Ellison and Lottie Hildreth Papers

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Dearest Marion,

We are sending back your daughter to you, with great reluctance on our part, and great joy for yours.

She has had two of the girls with her this evening and the Lower Cabot teacher made a special trip here to say good-bye to her. Mrs. LeBaron gave her a special out-door supper last evening and little Alan is quite heart-broken, and declares he is going with her.
I can't thank you enough for these three months with Polly. She is such a dear and has been such a help to me. Mrs. LeB arm, too, doesn't know what she is going to do without her.

Phil Hodgman's sister, Edith H, who works at the Salmagundi in Boston, is returning to Boston from here by night train tonight. They offered to take Polly along in the car to Montpelier (and then she needed company all the way to Boston). So it seemed too good a chance to turn down, and Polly is starting with her to-night provided she can tuck her trunk into the Ford coupe, in addition to herself. She won't get much
Our pageant went off fairly well, although there were some snags.
The costumes and lighting were very good indeed.
The girls sat in the balcony.

Now very much love to you all, and many many thanks.

Lottie.
Dear Ones,

We were delighted to hear from you, and also later to know that John had arrived, although it is awkwardly tantalizing to me not to see him and Gladys and the boys!

We are not planning to reach Massachusetts before Tuesday, as Ellison can be in the state only thirty days without getting a Massachusetts license. It is rather annoying! We have written Charlotte suggesting that we run over to Farmington on Monday, stop at tourists over night, and come on to Rockport on Tuesday. So don't look for us till you see us, perhaps about 10 P.M. Tuesday, July 29.

We thought we were to have a quiet week here, but everyone has been so
lovely, that we have had a gay time so far. We wrote you of Sunday.

On Wednesday we went to East Calais (Alice, E. and I, and we took Judith Haines along with us) to have dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Swinell whose son, Ralph, is to sail for Cairo in Egypt in August. They are going to the Passion Play at Oberammergau, too.

It happens that the young wife lived with Alice Patillo of Gloucester in Boston for several years, and she knew and loved Gloucester.

Mrs. Swinell, the older, is very musical. She served us a very nice dinner of salmon with rich egg sauce, delicious string beans swimming in milk and butter, buttered beets, new-baked potatoes, jelly, iced tea, biscuit.

e冰淇淋, 树莓, 塔茶, 饼。 We had a nice talk and arranged for the young man to come here with moving pictures of his university at Cairo on August 3.

Yesterday we were invited to take supper with Mrs. Harvey, an old lady who is here just for summer. She is much interested in the church, and gave me ten dollars. I especially wanted to have five dollars for George Hill, the fellow who plays the musical saw, and who has played for us several times, and played for us this Sunday night, and I will accompany on the crutscharp, when a Japanese preacher who lives at Beacham is coming here to speak to the
young people. I will go to Peacham to preach for him.

This afternoon my S.S. class is giving a little get-together or party for us this P.M. Tomorrow we hope for time to clean and pack.

Hope you haven’t worried too much about John & I. I don’t think that John and Gladys would bring the children if there were any danger to others.

Lucile writes that Polly is with her this week. That is nice, I hope Marion will have some let-up and chance for vacation.

How much love to you all.

See you soon D. V.

Lottie
Dear Marion,

You surely should not try to do anything for me— but since you did, what could be nicer than that very clever duster! And the fragrant bath-salts from Polly may be superfluous (?) but I confess I enjoy them! I don’t let her spend any more on me either X-mas or birthday, please, for I feel that she ought to use every penny toward her expenses which are heavy, I know.

