Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
3 15PM
2 MAR
1937
SW.7.

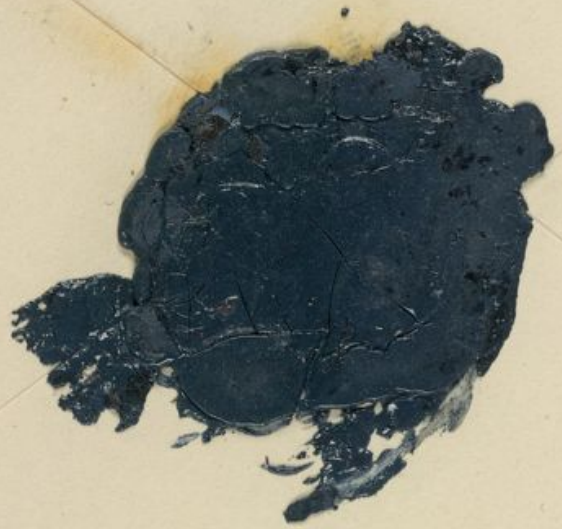
Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Pie,

Tuesday March 2nd.

I am writing this morning, before starting WORK (and work in capitals spells VERSE) so as to catch the Queen Mary on her return. She has brought me your letter of the 23d this morning, with enclosures. I have to dine with the Camerons tonight, and last night went for the first time to a monthly dining club which I have joined, called "The Literary Society" - which I joined because I like to be able to meet people outside of my own world, and the members of this are Old Buffers with no nonsense about literature. Besides, they are mostly much older than I, which makes me feel young and sprightly. (This was a small meeting: the Chairman of Methuen & Co.(Mr.E.V.Lucas); the Editor of The Times (Geoffrey Dawson); the Golf Expert of the Times (Bernard Darwin, who says he is related to the Sedgwicks of Stockbridge); the Chairman of the South Africa Company (Dougal Malcolm); and the Head of the Victoria & Albert Museum (Eric Maclagan). The other New Member, Lord Dawson of Penn, was unable to come. I had the satisfaction of blackballing a well-known man of letters, in favour of a man I had never heard of before, but who sounded the right sort. I again had a day and a half in bed with a cold, over the weekend, and had the doctor this time. Evidently the inoculations hold good, with me, for about three months, after which I need another: so I am to go for an injection next Monday. What I am really afraid of at present is Mumps! Our Sales Manager has it, and now I hear Miss O'Donovan has it, fortunately it is over a month since she left us for the BBC; and I am glad to say that Miss Bradby has had it at some earlier period of life, so I shant catch it from her. While at home - after I had got up on Sunday afternoon, I managed to type about four pages of an opening scene. I think it is more than likely that I shall have to scrap them sooner or later, and it will not surprise me if, after I have got a certain way, I scrap the whole scenario too amd try to think of a new one: but anyway it is a START. And that's the mainthing. I am afflicted at the beginning with exactly the same feeling of complete inability that I have had on beginning every large piece of work, and probably always will. But I think that feeling helps to force one to do something NEW. I know that there are all sorts of dramatic problems with which I was not faced in "Murder"; and furthermore I have got to work out a rather different kind of versification, as a plausible medium for contemporary people, in which they

can make commonplace remarks without its sounding like parody, and can rise to sublimity without sounding as if they were reciting a poetry piece. That is where I am dissatisfied with Auden's work. I sent you a copy of "The Ascent of F6" did I not? In any case I will send you a copy of the second edition as soon as it is ready, as there are considerable alterations. I went on Friday to the first night at the Mercury (taking the Fabers out to dinner beforehand) where it is being produced by little Rupert Doone under the auspices of Ashley Dukes and Martin Browne. (Mrs.Auden was there, and I liked her, but had no opportunity of any private conversation: Wystan is said to have gone to the Aragon Front). The production was quite good, especially some of the minor characters. Michael Devlin (who made his name in King Lear and Per Gynt at the Old Vic) was I thought rather heavy as the hero: you know my general feeling that Irish actors are incapable of much subtlety - except the kind of subtlety that there is in Irish plays). But what worries me about the play is that, except for some lines which are good poetry, the best part of the play - and what makes it dramatic - is the prose part done by Christopher Isherwood. Auden hasnt, any more than Yeats, solved the problem of making people talk dramatically in verse; and the verse passages consequently are merely jam for poetry lovers - and in what may be called the big moments, are Shakespeare recitals, as I mentioned above. The play is much more dramatic than " The Dog Beneath the Skin", but I feel that it would be more satisfactory for Isherwood to produce a prose play by himself, and Auden to try to do a verse play by himself. The merits of collaboration (when it comes to any work of literary art are much overrated: I am afraid that the addiction to it is the result of a kind of communist theory as to how art ought to be produced, and I think it is a wrong theory.

I enclose my Note on the Crisis (unsatisfactory essentially, because one cannot make any use of the various rumours and reports of a personal nature which one has heard), and also a BBC piece by Edith Evans (which I havent had time to read myself) on acting Shakespeare.

I was very glad to get your letter of the 23d (the previous were those of the 15th and 19th) and the welcome news that you had been re-appointed with even a slight rise. (By the way, I had been under the impression that your salary was $3000 not $2000; I must have misread your figure at the time). To be REappointed is a great deal more of an honour that to be appointed in the first place; and should stand you as the very best of references if you should make a change next year. And it is good to hope that you may be able next year to do some acting, if not directing. (Do you ever see Sam Eliot? I seem to have heard that he is not a very agreeable person). And I am glad that you are gradually getting more social life, though it seems to be largely feminine. (Dont ever go to a college where there are only, or almost only, women teachers, like Wellesley). Thank you for all your news about the Yale exhibition. What chiefly strikes me is the pathos of Mr.Gallup: a poor young man who ought not to be spending his money on first editions and letters etc. of mine or of anybody else; or for that matter wasting his time on such trivialities as exhibitions of odds and ends of a living author (I almost thing he would like any old pipes, old shirts, odd buttons etc). He has sent me some catalogues - amazingly thorough.

Nothing seems to be lacking except some unsigned contributions to The Egoist and The Times Literary Supplement: and I cant supply those. I didnt in the least mind your contributing some items! By the way, it was kind, but indiscreet of Gallup to suggest warning me about a certain person - I shall destroy his letter for that reason instead of returning it to you - if such a letter went astray it would be libellous. As a matter of fact, I have no illusions about that person because (1) I have met him and didnt take to him (2) he played rather fast and loose with us and another London firm over a book. (But he does write well). I was also interested by the letter from Miss Lay, which I shall keep. I have not had any official news of the Pasadena production. Meanwhile the London company has been doing very well at a large theatre in Leeds, and is now moving on to Manchester.

I was glad to know of the Memorial to Betty Lou Snider.

When I am in bed with a cold I always miss you especially! I was so glad to have that little illness - only about fifteen months ago - to have you come in to see me twice a day. In nursing and in being nursed one can express a tenderness that can be expressed in no other way. One mustnt wish for even a slight illness - but all the same it would be pleasant to come down with a slight chill for a day or two at Campden next summer! But I long still more to be able to look after you.

Now I must stop and do some WORK before lunch.

Emily's devotee Pom


T. S
Eliot
Esq:

22, BINA GARDENS. S.W.5.
KENSINGTON 1826.

February the 28th 1937

Dear Possum: I'm very sorry that you're confined to your lair and won't be able to crawl out to-night. I hope that nothing serious has attacked you. I shall make enquiries to-morrow. Meanwhile, here are some magazines: the good Mrs Walker is taking them to Grenville Place. I've read the Family notes with much interest. I let my imagination rip & composed in my head a romantic saga about 3 generations of Elliots. When I see you again I shall ask you to tell me more about some members of the family. No news here. I spent a very unsociable week – alone every evening. And now I must curtail this note, because Morley* having dropped in with good news of Jean I've lost time and Mrs Walker is ready to start.

Mr Kennedy. whose wife has pneumonia.

Love from
James the Badger.

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1 15PM
16 MAR
1937
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

16 March 1937.

Dearest Pie,

I must try to acquire a different practice of letter-writing, and learn to write short notes when there is no time for letters. As it is, I have always been ashamed of my letters (to you) unless they covered at least two pages and a half, and contained (1) full information of my life since the last letter (2) practical remarks about your own activities (3) a little wit & humour (4) profound meditations (4) adequate expression of love and devotion. So you see that I am almost never satisfied. But it is a silly habit to postpone until one can find time for everything at once, because as a recipient I don't feel that way at all; and the more time elapses, the more ground there is to cover, and one never catches up. Last week I was unlucky in the sailings of boats - the boats came in the first part of the week when I was very busy - and when I had time towards the weekend there were no boats. The chief burden last week was the performance at Londonderry House on behalf of the Red Cross League - a particularly distasteful kind of audience to speak to. I call it a performance, because we were really a series of music hall turns for dull society people to gape at; talking on an impossible subject: "Why I find the World a good place to live in and why I do not". The performers were Rose Macaulay, Margaret Irwin, Margaret Kennedy (have you ever heard of them? they are successful novelists, I believe), Cecil Day Lewis, Humbert Wolfe and myself. Day Lewis made the mistake of taking the occasion seriously, and preaching ernest communism, which made me embarrassed on his account. I confined myself to humour for the benefit of the audience (jokes at Humbert Wolfe's expense, which he took in good part) and irony for my own: but the occasion was so uncongenial that I did not do it well. I should never take part in such an affair if I could help it, but as Enid Faber is keenly interested in the Red Cross League, and had asked me, how could I have refused?

