Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT California

U.S.A.

THE READING OF POETRY

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AT THE GROTIAN HALL

In the course of a recital of poetry arranged by the English Verse Speaking Association at the Grotrian Hall, W., last evening, Miss Lillah McCarthy made an appeal for assistance to the association, and read a letter from a poet suggesting, rather vaguely, that the recitation of poetry should be made compulsory, and that a poem could not be properly appreciated unless it was spoken aloud.

However that may be, a recital such as this is certainly a very severe test of the quality of poetry. The slightest lapse into commonplace poetic diction was immediately noticeable and seemed much more trying than when read to oneself. Moreover, whenever the poem gave an excuse, and sometimes when it did not, the speakers were apt to fall into a special solemnity of accent, the exact counterpart in speech of too much poetic diction in writing.

To be just to a poem it should sound as natural as a speech in the middle of a well-acted play. This is asking a very great deal, and there were not many recitations that came up to this standard. But Miss McCarthy's performance —it was more a performance than a recitation— of Hardy's "The Tramp Woman's Tragedy" certainly did, and was extremely impressive.

Mr. J. Clifford Turner's recitation of Mr. T. S. Eliot's "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was equally fine in an entirely different way. His air of sedate and settled melancholy exactly matched the poem, and suited both its wit and its more obviously beautiful lines. This was certainly a genuine contribution to the poem. Miss Irene Sadler's recitation of six sonnets, each very different in mood, was highly ingenious.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

2 March 1934.

Dearest Lady Emily,

All my spare time this week has gone, of course, to the pageant, with the exception of the better part of a day in the role of member of a special sub-committee of the standing committee of the literature committee of the Church Union, composed of Harris, the Dean of Rochester, and myself, which had to meet an equally sub etc. committee from the Anglo-Catholic Congress in the presence of a sub-committee of the Amalgamation Council, for the purpose of reconciling our differences. It was difficult to tell who was who and what. Also difficult to reconcile our differences, as there was difficulty in agreeing upon what they were. Harris is tremendously energetic but tactless, so that Father Rosey Rosenthal of Birmingham was there like a fretful porcupine with all his spines bristling. However, like most such meetings, we parted with mutual expressions of esteem, and all really vague as to whether anything had been accomplished and if so what.

I have been so occupied with the career of my imaginary bricklayers, Ethelbert, Alfred and Edwin, that I almost think and speak in the kind of bastard cockney that I have been writing. (Vide enclosed copy of the "Rahere" scene which I have been told to send to a Miss Geoffroy in Hampstead who is in charge of the performance of that scene). The machinery of this show is tremendous. Each parish providing a scene has a producer, who is supervised by Browne; each parish has also a "wardrobe keeper", who is supervised by Miss Stella Mary Pearce, the head designer. If anything but pandemonium ensues it will be a directing triumph for Martin Browne; and I shudder to think what the first joint rehearsal, with about fifteen parishes which will have been rehearsing by themselves, and a total of some 400 people, will be like. I shall feel lucky if I don't lose my hat and coat. My chief difficulties at present are (a) making the scenes long enough - on paper they look as if they would take so much longer to act than they do; and (b) trying to make the joints between the parts less visible. I wish you were here to advise and take part in this. Over the weekend I must (1) write a chorus to take 5 minutes, so as to fill in a place where something else has dropped out, and (2) expand a speech by Nehemiah, and (3) expand bricklayers' first dialogue. I suppose it will all come more or less right in the end.

The gentleman named in the enclosed clipping is nominated for

the important part of St.Peter. I think I mentioned his coming to try out his rendering of Prufrock on me, and his making it all sound as if there were a thin layer of treacle over it, if you take my meanin'. And Miss Fogerty has asked me to come to judge a poetry speaking contest (the judges sit behind a screed and can't see the performers) but I am hoping to evade that. Tomorrow I have to give lunch to no less a person than Mrs. Flanagan, who is over here heaven knows why, and has been at some dramatic school called Dartington Hall in Devon (did you ever hear of it?). I have put her in touch with Mr.Rupert Doone.

I feel that the possibilities of drama like the "Dance of Death" are limited. (I saw Jack Isaacs after the performance, and he said of it, "By Sweeney out of Cavalcade"). It seems to me that if you deny any necessity to make your characters human beings, you make matters very easy for yourself; and if you supply it by clowning and surprises you can get a temporary effect, but it wont last. In the Auden show so many apparent members of the audience leapt upon the stage, or began shouting out parts, that at moments one was tempted to believe that oneself and party were the only real audience there. Mrs.Flanagan has a weakness for this trick too; and it all, I suspect, is an attempt to conceal the essential flimsiness of the drama by stunting. I do claim that my personages in the Sweeney fragments, however slight the sketches and however uncertain the draughtsmanship, still were sketches of possibly living people. Auden's aren't even caricatures, because to be that they have to be after some living original. It is a curious talent, his; a distinct (and nowadays, in poets, rare) gift for dramatic situation, with apparently no interest in dramatic character. I don't suppose I have any particular native gift for character, but in writing for the stage that is what I do become interested in.

Lent creeps on; tonight there has been a little rain, a welcome break in this hideous long dry winter of fog and smoke - very trying to the throat and eyes it has been.

And now, dear Dove, I hope that I may have some news of you soon. Late this afternoon the post brought an American mail to the office; I shall see ~~xxxxxxx~~ tomorrow whether it has brought a letter from you to the club.

Yours ever

Tom

RAHERE SCENE.

(A group of masons and bricklayers, especially ETHELBERT, ALFRED and EDWIN, have been discussing the difficulties of this piece of church-building despondently).

Enter RAHERE, unobserved.

ALFRED: Yes, but warn't they balmy in the crumpet, them that thought you could build a church on this soil? Whatever hinspired 'em to think they 'ad to 'ave a church just 'ere?

EDWIN: Yes, why try to build a church in this place? It's only fit for allotments for growin' frogs' legs in, this place.

ALFRED: Who do they need a church 'ere?

RAHERE: Because God needs a church here.

All turn round with a start and touch their caps in embarrassment.

EDWIN: Beg your pardon, Sir, didn't know you was present. May you be the parson o' this church we're tryin' to build?

RAHERE: No; I was a monk in the time of King Henry.

ALFRED: King 'Enery? How come you to be 'ere now, then?

RAHERE: Because I also was a London builder, and I also built on marshy ground; and I also knew discouragement. Therefore, because you are building to the glory of God and for His people, and because you are now at a loss to finish what you have begun, I have come to comfort and encourage you.

ALFRED: (interested): Might we 'ear a bit o' your story, Sir?

RAHERE: Gladly. I was a man of London born and bred as you. But God having endowed me with a ready wit, the power to provoke mirth and merriment in all men, this was the cause of my temptation. For I loved ease and luxury, and to make men pleased with me, and I loved courts and the company of the great. And to my mirth I joined the power of flattery, so that great men and princes loved to have me by them. And so in time I came to frequent even the Royal Court, and became indeed the King's Jester.

EDWIN: What's a jester?

ALFRED: You ought to be ashamed to interrupt the gentleman,

Ted, with ignorant questions like that. You ought to know a jester's a man what comes on and does a comic turn, and makes everybody laugh.

EDWIN: Oh, like George Robey for instance.

ALFRED: You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Ted, to liken this gentleman to George Robey. Robey's on the 'alls; but this gentleman means to say 'e used to hentertain the toffs, at Buckin'ham Palace and the like.

EDWIN: Beg your pardon, didn't mean any offence. Please go on, Sir.

RAHERE: In this way I spent the years of my youth. But God who has performed so many and marvellous miracles of mercy, and who in his good time does often choose the foolish and weak to be His instruments, thought fit to reveal to me the error of my ways. And thus He sent me forth in penitence to Rome.

