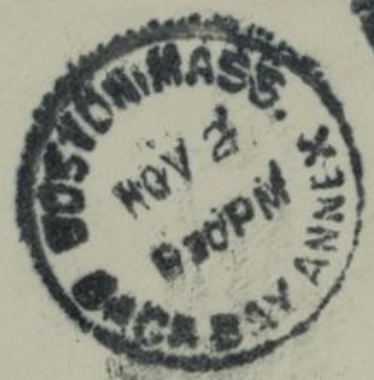
Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

AIR MAIL



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

My dear Dove

2 November 1932.

I fear that the absence of news from you means that you are still in a state of anxiety. It seems an impertinence to retail my trifling diary to you at the moment - until I am assured that you are free from uncertainty. And I am increasingly worried about yourself, having to bear such a strain while working in a new environment among strangers. I hope at least that I may hear from Mr. Perkins again; but you must not try to write to me until you feel quite up to it. You are in my thoughts all the time, and I pray that your mind may soon be at ease.

Sympathie profonde
de la part de ton
Tom

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

V. Fisher

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

My dearest Lady,

2 November 1932.

I have seldom been more happily elated than upon finding your letter of the 30th in my box on going out this rainy afternoon to buy a teapot (a big brown one) and some orange Pekoe to make tea for the young men this afternoon. I had been very worried about you, and am much relieved. Well my dear I perceive you are very Firm with me, and I must reconcile myself to the unlikelihood of my ever having more than one letter a week; my only satisfaction is that you have no means of preventing me from writing as often as I choose, even daily; and even if you say I shall read only every third letter the others will be destroyed, that will have no effect upon me at all. So here is one.

First of all, I know perfectly well what your birthday is; I only telegraphed the flowers a day sooner to be on the safe side, and not to make you out to be older than you are. I wish it might have been more of a birthday for you. And who gave you a chaise longue? I should like to see your rooms and think of something to contribute towards their furnishing.

I hope the news of your mother is reassuring. I feel as if the only attitude possible towards sufferers like her in both mind and body is one of resignation, neither hoping for continuance nor praying for release - but it is difficult not to adopt the latter. Incomprehensible as it is, I think that we find any instance of suffering to be involved with all suffering; I mean that if any particular kinds of injustice, if you call it that, in suffering, were removed from life, the whole of pain (at least of pain beyond people's apparent ill deserts) would have to be removed too; and such a world as that would be would be just as incomprehensible as the present one, and certainly on the whole no better. And we all suffer for each other - I mean in consequence of each other's faults, and of those of people long dead or far away; and so largely in proportion to our sensibility rather than in proportion to our sins.

I think that since I wrote last (except for uninformative missives) I have been to the film A Nous la Liberté with my sister Marion, which I enjoyed very much, and to dinner at Barbara's. They seem very charming people, of a kind for which perhaps there seems little place or need in the modern world - so surrounded by comfort and security, so safe. Little old Mrs.Wolcott is a small masterpiece, a tiny silvery woman with a stick, the perfect grandmother, very distinguished - in comparison with her Roger strikes one as just slightly common. Roger is somewhat a diplomatic-corps type, reminding me very much of my old friend Sydney Waterlow, who is now H.M.Minister to Bulgaria: the pomposity as it is called, is an inoffensive enough manner. Roger is not quite so big and tall as Sydney and has not nearly such long moustaches, but still is something of the Eton- guardsman - diplomatic attaché. Francis seems a serious, hardworking, mediocre young man. I did not see the little girl.

On Saturday I had a full talk with Ada about my domestic affairs; I think it was a relief to her to have me speak frankly about them. She thought that the disappearance of Lucy from Clarence Gate and the restoration of Mrs.Nelson was a good thing, as it might possibly lead to

some permanent arrangement which would release me.

On Sunday Spencer drove me out to the Pickmans' in Bedford for lunch - charming people with a lovely old house said to have been built by a Stearns, land reaching down to the Concord River which was in flood, beautiful country. On Monday lunched with Ferris Greenslet at the St. Botolph - pleasant publisher, moderate ~~xxxxxxxx~~ polish, anecdotes of Chas.Norton etc. In the evening went out to Wellesley (how the trains here are overheated) to dine again with some of the faculty and meet Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker - amiable professor, one eye, about 45, says he met me at a lunch at the Grove in S.Kensington when we used to lunch there every Thursday; On Tuesday interviewed by a reporter from the Globe - young Jew moderately intelligent and wellmannered - afterwards to tea with Professor Nock (authority upon early Christian Greek history) in his rooms here, where were Fred Robinson, Professor Schumpeter of Bonn (great economist I believe), a Miss Forbes, Mr.Forbes, Mrs.Aldrich, Miss Sperry, and to dinner at Ada's afterwards. Tonight a dinner by Merriman to some Republican politicians; there was Bill Castle, whom I used to know at the Fox, a very agreeable fellow; the others were dull dogs and I got no word with them. A "rally" afterwards - a fiasco - so few students turned up that we moved from the Hall into the Common Room - the local Representative made a very poor speech - spoke humorously of his Harvard days etc. I left and spent the rest of the evening up to now with Spencer and Mathiessen discussing poetry; I should really have come straight home, written this letter, and gone to bed.

Tomorrow the Symphony with Marion; Friday my lecture; I will write again directly after it. Meanwhile my dear I hope you are reposing yourself as much as you can. I fear that the life you lead at Scripps may be too much for your strength.

à toi, mon Louise, de tout
mon cœur. Tom

AIR MAIL

BOSTON, MASS.
NOV 5
6-PM
1932

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO STREET AND NUMBER

Miss Emily Hale,

Scripps College (Toll Hall)

CLAREMONT,

California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

My Lady,

4 November 1932.

So far as I can judge, my first lecture went off pretty well. We had it in the New Lecture Hall - I dont know whether you have ever been there; it is quite the largest hall, with a gallery, except Sanders Theatre; it was not only full but there were crowds of people standing and sitting on the floor; and it looked as if there had been more outside who had not been able to get in. They were extremely attentive and quiet. Your humble servant more than terrified at having to address so large a gathering. So much larger it was than anything I have addressed before, that it seemed to me that I was speaking into an utter vacuum; or that every word I said would somehow become flattened out and trivial before it reached anyone. I was possessed by the feeling that I was not really keeping people's attention; that they were really disappointed, that they were getting tired. The few opinions I have collected are wholly to the contrary; but everybody has been so kind to me that I still feel that this is only one more occasion of kindness. My mentor, Professor Lowes (the dearest little creature living, and the humblest in spite of his sucess) came back with me, and consented to partake of a small gin and bitters (which I much needed myself) and seemed wholly satisfied and talked of holding the next in Sanders Theatre itself (I hope not). I saw a few faces in the audience - Penelope, and Uncle Christopher who appeared to be sound asleep, but happy - Spencer, who looked as if he couldnt hear a word I was saying, but said that he heard it all. Otherwise, I have no impression of the audience at all; I felt as if I was making a speech literally to an empty house. I was addressed afterwards by some people I knew, who were all very kind and appeared pleased; Elizabeth Wentworth, Anna Weld who came with Marion, Marion herself who was certainly happy about it, the vice-president of the Forum Club, and Grandgent, Kennard Rand, your uncle who was extraordinarily kind and with whom I had a few words, and your aunt whom I only waved to across a dozen strangers. I felt that I did not succeed in conveying to him how much real pleasure it gave me that he and Mrs.Perkins should have taken the trouble to come to hear me; I wish that he might know. As we were a few minutes late in starting (owing to the fact that people kept coming in) and as Lowes had to make a tiny speech about me (excessively laudatory) to begin with, I found that I had more to say, on my manuscript, that I had time for; so the last three or four pages have got to be worked in next time. But I feel a hungry craving to know what the mass of the audience really felt about it all; how much satisfaction (in the sense of having had all that they wanted of me) they felt, and how much sympathy was established, if any. I dont think that I shall feel any more confidence about my next lecture than I have about this. Afterwards went to Spencer's house, where was a Mrs.Curtis, who talked amusingly about convoying David Garnett through Virginia in search of remains of Pocohontas, and Lincoln Kirstein of Filene's and the Hound & Horn, a very sympathetic and likeable young jew. Returned perfectly sober. And the chief pleasure of the event was the thought of writing to my dear Emily about it, and it is not altogether