No more public speaking for a long time, anyway, and every morning on the play - even so , difficult to get every morning: yesterday I had to go to my doctor for a final anti-cold injection for the rest of the year, so I combined with it a visit to Janes, whom I had not seen since Christmas but once. He is very upset by the disappearance of his pet cat - says that a lot of black cats have disappeared from his neighbourhood and is sure that some one is out

for their skins. If all goes smoothly I should finish the first part of my play (but it's only the FIRST DRAFT, I remind myself, and I shall be gratified if Dukes thinks well enough of it to regard it even as that) and it has a nice part for Edith Evans or yourself, and quite a fair part for that old lady in the wheel chair in "Night Must Fall".

I was much interested in your remarks in your letter of the 9th which arrived this morning, about trying to arouse public spirit in Northampton. I do approve of it highly! because (for one reason) it is good, I think, for people "living in the world" to keep a balance between their public activities and their inner spiritual discipline and practice, and neglect neither. Though the latter is more difficult for most of us than the former, and brings less immediate satisfaction. One gets praise for outward action, sometimes, but never for the work one does on oneself; and also one never feels sure that one is progressing - that is part of the nature of the task, for the moment we feel confident that we have improved our spiritual life we are either checking our advance or sliding back ("the saints never feel that they are saints"). At the same time, I think that outer action is necessary too, to prevent self-training from becoming self-absorption; and in studying the spiritual life, except under such wise and understanding direction as few can ever expect to find, we can be in danger of getting our standards and ideals muddled. And for yourself, in the one as in the other, you must remember not to tax your strength too far. You have had a very hard year, in taking up a difficult and not too congenial task: next year, the work with the students ought to come more easily, and leave you more time and energy for expressing and developing yourself in other ways.

I look forward impatiently - through this long cold winter - to your coming in June, and to Campden as well as London. We shall probably move round the corner to Emperor's Gate at the beginning of April - I hope that they will get it done during the three or four days that I am in Scotland; so for the present you might write to Russell Square (marking the envelopes PRIVATE!) until I cable the change. By the way, Martin Browne is to do "Murder" (he hopes with the same company) at Tewkesbury Festival on the 18th July: I have to be in Oxford the preceding week: so it would be nice if you could let me come over to Campden from Oxford and we could go to see it together. It will, as always, be strange and wonderful to see you again - I can hardly bear to think of it long, beforehand. Good bye for the present, my Love, and forgive my poor letters.

My Emilie from Her Tom.

By German packet BREMEN.

SOUTHKENSINGTON
1 15PM
23 MAR
1937
S.W.7.

NORTHAMPTON
APR 2
1130AM
MASS.
1937

Miss Emily Hale,

~~240 Crescent Stree~~

41 Brimmer St ~~NORTHAMPTON~~,

Boston, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

23 March 1937.

Dearest,

I don't know where to write, as you said in your last that you intended to go to 41 Brimmer Street on the 24th "for a while at least". So I am writing to Northampton and shall cable tomorrow to Brimmer Street to tell you so and send Easter wishes. I do hope that you will get away for a visit or two before the term begins, because I was not happy about your Christmas holidays. I have been very bad about writing of late, and I am unhappy about it; but the good boats at this time of year are not frequent, and whenever I have the time to settle down to a proper letter, there is no boat for several days. The latter part of last week was rather crowded. I had to dine with the Herbert Reads on Thursday, in company of Richard Church and his wife, and on Friday I had a summons to go to the Duchess. It appeared that Queen Mary and the Princess Royal were going, and according to Dukes it was practically obligatory for the author to be present on such an occasion, in case the Queen should want him presented. So I found that my only white waistcoat was in the wash, of course, and had to go and buy another, to my great annoyance, because I am not likely to need a second waistcoat again - and dine with Dukes, and then be secreted in a little box behind a large aspidistra. All was excitement. Speaight had been given careful instructions about a secret passage and bridge along which he was to rush in his monastic robes if he was summoned. I could see nothing except a distant view of the stage below. The next box to me was empty, beyond that the royal box, banked with flowers and greens, and beyond that a box of Scotland Yard detectives. But nothing happened! I suspect that Speaight was grievously disappointed; because (between ourselves) I think he has got rather a swelled head (like most actors, he is really rather a stupid little thing). I was rather relieved, on the whole, because I couldnt believe that she would make much of it, and she might have said the wrong things and been embarrassing. Apparently producers attach great importance to getting royalty to visit a play, and Dukes expects not only that the theatre will be full for this final week, but that the royal visit will make a great deal of difference to the forthcoming second tour of the provinces. A good deal of wire-pulling goes into this sort of thing: it was managed by somebody who knew the Queen's private secretary, and induced him to go first (of course)

and then recommend the Queen to go.

I went to Rochester on Saturday for my lenten confession and was asked to stay the weekend. It was a small party this time, there being two very agreeable young people, a Captain Maxse and his wife, of the correct sort that the Dean would know - he is a nephew of the Leconfields who own Petworth. On Sunday we went over to tea to that comic old dowager's, old Lady Darnley, the Australian, whom I always get on with, though she quickly becomes tiring. The Maxses had never been there before, so we were shown all her curios again, all her water-colours by members of the royal family (and pretty feeble for the most part) and all her signed photographs which she always shows in the same way: "Dear Lord and Lady Willingdon- you know them of course?" - "Dear Mr.Baldwin - you know him well, dont you?" - "The Dear Queen Marie of Roumania - you must meet her some day, I know you would love her" etc.

The weather constantly very cold - yesterday a little snow again. I hope it will turn warmer before the 31st, when Morley and I go up to Carlisle, where George Blake meets us (I must get a new ribbon at once I see) and motors us to Glasgow, where we meet a few authors and newspapermen, then to Inverness to see Neil Gunn as usual, and back to Glasgow by Aberdeen. We expect to be back by the 6th or 7th. I don't want to go to Edinburgh this time, because I have got to go there on the 2nd July - they have given me an LL.D. at the University there, which pleases me a good deal. (So I shall see our friend John Baillie then). I seem to be having a good deal to do with Scotland - I have to give a lecture at Edinburgh in November (and may go on from there to repeat it at Copenhagen). I shall try to take some photographs next week.

Holy Week has begun, and I go to Mass every morning. Had I thought of it in time, I should have suggested your going in to a Tenebrae service one evening at St.John the Evangelist in Bowdoin Street, which is not far from you in Brimmer Street, but for a steep climb up Beacon Hill. Then the Watch on Thursday night, and a good deal of money to deal with on Easter Day. I try to keep Holy Week free from engagements, but I am taking the Martin Brownes to Tenebrae on Wednesday, and possibly a young man on Thursday. And I have to interrupt my play for a few days to write a note, which I imprudently promised some months ago, on Abraham Cowley, for a presentation volume of essays to Herbert Grierson on his retirement from the Chair of English at Edinburgh. Rather, I thought that an old lecture of mine on the subject would do, but on re-reading it I find I am not satisfied with it. Goodness knows whether this will turn out to be a real play or not. It seems to me that I have found a versification that will do for ordinary conversation of contemporary characters and at the same time rise to poetry when I want it to. But I told Dukes that it seems to me in writing it (just as

Murder did) to be very poor poetry but very good drama; but that when he reads it I expect him to tell me that it is very good poetry but quite undramatic.

I wish the weather would change, because my winter suit and overcoat are getting very shabby, and I dont want to buy new ones now. I am much better off for spring clothes than winter. I suppose that it is much too early for you to be thinking of spring costumes?

I had a very nice note from Jeanie, which I answered at once!

The chief recent events seem to be the Pope's Encyclical about the treatment of the Faith in Germany, and the repulse of the Italians in Spain - the latter may be exaggerated in every way in our papers. I dont see that the Spanish War is any nearer to a settlement; I dont see how either side can win. It doesnt bear thinking of long at a time, and I feel still no more sympathetic to one side than to the other. The other interesting event (though everyone knew it was coming) is the retirement of Baldwin in favour of Neville Chamberlain - which I am not very happy about.

There is nothing else to tell you except my love and longing, and my prayers for you at Easter.

And dont worry too much about your devotional feelings: just practice in public services and private prayer, and reading, and some thinking, and patience and humility (not self-distrust) are what matter.

to Emilie from her Don.

I hope you will let me know on what date you return to Northampton.

I am trying to send you a smile - You see I am just peeking over the edge of your letter. O.T.

Milwaukee-Downer College
Milwaukee Wisconsin

Thursday
February 30. 1927
1:30 A.M.

Dearest Miss Hale -

And this is your boat letter! what will you be doing when you get this - lying in bed in your silk nightgown - or sitting on deck? This is Thursday afternoon and I am counting the minutes - waiting for you to come back from town. I can't write - something seems to be stopped up in my heart which holds me tight. It is just like wanting to reach for something and not being able to. Oh - last night when you came in for the last time to say good-night I felt so very sad, but so happy to be with you and near you those last few precious minutes. And it made me so happy too, when you showed me your lovely gifts, to see how many

Many friends you have who shall miss you more than you know.
Please do not be disappointed in this note – I shall write a long letter to be mailed! Words will not come now. I am too close to reality

[illegible]

My love,
Olga

Milwaukee-Downer College
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

The last day of January
1927

My dear "E.H."