EDWIN: I can't see as you'd done anything so wicked as all that, to be sent to Rome.

ALFRED: You ought to be ashamed, Ted, breakin' in with crude remarks like that. 'E means, God wanted 'im to live a 'oly life, so 'e sent 'im to Rome where the Pope lives. Quite right and proper, I says.

RAHERE: And while I dwelt in Rome I was suddenly vexed with a grievous sickness.

EDWIN: I 'eard tell the drinkin' water ain't none too good in foreign parts. Not like our London water.

ALFRED: Ted, if you don't be quiet, I'll ask Bert to give you a talkin' to.

RAHERE: My sickness was near to death, and in my extremity I made a vow, that if God gave me health to return to my own dear country, then would I build a hospital for the restoration of poor men. So by God's Grace casting off my sickness and becoming whole, I fared home bent upon the fulfilment of my vow. And while I was accomplishing my journey, I had a vision, full at once of terror and sweetness.

EDWIN: What's a vision?

ALFRED: 'E means 'e 'ad a dream, Ted.

EDWIN: Oh, a dream. I'd like to 'ear your dream, Sir.

RAHERE: While I was refreshing my limbs with rest, after the ardours of the day in travel, it seemed to me that I was borne on high by a beast having four feet and two wings, and set on a high place, which seemed to me of greatest peril. Then saw I one beside me of greatest beauty and majesty, who said:

"I am Bartholomew, an apostle of Jesus Christ, who am come to help thee. By the will of Heaven, I have chosen a spot in London at Smithfield where in my name thou shalt found a church. And have no fear concerning the expenses of this building; but apply diligence; mine it shall be to provide the costs."

ALFRED: I know what you're talkin' about; you mean St.Bartholomew's Church and Bart's 'Ospital down by the General Post Office! Go on, Sir!

RAHERE: So I came to London; and God inclined the King's heart towards my work, and I began to build the church.

EDWIN: And did <u>you</u> have trouble gettin' the foundations right?

RAHERE: I did. But for the word of St. Bartholomew had I liever chosen any part of London rather than that. For in those days, it was a marshy ground, abounding in filth and muddy water; a place so vile that the part that was above water was used only for the hanging of theives.

ALFRED: You did 'ave everythink against you! And what about money for the work?

RAHERE: That too was lacking. For to find means to pursue the work, at times I had to resort to my old trick of jester, not to lords and princes, but to amuse servants and even children.

EDWIN: That <u>was</u> 'ard lines, Sir. I think that those rich people what you used to know might 'ave 'elped you. But you got it built! I know that, 'cause it's there now! Well done, Sir!

ETHELBERT: Ah, but 'ows all this goin' to 'elp in the present instance, Sir. You see 'ow it is. Here's a lot o' people given their money for buildin' a church on a spot as unsuitable as may be, because they say a church is needed 'ere, there bein' none 'andy, and a crowded neighbourhood all o' poor people, and no other spot available. There wasn't none other they could buy; and I guess they only got this because it wasn't deemed fit for nothink else. Times 'as

changed since your day, and there ain't much 'oliness about, seemin'ly; if we're better off in some things, we're worse in others. It ain't so much that we'll lose the job, but on account of these poor folk as 'ave set their 'eart on 'avin' a church 'ere. What can we do? We're in a proper 'ole, Sir!

RAHERE: If you will have faith, we will help you. Those who helped me, both visible and invisible, shall help you. If you will have faith, all the angels and saints of God shall pray for you, and your work shall be blessed. Ethelbert, Alfred and Edwin

(as he names them, they twitch off their caps and kneel).

in the name of God, who knoweth all your faults, even the slightest unworthy desire of your hearts, arise and proceed with your work, for here are those that shall help you.

VOICES OF RAHERE'S MEN.

Ethelbert, Alfred, Edwin,
with all those who give their hand to this work,
we shall work with you,
we shall stand beside you,
for a moment visible, and again invisible,
until your foundations are firm,
until your walls are built, your rooftree set,
until the altar is dressed, and the sanctuary;
until the dedication of your church.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

7 March 1934.

Dearest Lady

Your last letter - of the 6th February - was a very lovely one, and consequently provides nourishment for a considerable length of time. Otherwise I should have begun to be restless.

There is so much I want to know about yourself - in particular, has the arthritis reasserted itself at all? I am afraid that as the ~~xxxxxxx~~ term wears on you will begin to be as fatigued as you were at the end of last year.

I am tired tonight, having had two parties in two days, for one of which I was in a small part host, and for the other wholly. Yesterday Faber & Faber, or Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Faber, gave a cocktail party for Prince Hubertus Lowenstein on the occasion of the appearance of his book on Germany, at L'aperitif grill in Jermyn Street. It was a mixed bag of people, of course, including many journalists (most of whom I did not know); the general colour was anti-Nazi, and the Prinz tells us that we must support Dollfuss for the moment, as a Hapsburg restoration is not at present practical politics. The Prinz also has his friends in Germany, all disguised in brown shirts, of course. Unimpressive looking young man, with a nose like a toucan. Standing for two hours in a packed room, talking to one person after another, trying to keep an eye on everybody, drinking cocktails, and being made dizzy by the heat, the closeness, the faces and the noise is very tiring. I got home at half past eight. I had meant to write to you last night, and then start a chorus; but by the time I had finished dinner I felt too feeble to do more than solve the Times crossword puzzle, and read a few pages of Sir Charles Petrie's "Monarchy" just out. This afternoon I had a teaparty on my own, at the Ritz - a very good place for the purpose, because it seems to be giving people something very grand, it is not crowded, and the tea etc. comes to only half a crown a head. The party was for Mrs. Flanagan, and included Mary Hutchinson, Rupert Doone, Mr. & Mrs. Martin Browne - all people with interests in the theatre. I do think it went off very well; they all seemed to like each other. Part of the purpose was to introduce Browne and Doone, so that Browne could try to induce Doone to do a ballet of Dick Whittington and his Cat for the Pageant (an 11 year old Cat, girl dancer, has been already engaged).

I can now tell you more about Mrs.Flanagan than I could after a brief and fevered visit to Vassar. She is a friend of the Norys O'Conors, with whom she has been staying, and of some very nice people at Smith College whom I know, Professor and Mrs. Howard Patch. I find her very intelligent indeed; very quickwitted and thoughtful, and talks very well about the theatre and other matters. She talked interestingly about what she had seen of the theatre on several visits to Russia. She seems also to have serious interests in social problems as well. Certainly a rather exceptional person. I did wish that you were there!

Part I of the Pageant is practically finished and I have been having some difficulty in breaking the ground for Part II; I must get the opening in shape over the weekend. I must say that what I have done so far strikes me as better than I expected; but you never know what anything is like until it comes to rehearsal; I expect to get frightfully depressed about it later on. One danger is that in trying to make something more of it than a mere succession of historical scenes, I may have have been creating some parts which will rather strain the abilities of amateur parochial actors. My comic hero, Ethelbert the Anglo-Saxon bricklayer, has become a tremendous role; I have had to invent Mrs.Bert to take some of the strain off him, and may need one or two more assistants as well. But the venture is rather exciting, and I have very sympathetic people to work with.