a pleasure after all, because I do not know what my "audience" really made of it. But I shall be sending you a copy of my words, or that is the complete version not all of which I had time to recite (minus various gags which I introduced from time to time to liven it up).

And I had just time to ask Mr.Perkins privately how your mother was, and he said that she was very much better and that he had wired to you to that effect; so now I hope you are looking after yourself a little as well as after La Locandiera. I should appreciate a word from you just to reassure me on this matter.

Je te prie, chère professeur et confrère, d'agréer

l'expression de mes sentiments les plus volcaniques,

Tom

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,
Toll Hall,
Scripps College
Claremont California

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Lady Ivie

9 November 1932.

I postponed writing for 24 hours in the hope that I might have some letter to which to reply; but I ought not to do that. Not very much has happened since I wrote on Friday night. Of my visit to Scofield perhaps the less said the better, as you did not know him well. I found him iller than I expected, and in my opinion incurable. His attitude to me was not hostile, but extremely formal; his attention is entirely taken up by the persecution to which he believes he has been subjected during a period in which we were not in contact, and in which everyone he knows well is implicated, including his mother. He had some symptoms quite familiar to me, and others which were quite new. He is a case with which it is difficult to have much sympathy; the disease is so patently an exaggeration of extreme egotism. I staid with him only about forty minutes, as he seemed to be exciting himself, and I felt pretty limp by that time. When I got back I had to look in at a small teaparty given by O'Brien, a Magdalen man here, for a friend of his in the British Embassy, and then dined at Ada's.

On Sunday I went to early Mass as usual, and after breakfast to Boston to King's Chapel, where your uncle preached (very well, I thought). Your aunt spied me and asked me into her pew, but I did not have any words with her, as she stopped for Communion. (I am dining with them on Friday, however). I liked the service very much; it is very much like Anglican Mattins, and some of the prayers and collects are identical. Mattins is the usual Sunday morning service in "Low Church" services; in the Catholic form it ordinarily precedes a High Mass, and I ordinarily attend the latter (as an obligation, unless I have been to a Low Mass at 8) and not the former, which is optional. I shall go there once a month or so, as I feel that I ought to go usually to St.John the Evangelist in Bowdoin Street. I went back to lunch with the Babbitts, which was pleasant. (I met Kennard Rand in the train, and told him that I had been to Mass, and then to King's Chapel, and was going on to the Babbitts, and he suggested that that was a Rake's Progress). To supper at the house of Thomas H.Thomas (it is actually the house in which my mother lived and died, but as I had never been there before, it was not so painful). He was originally a friend of Henry's, but he was living in Paris when I was there, and was kind to me; I have never seen him since. He is married to a Perkins from Windsor Vermont (wife not very attractive and has an excruciating twang, but I believe intelligent) and has seven children, not all of whom were about. He seemed much the same to me, very talkative and alert-minded, but somehow ineffectual; very much absorbed in the military history of Eastern Europe since the seventeenth century, upon which he is writing a book. He was writing a book when I first knew him; upon French portrait engraving in the 18th century.

Monday a wet day; went over to Mrs.Bainbridge, my sister Marion's little masseuse-hairdresser in Wendell Street, who is starting to give me regular shampoo and electric treatment for my baldness. I believe she will help the hair to grow, and the treatment itself is very refreshing. (She said: "You have a twang just like my husband. He's an Englishman"). In the evening dined informally with Spencer at the Tavern Club; a pleasant, boyish company of men of all ages - one Choate, said to be editor of the Herald, and a delightful old comic named Waddy Longfellow, who told very

amusing, and not at all improper, long stories in Cape Cod dialect. I should find American club life too sociable for my taste, except as an occasional event; I prefer my little place in Pall Mall, where you could spend twentyfour hours without anybody speaking to you, and where you can lunch and dine at a table to yourself.

Tuesday wet again; went late to tea with Marion, where was Elizabeth Wentworth, and to supper at Ada's, where I read them for criticism the paper which I have written for the Radcliffe Club next week. I think it is a fairly good one. The rest of to-day will be fatiguing: I have my weekly tea party, and then go straight on to dinner with "The Englishmen" (they are all Americans, I believe) at Kirkland House, and talk to them afterwards, with, I suppose, a discussion; I shall be tired by bedtime! I have bought two pairs of shoes, badly needed, and they seem so cheap here. I have several letters from London about matters there, which I shall send you for perusal when I have answered them and written other letters in the same context: one from Lucy and one from Mrs. Nelson. I think that on the whole I am happy here - as happy as possible - or shall be if I can feel that I am a successful lecturer. Everyone is very kind. It seems to me at present that I should not care where in the world I lived, if I had ordinary comforts and a few congenial people, so long as I had peace and no nightmares in my life. But I admit to a longing for English ways and English minds, and all my public feelings are absorbed by British affairs; I am really quite patriotic, and the ~~with~~ sight of an English ship and a British Ensign would thrill me. I can take but little interest in the politics of America; and in England I feel that public affairs are involved with one's private life; one is not necessarily ineffectual; and even I may be of some importance. It is interesting that I should feel in this way, as I have never had a happy moment there; but my attach- is quite profound.

Well, my dear Birdie, I must stop and collect my thoughts for this evening; and I hope always that I may have a letter from you tomorrow. If they are to be but once a week, I wish that they might always arrive on the same day.

Ever Tom

Coschill
Chelham
Surrey.

24 Oct. '32

Dear Mr. Eliot

I hear that you are shortly to return to America, and I am writing on behalf of myself and several of my friends to tell you how marvellous we think your work, and to thank you for it before you go.

We thought we should like you to know what a tremendous influence you have on the youth of this country.

Your poetry gives us a much needed satisfaction, we can find

nowhere else. It is one of the few things which make life worth living, something that one can hold on to in the perplexities of this difficult age.

