Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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My dear Lottie,

Here is today's program:

8.00 I suppose my alarm clock went off.
9.00 wake up.
9.15 started for doctors.
10.10 Started for church.
10.30 - 12.10 3rd Presb. ch.
Then I had a talk with the
11.10 Went down street for dinner.
2.30 Theater service.
A 3rd Vesper service 3rd Presb. ch.
And then it will be too late to
mail this. So I'm writing it in the
theater and shall mail it before
vessels.

You observe that I didn't have
time to shave before ch. 9070.
But I didn't want to miss church
of this meeting is on 70.00. Well back
by one of the Millennial Dawn
people. (Watch newer Bible Red
Society, Alleghany, Pa. Do you
know anything about them?)
I know it is that I think they're cracked on subject lines. I write this practically before he has commenced to talk.

Space left for comment on address. But I don't think I'd better make them. Send love instead.
I'm glad you found the pin. I haven't felt very badly about it, because I wouldn't let myself think about it, and I'm sure you wouldn't find it again. I wish I could write more today, but I can't. Dear. Remember I love you more than I can tell, and I am as well as I have been.

Your loving,

Elliston

Easter Sunday.
My dear [Name],

This arrangement by which I can't get your letter till after I have marked mine as most unsatisfactory. If it were to continue much longer I should have to devise a way of avoiding it.

This is the day I should write but I don't expect your letter for over an hour, and so haven't anything to say except what we have been doing and if I try to do that now it would be such a poor tack that I'd better save it till tomorrow.

Tomorrow's letter ought to reach you before you start I'll say that if there is nothing in your letter to cause change and
nothing else happens. I'll leave Boston at 12:40 by Fri.
yours, lovingly as ever
Ellison
Mom P.M.
I started a letter to you, sweetheart, while I was in the office yesterday afternoon. But when father came back from work he kept me so busy that I left in a hurry for my train and forgot to mail the letter. I stayed in at the hotel and met Raymond's train going up to see where he waited over one train. Clare with me, I had breakfast at Mrs. Taylor's and mother came down for the day. So I had dinner with her. Between mother and father there was a misunderstanding so that neither that I told me I was to take up some bread and butter for the dinner and I went up without them. I chose to walk and it was a very uncomfortable day. Hot and moist. Moreover my shoes were newly soled and tight and when I got home it wasn't very cheerful to have to go up to Elmwood to get something to eat.

Last night father gave me some things to look up in at the Registry Office. I got home in Hamp and I carefully put the papers in my coat pocket. Where I would be there not to forget it. This morning mother gave me some errands to do, and I put them in my coat pocket with equal
was a different coat. The first coat I kept at home and only wore a raincoat — and when I got to camp and looked for my first paper, I had the privilege of going back to Flp for it. All that details in it but one I could remember, but that one was necessary and that to go back for it.

Raymond wrote me to meet him in town at 11. 10. But I didn't go to Breakfast and didn't get it. About 11. 30 he phoned Father while I was in bed and came up with me and stayed till 3. He has completed his arrangements and is going to locate in & balance. He will hire the store and fixtures of a man who has had too many other plans. The fire to tear up the men's building business. The other man was thinking of doing the same thing but Raymond got ahead of him. I'm mighty glad he is to be there.

He goes tomorrow to Mystic where Esther is and takes the 10.45 boat to NY. Esther is very much better. I haven't heard from you since Tuesday. I think. Hope Father brings a letter tonight. I can't very well mail anything else letter for the next four days now.
My dearest One:

I have been a very poor correspondent to you this summer, poorer than ever before, I think. But I hope you won't be tempted to think it is because I care a bit less for you. I love you more than ever, my sweetheart. But for some reason letter writing has been peculiarly distasteful to me this summer, and it's a great compliment that I have written to you as often as I have for outside of business and social letters which I had to write. I have written to practically no one except you and mother. All summer long.

Today is an awfully gloomy day. It rains minimally. and I only had 9 hours sleep last night. When I think I ought to have had 11. However, is helping about the washing today as I went up stairs to read and
Presently lay down to sleep. I had been dozing just about half an hour, when Mrs. Valentine came with a phone message that I was wanted for a funeral Wed. 2 P.M. so I sent word that unless they wanted a sermon, I would be glad to conduct the service.

Now we've got to go (on Blue Monday), in all this rain and call on the family who are utter strangers to me. They are semi-Baptist and not much of either but worst of all is the 45 minutes walk away. Don't you envy me?

