here for an hour or more in the morning and Dan here for two hours in the evening, I am apt to get out to the barn more then as if they were not here. This eats up time, AND interests me.

I wrote to most of you I think that I accepted an invitation to be one of the directors of a Sea Scout Ship at Pine Rock Park last summer. Since it started I have been down to the weekly meetings except three times. The number of scouts is now about twelve. They have a man for skipper that is right onto the job.

This last week I helped Aunt Mary canvass for the United War and Community Fund. I am sending today my report with \$43.00. This does not include our own contribution. I plan to put into this envelope (1) a dollar bill that I should have sent for the frame for my photo. (2) a set of five or six photos of machinery and buildings and stock that you have not seen. My Sunday School work is still going on. There were seven present last Sunday.

We have had only two damaging frosts. But these were hard enough to kill all garden plants except such as ruta begas and carrots. I pulled my soy beans to get them from the animals.

Thursday morning, Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>. It is still raining. Not hard but a drizzle. The weather is not cold, about 50 degrees each morning rising to sixty during the day. This morning I have just been up to Derby to have the car serviced and greased and anti-freeze put in to start for Uncle Stanley's tomorrow. We plan to leave Pearl River next Tuesday and stop just to say hello to Raymond and Mollie then get to Gould's by 5 o'clock. We will plan to spend the Sunday Nov. 7<sup>th</sup>. with Gould and family.

Letters have just arrived from Kathleen and Dot and one from Jerry only a few days ago. I had a phone call from Gould last nite. Monnie wrote three weeks ago (about) they were all well and Johnnie growing fast, 24 lbs. at that time, and becoming intelligent. I promised Gould I would speak at his Kiwanis next Wednesday and I told Stanley I would speak for his pastor in his Lutheran church in Pearl River if he was insistent, but not to seek the invitation.

The rats are in my soy beans and I want to get them picked off the stalks and hung up before starting for Pearl River. So here's love and all good wishes for you all. Every night and often between times I talk with God about each of you.

With love.

Father

Your letter came a day or two ago. Looks as if you should get to be adept at moving. It clutters up my address book.

I have readdressed two covers from the Life Insurance Co. to you written or ?? from a copy.

[faded words] all right

Love

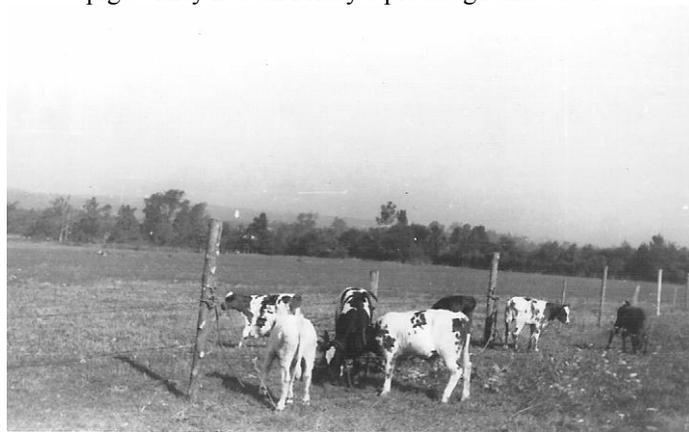
Father



Written on back of photo: "Dusty (horse) and Bucky (pony)"



Written on back of photo: "1 of 6 big sows. 17 young ones. Sows too big and fat and lazy. Lost nearly half young pigs. They live on Frisby's pie dough and water."



Written on back of photo: "7 calves 3 months"



Written on back of photo: "Taken fr. E. of cow barn

Note

1. New milk house
2. Lean-to for calves next to big barn
3. Electricity for milking machine, pumping water, lights, separator, refrigerator"



Written on back of photo: "Water wagon 1000 gallons No rain since July 15 Water pumped into wagon from old well just S. of house"



Written on back of photo: "Dan using the power shovel to put loam into a truck"

\*\*\*\*\*

[This typewritten letter dated **December 2, 1943** was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. The hogs and pigs keep escaping their pens at the farm. Willard teaches Sunday School and attends Sea Scout meetings. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

December 2<sup>nd</sup>. 1943.

Dear Geraldine:-

The other day I sent you a few picked out pecans. I put them in a cellophane or a waxed bag and I hope they will not be too dried out.