It is beginning to become difficult to keep out of small, and usually pleasant, social engagements, which I really have not time for. As soon as this play is over, in the middle of June, I want to get away for several weeks, I don't know where. There is some sort of international conference at the Bishop of Chichester's, in July, that I have promised to attend. Had to write at length to Bonamy to-day about a letter to the Times which he wants me to sign, with others, urging an investigation into the possibilities of Credit Reform in England. The enigmatic Orage, whom I saw last night, and who is Major Douglas's faithful henchman, told me that a small group of younger Conservatives, headed or backed by Walter Elliot, was about to write a similar letter to the Times. There is undoubtedly a great tension and a feeling that something radical must be done within the next three years to avert disaster. Everyone looks with immense interest, tinged with scepticism, on the adventures of Franklin Roosevelt. They get a column in the Times every day. I am sure that if and when Roosevelt appear to have got the best of the situation, the results in Europe, and especially upon England, will be immense. If he succeeds, England will quickly ripen towards experiment. Only, when and by what is one convinced that a statesman has succeeded?

Oh my dear, my dear, I do long for news from you. Did Miss Galitzi ever get my letter, I wonder, and what she has done about her Greek translation of the **Waste** Land.

My book has had a very " mixed reception", but is selling well.

Please, dear Bird, write to me. - once every two, or three - or four? - weeks.

Tom Eliot

It occurs to me to hope that you may at least be able to go to New England in the summer; and I wish that you could somehow meet Mrs. Flanagan. Such acquaintances might be useful, and I don't see how, buried in California where nobody can have the chance to hear of you even, you are going to get a better job.

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

Ans April 20th

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California,

U.S.A.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

16 March 1934.

Dearest Emilie,

An American mail arrived this morning - letters from Henry and Ada - so I thought I must look in at the club to see if there might be something from you - I was lunching with David Cecil at the Travellers' Club nearby, so I popped in and there was the Porter ready for me with your letter of the 5th in his hand: isn't that quick, 11 days? And very glad I was to have it, and this bit of information about yourself. Your previous letter was very nourishing, but I was beginning to be restless! Well, this is news, your leaving Scripps! I confess that my first feeling has been one of unqualified relief. You know I have been worried about it ever since I saw the conditions, and much more since I first heard about the neuritis and the arthritis. (I did not conceal the fact that I was fearful of some mental arthritis as well!) And now I gather that your health really has been worse than you allowed me to suspect: you refer placidly enough to "sinus" - I know people who have had it - Ottoline Morrell has had two or three operations - and I hope that you will never NEVER have an operation for it. Of course, my dear, I know that there is the other side to it; and that apart from not wanting to leave girls who are fond of you, and the dread of being unoccupied after being so busy, there is the apprehension of having nothing to do in 1935. But I know that one must not worry about anything so far ahead as that: you cannot foresee the circumstances of eighteen months hence, so don't think about it. I know also very well, that the strain of accomodating onself to very much older people is still greater than that of accomodating oneself to very much younger ones. Nevertheless my heart has been like a singing bird. You are to have a summer in England and I hope a winter in the South, in Southern France or in Italy perhaps; and it ought to do you a world of good. You won't know how much you have needed to get away from California and the whole West until you do. O I am so happy about it.

You speak as if the Perkins's were to come to England ahead of you, and that you would join them here. I hope you will give me exact news in due course. I had vaguely planned to be out of London most of the time in July, as the end of my pageant seems an appropriate moment for a holiday - I intended to go back to Surrey. Beyond that, and a week or so in Wales,

and possibly another visit to Scotland, I have no plans. I go somewhere in France if I could find a companion, but that would depend upon some congenial and unattached man turning up. What I mean is, that we need not meet at all if you prefer not, whilst you are in London, because I can be officially out of town; but we can cross that bridge when we get to it.

I do wish you could get to London in time to see my pageant! But that will be all over by the middle of June, so it's impossible. Webb-Odell is very cheerful about it and believes that he may sell all the seats for the whole fortnight before the show opens, which would be a great feat; but I don't suppose they would continue the run however well it did. It is too much of a business, keeping 400 amateurs from different parts of London together.

I have a good bit more to write, and must take a big bite off it over this weekend. I hope that I can keep the quality up to the end; because, if I say it myself, what I have done so far is better and more actable than I had expected it would be.

I have had a busy week, and this is the first evening free for a letter. On Tuesday morning I went to Cambridge; the Richards's had G.C.Coulton, the great mediaeval scholar, to lunch; whom I was very glad to meet, a charming old man with a prodigious memory for everything from an exact detailed account of a cricket match in 1879 to ecclesiastical history; and in the evening we went to the undergraduate performance (The Marlowe Society) of "Antony and Cleopatra". It is a fearfully ambitious perfoemance for immature undergraduates, the most difficult of all Shakespeare's plays, I think. For the first time the female roles were taken by women, that is by girls from Newnham and Girton. Cleopatra herself was amazingly good, considering her youth; her two women, Charmian and Iras, were dreadful. Antony and Octavius were excellent, but Cleopatra the best. I returned the next morning, and after a busy day dined with Rupert Doone and Robert Medley to discuss their Group Theatre plans with them. These adventurous young men hope to raise £500 on which about fifteen or twenty young people hope to live for six months in a house in Suffolk, practising and rehearsing and studying drama together; and then come forth and support themselves by touring repertory. It does sound Utopian, doesn't it? They model the scheme on what was done by the Compagnie des Quinze in France; that compan y is certainly amazingly good, I saw them in Don Jean. It is hard to know what to advise, as some of them will be giving up jobs to undertake the risky venture. On Thursday I lunched William Power, an elderly Scotch journalist introduced by George Blake, and in the evening went out to Hampstead to Herbert Read's. We had a conference this afternoon with Bonamy and Hamish Miles and finally drafted out letter to

The Times. I think I can get Cecil to sign - I talked to him about it at lunch - and I must write tomorrow to Aldous and to Christopher Dawson, the two most important. Then the job will be to persuade Geoffrey Dawson (editor of The Times, no relation of Christopher) to print it. The weekend (tonight is Friday) I keep clear for pageant: but Tuesday I take Christina Morley to "Love for Love" at Sadlers' Wells; on Wednesday go by myself to Gordon Bottomley's "Acts of St.Peter" at St.Margarets Westminster (I go because my producer Browne is producing it). And the following week is Holy Week, so I make no engagements, except to go down to Rochester for a night to make my confession.

O my dear Bird, I am happy to think of your travelling abroad again. I shall follow you everywhere in spirit. And after all, you may meet interesting people of your own age during your travels. I wonder where you will go. Thank you for your dear letter.

Toujours à toi,

Ton Tom

LA GORGUETTE
SANARY (VAR)

3. II. 34.

My dear Tom,
This comes out of the blue, for the only reason that, in various contexts, I have often thought of you these last days — so often that I now feel impelled to write and ask you how you are, and at the same time tell you how much good I wish you.

We have been here almost uninterruptedly since we saw you last

in ~~[illegible]~~ New York. I have written a book of travel notes — not too bad, I think; and containing various things that seemed to me, in this general Irish stew of mental confusion, to require saying clearly. Now I am thinking about a novel, the essential theme of which will be liberty. What are you to do with liberty — economic, intellectual, emotional, sensual — when you have it? What indeed! But it will be difficult to write — the more so as I shd like to make of the book a kind of Bouvard et Pécuchet description

2

of an intellectual development.

LA GORGUETTE
SANARY (VAR)

I have probably bitten off a good deal more than I can chew. But never mind.

I am reading again, after some eight years, Vilfredo Pareto's Sociologia. What a really portentous book! It stands so squarely in the way of almost all the nonsense that comes pouring in cataracts from every press. But, alas, the strength of nonsense consists in ignoring obstacles & flowing round them — for ever and for ever, like Tennyson's

book. So far as I know Pareto has never been translated into English. In your capacity as Faber & Faber, do think of this. It would be a commercial folly — but a public service.