"My heart aches with a sadness" is a line I wrote to you once – Now it is truly so – and oh – how I would like to hold my heart in my two hands and rock it to sleep – or to some very blissful state where tears are unheard of. My heart must give you a true confession – it has never hidden even a slight bit from you, did you know? But think not that – My mind and a little bit of my laughter say different thing – they are so happy for you, so very happy to think that a wonderful thing has come to you, for whom they want it more than anyone else they know. It is glorious to even think of – and if it is sad for you, I think it must be for anyone who leaves, do not let it cloud the sunshine of your journey long. You must not – you must make this be one of the most living, memorable, harmonious years of your life – full of the love of living overbrimming with adventurous spirit. There is one thing I must tell you, dear E.H. Hale, – you have stepped out of the cove

of a beautiful blue book – you have smoothed the shining pages back and sprung out like a sprite to come to live with us – And we have held you down reality very closely, I fear. Forgive us for that. But now – you are free again – I have only this to ask of you – please keep forever that spirit of romance about you and with you wherever you go. Hold closely and know that I am holding for you. That is the wonderful thing sometimes I get so fearfully frightened at the thought of losing my grasp on things – I know now – we must always be loving something, whether it be a starlit sky, or a beautiful person, or a lovely idea. That is the tonic that is offered us – And we must drink it in with our whole souls. Or don't you see how withered our minds would become! I have so often wondered what counts the most in the world while we live.

I cannot tell you now how I will miss you it really hurts me to much to think of. You have made living so much more beautiful for me – and

Milwaukee-Downer College
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I cannot think that it is all over. It isn't – I shall remember so many thi[illegible] I shall look forward to more – I sha[illegible] pin my soul's mind on letters for you – and be glad there is one person to whom I am not afraid or ashamed to say anything. And if you find too many letters fluttering about you in your beautiful busy moments dash them into the sea or over the balconies in Rome! Ah – let me hear you sigh – they say, you know that sighs can be felt over the ocean waves. I know you do not have an idea of the nonsense I seem to be writing now – merely delights my soul to think of you standing in your "robe de nuit" and "negligée à la gold sleeves" – disdainfully casting mail away. (Oh – I do not mean to provoke you – I am smiling.) No – I shall love writing to you – and I shall try to bear the heavenly idea of getting letters from you. The rest I leave for the following – I am lifting my head with a brave determination "There is so much to come" I sing to me[illegible]

Forever with love [illegible]

By German packet EUROPA.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
31 MAR
1937
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

31 March 1937.

Dearest Lady,

I am annoyed to think that if I had written last night I could have caught the Queen Mary, and now must wait for the Europa. I was very tired last night, after a busy morning, a business lunch, a business interview in the City after lunch, return to Russell Square to sign my letters, and than a vestry meeting from six to eight; and abandoned the attempt to write any letters at all. What time I had toward the end of Holy Week (and it was largely taken up of course with services, and then with looking after the church money) had to go on composing a brief note on Abraham Cowley for a volume in honour of Herbert Grierson on his retirement from Edinburgh University. Now I am in the middle of preparations for departure tonight - we arrive tomorrow at Dumfries, where we are met by Blake with a car, and motor through Galloway to Glasgow. A day at Glasgow to be occupied with meeting authors and newspapermen, and then on by car to Inverness, possibly stopping for one night at some place on the way. Then back to Glasgow by way of Aberdeen, and probably back to London by Tuesday morning. And any excursion from London for longer than a weekend means a pressure of work beforehand and another pressure afterwards.

I hope to finish the first draft of the first act soon after my return (though with the move to 11, Emperor's Gate, which is due to take place on the 12th, I shall not be settled until towards the end of the month). I had rather wait to show you the whole play - if I can finish the first draft by the middle of June! - than try to describe it - because I am afraid that any account I can give will not do it justice! It is a modern domestic play - I am not sure whether it will be a "tragedy" or not, but it is very grim - the scene being a birthday party at which everything goes wrong except the cake. The versification is rather different from that of "Murder", and I think I have got a form in which ordinary conversation will not sound ridiculous, and the more poetical passages will not seem highfalutin. There is no Fogerty chorus of young ladies this time, but at certain places certain of the characters speak for a few lines chorally. I have also revived the Furies of Aeschylus, but they have nothing to speak. And that's about all I can say, except that there is a slight detective-story interest in it too. There is a nice little part, which I shall

probably enlarge in the second act, for you or Edith Evans. Of course it will all have to be re-written under expert advice about entrances and exits etc. - you will be in time to give me your counsel on these matters. And I think it is not a bit like Auden & Isherwood. And I should prefer not to have Bobby Speaight as my leading man. (Did I tell you that some of us think he is getting rather conceited).

I think that somebody might have invited you to see the Harvard performance - of which I have no reports yet - although I think you must by now be very tired of seeing such a variety of Murders.

As for manuscripts! I feel very contrite - but you must understand that it is because I attach so little importance to manuscripts! In fact, all this goings-on at Yale has given me the creeps - almost as bad as having a Portrait Effigy at Tussaud's, which please God I shall never have. (And I have never been to Tussaud's, and dont want to go). But you shall have the next manuscript or near-manuscript - which will probably be a typescript with corrections in pencil - that is all there was of "Burnt Norton" - even if it not so directly concerned with yourself. I have no acting version of The Rock - or of the Centerbury text of Murder either.

I hope that I shall hear that you have been to Princeton, or else have been able to get about further afield than Boston. The Perkins's are coming very early. I hope that they will arrange to be out of London during Coronation Week - I trust at Camden itself - because it will be most crowded and uncomfortable.

I shall not be able to write again for a week. I hope that you will have a calm holiday, not worrying too much over yourself, but waiting for grace.

I hope you got my cable to Brimmer Street - it was judiciously worded, I hope - I did not know what would happen to it if you were not there.

Your loving

Tom

~~By~~ French packet NORMANDIE.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1.45PM
6 APR
1937
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest,

6 April1937.

This is an interim note, to catch the Normandie tomorrow, and I will write again tomorrow night. Your letter of the 21st March, enclosing your memorial of Miss Ware, arrived just on the morning of my departure. We had a successful (I think) visit; but it was tiring; and for three days I did not get the opportunity to wash properly; and I am suffering from indigestion after the baps and bannocks and oatcakes and porridge and mutton pies that I had to eat. We covered about 850 miles, I believe, by motor: on the first day from Dumfries through Kirkcudbright and aling the Ayrshire coast, which is lovely, to Glasgow; on the ~~thirdday~~ second day from Glasgow to a little inn on Loch Fyne - a delightful sea loch, with tide and seaweed and sea smell; on the third day to Inverness; on the fouth day up the Beauly River and back by Glen Urquhart; and on the fifth day from Inverness back to Glasgow. We interviewed several of the principal Glasgow booksellers; and I had to spend two nights in a caravan (what you call a trailer) with Morley in a backyard in Inverness; and whenever either of us turned over in his bed the caravan quivered from end to end.

I hope that my letters to Northampton have reached you, whether forwarded or kept for your return - I don't believe any have been lost so far - it is that I have been infrequent; but from now I expect to write more regularly. I hoped, unreasonably, that I might find another letter on my return, but it is only just a week tomorrow since the last.

By the way, did you not know that the "arrangement" (the introits) after the Sermon in "Murder" is only in the first edition and was only used at Canterbury - for the London production and for the second edition a chorus is substituted. I have a letter from Professor G.R.Elliott who thinks that their Amherst production was especially good.

Your notice of Miss Ware is very good - but I think some of the sentences might be simplified - especially the opening sentence, which in any piece of writing ought to be immediately grasped, takes two or three readings. I should like to go through the whole thing with you to consider points of style and order.

I hope I shall feel more active and less indigestive tomorrow night.

Sincerely yours
Devoted Pom

By German packet BREMEN.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
11 30 AM
8 APR
1937
S.W.7.

ans April 20.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

WORLD CONFERENCE AT OXFORD

PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS

Details were given yesterday of the second World Conference on Church, Community, and State, which is to be held at Oxford from July 12 to 26. The conference is being arranged by the Universal Christian Council on Life and Work, which was formed as a result of the first World Conference of the Churches in Stockholm in 1925, and vital problems concerning the impact of Christianity on the everyday life of the individual, the State and major international issues, including Communism and Fascism, will be discussed.

The Churches of 45 countries will be represented, including those of the United Kingdom, the United States, Canada, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Sweden, Norway, India, Australia, China, and Japan. These Churches will send 300 delegates, and 100 laymen are being co-opted on account of their special knowledge of economics, education, social, and international problems. In addition there will be 300 associate delegates and a selected group of 100 representatives of Christian youth organizations.

During the first week the conference will be divided into five sections to discuss questions arising under the following five heads:—Church and community; Church and State; Church, community, and State in relation to education; Church, community, and State in relation to the social order; and the universal Church and the world of nations. In the second week the findings of these sections will be laid before the whole conference, and it is expected that important decisions, making for action and guidance, will be taken.