For months I have tried to write you about a fur coat that I gave Mother perhaps twenty five years ago. Her attempts to get it made up were so discouraging that she has given it up. Can you use it? I am pretty sure that it is possible to get it lined reasonably cheap. I do not know if you may have seen it sometime. It is the lining to a Chinese coat. There is plenty to make a good coat. And the fur is fine quality. Mother has renounced all claim on it and I have cared for it for years. I am tired of looking after it. If you can use it drop me a line and I will mail it to you for a Christmas present.

It was good to see Stanley and Myra last week and hear the good accounts of you which they gave. It was next best to seeing you yourself. Gould and Ginny and the children were up the week before. They drove up Thanksgiving day morning and went back that evening. We sat up Wed. evening until about 11:00 when Ginny phoned that Gould had not got home and they would not come that evening.

Mother and I were at Uncle Stanley's the last Sunday in Sept. and at Gould's the first Sun. in Dec. We were away eleven days. It was a good rest for me.

The weather has been ideal for two weeks. The stock is increasing all the time. Uncle Ben has just driven in with a new cow bought yesterday at an auction in Milford. This is the list of stock

Cows and heifers	21	Horses	2
Bull	1	Hogs 5, pigs 15	21
Calves	<u>11</u>		
	33		

With fences very poor and with good weather so the stock has the run of the farm with not much to eat, it means there is much "getting out". Until two weeks ago the hogs and pigs stayed fairly quiet. But the last two weeks, perhaps more, they have taken to wandering far. And when a 500 lb. old sow decides to go places she usually goes. One day I went to Fred Bennet's after three and three small ones. The next day I went down to Mrs. Frenches. Today I have looked the farm over and found her at last down in the Goose lot. Uncle Ben is now at work on a fence to keep them in the orchard.

Monday evening I attended a teachers meeting for the Sunday School. I "teach" the Bible class. Tues. evening I attended the regular Sea Scouts weekly meeting at Pine Rock Park. Last evening Mother and I attended a meeting of the Scout and Cub leaders of the vicinity at the Veteran's Home in Derby. That's three evenings in succession.

This afternoon we all go up to the church to a sale. I have made some Boston Brown Bread for the sale. I have sold a loaf to Phebe already.

With Lots of love and the best of Merry Christmasses to you.

Father

\*\*\*\*\*

[This note dated **about Dec. 1943** was written from Shelton, CT by Willard to Geraldine. He asks if Geraldine would like an old fur coat that Ellen does not want to keep. Note donated to Yale by family in 2006.]

About Dec 1943

Dear Geraldine:

For months I've had it in mind to write you about a fur that I bought and gave to mother years ago. She looked in New Haven for a man to line it and makes fur coats for herself- that was her intention when I gave it to her. But the place she consulted wanted over \$100- she gave up the idea. I have taken care of it for years and some

time ago she told me to do whatever I liked with it. Would you care for it? From all inquiries I have made it could be lined and made into a fine coat for 30 or 40 dollars. If you can use it I will be glad to mail it to you.

With love  
Father

You may have seen this fur. I bought it in Foochow. It is a lining from a Chinese coat.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 4, 1943 was written from Pearl River, NY by Myra Beard to Jerry. She talks about various family members and mentions a hurricane that hit California where Jerry lives. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Mrs. Stanley D. Beard  
88 North Main Street  
Pearl River, New York

Dec. 4, 1943

Dear Jerry,-

This came back a week ago but I thought you would not need it. How do you like "your" writing? We hope the reports of the hurricane around Oakland and Berkeley were exaggerated in our papers. Nancy and baby arrive Thursday morning in N.Y. The train is due before 7 AM. so Stanley, Ruth and I will stay in over night to be there to meet them.

We will go to Pleasant Hill for Christmas day and Phebe, Mary and your father will be there too. Your mother will be in Florida with Kathleen.

We wanted the Long Hill folks down here but then Betsey asked them there to meet with us. It made it much easier for them to drive only that far in bad weather. So far it has been nearly zero and the reports are for still colder weather tonight. I surely envy you the nice warm weather. Have your rains started yet?

Fred (Nancy's husband) will be up too but does not come until just before Christmas. We have found them a second hand Ford, two door sedan and they will drive back in it.

If you find smudges in this letter, blame it on a very playful black kitten which we brought back from Shelton. I was so lonesome without Ginger that we got it and it is lots of company and we all love it already.

Here's hoping that you have a very nice Christmas. Will you try to go to Kits?

