

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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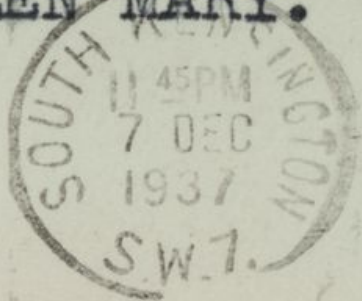
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By C.W.S. QUEEN MARY.



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

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

2 December 1937.

Dear,

This has been a very unsatisfactory week for writing. First the long weekend at the Morleys, which meant (as any weekend means) that Monday morning was useless, as I could only get back in time to change, do my washing list, and get off to lunch. Then I had illadvisedly arranged to dine out on both Monday and Tuesday evenings - Monday with the Perkins's to meet Miss Sunderland-Taylor, and Tuesday to play chess with Hope Mirrlees - and on Tuesday morning I had to hurry off to get to St. Paul's in time for the consecration of Francis Underhill and Kenneth Kirk as bishops of Bath & Wells and Oxford respectively: so that there was no time in which to write for the only good boat this week. There is a boat tomorrow, the Washington I think, but no fast one for nearly a week. And as for work, not much will be done this week either. Monday and Tuesday mornings used up; Wednesday I had to go to the dentist; tomorrow morning again to the dentist to have a molar out - but I don't think I shall have to have a dental plate yet - the tooth has split into two halves - and on Monday again to the dentist just for inspection. And after that I must give some attention to the matter of Christmas cards, presents for seven children etc., so no likelihood of my finishing this draft before Christmas. I have done six more pages - have four or five more to do to complete this scene, then another long scene and then the more fiddly business of bringing all to a neat conclusion. Anyway, as you will see from the enclosed letter from Martin, the play is not likely to be produced until the autumn; though the run of O'Neill's play ends in a fortnight. I am going to see "Mourning Becomes Electra" in a week's time with Mary Hutchinson, so as to judge for myself: but the point is not so much whether there is any real similarity (I shall be much surprised if there is) but whether there are any superficial likenesses to strike an audience. There is evidently a reference to the Orestes theme in O'Neill's play; on the other hand, there are only the Furies to suggest a relationship in mine.

Two very fine, though very cold days, while at Lingfield; and a lovely drive through Kent on Sunday - to fetch Donald for the day from his school - and took him to Ramsgate for lunch (the general formation of Ramsgate, as seen from the sea-front, is quite beautiful) and drove back through Broadstairs and Margate which I knew already.

The Perkins's seemed quite well, and we had I think a successful evening with Miss Taylor, who is very much what one would expect to find.

Hope fidgetty as ever, and her dachshund far more intolerable than the Thorps' dog ever was. I find that knowing a number of rather lonely individuals of various sorts (for there is not much else in common between, say, Hope Mirrlees, Janes, and Jan Culpin) is apt to take as much time and be as tiring as going out in "society" could be.

Tonight I look in on John to get him to help me in revising the translation of "Anabase" for the American edition.

If you had seen the Morleys' Labrador puppies you would have wanted one. They had eight, and are not finding it easy to get rid of them. They ought to get good prices.

Saturday night I dine with Mrs. Seaverns and the Perkins's. I fortunately received by mistake an extra ticket for the Consecration, which I gave to Dr. Perkins. The ceremony is simple, though long, but I found very impressive, especially the laying on of hands, which is done, not by the Archbishop alone, as I had supposed, but by all the bishops present, of whom there were twenty or thirty.

I hope that your Thanksgiving was a happy one, though it must have been tiring, as you had to get back to Northampton the same night. I do think that colleges might lay off until the Monday, though I suppose that most of the girls at Smith live too far away for it to be possible for them to go home. I shant expect any letter from you until next week.

I hope for a quiet day on Saturday, and Sunday with no engagements at all. This letter is written in rather a rush.

Your loving Tom

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TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
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24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dear T. S.,