SIX CHAIRMEN

The conference will meet under the presidency of six chairmen of different nationalities, comprising the following:—The Archbishop of Canterbury; Archbishop Germanos, the Archbishop of Thyatira, and permanent representative of the Greek Orthodox Church in London; Bishop Azariah, of Dornakal, South India; M. Marc Boegner, Moderator of the French Protestant Church; Dr. W. Adams Brown, chairman of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches in America; and another, probably representing Germany or Scandinavia.

Among the delegates already appointed are:—

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Chichester, Professor Ernest Barker, Lord Robert Cecil, the Rev. M. E. Aubrey, Dr. N. Micklem, Principal J. S. Whale, Lord Rochester, Professor Carnegie Simpson, Dr. H. Elvet Lewis, Lord Polwarth, the Bishop of Brechin, and the Bishop of Down.

Co-opted Delegates.—Professor Alfred Zimmern, Professor John Macmurray, Dr. A. D. Lindsay, Dr. T. S. Eliot, Sir Josiah Stamp, and Lord Lothian.

FINLAND.—Bishop Max von Bonsdorff.

FRANCE.—Professor Wilfred Monod and Pasteur Marc Boegner.

HOLLAND.—Dr. C. W. Th. Baron van Boetzalaer van Dubbeldam, Professor Dr. J. R. Slotemaker de Bruine, and Dr. J. C. Wissing.

NORWAY.—The Right Rev. D. E. Berggrav, Bishop of Halogaland, and Professor Kr. Hansson.

SWEDEN.—Archbishop D. Erling Eidem, of Uppsala, Professor A. Runestam, and Principal N. J. Nordström.

SWITZERLAND.—Professor D. Dr. Max Huber and Professor D. Adolf Keller.

U.S.A.—Dr. D. B. Brummitt, Dr. Robert E. Speer, Bishop James de Wolf Perry, and Bishop Warren L. Rogers.

CANADA.—Principal W. T. Brown and the Rev. Robert Laird.

AUSTRALIA.—Bishop Crotty.

CHINA.—Mr. T. H. Sun and the Rev. Timothy T. Lew.

INDIA.—The Bishops of Dornakal, Lahore, Madras, and Chota Nagpur.

A PERIOD OF PERSECUTION

The British Advisory Council of the conference, of which Sir Walter Moberly is the chairman, and the International Commission on Research, of which Dr. J. H. Oldham is chairman and the Rev. Eric Fenn and Miss Olive Wyon are the secretaries in London, are housed at Edinburgh House, Eaton Gate, S.W.1. The British Advisory Council, in a brochure on the scope of the conference, issued at 2d., state that the preparatory work carried on during the past three years has drawn into the ambit of the conference several hundred scholars and experts, representing widely different national and cultural traditions, who, although not all of them will be able to attend the conference, have willingly made their convictions available by means of memoranda.

Discussing the "emergence and consolidation of political systems which have ceased to be purely political, and have taken on the characteristics of religion," the brochure refers to the position of the Christian Church in Russia, Germany, and Japan, and says that in many places it has already entered a period of persecution, and may well have to take again to the catacombs. In a reference to the Spanish civil war and the rival banners of Fascism and Communism, the brochure adds: "In such a situation the most urgent question is whether there can emerge a body of men and women of such passionate Christian conviction that the movement they represent is more significant and more enduringly formative of the life of man than the secular forces which at present have us in their grip."

FUNERALS

MRS. JOHN WALTER

The funeral of Mrs. John Walter took place at Bear Wood, Wokingham, yesterday. The service was conducted by the Rev. W. H. Bayley.

Among those present were:—

Mr. John Walter, Mrs. D. E. O'Neill (daughter), Mr. John Walter, junior (son), Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Walter (son and daughter-in-law), Miss I. C. Walter (daughter), Miss Constance Walter, Mrs. Robert Walter, Miss Edith Walter, Mr. Stephen Walter, Lieutenant-Col. and Mrs. Edmund Walter, Mrs. Jervase Scott, John Holden, Mr. and Mrs. W. de Burgh Wi[illegible] H. J. Cutler (representing Major the Hon. [illegible] M.P., and Lady Violet Astor), Mr. W. [illegible] (representing the directors of The [illegible] Company), Mr. W. Lints Smith, [illegible] Brumwell, Mr. C. S. Kent, Miss [illegible] Wilson, Miss Evelyn Wilson.

Viscount and Viscountess [illegible] Huddleston, Miss Hamilt[illegible] ing Air Commodore a[illegible] Bayley, Mr. N. W. Ba[illegible] Arkwright (represen[illegible] Rev. R. W. Tuc[illegible] Harris St. John [illegible] A. Thomas L[illegible] Mrs. Loyd, [illegible] Miss Plow[illegible] Mrs. Artl[illegible] Mr. and [illegible] Mr. A[illegible] New[illegible] P. [illegible] a[illegible]

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378

Rhodesian Congo Border Concessions. After being formed as a separate company the Nchanga interests were merged with those of the Rhokana. Now they are again to be separated, and together with other areas, including those of Nchanga West, are acquired by the new company, whose programme is outlined to-day. Before 1931 much drilling and prospecting work had been carried out on the properties—sufficient, indeed, to disclose ore reserves estimated at 143,780,000 tons. hile the average estimated copper con- 4.66 per cent., the preliminary work n Nchanga West disclosed ore re- 46,500,000 tons, of an average nt of 6.9 per cent., and in- nage are 6,300,000 tons d to contain 17 per ramme which has or the early ex- le ore body, a the dewater- cently the g initial e exist- ut it ro- t

over a series of years to writing off the cost of life businesses acquired, and the balance of £145,000 has now been eliminated from the balance-sheet. The life businesses will continue to contribute to the earnings, although in gradually decreasing amounts. There has also been written off the balance (£35,803) of the premium on shares in subsidiary insurance companies :—

Item	1936	1935
	£	£
Profit and loss expenses ..	72,060	35,524
Colonial and foreign taxation ..	30,700	36,372
Trusteeship and other fees ..	8,659	6,815
Total interest for year ..	264,276	230,431
Balance at credit of profit and loss	277,802	257,264
Dividend on Ordinary shares	27½%	25%
Cost of Preference and Ordinary dividends	261,011	228,426

The cost of the dividends—the rate on the Ordinary shares for the year has been increased—is more than covered by interest earnings alone, and the balance carried forward at profit and loss is £277,803, compared with £257,265 brought forward.

Alliance Trust Results

The accounts of the old-established Alliance Trust Company, of Dundee, covering the 12 months ended January 31, reveal results that are in accord with those of other investment trusts. Net revenue shows a substantial increase, the latest total of £363,341 comparing with £316,892. Included in the total is over £21,000 representing payment of arrears of dividend and interest, this sum being very similar to the arrears contribution made towards the previous year's income. The board is able to double last year's allocations to reserves, £60,000, against nil, being placed to special taxation reserve, and £40,000, against £50,000, to contingent fund, and to increase the Ordinary dividend from 22 to 23 per cent., while carrying forward a slightly larger balance. The investments of the trust have a book value of £11,344,000. A year ago the directors reported that a valuation showed an appreciation over book cost, and they are now able to state that further appreciation has taken place during the past year.

FORTHCOMING ISSUES

OXLEY ENGINEERING COMPANY

Underwriting has been completed for an issue of 400,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each at par in Oxley Engineering Company. The company acquires as from January 1 last a business founded in 1895, specializing in the manufacture and erection of electrically welded purifiers, spiral guided gasometers, and storage tanks. The exclusive rights for the United Kingdom of the "Hollis" patents are vested in the company, and by means of the portable welding plant extensive repair work can be carried out in addition to manufacture. Contracts in hand for the supply of gasometers and storage tanks and equipment are stated to amount to over £200,000.

WELSH LEAD AND ZINC

An issue of 600,000 shares of 2s. each at par will shortly be made by Welsh Lead and Zinc, Limited, which has been formed to develop the lead, zinc, and other metal mines in Wales covering an area of approximately 6¼ square miles. The mines and most of the properties on which an option has been secured for a mining lease are stated to be fully developed and a large amount of ore is ready for immediate treatment, while the company's plant is installed and in full working order and is directly connected by a ropeway with the Great Western Railway. It is stated that the mines have produced in the past considerable quantities of lead and zinc, worked at a shallow depth only.

In a recent independent survey, an overwhelming majority of lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc., who said they smoked cigarettes, expressed their personal preference for a mild cigarette.

Miss Hale verifies the wisdom of this preference and so do other leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera, whose voices are their fortunes, and who choose KENSITAS, a mild cigarette. You, too, can have the throat protection of KENSITAS—a mild cigarette, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive KENSITAS Private Process.

Even if you are sincere about this cigarette, I think you are cheapening yourself by public expression of your approval.

are large tonnages of oxide ore at and adjoin-
se ores is a matter apart from the immediate
s on Nchanga West.
ing brought to production with the minimum
factors it is impossible at this stage to give a
vorking capital which is being raised initially
f the expenditure on shaft sinking, preparing
sand tons per day.