We are truly grateful, Mr Eliot, and hope you will soon be back from London

Yours very sincerely

John P. Gabriel

32. Vale. Road
Bushey
Herts
27/10/32.

Dear Mr Eliot:

I am writing a few lines hoping that you are well in health, & that your tour is turning out a success. The success that you deserve. Things with me personally are "as you were" but I am not writing you a lament. The country in general with trade in particular is worse if anything. As I write our town is being invaded by hunger marchers from Scotland and elsewhere. I am not a bit in agreement with these demonstrations as they have always proved that they lead nowhere. The politicians are "at it again" and we are still getting doled out with the same old stuff. I sincerely hope that things over your side are not so bad as our press seems to make them out to be. Quite a lot of the news that they publish must be very much distorted. The weather here has been the worst in October for 10 years and (of course) the price of coal don't drop. I have been on the look-out for any reports of yourself "over there" but I suppose I don't read the right newspaper. I have been buying the Crown

agents for the Colonies, for a job abroad, but I have not met with any success in that direction. I suppose my age is against me. It seems a peculiar thing, but when I received your letter telling me that you were going so far away it created quite a feeling of desolation within me, and I could not shake it off for quite a time. I think this is all now, hoping that my letter hasn't bored you, & that you and yours will continue in the best of health. I remain,

Yours Faithfully
W. F. Lollory.

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

12 November 1932.

My dear,

I thought that you might be glad to have me write a line this morning, after dining with your aunt and uncle last night. They are dear people, and I hope that they felt that I was happy to be with them. I can, I think, very quickly establish myself on easy social terms with people - partly because I naturally tend to like everyone, except when there is something positively dislikeable, and partly because it is an acquirable social habit which I have had painfully to learn - but I am very diffident beyond that point. I should like them even to have a slight paternal feeling towards me! I only mention that as an indication. They are obviously very devoted to you, and that in itself is a strong reason for my wishing to feel at home there. There were two new photographs of you - new to me, I mean - there was of course no reason why I should not have examined them carefully, but that that would have led to some remarks about them, and I was afraid that I might be embarrassingly emotional, I did not know to what degree. Having them about was like having a bowl of wonderfully scented flowers; they seemed to perfume the room with beauty. One was kneeling down, in a costume apparently 18th century and French, I suppose a scene from a play; but not I should say taken on the same occasion as the little one you sent me. The other, also cabinet size, was I imagine early, as you were wearing a "picture" hat, a very broad brimmed summer hat which has not been worn for a long time. It was in profile. But it makes no difference to me whether your photographs are recent or old, they are equally wonderful. They inspire me with a feeling of awe which you may not understand, towards something so much more beautiful than anything in the world that it makes me feel very inferior, and yet happy to be alive in a world in which such beauty can exist.

Your aunt partakes my anxiety about your working beyond your strength; and nothing you are likely to be able to say about that is likely to reassure me, so you need not try.

à toi Tom.

AIR MAIL

BOSTON MASS
NOV 15
530PM
BACK BAY ANN

1932

1932

Miss Emily Hall
Toll Hall,
Scripps College
Claremont
California

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Emily,

14 November 1932.

I have no particular excuse for writing tonight except that I have not written since Saturday; and I am going to be very busy this week: the Radcliffe Club tomorrow (dinner beforehand with Mrs.Frederick Day, whom I am sure you know but whom I can't in the least remember) and a reception afterwards (Ada has to "pour") with I suppose the inevitable ice cream. I suppose the reason why people here eat ice cream on every occasion is that the houses are so overheated with such dry heat. The poets' dinner at the St.Botolph Club on Wednesday (Arlington Robinson, Frost, Macleish etc.) the only thing in favour of which is that there is to be no speechmaking. On Thursday to go out to dinner at Mark Wentworth's in Concord; this a chore, but old family friends. Friday Marion and I must dine with Katie Spencer at the Women's Republican Club in Boston; a farewell before Katie goes to Florence for the winter, and I cannot be sorry that she is going. Saturday to spend the night with Jim Clement in Wayland - return on Sunday in time for church, lunch at Mrs.Wolcott sr.'s (Barbara's car to fetch me; supper with Margaret (she lives at the Hotel Commander, a squalid place, I think it) and go to some Hampton Negro Spiritual Minstrel Show. On Monday I have to make an afterdinner speech at the annual dinner of the Colonial Society (this Sam Morison got me into, and I couldnt see my way out); Tuesday another concert of the Chamber Music Club; Wednesday to the Grahams. The Grahams require some little explanation. Graham is a very ingenuous young Canadian, of humble origin, father a backwoods Presbyterian minister, educated by scholarship at Trinity Cambridge, married a London girl whom he met when she was at Girton, and has been a tutor here (at Eliot House) for I imagine not above two years. Wife had a child (Caesarian operation) which died, and since then has had various physical ailments, bladder trouble etc. and has been hysterical and considered subject for psychiatric treatment. I have seen her once (went to lunch, they have an upper-part in Chauncy Street) and have not yet seen any symptoms, except that she seemed negligent of her dress and especially of her hair. She ought to go to a hairdresser & get a wave; it is very lank & colourless. He has bought her a dog. Says there is no reason why she should not have another child in time, and doctors hope she will. Well, Graham, for some reason unknown to me, as he can know nothing about my own life, has kind-of fallen on my neck, and seems to hope that somehow I may have great curative powers. Chiefly perhaps because the wife belonged to an intellectual Cambridge set of young people (she can't be more than 27) some of the men of which I happen to know; and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ he says she admires my poetry etc. What a trying situation for me: I don't know how much of a situation it is, but I know enough to hate being involved in other people's most intimate domestic affairs. I have volunteered to go in the evening and read poetry aloud, which pleased him, but I fear that he expects me to talk to her privately and preach the gospel etc. This is all in brackets, you understand, to explain one evening next week. Thursday of course is Thanksgiving Day; I wish that I might spend it with You and Mr. & Mrs.Perkins (by the way, I am dining with them on Dec. 6th to meet Mr. & Mrs. Bliss Perry). I shall dine (midday) at Ada's (thank Heaven) and escape early; all members of immediate family except Theresa coming, Henry included, and Theodora;

and Ada will see to it that I get away early, because my second lecture (Norton) is on Friday. The lecture is partly written and I think it is fairly good, so far it is an Apology for Sir Philip Sidney and shows How Shakespeare Preserved the Dramatic Unities. After the lecture I have to go to young Ellery Sedgwick's (63 Brattle Street) to meet Ellery Sedgwick Senior (his uncle I find). And after that I have SO FAR no engagements until Dec.1st at the King's Chapel.