Did you like MacLeish's Conquistador? I thought it had very beautiful things in it

Ever yours

Aldous H

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Lady,

23 March 1934.

I am ashamed not to have written earlier in the week; but this (Friday night) should catch a Saturday boat. Monday night I had to read manuscripts up to one o'clock. Thank Heaven Frank Morley will be back on Tuesday next, and he will take a great deal of reading off my hands, leaving only my usual poetry, theology, politics, French and German books. He seems to have got on amazingly well with Ada. Ada gave him fish for dinner, under the belief that any friend of mine was likely to want fish on Fridays. He was brought up as a Quaker. I wish you might meet them. On Tuesday I took Christina to "Love for Love" (Congreve) at the Sadlers Wells. As Frank had suggested to me in her hearing that she might like to go to a theatre or film in his absence (being alone in the country all the time) and as I had taken her once to a bad play (Elisabeth Bergner) and I thought that if I took her once she would think it only a perfunctory politeness, but if twice perhaps a compliment, I wanted to get in another in the time. "Love for Love" was very well done - that is to say, if it had been any better it would not be a success. I mean that Restoration Comedy seems to me to have really a different kind of sense of humour than that of our time. It has to be played as farce, to get across to a modern audience; but the best Restoration Comedy is not farce, but is seasoned with a kind of serious levity, a light but sombre satire, which simply does not exist now. It made me think, rather sadly, how dependent the dramatist is upon his audience. Still I think there are kinds of drama that can be written - the success of Sweeney at Vassar encourages me.

Wednesday night I had to go to a religious play by Gordon Bottomley "The Acts of St.Peter" performed at St.Margarets, Westminster, under the direction of Martin Browne (that is why I went). I think he did it very well, considering the means, and the amateur talent at his disposal. The play itself is partly good and partly bad: the choruses are oldfashioned and dull. As the audience was entirely on the floor of the church, he was able to use the chorus, standing in line in front, as a kind of curtain or screen while the scene was changed and the actors made their entrances and exits.

Over the weekend I must do some clearing up of odds and ends of the pageant, so that everything will be written except the last big chorus - which I must try to make the best. The

bricklayers have made their last appearance, and I was really sorry to see the last of them. One really develops an affection for those characters which develop, as one writes them, far beyond their original role. And I am rather pleased also with the Major, Millicent, and Mrs.Poultridge; with all of whom I shall make you acquainted in due course.

And last night I had to dine with John Hayward and play chess, after tea with Elizabeth Cameron (Bowen of Bowenscourt) whom I have mentioned before. And to-day I had to look in at the East India Club for sherry with stout old F.M. Bain, a real English eccentric, and one of the few people - Pickthorn is another, and Sir Charles Strachey a third - with whom I have political sympathies. Oh yes, also on Monday I went to tea with Ottoline - where were Stephen Spender and Maurice Bowra a fellow of Wadham, and Virginia came in unexpectedly - they all attacked me (not Bowra who was neutral) very sweetly about my last book, but as they did not agree with each other it was not so severe an intellectual exercise as it might have been - that is what usually saves me, that my adversaries fall to wrangling with each other. I am also engaged in controversy with Ezra on the same subject - I get about three letters and a few postcards from him each week - he always addresses me as Brer Possum - in the pages of the New English Weekly. And it's hard work to try to keep up with details of the Stavisky case. And Aldous has signed our letter to the Times, but Christopher Dawson still holds out. And the Bishop of Willesden called and says I must say a Few Words on slum clearance etc. (in connexion with the pageant) at a meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary at Londonderry House.

This letter appears to have been written in order to explain why I have not written before. Friday night is my best night for writing, as Saturday and Sunday are to be spent in dramatic composition. How do you like this dialogue:

BERT: When I was a lad what 'ad almost no sense
A gentle flirtation was all my delight;
And I used to go seekin for ex-pe-ri-ence
Along the New Cut of a Saturday night.
It was on a May evenin I'll never forget
That I found the reward of my diligent search:
And I made a decision I never regret
W'ich led to a weddin at Trinity Church.

MRS:BERT: When I was a delicate slip of a maid
What could eat nothin more than a couple o' chops;
Of a Saturday night I occas'nally strayed
Along the New Cut just to look at the shops.
Me 'avin no other design at the start,
You may well be surprised at the end o' my search:
For a 'andsome young mason 'e captured me 'eart,
And led me all blushin to Trinity Church.

One further piece of news appears from enclosed correspondence. What could I do? I am getting extremely satisfactory board and lodging cheap from him, so he is entitled to a churchwarden cheap in consequence. I don't know what a churchwarden does: I hope it does not involve responsbility for complicated accounts, or dealings with crusty female parishioners. Perhaps it is a good thing for one to have to take on at least one job with neither brings in money nor popular notoriety and applause; just a damned grind because there's nobody else to do it.

Well my dearest Lady Emily I know there's not much in this letter. But I wish you would ever write as long a letter (by the way do you ever type - I thought it might be useful for academic work) to explain not having written. May I ask (not that you ever answer questions) whether your beautiful hands are at all crippled, and are you taking proper care of them in every way? Have you been allowing that little line between your eyebrows to deepen, which would be a pity even though such fine eyebrows and nose can stand it better than most? How impertinent I am perhaps. But I don't see why I should not risk that sometimes, knowing that there is nothing easier for you than to reduce me to a state of complete abjectness and grovelling misery.

Ever devoted

Tom

from The Reverend Eric Cheetham,
9, Grenville Place, South Kensington, S.W.7.
Telephone : Western 1670.

17th. March. 1934.

Dear Mr. Eliot,

Will you think seriously over the following suggestion? I want you, if you will, to be one of the two Churchwardens for the coming year. I know you will immediately say 'Impossible', you are too busy, you haven't the time, you are not the right man, and dozens of other things which I know by heart! I really am in a quandary as although there are several men between 75 and 80 years of age who would gladly help me out and younger servers between 20 to 26, there is - really through the war I believe- an absolute dearth in the congregation of men between 30 and 40, of the right kind, and with a Catholic understanding; it would not mean that you could not go away for as many week ends as you want to, or that you had to come to Church more frequently. The Verger tells me that if one of the two Churchwardens could spend an hour in the Vestry on his way home from

the office one day in the week, it would be all that the office demanded, from a time point of view. The other Churchwarden would be required either some time on Sunday or Monday to do the week's money, apart from the Sunday collections.

It really does not mean much time, but it does mean a tremendous anxiety off my shoulders to have a gentleman and someone with whom I could work.

I am literally in despair about the selfishness of so many of my friends whom I have known for many years, and of whom I thought I should have found some who would have come to my rescue, in my real need about this office.

I have tapped almost every available source before asking you, as I know how busy you are,; this is really an S.O.S. Please don't turn it down, if you can possibly help it. If you really must, of course I shall understand, but if you knew my difficulties and responsibilities of such a parish I'm sure you would help me in this way, which I would take care would not make too many or heavy demands on you or your time.

The matter is really immediate and very urgent.

Yours sincerely,

Eric Cheetham.

from The Reverend Eric Cheetham,
9, Grenville Place, South Kensington, S.W.7.
Telephone : Western 1670.

20th March 1934.

My dear Mr. Elliott,

I couldn't reply by return as the week-end was just overcrowded, and I really havebeen tired out. I hopeyou felt waves of gratitude coming up the stairs, for I was almost distracted, and I really had turned over every conceivable stone when I suddenly realised the good God probably wondered why I hadn't noticed what was so very near to me. I am grateful. I will come up and talk to you about it and I will see it doesn't become in any way a burden to you. I do understand your circumstances and what might eventually happen. I will help you all I can and see the burden is not really a very arduous one. My thanks are late but I have really remembered you at Mass with great gratitude.