A LIMITED, Consulting Engineers.
A. UNGER, Technical Director.
ontract No. 1 below) the purchase considera-
by the allotment of 2,000,000 shares of the
urse to the Vendor Company all expenditure
ated at £12,000.
payment of preliminary expenses and reim-
pany as above mentioned, will be available
£2,828,002 will, it is considered, be sufficient

is issue immediately, as the dewatering of its
2,000 will be sufficient for its immediate re-
the shareholders of Rhokana Corporation
o allotment on the closing of the list, pro-
assured by the fact that the Directors are
eholders of Rhokana Corporation Limited.
's must be raised by the present issue in order
th Schedule to the Companies Act, 1929, is

of transfer of properties £60,000,
egoing matters NIL,

tion to those shareholders in the Vendor
provided that their applications reach the

d in the fold hereof and forms part of this

he qualification of a Director shall be the
irectors shall be paid out of the funds of the
n and the Chairman at the rate of £1,000 per
ation to be paid to the Directors under the
ers of the Company by way of dividend or
tors shall receive as additional remuneration
(before deduction of Income Tax) whether
amongst the Members but so that the total
ully-paid shares of the Company at the value
Company in General Meeting. In the event
npany the value of such assets or fully paid
of a simultaneous distribution of cash and
ch the Directors are to be entitled under this
cash and fully paid shares of the Company
Members. The Directors shall not under
s in the liquidation of the Company. The
ch proportions and manner as they may by
rmination equally. The Directors shall be
d by them in and about the business of the
or to go or to reside abroad, or to hold the
ative of the Company or shall otherwise be
ve a remuneration to be fixed by the Board.
uneration provided in the preceding Articles.
atio from day to day and the remuneration

Effect of Franc Devalua

The parent company's asse
£24,717,660 show an increase o
£1,000,000 on the year, the increas
mainly due to the purchase of adc
shares in the India Tyre and Rubbe
pany and in the Dunlop Rubber Co
(India). Altogether the floating
amount to £6,410,037, which exce
a substantial margin the current lia
for these are less than £2,000,000.
mainly to the recent devaluation
French franc revaluation of the com
interests in foreign subsidiaries at t
of December last showed a def
£315,000 on the basis of the then
rates of exchange. The director
taken this sum from the general
and placed it to the credit of a
reserve. The consolidated balanc
which covers the figures of the
company and all its subsidiary ar
subsidiary companies (with the ex
of the German companies), give a
£31,787,999. This figure show
change on the year, but the outs
feature of the balance-sheet in th
also is the high proportion of liqui
to current liabilities. Floating
amount to no less than £13,751,66
current liabilities, including taxa
serves, are only £3,653,019. A
table is included in the accounts s
on a strictly comparable basis, re
the last four years. A study of thes

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My dearest,

7 April 1937.

I am just beginning to recover from the effect of Scotch food - baps and bannocks and potato scones - on my digestion: aggravated no doubt by moving rapidly from place to place and not getting quite enough sleep. We arrived at Dumfries on Thursday morning, and were met by George Blake, our Glasgow friend, and breakfasted with him at the Station Hotel - whence I sent you a postcard after breakfast, and I feared afterwards that I might have given local offence by my flippant treatment of Burns's tomb. Burns's Tomb is, of course, the ugliest thing in the rather impressive churchyard of Dumfries: much too pretentious and perhaps glorifying the Burns Clubs rather than Burns. It is a monument in the flamboyant Paris-square style, with Muses and such: I think that all tombstones should observe a pious humility. We also looked at his house in Dumfries, and later in the day, at the house at Alloway near Ayr where he was born - this looking suspiciously artificial and restored. But the journey by car though west Galloway and Ayrshire was delightful: the Stewartry, Maxwellton (whose braes are bonnie) and especially the Kennedy country on the coast of Ayrshire are charming. We arrived at Helensburgh, a suburb of Glasgow on the shore of Gareloch, in time for dinner. The next day was spent in Glasgow, visiting booksellers, and having a lunch party with some of the local intellectuals, including the dramatist James Bridie (who in private life is Dr.Mavor). Returning to Helensburgh, we started out (including Mrs.Blake) and proceeded so far towards the Highlands as Cairndow, on Loch Fyne, where there is a pleasant little hotel, and the loch is a sea loch, with a tide and seaweed and a sea smell. The next day we motored through the West Highlands by a devious route to Inverness: the outstanding memory is of the village of Inverary (the chef-lieu of the Campbells and seat of the Duke of Argyll) which, to my surprise, is really very beautiful - and Scotland is so deficient in civilised architecture that it was astonishing: the architecture of Inverary is local and yet English of the 18th century. At Inverness, we staid as usual with the novelist Neil Gunn and his wife - a wild and goofy Highlander who has a job in the excise, and knows more about whisky than anyone living - he is one of our authors. Their house is small, and only the Blakes could

be put up in it; so Morley and I were set to sleep in a caravan (in American, trailer) which stood in the back yard. To sleep in a caravan with Morley at the other end, when the caravan is rather weak and teetery anyway, is something that takes getting used to; and neither of us slept very well the first of the two nights. And the rooks began dancing about on the roof as soon as it was light. The next day we all drove up into the Beauly valley to the north of Inverness - extraordinarily beautiful river valley - picnicked, and came back in the afternoon through Glen Urguhart. (I took some photographs, chiefly of Daisy Gunn, to please her, which were probably under-exposed). And on Monday we drove back the usual way, through Pitlochrie and Blair Atholl, to Helensburgh, and took the night train back to London.

What a skeleton narrative this is. Events happen rapidly, and one has to give the setting in order to make one's observations intelligible; and by that time there isn't time. I don't think you know Scotland: and one needs to know both the country, the scenery, and the people, to realise its sadness and hopelessness. Part of the horror of the centralisation of modern life is the isolation of the provincial: which is just as pronounced in Glasgow or Inverness as it is in Indianapolis or Denver. (I sent a post card to Jean).

I am trying to finish the first draft of Act I this week; but tomorrow morning I visit the oculist, and I must spend Saturday in clearing up for the move to 11 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7. (round the corner) on Monday. I was introduced to a book of Gaelic Charms in Inverness, and want to adapt one for the end of Act I. I am hoping to go abroad for the Coronation Week (May 12th). I have to dine with the Morleys tomorrow night, but may be able to write another note - mind you, I call this a "note" - on Friday to catch this same boat.

to my Emilie from her Tom.

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

SOUTHAMPTON
1 1 45PM
13 APR
1937
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Opposite the
Camp Fire:

Mugsley

E


HOTEL

Geo. Blake

The Lamp Fire

Neil Gunn

Sc. Blake


THE

The Geo. Blake
Monument in
Kensington

Morley, Ellie Blake
Neil Gunn, Daisy
Gunn, Geo. Blake
(left to right)

Carindow Inn.

Inch George Black,

Mr Lang,

Mr Jones, proprietor

Daisy
Gunn.

pre-me,
Beauty
Valley.

Uncle George

Mr Lewis.

Mrs Jones

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

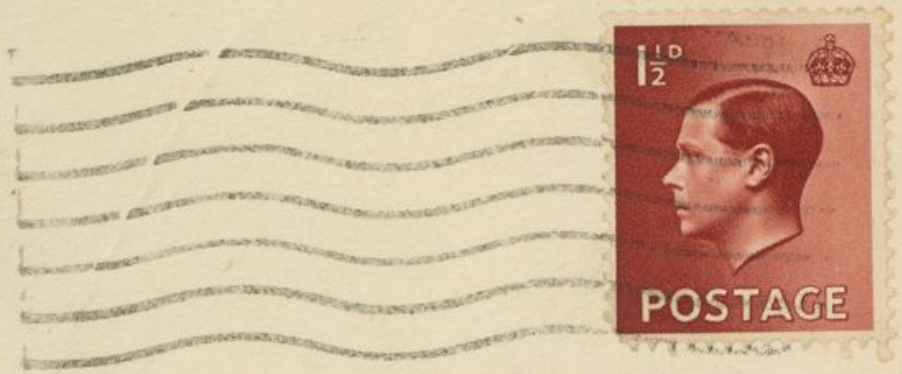
24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My dearest Pie, 13 April 1937.