You must think me very slow in writing. My birthday was rather busy. 8 bro + 3½ bushels of corn on Thursday, and I guess he the + I’d can it all 😊. But he had cut kernels off of nearly a bushel when I had time to look the matter up, and found that 94 we must blanch it. So
we canned only 3 jars, and I feel pretty sure that that will not keep. I had to
more jars available as I had used all
extra for my half bushel of tomatoes!
The kernels from the first bushel we
used for 3 good corn chowders and
corn fritters — and ate most of it
that way. We gave away a bushel, and
ate the rest on the cob!
In the afternoon he helped me straighten
up the trunk room so that there was
some room for the children to have a
playhouse. It was warm, and
after that and before junior choir practice
we went in bathing, probably the last
games bath of the season. It was great
too! He made two calls, too.
Did you see the lovely rug mother made
for me? I prize it very dearly!
I am anxious to hear whether Carol
is renting or buying, and what her
address is. She sent me this lovely
paper.
To-day we got the piano back
into the sitting room! I wrote of the lovely trip to Smugglers
Notch on Saturday.
Mother is sending us a barrel of apples,
which we shall greatly appreciate, as
apples are scarce up here this
year.
Since you went, I have had several
quiet evenings when I could read
or write, and it always enjoy
them as much.
Sunday was very full. On Monday we
cleaned the cellar way, and made it
as neat as possible. Then I read
some in the evening and wrote
business letters. If I hadn’t
acknowledged
read, I should have acknowledged
my gifts that eve!!!
Tuesday I cleaned upstairs and worked
into the P.M. Had a call on and Bertha
left here for supper, Gentlemen at the
Club. I mopped both room and cleaned
down stairs —pray events!
Then to-day, we have had Relief Corps and a Hobo Social at the church. So - the days are filled, you know. I am distressed to think that you have the lameness in your back. Doesn't it come when you have overdone?

I shall write Polly, but it seems to take me a long time to get to it; and so please give her my thanks. Tell them to send the salt and tell her I'll send her the pamphlet as I find it. I shall want another sent to me soon as possible too.

I'll show the letter about joint account to E. tomorrow A.M. and get him to write. I should simply answer with facts.

My straps in my white slip are a constant reminder of your clever workmanship. And so comfortable! Thank you!

P.S. has not written. I do not expect it.

I bought me a can opener.

How is Dick?

Very much love. It is 11:05 P.M.

Lottie.
Sept. 28, 1933
410 North St.
East Aurora, N.Y.

Dear Hildreths,

The enclosed letters came from the Bakers yesterday.

I was truly sorry that they didn't feel like making the rest of the trip up here when they were so near. The weather was glorious that day as it is today. It makes me wild to get off into the woods.

My husband starts on his annual hunting trip to the
at home, the operator said. My sister lives at Diamond Point on the west shore of the lake. Her name is Mrs. Ed Trefler. If you are ever around, you can run up to see her. She lives on the side of a mountain overlooking the lake. Maybe I could persuade her to drive to Cabot sometimes. Vermont seems so near when she sees the Green Mountains & even the White on a clear day from her windows.

Our gardens have been good. Adirondacks on Oct. 14 we had been with him two years but since Mark has been in school I haven’t gone in a few years we expect to take him.

Mark & I were at my sister’s home on Lake George for a week in July. We try to visit her every summer. I don’t know why it never dawned on me before to talk with you on the phone when she’s there but I tried it this time & you were not
glorious—both vegetables & flowers—just now we have
forders & reds brilliant with
acters.

Mark was out on Sunday &
we gave him a two wheeled bike.
He learned how to go in a few
minutes. For his scooter has
bought him how to balance. So
every waking minute when he is
not eating he rides that bike.
He is in second grade this year.
They do grow so fast!

Wish I could see you all
sometime—

Lovingly,

Marion
Dear Carol,

Thank you so much for cards which helped me to visualize your travels! How nice that you could stay until Tuesday and go to New York with Glad and Ethel Packard Cook. How brave of Glad to drive in to Grand Central!

I shall probably hear more tomorrow. You must have been dreadfully tired, and how you ever found time to get things for me and send them, let alone pay for them! On such a trip, I cannot see. The dress is very pretty, and looks nice on me. It fits O.K. except that I think it would improve it to take in the side seams a wee bit.