Until we meet,
Yours gratefully,

Eric Cheetham

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California,

U.S.A.

Ceres April 20

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

2nd April, 1934

My dearest Lady,

If I have been silent for over a week, it is because I have had to try to finish and complete the text for the pageant in a hurry, together with all the church services of Holy Week: Monday night to Rochester for my Lenten confession, the other days services evening and early morning; and Thursday night, or rather Friday morning, got up at 2.30 to take an hour and a half of the Vigil before the Sacrament, getting back about a quarter to five, had some whisky and to bed again, but caught a slight cold nevertheless, but well worth it. This is the first year that I have been able to attend all the services. This morning (which is also Bank Holiday) I lay abed till half past eight, going to the late Mass at 10.30. So I have felt pretty tired. Nothing much else has happened, except that Morley has returned from America, in good health and spirits; I am very glad to have him back, and incidentally I shall not have to spend so much time reading manuscripts. Now that he is back, and there is very little to do to my manuscript, I hope to take things a bit easier - this Lent has been a very busy time indeed. In a fortnight or so I shall begin going to rehearsals: I rather dread the experience of finding out what my text will be like when I hear it from the lips of amateurs - some of them very amateur, I dare say; though Browne seems to be in touch with all the best amateur organisations about London, at least among parochial circles. I am afraid however that my jokes will sound very flat.

I am anxious to hear more of your news, having had just the one brief letter telling me of your decision to resign, and of your possible plans for next year. It seems very strange that you should have been afflicted with arthritis and sinus trouble in a climate like that of California: I always supposed them both to be primarily English complaints, of a dampish climate. (Though the climate here isn't what it used to be; we no longer get enough rain). I don't suppose you would have been troubled by them if you had not been overworking; and I gather that rest is what you chiefly need. I do hope that, wherever you may spend most of the winter in Europe, it will be where you may have the opportunity to make acquaintances; for I know so well what a drain upon one's vitality and spirits elderly people can be. They don't know it, and they can't help it. And I never had it for more than three months at a

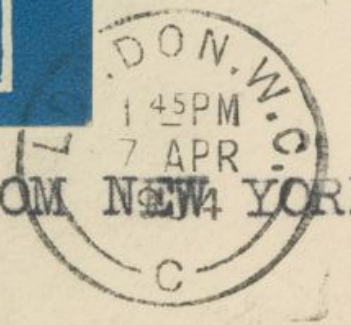
time, when I was at Milton and Harvard, but there were moments when I felt nothing would satisfy me but to smash all the windows. One is giving out all the time. What a difficult business living is, and how it seems to have so many more opportunities of going wrong than right. However, I seem to be wandering. And now I must go up to Pall Mall for my lunch, and read until I have a cup of tea, and then back, and then to supper with John Hayward. Fairly serene, but not yet at ease with my life.

à toi toujours

Tom

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.



Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California,

U.S.A.

THE TIMES
WEDNESDAY APRIL 4 1934

Letters to the Editor

POVERTY IN PLENTY

FAULTS OF MONETARY SYSTEM

CALL FOR PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—The modern paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty was the subject of a challenging passage in the speech of his Majesty the King at the opening of the World Economic Conference last year. His Majesty said:—

> It cannot be beyond the power of man so to use the vast resources of the world as to ensure the material progress of civilization. No diminution in these resources has taken place. On the contrary, discovery, invention, and organization have multiplied their possibilities to such an extent that abundance of production has itself created new problems.

Under modern scientific conditions the capacity of industry to produce is unlimited, and the continued existence of destitution, poverty, and unemployment throughout a large portion of the population demonstrates the fact that the present monetary system, the proper function of which is to facilitate the production of goods and their distribution to consumers as required, has broken down, both in its national and international aspects. The system is obsolete and has become a hindrance to the effective distribution of goods.

The object of production is consumption, and with approximately 90,000,000 people destitute or on the verge of destitution in the advanced nations which keep statistics, it cannot be suggested that the desire to consume is not present. Both these primary functions of the economic body—production and consumption—are frustrated, and what should be a healthy and vigorous organism is paralysed in peace-time by the failure of the monetary system of distribution.

The monetary system is man-made and can be altered: there is nothing sacrosanct about it.

We, the undersigned, in common with a large and rapidly growing body of citizens who are genuinely concerned at existing conditions, have come to the conclusion that gold is not essential as the basis for the issue of national money, and that nations should not be under obligation to make payments internationally with gold. A system must, in our view, be established under which the issue and recall of currency and credit will be regulated on a rational, national, and scientific basis, so that the correct number of money-tokens shall be available to consumers to enable them to enjoy the output of production.

We appeal, through your columns, for an immediate investigation by Parliament of the fundamental principles which should govern our monetary system with a view to its reform in the interests of both producers and consumers.

There is, in our opinion, no need to wait for international agreement, since if Great Britain gives the lead, other countries will, we believe, find it in their own interests to follow.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. CLARKE.
ROBERT JAMES.
MAURICE JENKS.
STANLEY MACHIN.
JAMES MARTIN.
A. G. PAPE.
REGINALD ROWE.
SEMPILL.
A. VERDON-ROE.
VINCENT C. VICKERS.

THE TIMES THURSDAY APRIL 5 1934

THE MONEY SYSTEM

INDUSTRY AND ORTHODOX FINANCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—Your correspondents who draw attention to the paradox of poverty and plenty make the observation that they are now convinced that "gold is not essential as the basis for the issue of national money." It is rather more than 10 years since my late father joined issue with the so-called orthodox economists on this subject, and predicted that the return to gold in this country in particular, and the world in general, would lead to far-reaching and disastrous results. He specially pointed out the labour troubles which would, and which did, arise, culminating in 1926. The period of moderate prosper which this country enjoyed in 1927, 1928, a 1929 gave reason to hope that his more pess mistic predictions would be falsified, but the history of the world from the end of 1929 to the beginning of 1933 shows that the basic situation was unsound.

It is therefore encouraging to find a body of industrialists once more prepared to raise their voices not only against the resumption of gold as the basis of our national currency but in favour of a general reconstruction of our economy in order to provide for the plenty which science to-day enables us to produce. Their warning in regard to gold is indeed timely. To refer once more to my late father's work, it may be recalled that the Melchett-Turner Conference, which he had convened in an attempt to repair the damage largely caused by our financial policy in the earlier nineteen-twenties, issued in April, 1928, a special appeal to Mr. Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, signed both by the industrialists and the trade unionists who were parties to that conference, pointing out the dangers of the course he was adopting and asking for greater elasticity in the working of the gold standard than had previously been allowed. It is also interesting to recall that in April, 1932, Mr. Winston Churchill, both in his place in the House of Commons and in a letter in your columns, admitted that the return to the gold standard was a mistake.

At the present moment we have no assurance from the Government that the series of financial errors committed during the last decade will not be repeated, and it is lamentable to look forward to the return to the gold standard in 1935 followed by the usual series of labour troubles in 1936 and 1937, with the possibility of a repetition of recent disasters in the closing years of this decade. In the leading article in which you comment on the letter in question you refer to the Macmillan Committee. The report which they issued was lengthy, interesting, and inconclusive, but it did bring out one point of vital importance: that the policy of the Bank of England and the Treasury had been directed to furthering financial rather than industrial interests.

To set up the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry for which your correspondents call would have one great advantage: it would postpone any precipitate and independent action by the Treasury and the Bank of England without consultation with industrial interests, and it would have the further advantage of being able to carry out its work in the light of the lessons which are to be learned from the history of the recent crash and the still more recent recovery. While the present illogical situation of poverty in plenty continues to exist there should surely be no remission, on the part of those responsible for the conduct of the industry and the government of the country, from investigation and inquiry into the ways and means of improving our present methods or of devising a new system.