I had expected to have the whole evening to write to you by the Queen Mary, and I have exactly half an hour. The rest of this letter will be taken up in explanation of why this is. We moved from Grenville Place, round the corner to 11 Emperor's Gate, yesterday. That is, I went out in the morning, after doing a partial packing up of my goods, and after a day's work attended a dinner of the All Souls Club, at which our Baptist member, Mr. Le Quesne K.C., expounded the Baptist theory of adult baptism, to the equal astonishment of Anglicans and Methodists, to whom it was as unfamiliar and strange as it was to me - our Duncam-Jones had a good deal to say - and returned to my new abode at 11 in the evening. I am not yet sure what I think of it, and everything is too confused for a fair opinion yet. In the morning I found the bathroom full of plumbers, so after doing some vestry business I went off to the club, with my shaving tackle etc. in my pocket, and had a bath there before lunch. I may do the same tomorrow. Then I cameback after my day at the office (and tea with Ottoline, who is in bed with neuritis in her legs - I did not know that people could get neuritis in the legs - she explained at length why she doesnt want to see Keats, it is avery complicated story) to find that there was no dinner here, so I dashed back to the club again. Where I fell into the arms of the Revd. Sir Clement Hoskyns, who talked at length about cheese, cricket, and theology, and his next book which we are to publich on the Crucifixion and Resurrection: so that I did not get back until after ten, and then had a struggle with the gas meter in the bedroom and had to call Elizabeth to help me, and so did not get started on this letter until seven minutes ago. So this will only be a greting, instead of a proper letter. I have marked the 20th 21st June in my diary to keep them free. I hope I can give you these rooms - in a week I shall see what the situation is here, but apparently if you have my rooms you will be alone on the floor with Elizabeth - the vicar is below - I understood that the funny little secretary, Miss Cowan, was to be snuggled in here too, but I havent seen her and I dont see any room for her - she is very refined and prim, and used to run into me on the stairs, usually carrying a tray or something, and always said: "Oh! Mr.Eliot! I'm SO sorry - I always seem to be barging into you!" I think we will just dine quietly at a restaurant, and if it is warm and dry perhaps take a stroll in the evening; and not go to a theatre or anything un-

less you stay two nights. I cannot really believe that I am going to have you in London again, and sit beside you in a taxi, and across the table in a restaurant, and eventually see you off to Campden at Paddington... My dear, my Dear. I have finished the first draft of the first act of my play, and I hope I may do the second act before you come: because I don't want to show it to you or Browne or Dukes until I have written both parts. And after that the painful business of re-writing according to the criticism of those who really understand the theatre. I am willing to show the first act by itself to people like Hayward and Morley and Faber (who by the way, is in Wales in bed with MUMPS) who are not people of the theatre: but not to you and Dukes and Browne, with whom I shall have a great struggle to preserve any of my design against superior knowledge of the stage. So now I must stop, and I will write by the next boat, I hope in less disorder and at more leisure.

My Emilie's devoted Tom.



By C.W.S. AQUITANIA.

Poem T Alison Tandy

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE
CRITERION
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EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

16 April 1937.

My darling,

Your little letter of April 6th from Boston reached me this morning - that is to say, I found it on going to my office; because after writing to you last I had two days in bed with a cold. I think it must have been due to sleeping in this new flat (Address: Flat 3, 11 Emperor's Gate, S.W.7.) before the wall paper had been properly dried - because I went to bed feeling perfectly well, after my old buffers' dinner discussing adult baptism, and woke up the next morning with a stuffy head cold. As usual, I went through the day, dined as I said with Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, and came home and wrote to you, not mentioning my cold because I was not sure it would get me down - and the next morning my temperature told me I must stay in bed. It was awkward, because the moving was still going on. I managed to get Elizabeth to get a message through to my secretary somehow, though the telephone was not in order, and no messages were receivable: and she put off my engagements for that day. After that Elizabeth collapsed from overwork; and the plumbers camped in the bathroom and cut off the water and the gas and fiddled about with their tools; and from time to time strange parochial women whom I had never seen before poked in cups of tea and bovril at me and said "Are you sure that's all you want?" and disappeared; and I cowered under the bedclothes; and I could not get to the lavatory till the evening came and the plumbers vanished, and for two whole days I did not wash; and only the good Tandy found me out, by going to Grenville Place and seeing a milk bottle with a message on it "Deliver to 11 Emperor's Gate, flat 3", and brought a half bottle of dry sherry; and only this morning I shaved off a stiff three days beard and went to my office. This place is not so bad: it is much quieter, and much warmer, than Grenville Place. But the rooms are less spacious, and I am doubtful whether they are so favourable to composition. And my rooms are not self-contained: that is, I have no outer door, and my bedroom does not open into my sitting room, but I have to pass through the outer hall; and even though I share this floor only with Elizabeth, it does not seem so private.. But, whatever other considerations enter into it, I do not intend to move at least until I have finished "The Family Re-union".

As for Edinburgh - I am very much pleased that you should even want to be there! You know, it never occurred to me that you would

think importantly enough of it to want to come! Well, if you do, and if the Perkins's care to journey that far too, I will make enquiries - I don't see why my friends shouldnt witness the ceremony, such as it is - my family, Henry and Theresa, sat and watched me being made a Litt.D. at Columbia: only I cant stay long there, and I imagine that the candidates for degrees have their time laid out for them (it was so at Columbia) and I couldn't be sure of getting any time in your company - and I would rather have the time with you at Campden or anywhere private - London especially. And it seems to me that unless you want to go to Edinburgh anyway, it is spending a lot of money which I had rather spend with you when we can be together: so I shall not enquire about seats for the ceremony until I hear from you again. But of course, I should love to feel that you were there. Yet I had rather the cost of going to Edinburgh and staying there were spent otherwise.

I do hope that your mother's health will not be a cause of new anxiety - I think that you know my sympathy and I hope understanding - and I think that you know my feelings, as I think that I know yours - and you know that this is always in my bedtime prayers.

I go tomorrow to the Morleys' for the weekend - I have not been for a long time; and now the cuckoos will be about - I hardly hope for the nightingales yet, especially as the weather is still cold. My plans for Coronation Week are not settled, because of Geoffrey Faber's MUMPS in Wales - but I shall either go with the Morleys to Salzburg for the week; or if Faber is still away, then I shall try to persuade Tandy to come to some village in Normandy (Tandy being quite as definitely a Norman name as Eliot) at my expense (because he can't afford it and his daughter q.v. has just had to have all of her milk teeth out at home). London is getting more and more intolerable, with coronation decorations and seats.

I have finished Act I: and I find that starting Act II is just as difficult - I mean more difficult than starting a new play. But I aim at getting the rest drafted before you arrive - because, my darling, it is very difficult to keep my mind on such things when you are about - and by "about" I do not mean merely in London, but within railway distance, within overnight letter distance. To write a good play seems important for your sake, and yet when you are about it seems trivial.

My Emily from her Tom

By French packet NORMANDIE.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To Miss Stuart Moore's address
T.S.E. "article about The Criterion"

THE
CRITERION
A QUARTERLY REVIEW
EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

My Darling,

20 April 1937.

I am writing this morning to catch the Normandie tomorrow; I should have time this evening, after dining with Dobree whom I have not seen for a long time; but I have already had to use up part of the morning writing a long letter to Geoffrey to cheer him up in his mumps, so I will use up the rest writing to you. I have to thank you for your letter of April 9th, which arrived yesterday. I am now pretty well settled into my new quarters. Elizabeth is on the whole a better cook than Alice, I think; but I dont know what we shall do when she takes her summer holiday - go away ourselves I expect - as she now does all the work of the flat. It ought to harden my leg muscles, climbing so many steps, and improve my wind, too. I don't suppose I shall have time to get my pictures up (that's not a job I care to leave to anyone else) until the autumn, or make other improvements, because I want to finish my play first, and I am just getting to the hardest part. And there will be so many interruptions. As I said, I want to get out of England during the Coronation, and there seems some prospect of going to Salzburg with the Morleys, which would mean being away about ten days, longer than I had intended. And when I get back I must write out my piece for the annual meeting of the Friends of Rochester - I have to do a lecture on Religious Drama. (the Dean has now become Bishop of Bath & Wells, so I suppose I shall have to become a friend of Bath & Wells too, I have never been to Wells, which I believe is quite a good cathedral, better than Rochester anyway). And at the end of June is Kingswood School, and at the beginning of July (the 2nd) Edinburgh, and on the 12th July Oxford.

I am pleased that you should want to see the Edinburgh ceremonies! Only I hate to think of your travelling to Edinburgh alone and staying at a hotel, especially as I expect that the recipients of degrees will have all their time laid out for them, and it would be trying to have you in Edinburgh and see nothing of you. Would the Perkins's want to come with you, do you think, or anybody else? I will write to Dover Wilson and ask whether it is possible to obtain seats for friends, and how many.

The royalties for American productions of course differ. I shall know about Harvard and Amherst on my next pay sheet. The New York production last year brought me about 450 dollars - a pro-

per production would of course bring in much more. Dukes says the company is doing very well on its provincial tour; and he now ta lks of sending out two companies in the autumn, one to America (he has been negotiating with Gilbert Miller - this is of course confidential) and one to the provinces again. And "The Ascent of F6" is still running at the Mercury, and will be given a trial run in the West End. I am glad that it should do well, and not only from motives of generosity, but because I think that it will help my future work to have audiences being trained all the time in hearing modern verse plays. "The Family Re-union" will hardly, I think, have the immediate success of "Murder"; because it is a contemporary scene, and no doubt there are many people who have come to accept modern verse for a mediaeval play, but who have still to learn to accept it (instead of prose) for a modern play.

I am sorry to hear that you will have to move; but I hope that you will find something equally comfortable and well arranged, and equally pleasantly situated, for a reasonable price. On the whole your current reports of yourself are cheering. It is natural that you should have recurrences of the feelings of last year, especially when you get out of your surroundings of work and into other surroundings which perhaps invite such recurrences. Perhaps you can discover (and if you can find out for yourself, you can tell me) just what circumstances bring them on; because if you can, it will help you to overcome them, to protect yourself in the right way by getting to understand the circumstances so well as to cease to be affected by them, and by cultivating a right kind of detachment from them. One aims to arrive at a kind of "magnanimity", to see things and people in such a full perspective that one is no longer hurt by little things and small people, but is above them. I speak of such things now, because I think you will have to prepare yourself against trials at Campden - and don't think that I am ignoring all the pleasant and happy aspects either. And don't ever confuse "humility" with belittling oneself, or let it become a strain of forcing feelings that one can't feel - a person might even come, through humility, to see himself as a more important and more dignified person than before; and the people with "inferiority complexes" are among those who most certainly lacking in humility. Humility is much more detachment, and a willingness to see both oneself and others as ~~they~~ we really are.

