Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers
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Dear Folks,

Called Alice last night. She had already written me but I hadn't received the letter. She said that they had been figuring all week trying to see a way which they could afford to have a car but hadn't worked it out. So I'll sell it here. She also said she was pretty well recovered from the grippe and that Billy's ring worm was all drying up & almost gone. Good to hear from her again.

I forwarded Alice's letter to Aunt Hannie with a quick note. It seems you have found a way to keep in correspondence with Aunt Hannie 😊.

I'm enclosing a couple of things with bits of information you may be interested in. You heard the Membership Series Bulletin with the dates for the Series events, didn't you? If not I should let you know that the coming Tues. (the 24th) is
the Poetry event in which Kate and a lot of the other kids are participating, and the next Friday (the 6th) will be Dante's concert, toward which we are all madly rehearsing. After that the event on Art & the one on Contemporary Architecture follow at about 2 week intervals & almost immediately we will be into rehearsals for Rumpelstiltskin again. However we do hope for a few days break before Rumpel starts April 8.

Life is full of problems but we are having a good time just the same! Hope you're doing OK. Thanks for the note. Will let you know when I may be able to get home for another week end.

Love,
Jay
Dear Mother,

I ran up out of ink so fast! Well, I wanted to tell you the possible arrangement for coming home. If you can get me on Sunday morning before church, I can sing in Jesus Joy of Man's Desiring. I would leave here a little after five and arrive in Albany about 6 (or before) the next morning. From there I'd take a bus that would get me to Rutland just about 9:15 and if you were there to meet me, we might get back on time mightn't we? I do so want to sing in that. It's the only possible connection. I couldn't make it if I went around by Springfield. So please let me know if it's OK, cause if it's not I don't want to rush so if it's not going to make them in time for the Bach. Oh by the way, I do hope you're having it played on a piano! I can't imagine it on the organ and on our organ I don't think I could tolerate it. And if it's in the Congregational Church, you do have such a marvelous piano to hear it on.

I am at present playing my Christmas present to my best friend here on campus -- an album called Modern Russian Music with Shostakovich's Age of Gold and a couple other
little numbers by Weitzis & Mossolov. It is
thrilling. New records are such a thrill. By now
though I'm listening to jazz, for again and
figuring out the bass part as best I can remem-
ber it from what is audible in the recording.

Love,

Joe

Dear Folks,

We shall
be thinking of you
every day and hope
that you will have
a lovely visit together
We and all well. My
voice is better tho
not normal yet.
It is mild weather
here, but icy.

Much love,

Lottie
Dear Mother,

What a time we had at the Club last night! It had been a miserable cold rainy day all day and it so happened that one of the large windows in Kelly Hall got out of adjustment and the rope got off its pulley so we had one of those large windows open blowing on us & then with a huge wind away way and it was full of rain - and those long curtains would billow out into the room and reach half way across the room or more. And then the rain, which had been cold, turned to snow & we got up and sang a final triumphant chorus & stamped out of the room. Singing Brahms is good for the lungs & we almost got enough exercise just from singing to keep warm - almost alone! 

Well this morning we woke on a white world, with an half of snow or more and every tree a marble pillar on the northeast side (where the wind had been blowing) and every twig coated and every flower - and there were many frozen stiff - some of them won't mind it at all but I'm afraid others are lost!

Here it is Monday & so many things have happened. Sun. we had a student recital & I conducted a small group of string players in one of my arrangements of a Händel Sarabande. It was very well all things considered. And to night was orchestra again - what fun playing symphoni in the Nagle Surprise Symphony. And on Saturday we got some new index for the library.
and Sunday I heard Bernard Hermann's new Cantata "Moby Dick" - I never heard anything like it! And I've been reading some wonderful plays by Edgar St. Vincent Millay, and re-reading his "Yeatson's Importance of Living."

I don't want to put off this letter any longer, so I'll just close with a question you won't find too easy to answer perhaps since I haven't told you of many of the things I would like to do yet.

"What would you like me to do this Summer?"

I've been offered five weeks very attractive work here in the music library. I have no plans for next year; I would like to study music; I would like just to enjoy myself; I'd like to get some practical working experience. What Should I do?

Love,

John

P.S. just as your card came - My Mouth is Improving + my Dental Work nearly Done.
Friday eve.
April 19.

Raining outside. I stayed home from a fashion show to be quiet and write— but I am so lazy in this warm humid atmosphere that I don’t feel like doing anything. Skipped over newspaper, listened to radio, wrote a card to Emily and rested— Rested and slept this P.M. also. But I was entitled to be a little tired, for I had washed towels and undies— and dry mopped the main rooms— not a big task—

Emily Miller’s good letter came enclosing. I have been home all day except for a trip down town to shop for food and a few little things.
Mail

2. Beg an envelope full from Carol. A nice long letter from Mrs. Preston. Sorry to tell you it does not approve of medical missions.

I wish you would find out how large a mortgage Arthur Bartlett (or Rogers) has on Grace Bartlett's place! It seems a perfect shame for them to be driven out. They are tied hand and foot.

Russ and I are trying to make our money hold out to the end. I shall have to draw a check to have cash on the home trip. But I think we are going to make the other. Jennie's mulberries are ripe and we enjoy them a lot.

Sorry about Ruth McKenzie, but I am not surprised.

Much Love,

Sottie.