We had a beautiful time at the camp. Most of the boys went down last Sun. A.M. and got the tents up and the rest went Mon. A.M. Neiber Titus took the farm wagon and two horses with most of the stuff on Sun. and went down last Sat. to bring them back. Miss Helen and I went down in the single train on Mon. and Mr. & Mrs. Valentine went down to spend the day and take Estelle. Mr. & Mrs. I brought our horse home. I walked in to town on Fri. for prayer meeting, but no one came except the undeveloped specimen so we went home on Sat.
I took the single wagon down & Miss Helen & I drove home in it. We were the last & only ones. All the rest except for the Valentines rode on the load on the farm wagon, or in the stage.

There were 3 tents. Estelle Valentine, one of her cousins, and Miss Helen were in the smallest. The boys & the rest of the women in the other two. It was a tight squeeze about half the boys slept in hammocks, and one might half of them slept on the beach till 3.30 when they were frozen out & went up to the tent. That wasn't the coldest night I was on the beach. The night the tugboat went down off Halibut Point. The wind was blowing straight on to the shore from the north. And the waves would have been considered fair size on Long Beach— which is wonderful for the sound. But of course I had on clothes, sweater and two quilts. The poor was on the bum. To be sure the women say that it was wonderfully good for the ladies. But oh, my. We had eggs for breakfast.
and lots of bread & butter. that were all right. the rest of the food was
baked beans and ham. coffee &
tobacco and sand. I drank more
coffee, than in the last five years
put together. I think - two cups
for breakfast and two for dinner.
which is rather excessive, and a
regular diet of ham and beans is
rather difficult. Considering that
I was not perfectly all right when
I went I think I am to be congratulated
that I came back with digestion all
right.

Never could love lives
on that stuff anywhere but in camps
there is only one unfortunate
feature. I got my poisoned. It is
a very mild case. only about for 5
square inches of all and completely
distributed. But it's not so comfortable
as might be desired. I'm putting
cooking soda on it. Miss Helen tells
me that the poison has to run it's
course, of about 2 weeks. and that
all the good that soda does is to
prevent it from itching and from
spreading. Does it happen to know
whether that is true or not?
My hat that was a spooky crowd:
Mildred Bruce and Everett Nible.
Rosa Nible, and Spaghetti were the
worst cases. Mildred and Everett were
in a hammock one morning
with his arm around Mr.'s neck
and he called me over, and talked
to me several minutes asking
questions, etc. What do you think
of that? I knew Mildred was quite
capable of it, but I was sorry to
find that Rosa was almost as bad.
She wouldn't be natural, but she
is dominated by Mildred to a
I think seem to be congratulated.
It was no great thing to resist the temptation
to go a little spooning myself. But to
see it going on constantly, and I
knew what I could do if I were only
on old Cape Ann. — and not to get
homesick in the process — is for me
a most remarkable thing.
I guess you talk about Cape Ann a good
deal. I remember telling how much
bigger the waves were, and how the
sound at Fort Wachusett was like
Gloucester Harbor, and how
Huntington Harbor was like Little
River, and how nice the beaches were, and about the sand dunes etc. Long Island may be all right, but for me it never can take the place of Cape Ann.

Union Settlement camp was just the other side of the neck as I finally discovered. So I went over and found that the men in charge were Arthur Bradford, son of Mr. B. of Montclair, who was Pres. of my class the 1st year. Blackmer 1911, and Jack Goodlett Wopfer U. B 1917 a good friend of mine. On Saturday Jack came over with a crowd of boys to go in bathing, and while they bathed he and I had a good talk. Interrupted unfortunately by the necessity of starting for home.

Now it is time to start for the P. O. so farewell. With love,

Ellison.

Mon. eve.
My Best Beloved,

It doesn't seem possible that I am to see you so soon. Somehow when I go from one place to another, it makes an apparent gap in time equal to a week spent in one place, so by that reckoning it is over 6 months since I have seen you, not counting the actual elapsed time. It is so long that it hardly seems true that I shall see my sweetheart again so soon.

I went to Amherst and saw Mrs. Winkle yesterday. Then called on the folks in Northampton and on Raymond. Went to Mr. for my clothes and got back for supper. If you know about running times you'll see that a pretty full day.

Affectionately,

[Signature]
Story’s sister) came last night.
I’ve got some news to break now.
I’m wearing a mustache. I didn’t say anything about it before, because I didn’t know whether it would survive as long, but everyone here approves of it. So feel encouraged to bring it down to G.K. Please don’t condemn it before you see it.
I’ll come tomorrow. Don’t know whether it will be at 2 W. or 8th — the former, of course, unless the tide would have a long wait. But I thought I’d write as willing to ride on the tide to get there sooner.

