

Huntsburg, Ohio
March 7, 1906.

My dear big brother,

I have just come home from a concert given by the Huntsburg band and orchestra. Mr. Tillotson, the little, curly-headed man who leads the band also teaches in our school. While he was standing up before the others beating time and playing his coronet I thought of you and how easily ~~to~~ you ^{could} "get" hold such a position as he has.

He is about your age, I guess, has a pretty good tenor voice and has had some musical education but not a great deal, I think. My children in school he teaches using mostly by rote and Miss Kuler's has writing of the kind we had in choral class. The High School work is like choral work. He has a like job in several other places around. You see he is the head of all Huntsburg music.

You ought to have heard the vocal solos sung by men who have probably sung in this same way for ten years or twenty with rather a tendency to get worse each time they try it. I think vocal solos are the worst to be poor - perhaps because the faults are so glaring. And I hate squeaky violins, don't you? Except for these few troubles the concert was very enjoyable.

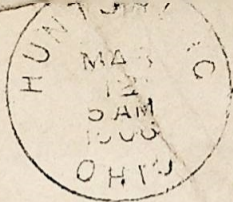
Oh, Mr. Ellotson is so patronizing both to me and the

children! I have to leave the room
sometimes for fear I will laugh.
Today he was singing about
Easter and half a dozen boys
asked why we have Easter.
He wouldn't tell but said,
"From what I have seen in your
school I am sure your teacher
will tell you when the time
comes." Of course he knows
absolutely nothing about
"your school" since he is only
in it when he's teaching.

Oh, Willie, do tell me some
punishments for some naughty
boys. What did teachers do to you
and Harry -- not Miss Foot; I
can remember her and Harry.

Can't you single ^{out} one or two of the
 punishments that worked the
 best with you and tell me
 about them? It would be hard
 to single them out, I know, but
 when you have that laying
 off time you can. I don't know
 what will cure these awful
 boys of their awful habits.
 Ask Harry if he ever was
 whipped and how that worked.
 Something must have brought
 you both to your present
 state of sainthood and I'd
 like to help some of these culprits
 to a ^{similar} like condition. Does whipping
 or being laughed at or what
 hurt the boys' tender body and
~~the~~ ^{soul} most?

I wish you had some of our noble



Mr. Will Belden,
Monroe,
Washington.