Thank you and Scat very very much.

You probably saw my letter to Bopusin telling of the day, the gifts, etc., etc. It was a lovely birthday, and I feel terribly old in years, although not so much in feelings.
Such a mixed up day as we had last Monday. Fifteen men came to clean the chimney and stove in the morning — and another man came in the afternoon to clean the living room stove.

A woman came to talk over buying vegetables — and in the evening, a man came to talk over buying new S.S. books. He stayed the entire evening!! We went away Tuesday and returned Wednesday in time for church supper and evening meeting in Royaltin.

Alice wants to have her tonsils out, but hasn’t succeeded in seeing the doctors yet.

Two callers this P.M. — and choir rehearsal this eve! So the time goes, but I wanted to thank you for the lovely dress even tho’ I couldn't write much. Much love and thanks, Lottie.
Mrs. E. Story Hildreth
South Royalton
Vermont

October 13, 1937

Dear John,

We think the snap shots are lovely—and we are so glad to see them.

While E and I were out this evening, Marjorie and Mother were here at home. When we came, they said that we had had a caller who left us a box of candy.
I didn't believe, but sure enuf it was Dr. Jolom our church treasurer who left a box of Wildreth's molasses kisses for us. Pretty nice!

Eris waiting to take this to the train. Sorry my blotter made such a mess of the other page. Much love to all.
Dec. 5, '37.

Dear Carol,

I cannot find the letter that tells about the money I should pay for electricity, and the box of clothing and box of shoes. Hope I can remember some of what you said. I do not remember leaving a box of shoes. Was it shoes you had given me to give away, or were they our shoes?

About clothing, there is a chance to give away at this time of year, but not so much of a chance as in Cabot. I should be glad to have the things if it is not too much bother to send.

I will send a check for electricity. I'll send a check and I am ashamed not to have done it before.
If the electricity is 2+ count on 1.6 toward flowers for Betty Bolles' mother. If it is 3+ please let me know, or if it is more, and I will make it right.

Glad and John have asked us not to send Xmas presents. What do you think that means? Do you suppose that it is O.K. to send to children, and, of course, we must send something to John.

Now how shall we big folks do? I'd never can bear not to send anything, but I wonder, if we big folks except mother and John would be happier not to send or receive? Please tell me something very definite that all are willing to live up to, and I'll abide by it.

Don't plan to send us anything. Even John and Alice receive plenty from the Holyoke folks and cousins, and they are big enough to cut it out.
Gloucester, Mass.
December 5, '37

dear Lottie, Mother + all,

It's Sunday evening and my happy week-end is drawing to a close. To appreciate ones home, the best way is to be kept away from it for a while. The kids have to laugh at Iuga and I when we get our arms around each other Friday nights. From Monday morning to Friday evening isn't such an awful long while to them but it seems like months to Iuga and I. And home seems like heaven compared to that little two by four half bedroom in Boston. Iuga showed me what you sent in Mother's letter. You went and did it after I told you not to. That is too much! Josh Lottie why should you
I don't deserve any such a present as that. I feel as tho. I should not let you do it. Inga says I would hurt you if I sent it back and advises me to deposit it in the bank for a reserve. Our B.B. has about a V left on it from what was there in 1929 and it will be a fine feeling to know there's a payment waiting there in case I have to slip up a month on account of a let-up in work. Thank goodness the steady work of these last several weeks have smoothed things for the time being but there is always the bugaboo of a layoff staring you in the face in this darn business. It was awfully foolish to think of signing up for a brand new car the way I did in a reckless moment.
but perhaps Lass Luck will help bring me through. (Knoxbury, George)

Bob had his birthday, the eighteenth last Friday. Approaching manhood so fast it almost takes your breath away.