With very best love

Ellison

Post ed. Inc.
My own sweetheart.

Another Thursday, and by
the time I had washed, changed
my clothes, shaved, and got the
printer out of my hands it was
right after supper time.
Supper I had to take the car
and now I'm standing
opposite City Hall. Scuffling
these few lines.

Prayer meeting time.

There are very few things
I want to speak of but one
must be said at all; and
that is about Florence. She
said the board was
very reluctant to take teachers
without this experience or
fear they couldn't manage.
boys, 4 years from now, she thought there wouldn't be any difficulty, else she was afraid you couldn't get $2,000 for next year. My good night, sweet heart... with all my love, your own, Ellerson.
My own dear—

I wish you were here so I could talk to you instead of writing. But I'm not a bit like—some day. Everything here is nice as can be. I have a dear little room. Plenty big enough for all I need. But small enough to be cozy, with bed, washstand, bureau, table, Morris chair and stool, another chair, and a closet. The place is on top of a high hill, which makes it a little hard to get to, but there's a lovely view from the verandah where I'm writing. There are no restrictions to visitors, and you can come on Tuesday if you choose. I think Wed. would be a little better, because I may not feel very good on Tuesdays while by Wed. I know I shall be just crazy to see you again. Still, if there is some reason why you think Thu. would be better for you, it's all right for me. The house physician says there are no
restrictions," which I suppose means
that you can see me as early as
you can get here convenient by, and
stay with me, as late as you could to
get home or to B' 4 20 at night.
I guess you'll have to ask the
guard at Park St. what car to
take to get here. Very likely he'll tell
you to take a Booleidge corner
bus. Of these there are two kinds, and
I took the wrong one, so had to
change at B.C. Ask the conductor
if he goes past Jordan's steps
at about 3 main sly on S. B. go up
the steps till you get to the street
(Lancaster Terrace) and turn to the
left. It is quite a little walk to the
host, which is on the right, with
a stone wall around it. You go
through the little doorway, and follow
the path way round the building.
The office door has big granite
stairs, etc.
I had a very pleasant trip up
The Mackenzie went as far as
Pynn, but didn't sit with them.
I got here about 12:15, and by the
time I got unpacked the nurse brought
in the dinner. It was a very nice
dinner, as good as I would have
fotten anywhere. Consomme, chicken
potato, tomato, lettuce, cucumber,
grape jelly, bread, crackers, butter,
and ice cream with little cakes &c.
water too. They say it's the best square meal I get. One
woman got her dinner in Boston, so as to make sure of
one more good one. But I was delighted with this. Besides
Marston's and Brown's are closed on Sunday, and I'd
rather have most anything than a course dinner just now.
After dinner, the house physician made me ready
and since then I have been writing letters. As I find things
of interest in the letters sometimes, I will put them down in
this which will make a jerky style. But is the most con-
venient way, Howard says. My dressing has grown to pro-
 alarming proportions, but I'm not entitled yet, nor that
you know better how it is, but you can give me good
advice for need it. I am telling him that I can't give
advice without information. He may go to Boston on his
way from Westport to Cape Bay, which reading between
the lines means that he is hoping to get a letter from
his last year's employer, and will accept it if he gets
it on account of one of the younger members of the family.
If he goes, he will call on me both times. At second
I don't believe that reading between the lines is
right, but it doesn't make much difference. Raymond
says. I wrote you about my trip to Boston. Yet I was
very favorably impressed with Mary DIXON. She is a fine girl. Really
I didn't tell you why I went down to
there. It was because Mary DIXON's
best girl friend, a Brooklyn girl
was visiting her and by the way
this girl is a very good friend of
mine. So I went down and went along
with the two for three days. Roy
(Burrington) came down on the last of
July, and we took the sail to Plymouth,
and had a fine time. In fact
we had a fine time for three days.
I took dinner at the DIXON's three
times, but put up in Boston managers
on the first good company
back to New York. I am very anxious
to have you meet my friend. She is
one of the finest girls. In fact, the
finest that I ever knew, and that
includes several, as you know. Roy
thinks she is by far the best that
he has ever met, and would like to
ring in himself. I guess
the day and Roy won't have any trouble
in the girl. If she is as good as
he says I can't know the girl, because
she won't be married. I mean she
would rather Raymond would give her. She
would be safe enough with either

Good night dearest,
With my best love

Sunday eve
Dear Joe:

I have already sent off some things I wish you would bring: a dozen stamp envelopes, some two-cent stamps, and a dozen postals. That gold thing to hold your watch in your belt. "The Song of the Syrian Guest," my coat holder. Please buy another to hang my overcoat on.