Yours faithfully,

MELCHETT.

Mulberry House, Smith Square, S.W.1, April 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir,—In view of the publication of the letter of Sir Geoffrey Clarke and others in your issue of to-day, we beg to submit without further delay the following statement which we have had in preparation independently.

In consideration of the continued difficulty experienced by all countries, whatever their political system, in adjusting consumption to production, the undersigned believe that it would be of value to have a thorough and public examination of some scheme of national credit. It would appear that the possibilities of production throughout the world have enormously increased, so as to give every individual a certainty of adequate provision for the necessities of life. There appears to be lacking some machinery of distribution, by means of which the enormous values inherent in the national capacity to produce could be made available to every man and woman. One such scheme has been before the public for some years, and is attracting increasing attention; and, though it has been severely criticized, the scheme shows a surprising vitality. The criticisms, when they are free from prejudice, do not seem to amount to more than academic objections. What we feel to be essential is a thorough and impartial survey of any proposal which offers a solution of the most urgent problems of the day, without committing the nation to a political programme involving other issues on which there can be no general agreement.

Yours faithfully,

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.
BONAMY DOBREE.
T. S. ELIOT.
ALDOUS HUXLEY.
HEWLETT JOHNSON.
EDWIN MUIR.
HAMISH MILES.
HERBERT READ.
I. A. RICHARDS.

April 4.

STUDY OF ANIMAL DISEASES

VETERINARY SURGEONS' LIBRARY

TO THE EDITOR OF T

Sir,—May we have
your columns in
being issued
Veterinary
library
Lib

Point

CH

THE ARMY

WILTSHIRE TRAINING CAMPS

The area of the Southern Command will take 70,000 troops this year for training. Two-fifths of the Regular field army will be in Wiltshire and, in addition to 20,000 men of the Territorial Army from other Commands, there will be nearly as many Southern Command T.A. troops at various camps, and 12,000 of the O.T.C. are included.

The camps on Salisbury Plain and the adjacent manoeuvre ground of 1934 will take 45,000 men, including an army corps of Regulars. The Territorial Army will send in August and September No. 1 City of London Battery, R.H.A., brigades of Hampshire, South Midland, Home Counties, Welsh and Worcestershire and Oxfordshire field artillery, the South Midland Divisional Signals and an infantry brigade signal section from the Western Command, the 145th South Midland, South Wales and Devon and Cornwall Infantry Brigades, 21st, 22nd, and 23rd Armoured Car Companies, and the Inns of Court Regiment; two brigades of the O.T.C. and the South Midland Aircraft Depôt and Air Wing Signal Sections of the Supplementary Reserve. The first formation to occupy the special area in North Wiltshire which is scheduled for manoeuvres this year will be the 145th Brigade of Gloucestershire, Berkshire and Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire battalions, which are to train on Marlborough Downs in August before the Regulars arrive.

In addition to the infantry brigade camps already published in *The Times*, the following are arranged :—

Brigade	Place	Camp begins
A. and S.H.	Dunfermline	June 30
H.L.I.	Gailes	July 13
Seaforth and Cameron	Buddon	June 16
West Scottish	Buddon	July 13
Royal Welch	Portheawl	July 29
Lancashire Fusiliers	Kinmell Park	May 20
East Lanc. and Border	Halton	May 20
Manchester	Holyhead	May 20
N. Lancashire	Ramsey	Aug. 5
Liverpool	Ramsey	July 22
S. Lanc. and Cheshire	Ramsey	July 8
Welsh Border	Tenby	July 29
Northumberland	Marske	June 17
3rd West Riding	Scarborough	July 29

CHANGES AMONG GENERAL OFFICERS

Last night's *Gazette* contains a number of senior changes. Lieutenant-General R. B. Kirwan, who vacated the post of Master General of the Ordnance in India on Sunday, retires from the Army and goes to the Reserve. He is 63 and has had 43½ years' Artillery and Staff Service. He has been President of the Ordnance Committee and Director of Artillery at the War Office, and he commanded the guns of the XV Army Corps and Rhine force.

Lieutenant-General E. T. Humphreys, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., goes to half-pay from command of the 5th Division at Catterick, after his promotion three months ago, pending re-employment, and Major-General E. N. Broadbent, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., also goes to half-pay on being succeeded this week at the War Office by Major-General W. K. Venning, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.C., as Director of Movements and Quartering. Later he takes up a Lieutenant-Governorship in the Channel Islands.

Major-General E. Evans, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., handed over the administrative duties at Aldershot this week to Major-General M. G. Taylor, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and retires from the Army, as also does Major-General Sir Walter J. Constable-Maxwell-Scott of the Lowland Division, T.A.

The promotion to Major-General is made of Brigadier B. N. Sergeson-Brooke, C.M.G., D.S.O., A.D.C., who, as already announced, will be succeeded at Naini Tal as Brigadier, General Staff, Eastern Command, by Colonel P. Neame, V.C., D.S.O., this month. The new Major-General is a Grenadier Guardsman, is 53, and has served since 1899. He commanded the 1st Infantry Brigade (Guards) at Aldershot, the Independent Brigade in China, and the 2nd Guards Brigade in France.

Brevet Colonel H. V. Lewis, D.S.O., M.C., Deputy Director of Staff Duties at New Delhi, Brevet Colonel L. M. Heath, C.I.E., D.S.O., M.C., and Lieutenant-Colonel M. L. A. Gompertz, Indian Army, are promoted Colonels. Major G. A. Rosser, 5th Battalion, R.T.C., is made Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel B. L. Beddy, D.S.O., from A.D.S. and T., Aldershot, and Colonel J. Y. H. Ridout, D.S.O., from C.R.A. at Edinburgh, are placed on retired pay.

THE EXPERTS, NO. 2

BILLIARDS

INMAN'S MATCH WITH LEE

FROM OUR BILLIARDS CORRESPONDENT

[illegible] match in which Inman is conceding [illegible] points start in a fortnight's play [illegible] at Thurston's Hall in [illegible] yesterday, when Lee's [illegible] to 1,517, which left [illegible] vantage on the [illegible] on even in [illegible] his lead [illegible] of [illegible]

The Services

ROYAL NAVY

THE AIR DIVISION

Commander W. W. P. Shirley-Rollison, promoted in the New Year list, is to join the staff of the Naval Air Division at the Admiralty to-day, relieving Commander Malcolm Farquhar, who has been there two years. The new Navy Estimates provide for six officers in this Division in the present year, as compared with five last year, three commanders being allowed instead of two. There are two captains, one of whom serves as Director of the Division, and the remaining officer is a wing commander lent from the Royal Air Force.

Commander Shirley-Rollison had been an observer officer in H.M.S. FURIOUS for two years when promoted. He has been connected with naval air work since March, 1926, when he was selected for the observers' course after serving in the cruiser FROBISHER in the Mediterranean. In June, 1928, he was attached to the R.A.F. School of Naval Cooperation at Lee-on-Solent, and served there until January, 1931, when he was selected for the staff course at Greenwich. Commander Shirley-Rollison entered Osborne as a cadet in January, 1914, passed out from Dartmouth as midshipman on May 1, 1917, and served during the last 18 months of hostilities in the battle-cruiser REPULSE in the Grand Fleet.

CRUISE FROM GIBRALTAR

The destroyer SHAMROCK, Commander M. H. Evelegh, senior officer's ship of the Gibraltar local defence flotilla, leaves to-day on her spring cruise until the end of the month. She is to visit Huelva, April 6-12; Seville, April 12-19; Ceuta, April 20-24; and Tangier, April 21-30. This is the first cruise made with her present ship's company, as she was recommissioned on February 1.