Inga had a fine chance to get a new gas stove such as she has always wanted from one of Florence McQueen's friends who is moving to N.J. It is one of the new streamlined ivory enameled ones that closes up like a neat cabinet of drawers when not being used. It has the insulated oven heat regulator, drawers for cooking tools, pilot light and everything modern. There is scarcely a scratch on it to tell it from a new one and all it cost us was fifteen dollars. dee-livered by Geo.
Jrs. Ford. A new one could not be bought for less than $85.00 I'm sure so you see it was a case of opportunity knocking at our door. Almost everything in this old shack is 2nd hand but we are some proud of our new gas stove.

What a thrill it will be for John to be home again with his family after all these months! I was scolding the kids the other day for not writing to him once in all this time but I am just as bad as they were. I didn't write either.

George had a nice trip to Conway, N. H. with Mr. Lovett over last weekend. They were going to cut a lot of wood to have ready when the deep snows come but it rained so hard they didn't get a chance to cut much, which
3) didn't hurt Lj's enjoyment of the trip a little bit.

Mother will be in Rockport for Christmas I suppose. Don't imagine she could be kept away on that day. We will be glad to see her again after all these weeks.

I am going to cast an absentee ballot from Boston tomorrow for our city election. Tues. Dec. 7. When they handed me the envelope they told me it was a summons from the court and scared me breathless. I thought I had been drawn to serve on a jury.

It is getting late and I must bathe and get ready to leave early tomorrow morning. Much love to you all and thank you for the present. As ever, Ger & Inga
P.S. Boston, Monday evening
Looks like we're due for a layoff
while our job is being plastered.
Isn't that just my luck? and right
at Christmas time. I hope it taint
so - but that's the way it looks right
now.
July 4, 1938

Dearest Marion,

Thank you for writing us so promptly. We were so glad to hear and to know that Tom met you. I expect the house seemed rather forlorn when you returned. I was sorry not to have you have a little rest before you returned. As I can see, you worked every minute while you were here. I find my kitchen cabinet cleaned, pantry drawers cleaned, and a thousand and one things done. I wish you could rest and sleep more! You must come again to see us. I know that it did Alice a world of good.

Mrs. Wood came Friday (or was it Saturday?) and cleaned every room except Alice’s, John’s, the Study.
2nd. Chummie & John's
to me. Father and Fannie came about 2:30 or 3:30 on Saturday after a pleasant trip. We had a birthday supper: scrambled eggs, creamed peaches on toast, sliced banana, rolls, ice cream, and angel cake which Alice frosted. Fannie enjoyed it. John began to pull Fannie's loose hair off. Was Chummie glad to see him!!!

Sunday was full:

Sunday school 9:30 to 10:30.
Church. 10:45 - 11:45 and 12:00.
Dinner - chicken, rice, gravy, cranberry, string ham, salad.

Then Alice & John washed dishes while the rest of us went to Royalton to church. I had not stayed for sermon at St. Royalton. and so was glad to hear the report of the Relief Council.
Play has been around very little since the folks have been here, until to-day when he was here in PM and again in eve. We persuaded the young folks to stay with us and we had music, movies, ice cream, and fireworks. Father and family have invited us to go to White River and have lunch with them, and we may do it, as John wants to see the library at Hanover N.H. and I want to get some music from Norwich.

Alice wore her new dress to-day. It looked so pretty; you should have made it for yourself.

I have written no letters to Hortenses in trip and shall settle down to write after folks go. Much much love to all.
Dear Lottie:

I think I'll write this just to you. I'm always bothering you with my problems, but I know you want to know how things are progressing. I can keep more than anyone else. I hope you don't let them worry you too much.

Last week, I weighed 114 3/4 at the hospital. Hands weighted since I haven't been up. John refuses very emphatically to let me go up very well, mentally. I am doing nearly as I have been. He thinks he is helping me, but I feel he is not. He has picked up considerable. (Of course I didn't tell him that.) But since I returned from CT, he lectured me almost constantly to get him on other subjects. We hit right tack to what was in his mind, would really work him up to pitch. I was angry then when he insisted on walking down with him instead of waiting for me to open the elevator door. At first I thought...
he is getting in my narrow viewpoint. He says it is natural.