Love  
Aunt Myra

How do you like the suit? Was it as satisfactory as you hoped?

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 14, 1943 was written from Century Farm, Shelton, CT by Willard and Ellen to Geraldine. They drove up to Putnam, CT. Willard's brother, Ben, keeps them well supplied with meat. Ellen plans on spending Christmas with Kathleen and Willard will go to Florida later. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Willard L. Beard  
Century Farm  
Shelton  
Connecticut

Dec. 14- 1943

Dear Geraldine:-

This is to ask you to open that package I sent you- a round package and use it at once or begin to. It will last over Christmas if used wisely.

Mother and I drove up to Putnam last Friday and back home Sat. Found all well and comfortable. We went and returned over the charter Old Bridge- cut the mileage to 97 miles. It used to be 105. We went Thursday to come back the same day. But I- knowing all the persons- suggested that we throw in our nightgowns. Sat. morning the ther. stood at 8 degrees above zero and there were 1 in. + of snow on the ground and the wind 50 miles an hour. The car started the first try and we left at 10 o'clock. We picked up a Storrs student at Mansfield. He and Mother had a good talk fest all the way near New Haven. We drove to Derby for lunch. The next morning my starter

refused to make a sound. But Aunts car took me to S.S. Dan, Elizabeth, Bonnie and Billie Frazier were at lunch Sunday.

Week before last I was out three evenings. Last week four and drove to Putnam the fifth morning.

Uncle Ben keeps the Beards in meat- veal- beef and pork. The meat of a 400 lb. hog is hanging up in the old ice house now- frozen solid. He finds some of the family rather particular.

We enjoyed Stanley and Myra's account of their visit in Berkeley and you.

Here's a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you.

and lots of love

Father

*[Following written by Ellen]*

Dear Geraldine,

To answer your question where I will be on the 25<sup>th</sup>, if all goes well I'll be with Kathleen. I start the 21<sup>st</sup>. Father does not plan to go so early but I hope will come later.

Did you receive the carton of bayberries? I hope so. It was mailed about 10 days ago. The carton was larger than you indicated but I couldn't get one that was just right. Most of them were too small. The gov't has commandeered them all, so store keepers can't give them away. I hope you'll keep the good lot of string around the carton, as it is good string and may be useful to you. I hope it held the carton together. Please let me know how the contents arrived. Any berries left on the branches? With love,

Mother.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 20, 1943 was written from Putnam, Ct by Elbert Kinney to Geraldine. Etta is staying with Emma and Elbert for the winter. He feels that Ellen does not enjoy living at Century Farm with Mary as the boss. Elbert keeps busy helping the 10 widows and 10 "old maids" on his street. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

E.C. Kinney  
32 Center St.  
Putnam, Conn.

Dec 20/43

Dear Geraldine,

You know that it has been our custom for many years to send pecan nuts as Xmas gifts to our nieces and nephews.

This year, I guess the real paper shells (Schley's) have gone to war for where I have usually got them, I could get only the ordinary ones, and rather than send them, we have sent English Walnuts, which I purchased here thru a friend of mine, a manager of a chain store.

As you are right in the country where they came from it seemed foolish to send them right back from where they came, - So- as we do not know what you would like we are sending the enclosed money order and let you get your own gift. Aunt Etta came the day before Thanksgiving and will spend the winter with us. I think she rather enjoys being with us. We certainly enjoy having her for she is so much company for Aunt Emma. While she likes to be with Myron and Donald, I can read between the lines that the children rather get on her nerves for a continuous stay.

Aunt Emma is just fine with the exception of her eyes. She cannot read or sew, but gets about O.K. to do her work.

Your mother and father made us a flying visit a week ago Friday returning Sat. We wanted to see your mother before she left for Florida. She leaves tomorrow the 21<sup>st</sup>. I hope she has selected a train that stays in the track for you have seen in the papers of the terrible train wreck of two Florida trains in No. Carolina a week ago where 50 or 60 were killed. Your mother has aged a great deal in the last year I think and does not look too good to me. She has lost weight although she says she feels well. She does not enjoy living on the farm you know. Your Aunt Mary is boss and what she says goes, and living under those conditions does not make for good health. I doubt that any of your Aunts on your father's side would care to live there for any length of time.