Yesterday, Sunday, was a busy day. Up with the lark for early Mass at the Cowley House; bathed, shaved, breakfasted, read the Transcript with amazement, went to High Mass at St.John's Bowdoin Street. I must explain that a Mrs.Russell in Brookline, whom I never heard of, but who comes from Salt Lake City and was the Most Intimate Friend of Amy Lowell, rang me up on Friday and said that Harriet Monroe was to spend Sunday with her and would I come to lunch. So as Harriet Monroe was the first editor to publish me ("Prufrock" in Poetry) I thought it my duty to go. To resume the thread, I repaired from St.Johns to the house of Professor Robert Hillyer at 4 Hawthorn Street Cambridge; for he had undertaken to convoy me to Mrs.Russell's (685 Chestnut Hill Avenue) in his car. Common little man, I thought, but kindly; how intelligent or profound I do not yet know, but have doubts. Wife similar, but in spite of her appearance - blowzy, red lips - improves on acquaintance. There I found a cocktail party going; something I never saw the like of on the corner of Brattle Street in my time. A Mr. & Mrs.Murray I think their name was - he apparently a graduate student in English - a young woman named Charlotte Lyman who looked as if she had been bred for points for a prizefighter's face, and another young woman with a red gash where her mouth had been, completed the party. The cocktails were numerous, but mild, I am glad to say. Hillyer had met me at the door and enquired which church I had come from, as if, I thought, to tip off the party inside. The conversation, however, though proper enough, was such as one is told forms the staple of American ~~xxxxxx~~ society: they were talking about one young Ames, apparently a wealthy worthless drunkard who had committed suicide in an aeroplane with two others, and then moved on to adventures in Boston speakeasies. You will I hope know better than I what sort of company I had fallen in with. After a time the party broke up, and we eventually arrived at Brookline a quarter of an hour late. The hostess fat and jolly, andvery likeable, because naturally liking anybody; the house a large luxurious Brookline house; Miss Monroe like a little old midwest Yankee schoolmarm, devoted to poetry and Poetry, though no manifest reason why she should not have been devoted to some other cause instead; at once antique and very modern. I notice that there are folk who either ask you questions, or else carry on a conversation about people and things of which you know nothing. On this occasion, I did not hold the floor at any time, but behaved modestly. The dinner was very good - a shade too opulent, but every item perfect, even a touch of garlic - a bottle of real wine - I do not say good wine, because it was rather too sweet - barsac at least - ~~xxxxx~~ poured out from a real French bottle swathed in a napkin. There was some talk about Poetry Prizes of which I knew nothing. In the hall was an oil portrait of Amy Lowell at the age of 18, looking exquisitely pretty and slender. Now about all this, what the HELL am I to make of it? I am beginning to suffer from social indigestion.

The Hillyers convoyed me back (Mrs.H. does the driving) and I arrived in my room, sober but exhausted, at 3:15; lay down and dozed for an hour; did a little work; dressed, dined with the Theodore Spencers at 7:30 (Mrs.Spencer, née Nancy Murray of Boston - never heard of them but apparently rich, another conundrum for me) - another puzzle the way of dressing, why on some occasions women dress as if for a Court, and men always in what they call Tuxedos - cocktails & whisky; then we drove in to the Women's Republican Club to a session of the Chamber Music Club to hear a Burgin Quartette, The music was my reward for the day. Edward Pickman has kindly had me made an honorary member of the Club, which means that I can attend all the concerts without paying anything. When we arrived, I found it a Blaze of Fashion, or so it seemed to my Bloomsbury eyes. There was a large Panell'd Room, with little tables set about like a cabaret, and one tall Candle on each and an ashtray and the usual paper mats. I was introduced to a number of people whose names to me are dark, and I guess will be dark to history as well, but who looked frightfully grand, and I observed that Mr. & Mrs.Copley Green whom I mentioned before, in the distance. (The Pickmans I like). Then after a lot of chatter in came the fiddlers, and fiddled away for dear life (I enclose the programme); the Beethoven was perhaps not perfectly done, but is such a grand thing that it is worth hearing always; and rewarded me for my ardous day. And then the Spencers brought me back to Cambridge. Everybody is so extraordinarily kind and gentle that it makes matters difficult. I mean, in London, I know whom to cultivate & whom to avoid, and they are black and white, sheep & goats; but here it seems more difficult to distinguish the tares from the wheat - especially when one can hear the F major quartette (that's the way I should like to be able to write!)

So there is my account of myself for the last day and my programme for the next ten, and so, my dear small Bird, I subscribe myself

Ever dearest Tom

Chamber Music Club

EIGHTH SEASON

1932-1933

FIRST CONCERT

NOVEMBER 13TH

AT

WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB

BOSTON

Chamber Music Club

The Burgin String Quartet

R. BURGIN
First Violin

J. LEFRANC
Viola

R. GUNDERSEN
Second Violin

J. BEDETTI
Violoncello

will play the following program:

MOZART Quartet in G major (k. 387)
(1756-1791)

Allegro vivace assai
Minuetto. Allegro
Andante cantabile
Molto allegro

This was the first of a series of six string-quartets dedicated to Mozart's "dear Friend Haydn", and was written late in December, 1782. In this quartet Mozart for the first time rose independently to Haydn's level, using new material of his own, instead of borrowing as he had before, from Haydn and the Italians. "The characteristic note of the first movement is cheerful, manly strength combined with distinctively chromatic touches of a mood that is now elegiac, now bizarre; the same note is struck in the minuet, and intensified to the utmost in the finale, which, like that of the great C major symphony, is cast in sonata form and obeys the rules of strict counterpoint." COBBETT.

MARTINU, BOHUSLAV Duo for Violin and 'Cello

Praeludium
Rondo

Martinu is a contemporary Czechoslovakian composer, living at the present time in Paris. His chamber music works include two string quartets, and a quintet which was played at Mrs. Coolidge's Berkshire Festival in September 1928, and at the sixth concert of the Chamber Music Club in the Spring of 1932.

BEETHOVEN Quartet in F major (op. 59, no. 1)
(1770-1827)

Allegro
Allegretto vivace e sempre scherzando
Adagio molto e mesto
Thème Russe: Allegro

This quartet was begun on May 26, 1806, and certainly finished before 1807.

Czerny told Jahn that "when Schuppanzigh first played the Rasoumowsky Quartet in F, the audience laughed and were convinced that Beethoven was playing a joke."

"Beethoven submitted the 3 quartets to me in MS.", said the Italian, Radicati, "and, at his request, I fingered them for him. I said to him that he surely did not consider these works to be music?—to which he replied, 'Oh, they are not for you, but for a later age'!"

When played in England the first movement was declared by all except a young Samuel Appleby to be 'crazy music'. The second movement was long a rock of offence. At this same performance in England after "the violoncello solo on one note, the audience all burst out laughing; the next four bars all agreed were beautiful. Ludlow, an organist, who played the bass, found so much to admire and so much to condemn in the half of this second movement which they succeeded in playing, as to call it 'patchwork by a madman'." "When played in Moscow in 1812, Bernhard Romberg trampled under foot as a contemptible mystification the bass part which he had to play. The quartet was laid aside."

According to a Russian, Lenz, the Finale is the only one which has a Russian theme. THAYER, II, 74-76.

Vol. V, No. 34 NOVEMBER 13, 1932 Take this home, please

The Messenger

CHURCH OF SAINT JOHN THE EVANGELIST

Bowdoin Street, Beacon Hill

Boston, Massachusetts

Sunday Services

Low Mass and Holy Communion	7.30 and 9.30 a. m.
Morning Prayer	10.30 a. m.
High Mass and Sermon	11.00 a. m.
Evening Prayer	7.15 p. m.
Sermon and Benediction	7.30 p. m.

Week-Day Services

Mass, daily, 7 and 8	Also Thursdays and Holy Days, 9.30
Morning Prayer, daily, 7.30	Evening Prayer, daily, 5.15
Instruction and Devotions	Thursdays, 7.45 p. m.
Rosary and Bible Story	Saturdays, 4.00 p. m.
Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament	Saturdays, 5.00 to 6.00 p. m.

Baptisms: After any regular service and by appointment.

Confessions: Saturdays, from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m., and at other times by appointment.