I am writing in bed so please excuse the scribbling. I told you about the room but didn't tell you about the nurse, because there wasn't anything of interest till it was too late to write about it. She is a very nice girl of about my age. But late in the day I found that she comes from Beverly, knows half a dozen smug fat men and wears a Beret pin.
So I guess she will take good care of me. They sent me to bed at 7:30 last night and woke me up at 5:30. What do you think of that? I haven't been in bed that early since the last time I was sick in bed nearly 5 years ago.

There isn't much to write about. I was sorry to have to finish the last letter in such a hurry. Now I just want to let you know I love you heaps and heaps, and I'm looking forward all the time to Wednesday when I'll see you again.

Goodbye. My best love.

Ever lovingly,

Elliston

Mama
Dear Sonyette:

When you come again, will you please see if you have time to get me some writing paper. The size is about like this, and I'm not particular about the finish or the make. I don't care if it's any shinier than this. But you can't get anything you like — and can't get anything you like. And if you're too busy, don't do the dear. If you do get it, I'd like a box of it. Send a dozen stamped envelopes and half a dozen 2-cent stamps. And then be sure not to let me forget to pay for them, and also for the express or my suit case, and anything else there is. I don't know when you are coming here again. So why you think best, and it will suit me. I think you're to be is to be
considered too much for me. So do what she says. And remember
that at your presence doubles the beauty of this place for me.
It is lovely anyway, and I have plenty of splendid books to read.
And lots of good company. So I have more than I deserve anyway.
Of course, I want to be with you all I possibly can, but I don’t
want to take you away from other people, too much. So whatever you
decide, dear one. It’s all right for me.

Please don’t forget that you are to decide whether I go to visit
Charlottes when I come to Rockport on Friday, or come to your house.
Remember me to all the new comers as well as the residents. Good bye,
best beloved. Till I see you again.

Ever lovingly,
Eldon.

Tuesday afternoon.
P.S. “A box of paper” means the usual box of letter envelopes.
I should think half of it isn’t good enough. But little is better
than none. It is plenty good enough.
My dearest One,—

All the way home last night I kept thinking about you and wondering what you would decide for Monday. Finally I made up my mind to decide for you. If there is a letter from you telling me definitely that you would much rather I wouldn't come, I'll stay here. But if you merely say you're undecided, you can stand it, but I have to come. I'll arrive at 5:45 and if it's not all right you can meet me at the depot. And I'll
Go to Montcl for supper. and
Don’t be late at 9 A.M.
I can stand it to do
without the pleasure of seeing
you, great that is, sweetheart
but the way you talked last
night made me feel you
wanted me to come. I’m going to come.

I went fairly well. I’m
just starting for the ladies’
home now. I have best love
with best love
Ellison

Sun. A. M.
Sem.
My dearest One:

There is something about Gloucester, in either the Century or Harper's (I've forgotten which) by Herbert A. Ward, who is the husband of Ely. Stu Phelps and I am told is a cure. I haven't read it yet, but I thought you might be interested to see it. And I shall read it later.

Yesterday went beautifully and I felt as fine today as if nothing had happened.

Picnic was given up and I was too lazy to go to the reception this afternoon, so read Mark Twain. I'm just
Starting for banquet.
Incluse the only prescription I can find.
With best love,
Selma.
My dearest One,

I enclose two tickets to reinforce my gift, to Mrs. and Mrs. B. as well as yours. They really aren't awfully nice, but the box office man assured me that the stage was perfectly visible and the seats that cost $5.00 or $7.00 more weren't enough better to be worth while; and these ticket seats are fairly good. Can't go. You will have to arrange to come in yourself and go with the others.

Lovingly,

Ned Ace.

Ellison
My dearest one—

The enclosed came yesterday but I preferred to think it over before writing to you about it, so as to decide what to say to you. It doesn’t seem to me to be what I want—I would rather not teach most days. If I can help it, I would rather not be in a private school, and the chances of working $600 a home up to the amount I want seem rather poor.