I hope that she will stay a long time in Florida and with its sunshine and congenial surroundings she can put on some weight. Of course you need not broadcast what I think of the above statements. Of course you have heard that Stewart has a little girl, Millicent Stearns Hume. Stewart said in his last letter that he would like to come East when he has his furlough in Feb I believe if he is not sent over before, he wants to take advantage of the half

fares and has not been East for some time, but it seems to me quite a trip for that young lady, of course. Grandma and all the rest of us want to see her.

You know of course Pearl has been very sick last reports state she is improving slowly. We have not heard from them in several weeks. Dr. Pease has been in bed for 10 weeks with a heart ailment, improvement very slow. I doubt that he will ever practice again. Mrs. P- fell and broke her hip a year ago, gets around with cane, is blind in one eye, and hears with one ear.

Bruce, Edith's boy 9 years old has been sick a great deal, so Edith is having a hard time with caring for the house and teaching school. I have helped them out where they need a man; I seem to be about the only man in our neighborhood available. So with 10 widows and 10 old maids on our street I have plenty to do to keep them all going.

Now of course we are only one of your many relatives and I know you are very busy, but we should like to hear from you, or shall I have to send you one of my booster letters. I thank you for whatever is in your Xmas gift which came several days ago. My sisters would not let me open it, which I think is a dirty shame. We all wish you a very Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely E.C.K.

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 28, 1943 was written from Putnam, CT by Etta Kinney Hume to Geraldine. Her son, Stewart, is the father of a baby girl. She updates Geraldine on the rest of her family. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

32 Center St.

Putnam, Conn

Dec. 28- 1943

Dear Geraldine

You were so helpful to the P.O. by sending your gift early, that we waited many days wondering what the mysterious package contained.

It was a timely suggestion for us all, for you do not receive as many letters from us as you should, being so far from your family. Thank you.

We envy you your climate now, as we are having around zero. The day I arrived, Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup>, we were having a small blizzard, so Elbert and Emma did not meet me in Springfield as they planned. Since then we have had only flurries, and a green Christmas.

Am glad your mother is enjoying the Florida sunshine. Your parents spent one night with us just before she left.

No doubt you heard of the R.R. accident in the South, just before your mother went, I think. Some cars were derailed and were across the track on which a north bound train was due; no effort was made by the train crew to flag the coming train. It ran into the cars across the track with great loss of life. Our 2<sup>nd</sup> cousin Mary Porter of Woodstock, was on the derailed train, but her car remained on the track and was not injured.

You have heard of the arrival of Millicent Stearns Hume in Lincoln, Neb. I almost went out there, but Grandma Stearns had the priority I thought. They say the baby looks like Stewart. I hope he may be allowed to remain with the family. It is doubtful tho. He took a course in airplane mechanics, and was retained as one of the 50 instructors as Sgt. Now they are sending fewer students to that Base, and are shipping the instructors some where else, so his tenure of service there is uncertain. They have a little apartment, and are as happy as one could be in war time.

He sent us nice photos of himself in uniform. I can note that the out side work has been beneficial to him physically.

Helen has been in Aruba with Fulton two months, and only yesterday did we hear that she had arrived, and it took her only 8 hours by plane from Miami! She has so many to whom to write, she probably left it to Fulton to write his family; and his superior and 2 officials of the Company have had the flu, so he has had to put in extra hours. They also had a house to furnish, and Jan 1<sup>st</sup> are moving into a larger home. John and Helen Jr. are with them. Ann is in Smith College, and Marjorie is at the Russell Sage College of Nursing in Troy N.Y. It is fortunate that the University of Beirut helps largely with their education, as their father was a Prof. there.

Millicent writes nearly every week, and I write to her the same, so she does not seem so far away. Dick has been ill and probably will not fully recover unless he takes a vacation. He has never taken much time off, only week ends. As soon as travel is resumed I think they will fly over to the Mainland. Millicent is on her second year of teaching, because teachers are so scarce. She has a maid, so can conveniently do it. She has a car of her own

now, and is sorry she did not have it when I was there. I took only one long trip, as Dick always wanted his car on call. We went to the volcano and National Park.

Aunt Emma's eye sight is about the same tho she thinks the far sight slightly improved, as she can see movies a little better. She cannot read or sew and there is when I can be of help. She seems to be proficient with her general work.

Dr. Pease has been in bed two months with a heart trouble for which there is no help. His pulse is very low=37. I do not know how they would get along without Edith. Mrs. Pease was afflicted with a broken hip last winter, but is able to get up- down stairs now without the aid of a cane.