7 December 1937.

Neither your letter of the 25th nor that of the 30th gives any hint of how you spent Thanksgiving Day - whether you went to Cambridge or not. However, it is already time to think of where you will be at Christmas. I note that you will be in Northampton till the 18th, so you may get one more letter after this; and that you will probably be at the Lincolnshire with the Perkins's. You will imagine me dining at 1.30 Greenwich time with Janes and Mrs. Webster. (At 2.45 on Christmas Day, by the way, there is a reading of several Practical Cats on the National B.B.C. Programme by Tandy. I rather dissociate myself from this, though I shall be interested to learn whether there is any enthusiasm among listeners, and have asked them to pay my permission fee to Tandy). Well, the extraction of a tooth went off very well, though it took a long time to dig it out, and I am now learning to chew again. My dentist promises to give me a plate to fill up the gaps in my back teeth (now considerable) in six months time. And that done, I went and purchased my Christmas cards - 120 anyway, I shall probably think of more people later - and propose to address them in odd moments; and am collecting suggestions for presents for my godchildren and their brothers and sisters, and intend to do all my purchasing next week - and a gift for Miss Swan our telephone girl and a bottle of wine for John Hayward: all this forwardness induced by impatience at interruptions of my writing: but I shall have had four mornings this week on it. Ashley Dukes came in to see me ~~xxxxxxx~~ yesterday; he is leaving for New York on the 26th, and will be in Boston when the troupe arrive. They will start performing in Boston on the 31st January, for two weeks, and I hope you will see them there and will see the Brownes; then they go to Philadelphia, and thence to Pittsburg, Washington and Baltimore, and then to New York for as long as the receipts equal expenses, and then to Toronto, Montreal and Quebec, and return to England. If they were really prospering, they think they might run out to Vancouver, Seattle, and San Francisco, but I think that unlikely.

Miss Evans (Morley's secretary) has just finished typing out copies of my Edinburgh lectures, and I am having them sent off at once to you, to Browne, Granville Barker, and Dover Wilson. For favour of comment at your leisure - because I shan't go to Copenhagen, to deliver a revised version, until next October or November.

If I had not determined to stop in London until the F.R. is finished, I might be tempted to come over to New York if the Murder is being a success. But it is much better that I should not think about it; and I expect to see you in June here anyway.

At present, wrestling with the situation between Harry and Agatha, with about four more pages to go.

Thank you for your encouragement in the Bassiano episode.

I shant go down to Wells before Christmas - for which I am glad: I shall see Underhill here on the 21st.

I dined with Mrs. Seaverns and the Perkins's (we went together) on Saturday - the other guests were Jim, whom I do not mind, and Bee (Beatrice Curtis Browne) whom as you know I regard with a mild malevolence. But all went well, I think, and I had Sunday ALL to myself, except for seeing in the evening Father Adams of Cowley, who was staying here, as he had preached, and as the vicar had gone away to retreat - and then last night dined quietly with the Camerons (Elizabeth Bowen) and Rose Macaulay and John, and after dinner we looked at the television set which the B.B.C. had given Alan Cameron - a truly remarkable toy - otherwise the pictures were hardly worth looking at, as they consisted of a "cabaret show". I have never been to a cabaret show, and I dont think I want to: there was a young woman who crooned and then danced, a man and a woman who did some rather remarkable acrobatics (standing on each other's heads on one foot and playing a fiddle etc.) and a comediam who did imitations of other comedians etc. It confirmed my opinion that the ability of the human mind for inventing machines exceeds the ability of the human mind to think of anything useful to do with the machines when invented. All that scientific knowledge and ingenuity employed just to let a few people sit in a drawing room and look at a show that they would have despised themselves for going to see!

I shall write once more to Northampton. Probably twice: because I shall have to report on "Mourning Becomes Electra" and on "Out of the Picture" (by Louis MacNeice) and I want to talk about more serious things than either of these.

Your devoted Tom

I like your new thin paper.

I must find out what is to become of the Old Vic without Lilian Baylis. She annoyed me very much, but I have a great admiration and respect for her, and she was a Christian too.

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ИЗДАНИЕ ЧОКТЕА

ВВЕДЕНИЕ

СОДЕРЖАНИЕ

In the train to Garrick Theatre,
Southport,

Monday, 29-11-27

Lancs.

My dear Tom,

I have tried
to ring you up and twice missed
you, so I will now try paper and pen.

First, I want to tell you about your
new play: that I have read it very
carefully and with the greatest
enjoyment. It is exceedingly good,
I think, both as dramatic construction
and in characterization: and should
play exceedingly well.

If you've been to "Morning Becomes
Electra" you will see what a serious
rival faces it, in the memory that the

audience you will depend on
carries away of a treatment of
to Orestia-time. There's no
question now, I think, of production
before the autumn. But if we
can keep them apart a little,
it is possible that your play may even
benefit, and its peculiar, touching
study of the English character be
properly valued!

Ashley is coming to South-
port on ~~Friday~~ Wednesday.
I haven't told him I have got
a script: so I shall not
show it to him unless you wish.

His judgment will of course be very important when actual production is to be discussed, or even the question of which season to aim for.

We are getting well forward with American plans for opening Jan: 31 in Boston - this date is definitely booked.

I shall not be in London next weekend, except for an hour or two passing through, but the following Sunday and Monday I shall be up, and after the 18th when we finish our travels.

Please forgive a letter in the train: it seems the only chance to write today.

Yours ever,

Martin.