SERVICE MARRIAGES

The Marriage (Naval, Military, and Air Force Chapels) Act, 1932, provides that certain banns of marriage may be published and certain marriages may be solemnized in Service chapels licensed under the Act. It is notified in current Fleet orders that the following have been so licensed, and banns may be published and marriages solemnized therein according to the rites of the Church of England:—R.M. Depôt Church, Deal; Dockyard Church and R.N. Barracks Church, Devonport; R.N. Hospital Chapel and R.M. Barracks Chapel, Plymouth; R.N. College Chapel, Dartmouth; R.N. Hospital Chapel, Portland; Dockyard Church, R.N. Barracks Church, and R.N. Hospital Chapel, Chatham; Dockyard Church, Sheerness; Dockyard Church, R.N. Barracks Church, Haslar R.N. Hospital Chapel, and Eastney R.M. Barracks Church, Portsmouth.

One of the parties to a marriage in a Service chapel must be serving in the Regular Forces, or in reserve forces actually called out or embodied, or the daughter of a person so qualified. In addition, one of the parties to the marriage must have the ordinary qualifying residence in the parish in which the chapel is situated, unless the marriage is by special licence.

MAJOR RAVENSHAW, R.M.

Major H. E. Ravenshaw, who has retired at his own request, is in his fiftieth year, and has had 30¼ years' service, having entered the R.M.L.I. as second lieutenant in September, 1903. He served throughout the War as a captain in the armoured cruiser DRAKE, the battleship CANADA, and from February, 1918, as G.S.O.2 at Colombo. In 1920 he was authorized to wear the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun, conferred for War service. Promoted to major in 1925, he last served afloat in the RENOWN and HOOD as squadron R.M. officer, Battle Cruiser Squadron, in 1930-32. He has since been serving at the Plymouth Division, and for the last six months had been at the head of the list of majors, R.M.

NAVAL APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments were made by the Admiralty yesterday:—

CAPTS.—HON. G. FRASER, D.S.O., to Courageous; E. C. O. THOMPSON, D.S.O., L. E. HOLLAND, W. P. MARK-WARDLAW, D.S.O., H. R. MARRACK, D.S.C., D. A. BUDGEN, F. H. PEGRAM, E. C. THORNTON, D.S.O., A. W. S. AGAR, V.C., D.S.O., H. B. JACOMB, and E. J. P. BRIND, to Victory for S.O. tactical course (May 14); G. S. ARBUTHNOT, to Cairo, in command, and as Commodore, Second Class, Home Fleet Destroyer Flotillas (Aug. 1); and L. E. HOLLAND, to Revenge, in command (on recommg.).

LT.-CDRS.—E. S. OATLEY, to Vernon for course (April 4); J. G. W. DENEYS, to Effingham (April 5); and G. W. BURRELL, to St. Angelo (April 6).

LT.—G. C. PHILLIPS, to H 34, in command (April 7).

MID.—B. E. PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE, withdrawn at guardian's request (April 1).

PROMOTION

LT. E (Retd.).—W. A. PICKUP, to rank of Lt.-Cdr. E (retd.) (seny. April 1).

RETIREMENTS

PAYR. CAPT.—G. W. A. C. ROE, placed on the Retd. List, with rank of Payr. Rear-Admiral (April 4).

LT. (Flying Officer, R.A.F.).—J. M. WINTOUR, placed on the Retd. List, at own request (from date of discharge).

CD. SHIPT.—C. F. THORROWGOOD, placed on the Retd. List (May 30).

ROYAL MARINES

MAJOR AND BT. LT.-COL.—E. C. WESTON, to Nelson, addl.

MAJOR.—T. B. W. SANDALL, to London.

CAPT.—L. D. CAFFYN, to Dolphin.

LTS.—R. B. F. SMITH, to London; C. A. HAVERSON, to Malaya; R. C. DE M. LEATHES, G. H. STOCKLEY, and R. F. V. GRIFFITHS, to Victory, addl., for short P.R.T. course (April 9).

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

CDR.—A. T. MOTT, placed on the Retd. List, with rank of Capt. (March 25).

LT.—A. A. MARTIN, to Pangbourne (April 3).

CHIEF SKIPPER [illegible]

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Chère Emilie,

7 April 1934.

Your letter of March 27 greeted me at the club yesterday (Friday) when I went there to lunch. I had got there ten minutes before my appointment, so that if there was a letter I should be able to read it once before lunch; but unluckily my guest also arrived ahead of time, so I had to let it burn in my pocket, and had no privacy until I got back to Russell Square. I should have answered the same evening, in the hope of catching the steam packet. But after dinner I was suddenly as overcome by sleepiness as the people in mystery stories after that cup of coffee with abitter taste, so I dozed off on the sofa hoping to be more wakeful in a little while - no use - so crept into bed by ten, only, of course, to lie awake for a couple of hours, though not awake enough to do anything. I might as well have been drunk - or better, because I should not have had the wakefulness. So I miss a mail.

I have been almost feverishly excited about your approaching visit. I get too excited to feel that I can be a level-headed judge of propriety, and therefore tend to fly to the extreme of avoiding you altogether! Yet for two pins I would also fly to meet you at the dock. But, whatever be the correct via media, I should love you to meet some of my friends - partly, no doubt, for the pleasure of impressing them! - and partly si ply to have you meet some of the people I mention frequently in letters. I don't see, for instance, why I should not give a tea-party for you at the Ritz? Say half a dozen people. It depends partly of course upon the time when you are in London - after the end of July it is not so easy to get the people one wants. I should like to know, as soon as you can tell me, when you expect to be in London. My own plans will depend upon it partly. I had intended - but had not committed myself - going to a conference at the Bishop of Chichester's for about five days towards the end of July; but I am not awfully keen on conferences, and I should be glad to go just for a day or two instead of the whole time. Another suggestion has occurred to me, which I put forward timidly at once so that you may consider it at leisure: while you are in Loondon (or not too far away from it) would you care to go for a weekend (Friday night to Monday) to stay with my friends the Morleys in Surrey? I am sure that they would be delighted. I count them among my best and most trusted friends, you know; and they are very informal and easy to get acquainted with.

They have a charming old fourteenth century farmhouse, and the country about there is very pretty. I would stay at Mrs. Eames's near by - the Morleys have only room for one guest at a time anyway, but I would take meals, except breakfast, with them. There is a problem for you of propriety! also, whether you want to. But as you are going to be with the Perkins's for a whole year at least, I do think that it would be good for you to get away once in a while, when you can, to be for a little among younger people.

Of course I shall be delighted to give the Perkins's any introductions I can. That again depends upon when they are going to be where. If they go to Oxford and Cambridge, I hope that it will be early. I will also try to think of any people whom they might enjoy meeting in London. So will you please provide me with their itinerary too, as soon as it is more or less fixed, with dates, and any other parts of the country they or they and you may be visiting, where I might possibly have acquaintances. (Incidentally, I may have to reserve seats for them for the pageant in advance, as Webb Odell hopes to sell all the reserved seats before the opening night).

I do hope you will make an effort to get here as early in July as possible, before the season is over, and while all the theatres are still open. The important race-meetings will be over: but it would be rather fun to make up a small party for the Oxford & Cambridge Cricket Match - I might get the Morleys for that, and it would give me a chance of introducing them first - and I could sport a top hat. I am really getting quite childish about it, but how pleasant it is to be childish.

I find it hard to write about anything else in this letter. I think I had better stop. And thank you, my dear, for such a lovely letter.