Mrs.Stuart Moore's address is 50, Campden Hill Square, W.8.; and I am sure that it would be a pleasure to her to have you write. Her recent book called "Worship" is said to be very good indeed; I have not had the time to read it yet.

Now I must stop, and go to give lunch to a prospective author.

With all my love, to Emily from her Tom

I suggest that the idea of the Kingship is more fundamental, from a *Royalist* point of view, than the idea of a " Patriot King "— a phrase which was given currency by an eighteenth century writer whose notions about the Kingship were not complicated by religious orthodoxy. I suggest that Mr. Tomlin's conception, like that of some of our Roman friends who hold similar views, might point towards the identification of a Patriot King with a kind of Fascist King—with a conception of the Monarchy in which the hereditary claimant to our allegiance should double the role of *duce* or *fuehrer*. " When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept." It seems to me that Mr. Tomlin and the Dominicans for whom " the visit to South Wales had symbolised the return in England of an older and to us a more democratic conception of Kingship," are enjoying the vision of an idealised past and preparing the way for a certainly not democratic future.

Kilt, except for ceremonial purposes, is almost extinct in Scotland—not because it is outmoded, as the sword is outmoded in the Navy—but because of the compulsion of fashion. The shawl, universal among the mill-girls of Lancashire and Yorkshire ten years ago, has almost entirely given place to-day to the chic hat of the illustrated papers.

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A democratic country is virtually ruled by its middle classes, by the socially ambitious inhabitants of its suburbs. They in turn are ruled by " the best people." The suburban notion of what goes on in intellectually, financially and socially more fortunate strata is derived almost exclusively from the modern " straight " play. (The influence of Noel Coward must, in the last few years, have been enormous. The Sunday paper that is now publishing his memoirs has long had Lord Castlerosse as its most important middleman, retailing smart gossip for its avid " Little Men.") The influence [illegible] far deeper and far more lasting than [illegible] could ever hope to bring about, [illegible] should study the means by [illegible] put across. There is [illegible] (Swiss Cottage) [illegible] "A Tavern [illegible] lass,

contemporary dramatisations, reiterated by stage, screen and feuilleton. "The modern girl" is a still more marked type, a product almost purely of artificial forcing; to-day she is a degenerate forgery, fitted out with the voice, language, hair, etc., of Hollywood—of the "Bright Young Thing" of twenty years back. It is astonishing, if you observe them, how many young women deliberately conform to the type, just as if they were themselves on the stage. Often it is quite difficult to find anything at all there, under the trappings of Garbo (Garbo is the model, as a rule).

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The powers-that-be have in all societies reaped advantage from the mimetic proclivities of the masses. One can imagine easily the attraction, to the lonely Japanese bowman, of joining the private ritualised bodyguard, with its spectacular livery, of one of the old Shoguns. To-day we are at the mercy, not of monarchs or priests so much as of commerce; and this applies as much to the dictatorship countries as to [illegible] America. And commerce rules [illegible] effective, method; *i.e.*, [illegible] unofficial advertisem[illegible] formance, cin[illegible] creates a[illegible] no[illegible]

there. And for miles across the country the farmers stood, anxiously sniffing the air and wrinkling up their faces as the strong wind bore it to them—the abominable stench of burning fat.

It had its birth in the deep pit, down by the ozier-bed, where the men, tired and sweating in the foul heat, passed to and fro on their horrible business. It was a pit bedded with tons of blazing coal and wood, into which the slaughtered animals were rolled, feeding the fire with their own fat which oozed and hissed among the flames.

The men working by it were of two sets. There was a gang of unemployed from the nearest town, glad enough, poor fellows, even of this loathsome work, and easily distinguishable from the farm hands, by their less personal attitude towards the tragedy. Indeed, their ill-timed jokes jarred on the countrymen and brought a sturdy rebuke from the thin knock-kneed cowman, who was almost shedding tears over the fate of his loved charges.

Mr. Reckitt, Mr. Tomlin and the Crisis

By T. S. ELIOT

In complying, somewhat unwillingly, with the Editor's request that I should contribute to this discussion, I should like to begin by being no less complimentary to Mr. Reckitt and Mr. Tomlin than they have been to each other. I think too highly of their abilities, and of the value of their opinions, to hope that I can compose their differences. But when two opposed views have been put forward, there is something to be said for attempting to express another which is not quite identical with either.

I can speak, at least, as one who, from what may be either a judicial or a vacillating temper of mind, failed to make up his mind until some time after the "crisis" was over. That was a period in which one was exposed to winds of emotion from every side at once; in which one's feelings might vary several times a day. It does not seem to me that either Mr. Reckitt or Mr. Tomlin has yet quite separated the true issues from the irrelevant. First of all, public opinion, which they both invoke. As I have just reported, my own private opinion fluctuated constantly, so I can hardly be expected to take at their face value the "instinctive reactions" of the people at such a moment. Mr. Tomlin is naturally shocked at the conduct of the organs of information, in giving quite a contrary meaning to the behaviour of a crowd in which he had himself mixed: the fact of having been an eye-witness inflamed his indignation. Such conduct should not surprise anyone who has already felt apprehension about our organs of public information (see Jane Soames: "The English Press"; or George Blake "The Press and the Public"). I think that Mr. Tomlin's indignation led him to attach too much importance to the feelings of the crowd. Where we cannot trust our own feelings, why should we put faith in the collective feeling of people the majority of whom are probably less reflective than ourselves? That the behaviour of any crowd means *something* I do not deny; but it requires interpretation. I suspect that the behaviour of this particular crowd represented a feeling which in many individuals is conscious: a distrust of the present Government, combined with a distrust of the only alternative political party in the House of Commons. This distrust had for some time past reinforced the popular charm which King Edward undoubtedly exerted, and had led many people who cannot be dismissed as merely constituents of a mob, to look towards him as the only hope of leadership. It was hoped that he might be a model of public life, and that his private life might remain private; and the reaction of a crowd, when these hopes were suddenly dashed, was a natural howl of disappointment and rage, and a state of mind in which people are inclined to blame somebody.

I do not attach any more importance to Mr. Reckitt's counter-evidence (what he produces is pretty feeble) than to Mr. Tomlin's. What neither of them seems to recognise is the possibility of both attitudes being adopted by the same people at different moments, and this, for what my small opportunities of observation are worth, must be allowed for. The attitude of indignation and loyalty to a King against a distrusted Government, may be held by the same man who is the *gouailleur* of the public-house. I think that what may be called the Upper Middle Class—including the more serious part of the "aristocracy"—felt that the change was inevitable. I do not mean the plutocracy, but the best, as well as the disinterestedly narrow-minded and prejudiced elements of Whiggery. I cannot prove this; and I am not defending this class; I only maintain that the people who were shocked are not people to be ignored.

Similarly, I think that in the present perspective we may now come to attach less importance to the behaviour of the newspapers. The behaviour of the Press, at emotional moments, is seldom edifying; and on this occasion one could hardly take satisfaction in the newspapers whatever line they took, whether the righteous and sanctimonious or the demagogic. Some seemed to be fishing in troubled waters. I have not the slightest doubt of the simplicity and innocence of the Bishop of Bradford. His words were altogether admirable. They were given by the Press an application that he never intended. Whether this sudden outburst on the part of the Press was a concert, a "plot," seems to me irrelevant. I am assuming, of course, that Mr. Tomlin and those who share his views are no more possessed of inside information than I am. The Editor of "Blackfriars" (whose January leader, "Catholics and the Crown," is the ablest exposition of the point of view held by Mr. Tomlin that I have seen) appears to believe that there was concerted action. He speaks of the London Press on December 3rd as acting "with a uniformity in diversity that Dr. Goebbels might well envy" and contrasts with it "The obviously spontaneous and unconcerted reaction of the Catholic press." I do not question for a moment that this reaction was spontaneous and unconcerted; but on the face of it "Blackfriars" is hardly fair, and the spontaneous and unconcerted section of the Catholic Press needs explanation too. Is the accusation that the secular Press (including the "Church Times") received its instructions from the Government, directly or circuitously? My point is that in any case, this is merely another red herring over the real issue.

Similarly, with the suggestion that there was some plot engineered by financiers, or the Bank of England; or by Mr. Baldwin and his friends, fearful that the King's opinions and popularity might inconvenience their intentions of strengthening their power. Well, at such a moment, stories of plots breed with amazing rapidity; I do not know whether Mr. Tomlin is aware that there have been in circulation other stories, or canards, of plotters who hoped that King Edward might serve their equally nefarious designs. I assert nothing and I am not in a position to deny anything. But even if any story were true it would merely confuse the real issue.

