Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Series:  I. Correspondence

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Folder label: LLH to/from her siblings, from the United States, and en route to China

Dates: 1910-1913

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Dear Ellison —

I don’t blame you a bit if you’re thinking I’m just horrid — for not writing you before about all the nice things I received. Each one was a rebuke for those that had gone before. Honestly, the I had meant to write sooner. I haven’t brains enough — or something. At any rate you are in good company for I should
We half a dozen others tonight, but I'll chat with you first for I do sympathize with you in the present state of affairs if you ought to know it I am so sorry there should have to be any complications — but then the course of true love never did run smooth — and so you can console yourself — but that's poor consolation — isn't it? If it had lived your land a little while you'd know.
We are all about the same as we are out here—except for poor Bess who is still in bed (I believe I was there the last time I saw you. What did you think of that scare crow that morning? Did you get a wave in anyway, didn't I?)

She is gaining very slowly, some slight complication having arisen; the baby is as nice as one could expect of the gender. Not nearly so handsome as Nature was. But what would you care? It's been one to Aunt Celie's for a while this evening—first time in an age.
Must to write letters for her by she come didn't let me after all. Tomorrow night Ruth & Geo. Tom & I are invited to spend the evening with Paul & Nathan Benson. With his sister Rachel whose fiancé (which is it - one or two?) Myron Richardson reminds me of a great deal of you. I danced with him, oh how! as while ago. They are trying to teach Geo. & they thought I deserved a lesson or two in payment for an evening's music. Are you engaged for the next waltz? Ruth & I will have to teach you the barn dance the next time we see you. You must have some hilarity to offset the...
over-plan of providence.

Don't think it sacrilegious, my dear - I guess I'm just one excited -

I don't know what to say to you about your troubles
and so I babble along at a great speed about all sorts of crazy things

But I was glad enough to get in touch with that funny life - I can tell you.

You don't know how old it makes me feel. It was three boys - the old boys too so dependent on you -
To scrub, scrub, scrub.

I think a lot of yet in going all day to half the night.

But is my salvation in this fear for she comes in with her joke and fun when I’m blue enough to explode.

Dought to be in bed—but I just had to tell you that I believe every thing will turn out all right—that’s my creed of I live by it, I call it treat but I suppose
Some people think it’s a silly
step for not worrying — but I know
there’s one who watches and guides.
I believe that there are many
blessings in disguise — they’re not
always pleasant. Mine are quite
questionable now — but they’ll
come out all right I’m sure.

Now goodnight. God bless you,

Thank you for the little

Dominos.

The Howle

was read of to the Literary Digest

has been enjoyed much.

Fm big sister

Priscilla
Dear Marion,

Of course you have read Aunt Celie’s postal of my safe arrival on time for school, in spite of the fact that I lost my first train. With just five minutes or less to get to the Barclay St. station from Pier 19, it seemed impossible, but the ferry was a little late, and so I succeeded. Then by stopping at Bloomfield and taking a trolley, and by finding the school clock a minute or two late, I was all right.

Glen Ridge, N. J.
Dec. 1, 1910.
I wrote this some time ago, but I couldn't finish it, and feel now as if I can't write what I want to in the few minutes I have. I haven't been so awfully busy, but have been away so that I have had to work when I was home.

Schumann, Heinck was grand! I had a nice trip.
Charlie wrote to me. Please thank him. I hope that Nathan was well enough to go to the specialist. (smile). How are baby's eyes? How are you? You were all so lovely to me! I had a nice rest, but you people need it more than I do. I think of you all often. It is almost 6:40. Suppose...
that you are all till suffer.
We haven't.

Queer about Katherine C. -
Did Tom find out width and price of green material?
I need to know as soon as possible, please.

The lunch was great, Aunt Cie.

Good Night -
Lottie.
Dear John,

I am anxious to hear what you are doing. Bob says in a letter to day,

"Tell John not to do office work. Take it from me - I've seen both sides a little - it would be better to work right in the shop as I did. It's probably piece work, and he could make twice the amount working in the shop that he could in the office."

Life is very quiet here. Went down street to hear an organ recital by Mr. Hammond, yesterday. I read out on the porch in the sun nearly all day - I am reading "Le Miserables". If you haven't read it, do get it at once, I think it is just about the most wonderful
book I have ever read. The
principal character, Jean Valjean,
goes thru innumerable hair-
breadth escapes. He has almost
superhuman strength, and certainly
he is more than human character.
It is over 1000 pages— but it is
worth 60 ordinary books.

When you get time, do write me
all about Marim, Bella, Aunt Lilie,
and yourself.

I ran to the dentist today
to have a tooth filled. To-morn
I expect to see Ruth — on Thursday.
If it rains to-morrow.

I go back to Glen Ridge by Saturday.

Please give my love to Miss Curtis.

Much love to yourself and all
the others. How is Nathan?

Lotti.
Dear Marion:

I have wanted to write you and tell you all that has been happening in these last few weeks, but it has seemed best to tell him at least, to have me keep quiet until I was willing to make my part of the decision, to the question which he asked me Thanksgiving Day.

Now it's your turn to write and tell me all that you would have said if I had written nearly three weeks ago. Please...
do Marion—

It seems rather an
unwise thing to do to become
engaged so suddenly—but I
half realized how very much he
caid for me—me for how
long—

Well I shall soon be able
tell you all about it—but till
then please write me a little and
tell me if it's right.

Of course I can't be married
for this in four years any
more than he can.