Weddings, Sick Calls, Unction and Communion of the Sick, and Funerals: On application to the Clergy, in person, by telephone, or by post.

The priests of the Church are always ready to answer questions or to give instruction in the Christian religion.

Adults or children can be prepared at any time for First Confession, Confirmation, and First Holy Communion. There are no fixed seasons for classes.

The Church is open daily from 6.45 a. m. to 6 p. m. On Saturdays and Sundays until 9 p. m.

The Clergy

THE MISSION PRIESTS OF THE SOCIETY OF
ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST

The Mission House, 33 Bowdoin Street Telephone: Capitol 5293

Rev. Fr. Burton, Superior, S.S.J.E. Rev. Fr. Otis, Asst. Superior, S.S.J.E.

Rev. Fr. Hoffman, Master of the Novices, S.S.J.E.

Rev. Fr. Powell, S.S.J.E. Rev. Fr. Johnson, S.S.J.E.

Associate Clergy

Rev. Father Fitz Rev. Father Parce (retired)

Rev. H. Perry Marshall

The Sisters of St. Anne

St. Anne's House 44 Temple Street, Boston.

Everett Titcomb, Organist and Choirmaster

16 Marlborough Street, Boston. Telephone: Commonwealth 3499

Herbert C. LeBuff, Undertaker

772 Cambridge Street, Brighton. Telephone: Stadium 8634

November 13, 1932

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity

High Mass, 11 A. M.

ANTIPHON — *Asperges me. Ps. 51* . . . . . *Plainchant*

THOU shalt purge me, O Lord, with hyssop, and I shall be clean: thou shalt wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

Ps. Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness: according to the multitude of thy mercies do away my offences.

INTROIT — *Dicit Dominus* . . . . . *Plainchant*

THUS saith the Lord, I know the thoughts that I think towards you, thoughts of peace, and not of affliction: ye shall call upon me, and I will hearken unto you, and I will bring again your captivity from every nation.

Ps. Lord, thou art become gracious unto thy land: thou hast turned away the captivity of Jacob.

KYRIE . . . . . *Plainchant*

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS . . . . . *Plainchant*

(Collect, Epistle and Gospel: Epiphany VI, Prayer Book, page 117)

GRADUAL — *Liberasti nos (Congregation seated)* . . . . . *Plainchant*

IT is thou, O Lord, that savest us from our enemies: and puttest them to confusion that hate us. *V.* We make our boast in God all day long: and will praise thy Name forever.
Alleluia, alleluia. *V.* He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat. Alleluia.

CREDO . . . . . *Plainchant*

SERMON — The Reverend Dom Anselm Hughes, O.S.B.

OFFERTORY — *De profundis* . . . . . *Plainchant*

OUT of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.

HYMN — English Hymnal, 428 . . . . . *Scottish Psalter, 1615*

SANCTUS and BENEDICTUS — *Missa Sancti Benedicti, Dom Anselm Hughes, O.S.B.*

AGNUS DEI — *Missa Sancti Benedicti* . . . . *Dom Anselm Hughes, O.S.B.*

COMMUNION — *Primum quaerite* . . . . . *Plainchant*

SEEK ye first of all the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you, saith the Lord.

HYMN — English Hymnal, 331 . . . . . *Proper Melody*

HYMN — English Hymnal, 519 . . . . . *German Melody, 1623*

Liturgical Notes

Your attention is called to the fact that on November 13, the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, for which no Collect, Epistle, and Gospel are provided in the Prayer Book, the rubric directs us to use those for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

Portions of the music of the Mass this morning are from the vast number of compositions by our distinguished preacher, the Reverend Dom Anselm Hughes, O.S.B.

The Bookstall has copies of a brief devotional book by Dom Hughes, entitled "The House of My Pilgrimage." It contains considerations on the Christian life, with special reference to theSacraments.

Evening Service, 7.30 P. M.

HYMN — English Hymnal, 397 . . . . . *Welsh Melody*
MISSION SERVICE
MOTET — *Te Lucis ante Terminum* . . . . . *E. Thiman*
(Words of Hymn 264, English Hymnal)

At Benediction

O SALUTARIS — English Hymnal, 330, Part 2 . . . . . *Abbé Duguet*
TANTUM ERGO — English Hymnal, 326, Part 2 . . . . . *S. Webbe*

Calendar and Notices

NOVEMBER 13 TO 20

✠ 13. Sun. TRINITY XXV. Masses and Holy Communion, 7.30 and 9.30 a. m. Morning Prayer, 10.30 a. m. High Mass and Sermon (Rev. Dom Anselm Hughes, O.S.B.), 11 a. m. Evening Prayer, 7.15 p. m. Sermon (Rev. Father Banner, Novice S.S.J.E.), Instruction (Rev. Duncan Fraser), and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 7.30 p. m.

14. Mon. Feria. Masses: 7 and 8 (Anniversary Requiem for Georgia Waithman Spence, Benefactor of the S.S.J.E.). St. Barbara's Guild, 6.15 p. m.

15. Tues. Feria. Masses: 7 and 8 (Anniversary Requiem for David Procter, Priest Novice S.S.J.E.). Woman's Auxiliary, 2 p. m.

16. Wed. Feria. Masses: 7 and (Requiem) 8 a. m.

17. Thurs. Feria. Commemoration of St. Hugh, B. C. Masses: 7 and (Requiems) 8 and 9.30 a. m. Instruction in the Schoolroom (Rev. Father Powell, S.S.J.E.), 7.45 p. m.

18. Fri. Feria. Masses: 7 and (Requiem) 8 a. m. Choir Program, 8 p. m.

19. Sat. Feria. Commemoration of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Matron. Masses: 7 and (Requiem) 8 a. m. St. Agnes' Guild, 2 p. m. Rosary and Bible Story (Rev. Father Powell, S.S.J.E.), 4 p. m. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, 5 to 6 p. m.

✠ 20. Sun. NEXT BEFORE ADVENT. Masses and Holy Communion, 7.30 and 9.30 a. m. Morning Prayer, 10.30 a. m. High Mass and Sermon (Rev. Father Superior, S.S.J.E.), 11 a. m. Evening Prayer, 7.15 p. m. Sermon (Rev. Father Banner, S.S.J.E.), Instruction (Rev. Ralph Read), and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, 7.30 p. m.

ALL OF US desire to help our St. John's Choir as much as possible. At 8 P. M., November the eighteenth, in the Church, the choir will give an Historical Program of Music of the Catholic Church. It will consist of various examples of Plainchant, music of the great Polyphonic period, and also music by present-day composers. There will be no cards of admission. A collection will be taken for the Choirmaster's Fund for Incidental Choir-expenses. This is one way we are able to help the choir; come and show your appreciation.

Carrying On Great Traditions

For Many years the Woman's Auxiliary at St. John's Church has met regularly every week for eight months in the year, to help in the Expansion of Christ's Kingdom. An opportunity is given to pray for missions, to make garments and outfits for schools and hospitals, and to study about the work in various parts of the world. At times we have the privilege of meeting our missionaries home on furlough. They come to us with enthusiastic accounts of their work and ours.

The meetings are held every Tuesday afternoon from two o'clock to four in the Guild Room. More women are needed to help us with our sewing this winter. Also we would welcome newcomers to join in our study which will include the Indian work in our Western States and the development of the Holy Catholic Church in China.