11

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By German packet



POST
F
CHRIS



Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins,

Hotel Lincolnshire,

Charles Street,

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

16 December 1937.

Secret File

This week has been nothing but tumult, and I am finally sitting down to write a letter by the Bremen which should be the last to catch you before Christmas; having been rushing off my Christmas presents to my family and cards to others - no doubt forgetting a good many, but remembering Fenelope, the Thorps and Sean McPherrin, and making one shopping plunge a day. Everything is settled except Miss Swan. I have also had an accidental concentration of evening engagements; but I console myself by considering that it is a good thing to get these off at a period during which it is impossible to concentrate upon work anyway, and so look forward to a clear stretch after Christmas. There were two theatres in suggestion: "Mourning Becomes Electra" on Saturday (very tiring, as it took four hours and twenty minutes) and Louis McNeice's play done as a Sunday evening affair by the Group Theatre. I told you why Browne wanted me to see the O'Neill play. I admired it very much - it has nothing to do with literature, but it is, I think, a magnificent piece of engineering; and held one's attention for the whole time without flagging. It has, of course, nothing to do either, with Greek tragedy. It has a very simple Greek shell, which is stuffed with Freudian psychology; but a page of outline of the plot of the Oresteia would provide all that is "Greek" about the play: there is none of the Greek sense of the nature of crime and punishment. I think that the play appears better for being set in 1865 (it is by no means, however, tiresomely "period"); because the extreme and even artificial simplification of character necessary for the treatment, is more plausible in people two generations back, than it would be in contemporary figures. That saves them from appearing as dreary monomaniacs of a very low level of consciousness. There is no philosophy and no purgation. And when I say "no philosophy" I don't mean that I want a play to have a simple thesis which could be formulated; I mean something which perhaps cannot be put into any other words than those of the play itself, but is there - one likes, in a tragedy, to have a feeling that there is behind it a ripe and serene wisdom, or at least the struggle towards it; and even a kind of tenderness towards the characters on the part of the dramatist. You do get that in Chechov, I think, more than in Ibsen or any other modern dramatist. O'Neill in this play has no apparent pity or humanity,

and his characters seem perfectly flat: by no stretch of imagination can they be conceived as having been capable of any other life. That is to lose one valuable element of tragedy. In some plays the tragic aspect is enhanced by one's thinking of what the person or persons might have been in different circumstances. Tragedy should be, I think, partly due to character and partly to circumstances.

In this way, "All God's Chillun Got Wings" seems to me more truly tragic than "Mourning Becomes Electra". The play was, I must say, superbly acted all round - Beatrix Lehmann as Electra was very fine, and not too obviously Jewish - by an English company too.

Anyway, it is a relief to find that in so far as my play is "Greek" it starts from the opposite end, or from the inside rather than the outside; and indeed, but for my poor Furies nobody would think of it as having anything Greek about it. Still, there are a few superficial resemblances; and I expect that Martin is right in thinking that it would do better in the autumn than in the spring.

So far, I have done one more scene - there is one more long scene to do, and then the tying up of the ends.

There is not much to say about McNeice's play, except that it was better produced than I thought the Group Theatre could do. It appeared more scrappy even than in reading; and indeed was hardly more than an amusing revue; with a man who did an admirable imitation of a wireless set trying to get all stations, and a man who appeared most ingeniously as a parrot. When the play became serious it became ineffective, especially in ending during an air raid during which London is supposed to be wiped out. It is not that London is any less likely to be destroyed than it was several years ago; only that the dramatic value has disappeared because the idea is already in everybody's mind.

I have no political information to retail. China has quite replaced Spain as the centre of anxiety. One is inclined to blame Stalin for the trouble going so far; for if the Russian Army had not lost so much prestige through its recent purges, the Japanese might not have come to the conclusion that Russia was impotent to interfere; and short of being menacing by both Russia and the United States, nothing could seriously oppose Japan but a united Europe, and that is out of the question.

Tomorrow you will be in Boston, at the Lincolnshire with the Perkins's. I got as far as Euston, and wished that I might be spending Christmas with you, though were I there I should be having to devote most of my time to my own relatives, I suppose.

Should you know anyone with a "short wave" set, there is to be an experimental production of the Waste Land at 10.15 p.m. Greenwich time on January 11th and a short recital of Cats (I am not so keen about this) by Tandy at 2.45 p.m. on Christmas Day.

I will continue to write to the Lincolnshire unless I hear to the contrary; but I do hope that you will get away for at least one visit somewhere. Have you plenty of warm wraps? I rather suspect that you have no intention of buying any furs until you return to England!

I hope you will think of me at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve - it will be seven o'clock with you - and wonder whether you will get in to see the Mass at St. John's in Bowdoin Street, where I went in 1932.