Tell Tom if you want to bed
till him to keep quiet for a while

With very much love,

Sallie

429 Northampton St.
Holyoke, Mass.

Ugo home tomorrow.
Dear Marion,

Don't be sorry that Tom told the little he did. It really made a much better preparation for this news than I could otherwise have had. I agree with you. It would be impossible to rest in Rockport or Bridgewater and get the treatment which you need. Of course as you do, I hate the prospect of losing you part of the summer— but I wouldn't consider that for a moment in comparison with the great relief of knowing that you are having proper care and growing stronger. I was going to urge it at any rate; when Aunt Cele wrote that you had decided to stay at home. It really would be impossible.
Ruth can perhaps see you on
her my home if not before - and
I might be able to come up in the
summer. Just think of all the
music you can write and all the
books you can read! Won't it be fun!

I shall be most anxious to hear
your plans as they become definite. And
Leo will probably tell you that I intend to
and will pay your board at Rutland.
Nobody can stop me!!!

Now I have just had a
two hour nap and I hope you
have had the same.

Heaps and heaps of love to you.

Lottie.

How soon can you go?

On reading my letter, I see that I
do not express any of my feelings - better
not expressed before. But I just made up my mind that if half
your sorrow came from what
it would ease us, that I could
try to be as courageous as you
and conquer feelings.
Now here’s to killing the
germs right away!

Love

Sunday, April 6, 1913
Keep always

...
Mrs. Thomas C. Hale
Bridgewater, Mass.
Dear Mr. I could kick the time! I am so cross that I can not find time to write when I want to so much!

But coming by Parcel Post for you & Aunt Cal to buy new thermometer let me pay-

C.L. O.S.L. Nothing much wait for you a little lace for... if they want or will do so.

Written if entrance to Rutland, probable estimated date of entrance. Write please if you have not already told you that.

Would you consider my writing please as in Maine for tent life thank writing with us. Love L L
Dear Marion,

Thank you for your good letter which welcomed me the first day. I was glad to hear and should have written before, but our time is quite full and I slept after we got in Monday P.M. (I was quite tired).

Yesterday we had to wait nearly three hours in the doctor's office to be vaccinated and so the time goes. George called last evening. He has taken the bandage.
off his head. You knew that
if a spring on the motorcycle broke loose
and cut him just above the eye, didn’t
you— not very badly— but requiring
three stitches. Mighty thankful it
didn’t touch his eye!

He will take dinner with us to-night
and go to farewell meeting at Malden
tomorrow night.

In call on Helen Ridley this evening.

Jef wants you to write on
both sides of paper because it
makes letters too fat to send— so
please do.
Keep your faith strong and all will be well I guess. I knew I couldn't get it. Why?

And so I just prayed for strength and kept an iron jaw all the morning. I won't say it wasn't hard— but I got thru all right.

I will send tom my address.

I don't see why Mother Hale could not receive money from Charlie. It might be a good thing for her to know.

Miss Stieglitz

Mr. & Mrs. Caleb Long

Another Student of mine
Ms. Thomas C. Hale
Rutland Sanitarium
Rutland, Mass.
Sat. 5:10 P.M. Sept 23, 1913

Dear Marion,

I have wanted to write, but a postal will have to do. We are just outside Chicago. The porter has just brushed us, and Mrs. Barber—a very nice woman—wished a little 3 yr. old boy and six miles old baby has just presented Miss Thomas and me with three roses each because she wanted the fun of holding the baby a little while. Zan Rena at Detroit and it was just to see Jen and Dana last evening. She brought us some candy and a little traveling cast with cream and cloth. It is nice to have the journey broken.
To L.B.L., Sept. 26, 1913

You think you are alone—dear two.
Into the life so old—yet new.

Far from the home you hold so dear
cling to and lean with many a tear.

Yet you are known in our dreams
and always with the last wind;

To hold your voice! In many a place
We see the picture of your face.

Week by week we oft will long for you
And Sunday’s listening to sermons true.

God knows our prayers go out with you.
But we will travel far with in
This place we seem to linger in
Will see strange lands and meet
Strange folks.
And laugh at all three funny
jokes
you think for go about you two
you take our very hearts with
you.

Marion Lane Hale
To L. M. L.- for Sept 26th 1913- E. S. H.

You think you go alone dear two,
Into the life so old - yet new,
Far from the home you hold so dear,
Cling to and keep with many a tear.

Yet you are worn in our dreams
And always will the West Wind seem
To hold your voice - in many a place
We see the picture of your face.

Weekdays we oft will long for you
Sundays, listening to sermon's true
God knows our prayers go out with you.
Our very heartfelt

But we will travel far within
This place we seem to linger in
Will see strange lands - and meet strange folk
And laugh at all their funny jokes.

-You think you go alone - you two-
-You take our very hearts with you.

- Marim Lane Hale.
Mrs. Thomas C. Hale
Attends Sanctuaries
Rutland, Mass.

Will you see the
old church, country
sawyer's house, the
rural life they used
to have when I was
little. I wish you
could see the
world as well. Love.
Oct. 7, 1913

Dear George,

Hug John for me, when he comes.

They are singing hymns down stairs and I am mighty glad I am not there, for it would make me homesick. But now I have so many letters and perhaps note, that I am as happy as a lark.

Keep me prated dear one, how much money you are saving... Keep a hand for yourself in
in view — and picture the idea of some girl as fine as Bette — and make yourself worthy of her. You could do something equally as impossible. Bette’s father did not graduate from High School.

Have your own religion. Whether you join a church or not.

Some day you will find one, big enough, and broad enuf, and fine enuf — to suit your big ideas.
Oh, I forgot to tell you that quite a large church in Oakland, California, has adopted us as their missionaries.

Here's some Sunday.

Keep of love to you and to each one of the family.

I think of you every day.

Lottie.

Thank you for your letter.

The ship is fine! Lovely state room.

Yes, the package came. Thank you.

Have a 43 page letter from

Rat Kendig.