Every baptized woman or girl is a member of the Auxiliary, and we will welcome any who can come to the meetings. We have noble records of the past in this Mission Church and great possibilities for the future are before us. Let us do our utmost as loyal members of St. John's.

Annual Sale for St. Monica's Home

The Annual Sale for the benefit of St. Monica's Home for sick colored women and children will be held at the Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, on Friday, November 18, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. Lunch served from 12 to 2 p. m.

The Month of the Holy Souls

On All free days during the month of November, a Mass will be offered for the faithful departed. At each of these Masses, portions of the list of names remembered on All Souls' Day will be especially commemorated.

The Mission Services

This evening we begin the series of Mission Services that are to be held on Sunday evenings until the Confirmation on December 11. This is a good time to bring friends whom you wish to acquaint with the Catholic Church, and to receive further instruction for yourself. Pray daily for the blessing of God upon these services.

Labrador Benefit Bazaar

On the 14th and 15th of November there will be a Bazaar at the Copley Plaza Hotel from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. The Bazaar is being held by Sir Wilfred Grenfell and Lady Grenfell for the benefit of the Labrador fishermen.

Church Service League

The Diocesan monthly meeting for the women of the diocese will be held on Wednesday, November 16, at 2 p. m., in St. Paul's Cathedral Crypt. The special guest is Miss Helen Skiles of Kyoto, who will speak on Japan.

Coming Event

There will be a High Mass at 9.30 a. m. on Thursday, November 24, Thanksgiving Day.

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Bien-aimée,

18 November 1932.

I have been writing letters all day, except for an interview interval when a graduate student came to discuss with me his thesis on Matthew Arnold; and I wisely postponed writing to you until after the afternoon Post, 8 days after the last one. (You don't really expect to be thanked for a little Scrap like that, do you? The signature was very comforting, to be Sure, but the letter itself very Unsatisfactory, as it merely aggravated my anxiety about your doing too much work). However, this letter of the 15th was the standard large size paper, and was warmly welcomed. I am Vexed about that Photograph. I know the one kneeling was You, because I saw it quite Close, and I do not think that my agitation was enough to blur my eye. The other was on the mantel half behind a lampshade, and I did not see it properly, but I assumed it must be you. How was I to know you had a cousin? I should like to have a Proper look at the photograph and also at that Cousin. Does she look like you at all? and if so, where is she? I wish you would draw up for me a map of your family for 3 generations, indicating cousins. Your grandfather was Edward Everett Hale, wasn't he? and your father had one brother, Philip Hale (his account of the 7th symphony on the last programme was a masterpiece, it was entirely about a man named Maelzel in 1836 who had a panharmonicon and an automatic chess player). Then I once met a cousin (1st, 2nd or 3d?) named Matthew Hale at your house who was a Rhodes scholar and lived in Portland Maine. When I first met Margaret Farrand at your house I thought that she was some sort of cousin.

(Please devote not less than 5 minutes to the questions above).

Perkins

I am to dine with the Perkins's next on Dec.6th but that I do not look forward to so much, as Mr. & Mrs.Bliss Perry will be there - I have never met them, but that will rather disturb the feeling: when I have been there alone I have felt as if you <u>must</u> feel a kind of telegraphic communion with three people who were certainly thinking about you, whatever they talked about. Mr. (Dr. I should call him) walked in here on Wednesday when my students' teaparty was going. I pressed him to stop and have a cup of tea, which he did. He had been to see the Merrimans. I especially did not want him to feel that he had come at the wrong time; but I fear that I failed to convey what I really felt, that I was only disappointed that his visit should be partly wasted by the presence of the hobbledehoys, and that I would have preferred to be alone with him. I shall go to King's Chapel as often as I can: that is to say, once a month; I feel that my presence at St.John's Bowdoin Street is really obligatory most of the time, and that the clergy here would feel hurt if I did not, and perhaps scandalised. People might think that I was reverting to type!

I suppose you are feeling the reaction after the play which cannot be escaped. But I am so glad that you like and are happy with the girls, and you may be sure if this is so that they are happy with you too; and I have no doubt that some of them are already trying, as far as they can, to model themselves upon you. One always influences young people the most, I believe, when one is least conscious of it; and always, in the

end, it is not what one tries to be or to appear but what one is that matters. I think these girls are to be congratulated. But for my part, I am thankful that the play is over, because it means that Emily is not working so hard (at this point I was rung up by a professor who wanted me to come in for cocktails, I declined)(at the same time I was also wishing that I could so easily write on and on when I am composing a lecture as when I am writing to you. I shall not be able to finish this letter until after dinner, because I have got to dress, fetch Marian, and go to dinner at the Women's Republican Club in Boston with Katie Spencer. If I arrive say on January 1st (I trust an auspicious moment) I wonder in what duties you will be engaged? in shepherding the few girls who have not gone home for Christmas? But I suppose that they nearly all live quite near.

I have to try to shape myself into a teacher too, as well as a public lecturer, and an after dinner speaker. Did I tell you that during the second half year I am to give a course - with a number - English 26! Modern English Literature, by Professor Eliot (who has been recently confused with Professor W.Y.Elliott of the Government Department. Tuesdays & Thursdays, and Saturdays at the option of the lecturer, at 9 a.m. Theodore Spencer is to select from among the 40 or so applicants, fifteen braves as nearly as possible after my own heart (I want as few graduate students as possible, a number of men specialising in other subjects than English, preferably scientific, a few oarsmen or football players, and a quota of not more than 20% Jews). Now I must dress for dinner.

Now I have said goodbye to Katie Spencer and come back again. Now I must look at my diary and see what I have been doing. I have not written since Tuesday night when I dined at Mrs.Day's (but I still don't remember her in connexion with the Hinkleys' at all, but I do remember her as an acquaintance of Abby's at Radcliffe, and I think she was rather popular at dances) with Professor and Mrs. William Yandell Elliott - a very pleasant southerner, one of the former Nashville literary group with Allan Tate, and two other people whose faces and names have both vanished. Mrs. Day is quite likeable. The hall at Radcliffe was quite crowded; and I think my lecture (which I read, as usual) was quite good & suitable for the occasion; and Ada poured out coffee afterwards and I was introduced to a good many women one after the other and I am afraid that it all sounds very flat. There was something very touching about the St.Botolph dinner - they were so very hospitable. It was Ferris Greenslet's dinner, of course; why he should pay me such attention I don't know, as I have nothing to do with his firm (Houghton Mifflin) but he has been most attentive. Professor Lowes was there - a most lovable little man he is - and Sam Morison, who, I thought, looked the only really distinguished man present. There was Robert Frost, a good soul I have no doubt, but to me not very interesting; I think that he is sincere and truly interested in poetry, but I do not feel that I should ever really take to him. The other principal poets, Robinson and Macleish, did not turn up; I should like to have met Macleish. There was a very strange creature named Jack Wheelwright, who read a poem of his, and was quite pathetic; the(Professor) Hillyer whom I mentioned, and others of less importance. There was something a little schoolboyish about it all; I suppose I shall find that in all the dinners of men alone; I suppose the geniality and hailfellowship amongst them, which to me seems a little forced, has something to do with it. Yet it was not at all an objectionably convivial occasion; and afterwards a few talked for some time, quite intelligently, about a poem of Matthew Arnold's.