Ranch. I am afraid it is too dangerously near 96 Quincy Stells is the next station beyond Baldwell. If I were in business it would be fine to be so near. If I were in public school, it might not be as dangerous to my work, but in private school I am afraid...
it wouldn't be good. To see you often
would be great joy, but I am afraid
it wouldn't be best for my work and
I feel it would be better for me to get
out alone for awhile now. How
do you feel about it? That is both
about this position, and that question
of "nearness" in general. You won't
need to answer the general question
until I see you. As to the school in
Essex Falls. Unless I hear from you on
Saturday advising me to apply for it
or to say something else to Rick. I shall
tell Rick that I have thought the
matter over carefully, and for special
reasons have decided that I would not
care for a position in that school.
Enclose W.L.E.W ticket. I had
forgotten I had it. Please, if you go to
Boston, be sure to let me know. If
you can conveniently, what train you
come back on. I shall be interested
to know what you do about the
matter. I am feeling quite well today.
Yesterday I was very, very weak. Today in Bantam.
It was very pleasant indeed. So far I have been to 5 hours this week and cut 13. I have read Montgomery's U.S. Nest. Skimmed Henry Babot Dodge's "Revolution" (575 pp.) and read all but the 1st story of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Since F. M. July I don't think that's so very bad for a semi-reconvalescent. (Which means one getting over an imitation sickness.)
My dear best beloved,

I came down town tonight
with a double purpose. To buy
a straw hat. And to get the
tickets for you. I only brought
the hat cost $1.2. And I had
an errand for mother. For 2 50
5 tickets at 40 each = $2
Therefore I couldn't get but 4
tickets. And as you can buy 3
tickets as easily as one, I didn't
think it would pay 1 to run to
the station. If you want me to,
I'll go down Monday and get them
Of course I haven't any
expectations of waiting for you
in Amherst. What I was thinking
of was that you might feel
uneasy about my waiting. Or
worry something to avoid it.
I don't like the idea of
waiting till the 2nd train comes
in from 8:45. Because it doesn't
reach Holyoke at 8:35. The chances are that I would just miss the 8:35 train and just get up at 9:10 at all 9:30 or 70. Wouldn't it be better for you to phone Mrs. Paylor and ask to catch the earliest train and then all come up at 9:10, as soon as you tell me to. If I don't hear from you I'll meet the second train. Does that suit? The trolley do you no good from 6:40. If you miss the 5:15 train you would miss the 5:10 trolley. 6:10 arrives Hamp. 7:10 and the next train is the later one from 6:40. From there I can continue on the trolley. Can't Hamp. 7:43 arrive Holyoke about 8:35. It is a long ride and Greenfield trolleys are very uncomfortable. It is easy connections at Hamp. and at Holyoke much closer than if you come by train.
The other alternative is trolley to Sugarloaf and walk across to Sunderland, which is about 7 mile at least, I should say.  

6.10 am Sugarloaf about 6.50.  

So Sunderland 7:45.  

7:50 Amherst 8:50  

We should guess from the timetable and my remembrance of running time.  

It's a bad habit business. If I were you, I'd wait for the later train. If I miss the earlier. — but I sincerely hope you won't.  

If you catch the first train, the Holyoke 5:56, you ought to get the 6:02 car for So. H. In that case, you had better phone when you get to So. H. If you miss that trolley we have plenty of time you could phone from the Holyoke depot, you can count on the cars taking 3 mins. to get down the hill, and if they take off making connection, you can just leave (and I'll have to pay if I'll...
explain to Mrs. Taylor beforehand. So you won't need to say much. I meant to meet you in St. or 8 p.m. and I should think the hotel people ought to be willing to meet you before 8 a.m. if you want to.

What that was rather difficult. He would be able to do much better than 2, for he knew all his fraternity brothers, while I knew less than half of mine, and he will be on the ground all the week to make arrangements while I should have to try to get mine on about that can leave notice, hardly time I have and arrange up. If anyone happened up to have the money, I'm thinking of it. I have a dim recollection of your telling me he was a Beta. I think you have suffered at Parfitt's. I think it would enjoy being there with you. I should think that Mr. Bliss would provide a drive. But I wanted the glad occasion if he doesn't.
Only. I've got to walk down the mountain. I want to know before hand. As to wear suitable shoes. All regular and special.

All regular and special tickets are unused. at the B&O. and on any good road.

I went to meeting at Amherst. I got lemon of yesterday. after work. I didn't know about it till the day before. Saw Mrs. W. M. after work. I'm going up to Amherst for the day, and take dinner and spend the afternoon with Mrs. W. M. and her brother's family. There would be time before the B&O. at all of tomorrow. I think I had better say good night and stay home. It's 9:30, and I am writing this at the MZA. I enclosed leaves giving all the time tables I think you have any need of. Good night and my best be loved. I keep thinking how
lovely it will be when you are here, and I wish it were now.
Always your loving,

Ellen

Sat eve.