I would say furthermore, though I dislike saying it, that I do not believe that Mr. Tomlin has any better knowledge than I have, of what King Edward

would have tried to do for improving the condition of the people, or righting the wrongs of the distressful areas. It seems to me that Mr. Tomlin does not everywhere keep distinct the notion of power of the Kingship (which I think we should like to see enhanced) and the "patriot King" as an object of personal devotion. So far as the latter goes, and so far as my private feelings go, I could feel more personal devotion to a king who combined with popular virtues some unpopular ones, and who could be as independent of the populace as of the artistocracy and of his ministers. But loyalty to the King is something that we can observe towards any occupant of the Throne: the possibility of personal devotion is not altogether in our command. In any case, this also seems to me irrelevant.

Finally, we must set aside as irrelevant our opinions of the much-criticised words of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I will, however, say (lest I should be thought to be biassed, or committed to a certain opinion) that the words to which exception was taken, seemed to me ill-timed. They seem to me, though justified, injudicious. Especially because the choice which any King makes of his *private* associates does not seem to be a suitable matter for *public* criticism. It will be observed that the Bishop of Bradford confined himself to a censure of the King's *public* negligence of religious observance—a legitimate criticism of the way in which, as King, he was failing to carry out his public duties as Head of the Church. He did not even criticise the King's private indifference to religion. Another reason why the Archbishop's reference may seem unsuitable is that the issue was not even the King's private life, but his wish to marry, which was a quite different, and strictly *public* matter. (This point has already been noted by others.) And finally, the coincidence of the Archbishop's remark, with the actuality of a Divorce Bill deserving the full force of his invective, was at least unfortunate. And all this is irrelevant.

Now, I may have failed completely to understand Mr. Tomlin's point, but he does not make clear exactly what the crisis was. He asserts that the King had forced upon him an "unreal and distressing dilemma *at least five months before marriage, either morganatic or otherwise, was even a feasible proposition.*" But unless we are to believe that Mr. Baldwin was lying like a trooper, it was Baldwin who had the dilemma forced upon him. No blame can attach to King Edward for forcing the issue, but force it he apparently did. Supposing that he had refrained from raising the matter until after the Coronation, and after the decree absolute, and then simply announced his intention, he could not have been prevented, and I do not see that the Government would have had any ground for resigning. His wife would have become Queen. But if, after that, popular feeling had become so adverse—and not the popular feeling of a moment, but that which had time to become confirmed—that he had judged best to abdicate, surely the effect of abdication in 1937 or 1938 would have been a more severe blow to the Kingship than abdication in 1936. In taking the step he did, or "forcing the issue," King Edward is to be commended.

It seems probable that, rightly or wrongly, the present House of Commons would have been opposed to passing a measure for a morganatic marriage. That was Mr. Baldwin's affair. But, let us say, why not a morganatic marriage? There are only two questions to answer: why not Mrs. Simpson on the Throne? and alternatively, why not a morganatic marriage?

"Blackfriars" takes, on the one hand, a sacramental-legalistic position. It affirms that if King Edward was convinced "that it was impossible for him to be a real King without Mrs. Simpson," then "Catholics are the first to recognise that it would not have affected the reality of the royalty, any more than the morality of a Pope affected the reality of the Papacy." I am quite ready to admit that the morality of a Pope does not affect the reality of the Papacy. But I suggest that the morality of Popes did affect the dignity and importance of the Papacy, and did unfortunately forward the designs of those persons who, for their own ends, wished to bring about what has been called the "Reformation." "Blackfriars" thinks that the legal consequences of December, 1688, have long been forgotten: had James II been dismissed as an atheist, instead of as a Papist, would "Blackfriars" be so ready to forget them? I should not take issue so violently with "Blackfriars" if it stuck to legalism and the "immemorial hereditary right" which has devolved in such devious ways during the last nine hundred years. But "Blackfriars" recognises that "there was a growing divergence between the position held by the Crown in constitutional law in practice and in popular myth. The position in constitutional law and in practice has been unaffected by the abdication." It would seem therefore that it is the passage of a "popular myth" which "Blackfriars" regrets. Would this popular myth have endured with Mrs. Simpson on the Throne? King Edward's exploration of the possibility of a morganatic marriage suggests that he himself doubted it.

Would the popular myth have endured a morganatic marriage? It is difficult to predict how much the popular myth will endure. This, at least, would have imposed a new strain on it, as there are no precedents. I cannot but believe that the popular myth owes a good deal of its power to the belief that kings are, like priests, lonely men who have sacrificed their natural lives. What a king sacrifices is not, to be sure, the same as what a priest sacrifices. It may not appear to be so much, because it is possible to be a good King without being a moral man. On the other hand, it is more, because a man can choose to be a priest or not, but a king is chosen by his parents begetting him. It is possible also to be a bad priest but a real priest, for a priest's private character does not invalidate the Sacraments that he celebrates. But it is not possible for a Roman priest to marry. In that there is more involved than the maintenance of a popular myth about priests. It has not heretofore been possible for a king to marry another man's wife. And in that, I submit, there is more involved than a popular myth about kings.

By C.W.S. BERENGARIA.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
1 15PM
23 APR
1937
S.W.7.

Miss Emily Hale,

240 Crescent Street,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Flat 3,
11, Emperor's Gate,
S.W.7.

23 April (Shakespeare) 1937.

My Dearest,

I find that by getting this off this morning I can catch the Berengaria - I have promised to go off with Tandy this weekend to Cambridge and Wisbeach - now that the time comes I grudge it, as I usually do, but Tandy has been looking forward to it for a long time, and he doesn't get away much: and I couldn't get out of going to the Morleys last weekend, because I had not been there for a long time - although I shall spend a night or two there over Coronation Day - it is inconvenient that they cannot leave till the day after the Coronation, as Coronation Day is also Susanna's birthday - I imagine that by that time Faber will be back, though he is very miserable at the moment with his mumps, which must be exceedingly disagreeable for an adult. I think it will be wise however for me to take ten days holiday abroad in May, because I will feel freshed for the work of June and July, and apart from visits to Wales and (I trust) Campden I do not expect to take any real holiday this year.

The last two weeks very broken up - first by moving and having a cold, after which a cold wet weekend at Lingfield - this week by several jobs to be done in the morning, including a visit to Janes. I hope now to get a fortnight of continuous work on Act II: I have drawn up a skeleton for it, but have not written a line - I mean from Monday next to the Coronation. The Perkins's arrive, I believe, on Monday. I shall send them a greeting - I think of Lapsang Souchong - but as they are going straight to Campden I don't think I shall be able to see them until after I return.

I pray the last months of the term may not leave you exhausted, and that you may be well and strong - though no doubt tired - before you sail. Is anyone you know coming by the same boat, or at the same time? The Elsmiths had spoken, you remember, of being in England this summer. (Visitors are coming - the Hotsons are already here!)

to Emily from her
devoted Tom

By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.

SOUTH KENSINGTON
3 15PM
27 APR
1937
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

27 April 1937.

My Dearest Jim,

I am writing this morning to catch the Queen Mary, as I have to give H.G.Porteus dinner tonight - I doubt if he often gets a square enough meal. Then to start on what, I hope, will be a fairly uninterrupted fortnight of play-writing before going abroad. The office will be closed for a whole week anyway; already London is beginning to become impassable. The parks are closed, because the Colonial troops which have come to march in the procession are camping there; and the central parts of town are covered with scaffolds for seats. And people one wants to get hold of are gradually disappearing to the country and abroad.

I had a fairly good weekend at Wisbech; the weather, though very cold, was fine; and my cold is ~~gradually~~ leaving me (though I shall be very glad of a holiday). We tried three good wines - Romanee St.Vivant 1923, Chateau Leoville-Poyferré 1915, and Cockburn 1900 which were all new to me. Some day I may know something about wine: the advantage of cultivating one's taste is practical as well as aesthetic, because if you are to appreciate good wine you can only drink very little at a time (the same applies to brandy and whisky too) and it makes one avoid ordinary beverages in favour of good beer. Also, one smokes less, because smoking interferes with the sense of taste. Wisbech is a more striking town than I had expected: there is a fine open place with some excellent 18th century houses along the banks of the River Nene. I should like to penetrate further into the fen country, and know more about Lincolnshire and East Anglia (where there are some lovely churches) - I wonder if you know that country at all: but I am always conscious in Eastern Counties of feeling much less at home than in the West - Gloucestershire, Worcestershire and the Welsh Marches, and Somerset, Wiltshire and Dorset, are the parts of Britain I like best.

By the time you get this you will have only about six weeks more of term, and will be busy, no doubt, preparing for examinations. I have received a couple of copies of the Amherst paper, relating to "Murder": I was a little startled to read a headline to the effect that "Eliot approves Amherst Production" until I found that the column was a critique by Sam Eliot ("Smith Professor") who,

however, did not seem to think much of the play itself - the merit was in the work of the Amherst Masquers and not in that of the author. Do you ever see anything of him? I have no idea what he is like.

I do hope it will turn warm quickly. My winter clothes are very shabby - and I have been thinking of the Perkins's shivering in Campden. I am very anxious that it should be a fine warm sunny summer for you; and I still hope, because last year was so dull and cold: but the spring is certainly very late indeed. Though I don't think the growing things mind it so much as human beings; for the country is fairly well advanced.

to Emilie from her devoted Tom

We are trying to find a subject for Mrs.Trouncer - no sooner is one book out (this time the Pompadour) than she is clamouring about the next. That woman is terrifyingly industrious. It means that I have got to mug up the subject of Ninon de Lanclos.