When you say you had a long ride the other day was it on a horse; I hope you are keeping up your riding, I should love to see you on a horse. Try to get me a snapshot of yourself on horseback; but I must say I dont think any woman looks graceful astride. (I know there was something I was going to say when I had to leave off to dress for dinner, but I can't remember what it was). Are you feeling more at home in Scripps now, or are you still homesick and heartsick all the time? I have no photograph of you here, and I used to see your photographs every day. The Magi hang over my desk, about at the level of my eye when I am sitting. (No, I can't remember what I wanted to say, and probably it was not very important: O yes, I remember now, you took for granted that I was going to New York to Eleanor's first night. My dear Bird, I should not have dreamt of such a thing; and I had the excuse of my Radcliffe lecture the next night. I could not afford to go to New York just for that, and I would not accept Barbara's offer to take me with them - one can't accept favours of that kind - and it would have been too tiring, and I did not have the time, and it must be a painful business watching a first night when you know the author. I hear however from Penelope (whom I saw at Radcliffe the next night, and from Barbara, that it went off extremely well, and Barbara says that the reviews were favourable. So I do hope that it will have a really good run. At any rate, I gather that the family are pleased, so far; and I expect Eleanor is getting a little very pleasant celebrity. If it is still running I shall try to spend a few nights in New York with my brother Henry on my way West at Christmas, and see it then.

I am bald as a Bat on the right side of my head, but can just keep it covered with my hair in place - otherwise, it gives me a most comical Look; and I ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ am having electric treatment from Marian's hairdresser-masseuse, and have to go over to Wendell Street twice a week for it. The treatment is inexpensive and extremely soothing anyway.

I will now subscribe myself, ma chère Emilie,

Your obedient,
humble,
and
devoted
servant,

Tom

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Très chère Emilie

24 November 1932.

After I put my letter in the box, it came to me that for the first time I had failed to superscribe it to you, and therefore I hasten to send this note of abject apology from

Your humble & devoted servant

Tom

AIR MAIL.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

24 November 1932.

Thanksgiving Day.

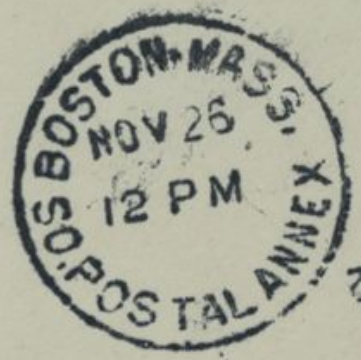
There seems to be no post in to-day, so I hope to receive my weekly rations from you tomorrow. I have had a very busy week, and it seems to me to be ages since I wrote to you; I should, but for all these affairs, have written to you early in the week. At the weekend I went out to Jim Clement's at Wayland after lunch. Arrived and found Barbara paying a visit, on her way back, apparently, from leaving one of her sons at St. Mark's. This was rather a nuisance, as I wanted to go for a walk with Jim, and I was to see Barbara next day anyhow; she left just before 4, but by that time it began to rain heavily. At a quarter to 5 Amy (Gozzoldi) Hall, her husband Dick and a woman arrived. The notion seemed to be that the woman might buy some antiques - Amy and Margot cooperate in trying to sell old junk, and I believe that they did quite well before the "depression" - so I tried to make myself agreeable - she was the sort of woman who goes to all lectures - but they departed about 6 without anything having been said about furniture, so the time was wasted. Promised to go with Amy to the next performance of the Cambridge Dramatic - that is the evening of December 1st; I talk at King's C. in the afternoon. The evening was free from visitors; and I sat smoking with Jim until just on 11. In the morning Jim motored me in, and I arrived in good time for St.John's; after church Barbara's chauffeur picked me up and took me out to Milton. After a cocktail at Roger's we went across to his mother's, where I found a large lunch party - about 15 people; but several Wolcott sons among them - all of the sons commonplace and a little plebeian compared to their mother, whom I dote upon - but she apparently was a daughter of Prescott the historian, evidently of a superior breed to the Wolcotts. An old Whiskers named Stimson who had been ambassador to the Argentine was the guest of honour; his wife rather a pleasant person, the first I have discovered in this country with a real passion for Dogs, so we got on nicely. Also a Mr.Carter who is the curator of Fenway Court; told me he had read all my letters to Mrs. Gardner. Afterwards, had to return to Barbara's as she had invited Mr. & Mrs. Bill Field - he is the Head of Milton now, and was science-master in my time - very nice people they are. Bill looks no older than I. That made a long day. I was motored back to Cambridge by Francis Welch (a nice fellow) only in time to go to Margaret's for supper. Margaret is a very poor housekeeper, and the supper is meagre and badly cooked. She is perfectly sane, as sanity goes, but distinctly abnormal; a dull mind, only developed up to about the age of 12. She suffers I think from having been considered a great beauty when a girl, but apparently nobody really wanted to marry her - the reason probably being her intense egotism - no man can be in love very long with a woman who is only interested in herself. She talks incessantly and in a rather excited way, and is decidedly fatiguing. Afterwards we went to North Cambridge to the Congregational Church where the Negroes were to sing; I had no notion how bleak and bare a church can be until I entered this church, just a sort of lecture-hall with an ugly organ behind the platform. In came the Negro boys & girls, with the garrulous negro lady who directs them, and they crooned their little songs, and the Lady made a speech about the Alice Palmer Memorial Institute in Carolina, which they represent. Margaret was very excited, and insisted on talking to the Lady afterwards, and to the Congregational Minister Mr.Duddy; and then

the Lady got excited when she heard that I was a Gentleman from London, and said she wanted her Boys to meet the Gentleman from London; so they all trooped up nicely and shook hands; but the Girls were not brought up. So then we went home; and that day was a tiring day. On Monday I finished lecture no. 2, and dined with the Colonial Society at the Algonquin Club. A large gathering - about 50. Excellent dinner, but as I loathe after dinner speaking, it might have been so much poison to me. However, I managed to get up and talk with halting for about a quarter of an hour - it might have been longer or shorter, because you never can tell how long you are talking unless you have much experience - and I had no notes; and I dare say it was incoherent nonsense - mostly about Scottish Nationalism; but your uncle, very kindly, was there, and he can I am sure give you a more accurate account than I can. A professor from Yale talked after me, very much more expertly than I. Tuesday was uneventful, except that I lunched with Lowes, and he promised to write to California for me; I am beginning to get anxious that no more engagements there are appearing; but I am sure he will get something. Went to the chamber music club in the evening, and came back with the Spencers and Mrs. Sedgwick. Last night supped at Ada's and read them lecture 2 and the first half of lecture 3. And when I finish this letter I shall go back to Ada's for the family dinner: ten of us altogether.

I have practically decided to come straight to Claremont (stopping in New York with Henry for a night or two) as nobody wants lectures just then, and visit St.Louis on my way back from the coast. So I hope, my love, that you will not mind if I appear dusty & travelstained about New Years Day. Will you please tell me what clothes I ought to bring for your climate? I have no idea whether it is cool, tepid or torrid. I only dread the insipidity of life after I have seen you and come away again. And now I must leave for Ada's. I wonder whether, my poor child, you will have felt especially lonely to-day.