Con Amore

Pom

I should like to get the Woolfs for tea, and perhaps Ottoline (though perhaps not together) and Elizabeth Cameron, and several other people.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

LONDON. S.W.1
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14 APR
1934
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BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

Scripps College,

CLAREMONT, California,

U.S.A.

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

14 April 1934.

Dear Lady,

I can write only a tiny note- and that delayed - which will hardly be more than an explanationof not writing sooner or at more length. The early part of the week was taken up with finishing off the pageant text for printing - Browne and I were working here one night till after eleven - and revising all the cockney dialogue with the East End parson, Vincent Howson. Then I remembered that I have to deliver an address (on "Religion and Literature" for Victor Demant at his church in Richmond on Tuesday evening; and as I had promised to go to the Morley's for the weekend (I must catch a train in a few minutes) I have not the weekend on which to work at it. It would have suited me better to have gone there next week. However, after the middle of the week I hope for breathing space and will write at greater length.

The Rev. Vincent Howson's bark is worse than his bite. Having met, we get on very well; he was pleased at my allowing him to introduce a speech of his own devising, and this will give him more enthusiasm in delivering my speeches. His cockney is excellent - every phrase and almost every word of mine we went over carefully so as to get it right - cockney is not a simple matter - there are different phrases in different social grades, and the West End cockney (Pimlico or Notting Dale, say) is different from the East End, and Bermondsey and the Surrey side is different again; but now I think we have got the dialogue all of a piece, and I have retained all the things I wanted said. And we are to have a man with an accordeon to accompany my song - that's his idea, and ought to be a great success.

I am longing for more news of your and the Perkins's itinerary. It will be delightful to see them again so soon. I suppose you have to stay through the graduation festivities (June 19th?). And this letter closes with the usual message of love & devotion.

Tom

Tom.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

BY AIR MAIL FROM NEW YORK.

Miss Emily Hale,

Toll Hall,

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

21 April 1934.

Dearest Lady Emile:

Not very much seems to have happened to me worth recording, but this is the first opportunity I have had of writing since a week ago. The chief reason is that after finishing up the pageant text under some pressure, I had to turn to and write my address for Demant's series of talks at his church in Richmond, which I gave on Tuesday evening. Then on Wednesday I had to dine at the Woolfs' with Maynard Keynes, who, unexpectedly enough, has been rather impressed by "After Strange Gods". I think my talk at Richmond ("Religion and Literature") went off well enough, but of course a small suburban audience is not the most inspiring; and at the moment I did not feel that I had anything especially new to say on the subject. What is more interesting is that both the Lord Chamberlain's Office (the censorship for plays) and the Bishop of London have passed my pageant text, which is a great relief, as now I know that I shall not have to write anything more for it except one little sermon. I am looking forward (though with some apprehensions) to hearing some rehearsals of the various parts, before long. On Thursday I had to have supper with old Jan Culpin, who, like some old ladies, is tiring and rather exacting. And last night (Friday) I was again so tired that I was fit for nothing except to go to bed as early as possible. Oh yes, I spent the weekend with the Morleys. Geoffrey Tandy came down too, and on the way down we speculated as to what varieties of manual labour Frank would give us. Frank is so passionately interested in his labours on his estate that he wants to be at it all the weekend - he is the sort who need a good deal of physical exercise - and in consequence his guests (male guests I mean) find themselves engaged in the same operations. On Saturday afternoon I found myself whitewashing the interior of a chicken-coop, while Tandy acted as bricklayer's mate, preparing mortar for an entrance-gate that Frank is building, and a brick wall against which he proposes to grow fruit trees. On Sunday afternoon I mowed the lawn, and on both days pumped the gas, while Tandy was engaged in operations on a new punt which they have bought for the pond. This is all very pleasant; the only out is that Frank does not need so much sleep as I and some other people seem to, and we get to bed rather late. I have nearly finished reading Pickwick Papers to them aloud.

Now I feel in the doldrums for the moment, and uncommon lazy, not being under pressure to get anything in particular done. I wonder if you have got to do another play with the girls in the summer term, and how exhausted you will be before you say farewell to Claremont. I fidget, of course, for more precise news of your future plans for this summer and winter. Just as a year and a half and more ago, I find it hard really to believe that I shall actually see you again.

Πάντοτε τοῦ δικοῦ σου

Pom

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE
LONDON, W.C.1

27 April 1934.

Dearest Lady Emily,

I meant to stop in at the club on my way back (I lunched with Alida Monro to-day, who is just back from a lecture tour of the States, where she has been staying with cousins of mine in various places) but was kept at the office until too late. It seemed to me just within the bounds of possibility, as I had not heard from you for three weeks, that there might be a letter - not that I should be so foolish as to expect one, but if there had been one I should not have considered it a miraculous vio,lation of the order of nature. However, as I am taking the 3.40 from Liverpool Street for Diss, Norfolk, to spend the weekend with the Dobrees, and as I must stop at the London Library in the morning to pick up the works of John Marston which are being held for me, I shall lunch at the club; so if there is a letter I shall have something to read at lunch and also on the train journey.

Otello last Saturday night very good - what an admirably dramatic opera it is - I like it the best of Verdi - and the Otello, one Cox, made up by excellent acting what he lacked in voice: a wholly enjoyable performance. I cannot say so much for Macbeth, at the Old Vic, to which I took the Morleys on Wednesday. I regret to say I am tiring of Charles Laughton. He acts too much for Shakespeare; rolls his eyes, twitches his fingers, and has a bitter stage laugh which he uses again and again in trying to be the big bad man; whilst on the other hand his voice is poor, and his declamation of verse bad. I am rather glad that he will not be at the Vic next season, but presumably returns to Hollywood. Nor was Flora Robson anything very fine as Lady Macbeth. Macb. & Lady M. were too affectionate and cuddly; and Lady M. collapsing into sobs and Macs arms. My conception of her is that she shows no sign of weakness whatever, so that her déraisonnement is a complete surprise; and in fact it is because of her keeping herself so completely in control that she has such a complete breakdown. None of the great speeches so impressive as it should be. The Porter making too much of his part. Roger Livesay, as Macduff, excellent. But the murder of Duncan was good, and the production as a whole very pleasing. But what a play it is - if you can write dramatic verse like that no production can wholly spoil the play. Weird sisters, of course, too weird; and Mac. at one point collapsing rather absurdly into their arms!

On Tuesday I went alone, wholly out of benevolence, to see what I was told was a great and unappreciated German dancer, who was recommended to me by a young man whose name I had forgotten and whom I could not remember having met. The great German dancer (at the Tavistock Place Little Theatre, of which I had not known before) turned out to be a rather second rate Jewess mimic, very ugly, mildly satanic (as Jewish comedians are - why are they - why is there something diabolic about so many Jews?) rather pathetic, and with no knowledge whatever of dancing. The sort of thing that Germans like, and ought to like, because the German intelligence is an hebraicised intelligence and in turning out the Jews the Germans are merely cutting out their own brains. On the other hand, I do (did) admire Bernhardt immensely. Somebody says Elizabeth Bergner wants to play Shakespeare. That would be interesting, but she has no voice. What a superb voice Bernhardt had. I do like actors who can act almost by voice alone, without using their faces or bodies. Edith Evans can do it, but then she can use her face and body better than anyone else in London.

This is the sort of inconsequent impersonal letter I always fall into writing when I have not heard from you for some time. It always leaves me dissatisfied; but my feelings, left to themselves, turn in and lose their connexion with words. How lovely the moments when the feelings and the appropriate words seem to rush to each other to join hands!

Douglas Jerrold is a fool. He might become a fascist. I have got these beastly fascists on the brain at present.

Et j'attends, j'attends,

Ever Tom