During the summer I was with Myron's family 14 weeks, (on two visits) helping Janice do some canning. She had never done any before, but attended classes in Victory canning. They had a small garden, and with Myron's and my help she canned 412 pints.

I was in Alliance 9 weeks on two visits but escaped the canning there as Helen has a woman two days a week. They had a garden and canned about 25 qts. I enjoyed my grandchildren, especially the youngest was Elliott (Myron's 2 ½ yrs) and Judith (Donald's very active 3 year old.) Elliott is a handsome child- looks like his daddy they say, but handsomer than his daddy at the same age. He has an adorable smile, is slow about talking. Judith looks like Millicent, is very bright and active. Talked very young and sings many, many songs. I also spent a few days in Youngstown with Dr. and Mrs. Stearns, Eliz parents. He is head of the Conservatory of Youngstown College. I also spent a month in Oberlin with Mrs. Winkler while her husband went to the Pacific Coast to see his mother and sister who were ill.

It gave me an opportunity to look over the things which remain in my store room (which was Willis' study). The children have taken some furniture. The house is rented. I tho't some of selling it, but Stewart didn't want it sold.

I wonder when you are planning a vacation. Janice's sister is in Los Angeles- a Secretary. You may find her some time at 922 W. 30<sup>th</sup> St. Alice Ruth, she is coming to her home in Elyria and to visit Janice about this time- after Christmas. Happy New Year.

Aunt Etta.

Aunt Emma- Uncle Elbert say thanks for your Xmas gift- Happy New Year.

Kathleen sent us a picture of her family. They all look fine. The girls have grown since I saw them. Beautiful hair Cynthia has.



The Elmers 1943

L to R: Jill (Jacqueline), Kathleen, Hugh and Cynthia

Written on back: "Taken by our landlady's home. Dot says it is good of all but me and (tactfully) that I look tired.

The truth is that I'm simply showing my age."

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

\*\*\*\*\*

*[This letter dated Dec. 29, 1943 was written from Shelton, CT by Phebe to Geraldine. Phebe thanks Geraldine for the Christmas gift of towels. She updates her on various family members. Letter donated to Yale by family in 2006.]*

Dec. 29, 1943

Dear Gerry,

The package with the pretty rose set of towels was among my gifts at the foot of our little cedar Christmas tree and I surely thank you for this most useful and attractive gift. You had the cutest card, too. I shall be humbled to save this set to dress up a guests towel rack and here is a very hearty "Thank you" for the gift and the ?? that that sent it.

We have pictured you in your home as presented by Stanley and Myra and Elaine's note told how glad they are to have gone there. We feel our mouths water when we hear about steak ?? ?? some out of door fire place. We can have steak anytime here for Ben is furnishing all the family with beef-pork and veal but I fear we would not enjoy it out of doors if the thermometer has been flirting with zero and ?? now for nearly a month. We had a lovely sunny day for Christmas but it was cold and we drove to Pleasantville to spend it with the Palmers and Stanley's family also came over there. Nancy and her family were there too. We had the heater going both ways and got out the old buffalo robe to augment the two wool robes and so did not get a bit chilled. Stanley, Myra, Mary [*or May*] Palmer and little Stanley were just on the trip so didn't feel any too peppy. Betsey had been working for a month at the Reader's Digest office and loves it but now that the Christmas rush is over she is hard off. She is hoping to get in again. Becky came back with us for she had to play for a little drama that was given at church Sun. night. You will enjoy having Ruth out I think. She had a very sweet voice and Prof. or Dr. or whatever his title Halasz has helped her to a great degree. She sang "Oh Holy Night" with the choir and organ Sunday before Christmas here- to help Becky and my one who heard her spoke of how much they enjoyed her. She says that H.M. is writing that they are promising that he may come home in Feb. and she is quite excited of course and is ?? to plan for it.

Seymour is enjoying his new work I think more ?? he ?? did his ice company work. He feels that there is more opportunity for him to really advance. He is in the Ansonia part of the Iron Foundry.

I hope that your mother is going to have a real Florida winter with sunshine and warm weather. The awful railroad accident just before she went made her apprehensive but she went off with good courage. One of our church ladies was on that train but did not get hurt so far as we can learn.

I hope that you are fine and we'll be glad to hear how you spent Christmas and about Leolyn's family. ?? ?? ?? about Billy and Polly!

With all good wishes for this New Years- with – love

From

Aunt Phebe

\*\*\*\*\*