Your Pom

AIR MAIL



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.

T. S. ELIOT
B-11 ELIOT HOUSE
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Bridie,

25 November 1932.

My second Norton lecture is over. I think that it went off much better than the first. There was a much larger audience than I expected. The corridors were not so crowded, but the seats of the New Lecture Hall were all filled. And I had the satisfaction of knowing that my family, what there are left of them, were all present; at the end the first person to speak to me was "Lily" (Elizabeth) Norton - it pleased me especially that she had come, as her brother Eliot died in England only a short time ago. Even Margaret came, and Henry and Theodora were there, and Ada and Marion; and Cousin Ethel Grandgent. (One of the strange and pleasant things about being here is having so many relatives about, after living so many years where there are nothing nearer than twentieth cousins who wouldnt know me). Everybody kept quite quiet, but applauded nicely. Of course the subject matter was simpler and more straightforward - Elizabethan criticism - and I felt a greater confidence in offering it, and a closer sympathy with the audience. I saw Aunt Susie and Eleanor for a moment afterwards, who were very kind. Meanwhile Mrs.Ellery Sedgwick Jr. was waiting to carry me to her house for supper, in Brattle Street. Party pleasant but confusing. Ellery Senior (uncle) a little boring, and the sort of person who gets too near to you when he talks, so that you gyrate to get away from him. Escaped from party (Sedgwicks are relatives of Nortons) and therefore feel a kind of proprietorship in the Norton Professor) about 11. Tomorrow I have to interview two young men in the morning, and go to Tea, with Ada, Sheff & Henry, to Cousin Laura & Cousin Reby in Lime Street. (Their name is Furness). I may mention that your dear uncle came again, and spoke to me. I really feel much more cheerful about this lecture than the last. I must now excogitate my talk for Kings Chapel.

I think that what made the difference was, that after waiting hungrily, I got your letter of the 23d just before supper, and it made me happy. My dear dove, I never think that you "neglect"me. Either I think that you don't want to write to me, which makes me very unhappy; or I think that you are too busy, or perhaps ill, and then I worry about you. But at no moment would I have anything like a feeling of "reproaching"; my feelings are much too humble for that. I am extremely happy to think of the great success of your play; and to think that you were called before the curtain in that way, gave me great delight, and also a good opinion of the local audience. You ought to be happy in knowing that you have become so importantly useful to these young girls, and can be such a tremendously good influence over them. I don't know anything about Roxane, except that she is adorable, and I shall make her acquaintance in January.

Your humble Secretary

Tom

The Colonial Society of Massachusetts

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society will be held at the **Algonquin Club,** No. 217 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, on MONDAY, 21st instant, at half after six o'clock in the evening, for the Election of Officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may be presented by the Council.

At seven o'clock, Dinner will be served, the expense of which will be borne by the Society. Professor CHARLES M. ANDREWS and T. S. ELIOT, Esq., two of our Corresponding Members, will speak at the Dinner.

It is hoped that as many members will be present as can make it convenient to attend.

Please inform the Dinner Committee, at your earliest convenience, by the enclosed card, of your intention as to being present at the Dinner, in order that proper accommodations may be provided at the tables.

JAMES P. BAXTER, 3rd
Recording Secretary
Adams House, Cambridge, Mass.

BOSTON, 7 November, 1932

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California.


MERRY CHRISTMAS
1932
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Dearest Lady,

This morning I finished my talk for King's Chapel on Thursday, and this afternoon, after 3:30 and this evening up to 11:00 which is the present hour, I have written thirty letters. In between I lunched with Mr.Murdock (father of Dean Murdock) the Director of the University Press, in order to discuss with him some publication matters concerning Faber & Faber; and tomorrow I must go to early Mass, because it is St.Andrew's Day; so I think that now for half an hour I am entitled to the pleasure and relaxation of writing a little line to you. When I come back from any company of people and shut myself up alone in my room I feel a great sense of relief; and when, even when, I have been most of the day alone in my room and sit down to write to you, there is a further sense of relief, as if I had stepped into another room and shut some other door, and got away from a part of myself which corresponded somehow to the noise and chatter of a group of people. I feel a little of that (and a little is a great deal, when it is in contrast with the rest of the world) with Ada and Sheff, and I believe that I might in time come to feel it with the Perkins's. That is all. And I do hope, when I am gone, and eventually you return to Boston, whether permanently or for a visit, you will see Ada and Sheff, and feel with them something like what I feel already with Mr. and Mrs.Perkins. Between me and Ada there is a peculiar bond of understanding and affection.

On Saturday Ada and Sheff and Henry (I must explain Henry to you more at length, and the various members of the family) motored in to Lime Street (just off Brimmer!) to tea with our little old cousins Laura and Reby Furness, two dear little old ladies in a dear little house crowded with heirlooms, where were three young Furness-Porter cousins from the Chicago family, two with wives - rather louthish in manners, but I believe good stuff underneath, and Uncle Christopher and Abby (Martha having gone back to New Haven. And family parties with lots of cousins like that give me much pleasure and coziness, as I have suggested. I had asked a young protegé of mine named Ronald Bottrall, a Cornishman from Cambridge, who is a Commonwealth at Princeton, for the weekend. He arrived about 6.30 at my rooms, and I took him to supper - no, dinner, for it was quite grand, though informal, as Mrs.Murdock is in hospital - with the Master of Leverett, Dean Murdock, a nice freshlooking young man of 38 (looks younger) son of the Murdock mentioned above; where were James Burnham editor of "The Symposium" in New York, and a Professor Magoon (?) not very impressive. Sunday, I went alone to Professor Hillyers, leaving Bottrall to his own devices. I felt a kind of obligation to accept the Hillyers' invitation, because, as I think I told you, he struck me as rather common, so I felt I ought to know him better. He still seems to me common, and possibly a social climber, but damn it rather pathetic. This turned out to be a very large lunch (one is deceived here by casual sounding invitations over the telephone) of a buffet sort. The young Ellery Sedgwicks were there (they seem to be in demand) and a kind of buffoon named I think Arthur Johnson who seemed to know everybody in Cambridge and Boston and told an anecdote of Mattie Seaver among others, and was so amusing as to be a bore - I mean he succeeded in being amusing by trying

too hard, just as Jean Cocteau does; and other folk whose names I did not catch, as well as that stout Mrs.Russell from Chestnut Hill who is a friend of the late Amy Lowell. I found myself eventually eating turkey in a corner with a Mrs.Ronald Lyman, who claims to be a cousin by marriage of Charles Eliot's, and who seems odd, but her daughter is odder. But I don t understand all these folk yet, and you have not vouchsafed me any social instructions. Since Sunday, nothing but what I have told you, except my bi-weekly scalp treatment by Mrs.Bainbridge; but my Hair is not beginning to grow yet, and you must be prepared for a Shocking sight.

Et ainsi, me trouvant un peu surmené par le commerce de tout ce monde, je me suis donné le plaisir et le rèpos assez meritès, je crois, d'écrire un petit mot à ma chère et douce amie Emilie la reine. Crois-moi, chère princesse lointaine, toujours ton fidèle serviteur

Pom

I had a very sweet note of assurance about my last lecture & the next, from your uncle -