I have my own way of thinking. I am in a hurry and

It's still in the same way. All the others are in

This can't be a machine. I try to talk it over.

I can't talk to myself in this case. I guess she is happy

under this arrangement. I didn't go for me to

accept it. For the present, it is best to

sit down and think it over. I can't make

out anything that I'm feeling. I am

usual. The man will come.

I hope it will stand. When I came home, he was so happy I

paid he meant it. I saw the man who

I thought it was understood.

This is as far as I'm.

To what extent is Dr. B. Long gone?

The boy is quite.

They plan the early last night in preparation.

I didn't go up again until he

changed his line. I met Dr. Caldwell

at dinner last night. He did not talk to me but told me he'd

then be told me. He had had his

two. It seems Dr. B. is so

I stepped to talk to Dr. He had made

min. I told him I was making a

stop. He was making a mistake.

And even this I have

made no mention of. I have

asked. He was not like it at all. He

took the word. I went over to

prominent room. I talk with

Dr. Dr. asked me how I

liked. The present put up.

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Dr. Dr. asked me how I

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I hesitated about Roger going but he was so disappointed. I'm sure Jack will look after him - they are the younger ones in the groups they took you will have to look after. Roger was so disappointed. What shall I do? My mother? I've got some money. I gave it to my son. I left him the money. When she saw it she was so upset. I've forgotten this paper is one of my precious gifts. These things were stored in a box prickly, etc. Did my mother Alice go to Italy? I know you had a nice trip. Do not let this upset you. I just don't have any one to tell you. There were beautiful ones there. I'm having a color, woman, comes now. I'm still visiting the five first considerations. Much love to all. Glad.
Oct 22 1939

Dear Glad:

So the turn of a flag & drum code, you, another of those dammed pests are here again - girls this time. Ransing away on their trimmings.

I have ever been praised by today. I was writing like this, my other holding my pokey, and I guessed it appeared to you as they gathered around my bed and examined your photo with lots of Ophi's mouth, and all the candy, chocolate, sugar, cigs, Hershey's, matches etc.
would try another, give him all the facts and see what he says. I may be crazy and guess thin
all believe, but I can't see any SENSE in placing yourself in the way of danger.

P. B. asked me to come up to his office when he passed. We had it out, and finally he said, 'Don't you have any confidence in me?' I was si-

roc. 'He said, 'don't you trust me?' And I said, no. I don't trust any doctor any

move. I thought I said, any of these Big

Puss; for that is what I meant.
Dear Lottie:

Of course, I had to adjust
myself - there is no other way.
Some days I feel just must
stop in - put my mind on some
thing else. Every day I hope John
will write me. Please I wish you just type
whether I write you just type
or after seeing the Dr. I think it
was after the second thought:
I told me I take the playing
while I'm emotionally upset. I
fell in playing so very
that in the manner or that
whether that is sadder or a little?
I'm adjusted. I have been below
the next day. I have seen
the roses. I am quieter again.
I think when
are coming to again.
I saw my time. Going up higher
than its been at any time in
than its worried me. I have a
I try to dispel it.
When the Dr. told me everything better, he seemed to have another tray soon. He wants me to check up. I feel he is just for a check-up. I feel he is interested in my good Dr. I seem interested in change. Dr. Bestell is certainly wrongs to know his stuff. I am certain fitted for chest cases than litter from any other cause. Dr. I know it is better to write myself. I have not made part of it all out. Do have he has taken this attitude. I am afraid he will change it. Since he has ten patients he gets in his opinions. I must not press. I reason with him. I can't seem to reason with him. I don't know it is the disease. I don't know it is up set him. He is like to insist on Drs. he feels his cynical about Drs. This condition would not have been had it yielded if Drs. are much caused he was in his case. I am all the time for getting worse that he has lost it's only natural that he has lost confidence in them. Much the glad!

Please don't worry, will write this yet!