I see the "Bishop of Bath & Wells" on Tuesday; and on Christmas Day dine as usual at 1.30 with Janes, and may have cold supper with John. The Sunday night I have to spend with the Tandys, and on Monday evening go to the theatre with the whole Faber family.

Always your loving

Tom

I will continue to write to you as long as I have
to do so, but I do hope that you will get away for at least
one visit sometime. I have you plenty of work to do. I rather
doubt that you have no intention of leaving any time until you
come to England.

I hope you will think of me at the thoughtless time on Christmas
eve - it will be never a week with you - and I don't know whether you will
get into the house at 10.15 in the morning, where I was
in 1933.

I see the situation of being a child of yesterday and on Christmas
eve as well as the situation, and may have some order with
you. The Sunday school have to be at the school, and on
Monday evening to the school with the whole of the family.

WEDNESDAY

WEDNESDAY

WEDNESDAY

Via Carriage (Business of BEDFORD)

23 DEC
1937
TEMPY OFFICE



Miss Emily Hale,

~~c/o Miss Knowles,~~
22 Paradise Road ~~47 Morelands Terrace,~~

Northampton

~~NEW BEDFORD,~~ →

Massachusetts,

NEW BEDFORD,
JAN 3
2 PM
1938
MASS



UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

From T.

LONDON D. W. I.



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,

23 December 1937.

The weather, after having been exceptionally sharp and frosty, has turned mild just before Christmas, and this morning quite sunny. And the labours of the season have eased off now, so that I have a morning of leisure. One more present to buy, two lots of flowers (Otto and Mrs. Herbert Read who is in a nursing home) and the cables to send. The ardours are not over until Tuesday: there is Janes to be dined with on Christmas Day, and John to be supped with, and on Sunday afternoon to go to the Tandys for the night (I hope that will be a warm evening) and on Monday night the theatre with the Faber family. And of course the Morleys for the following weekend, for Hogmanay: but I shall be able to start work again on Tuesday morning.

In addition to everything else, there has been some vigorous re-rehearsing of "Murder in the Cathedral": I spent Monday afternoon, and Tuesday evening till midnight, at the Mercury. I think Martin is handling the situation very well. He has got Bobby back to something nearer standard performance. It is thought that Bobby is rather chastened by the last tour not having been a thundering success; and Martin says that if Bobby could have a week off, every six weeks, for rehearsing, he could be kept at the top of his form all the time. The chorus struck me as first-rate; they are the nine picked out of about twenty-five; and they are highly excited by the prospect of an American tour. Christopher Casson is good, I think, and has an excellent voice; and there is a good new Hugh de Morville; the new Fitz Urse looks the part fairly well, but does not yet articulate very well - not used to verse speaking. Chidgey (Tracy) is very sound and reliable. I do not grudge the time spent in attending rehearsals, because I think it is all good training for future work.

Your letter of the 12th came yesterday, with its Christmas card and provisional list of addresses. I had written one letter c/o Miss Blake, and will send this to New Bedford. I am glad that you are going there. I presume that you go to Milton on Christmas day? I have started again to make a tick in my diary when I write to you, so that I can check the letters later; because I do not understand your having no letter for a whole week; but when I have kept a record I have never found a letter going astray.

I am not surprised that you should feel very tired at the end of term (and the last sheet from your engagement block was covered with appointments); I should not worry about that if you only got a reasonable holiday. A fortnight is not enough, especially when a week of it is before Christmas; for one cannot begin to rest until Christmas is over, and you ought to have two clear weeks after Christmas. So I hope you will lay careful plans and make the most of your Easter holiday.

I also wish that one could approach Christmas more quietly and meditatively, in withdrawal. You would I am sure have liked three or four days at Senexet, though I am not sure that there is enough silence there. I always find the complete silence imposed in retreat most helpful, restorative and conducive to the right thought and feeling - it is complete except of course for taking part in the liturgical offices several times a day. The difficulty of combining the religious and the secular Christmas is always a strain, and I look forward always more joyfully to the period before Easter, when I can arrange to have no engagements and no distractions for at least a week beforehand.

I enclose a (belated) letter from Marguerite! It does not strike me as very satisfactory: she is very sweet about it, of course - as my letter seemed to me, and was intended to be, rather excoriating - and I cannot feel that leaving debts unpaid afflicts her conscience as much as it does mine. Curiously enough, after giving her three weeks in which to deal with the matter, I had paid the bill the day before. It will be interesting to see what her attitude is when she finds this out. I don't want to pass any judgement in any case, because I don't feel that I know her very well, or know what her domestic life really is: but I confess I had something of a struggle of self-examination in order to get rid of a feeling of superiority and power in winding this matter up. Sometimes when one thinks one is acting simply from a sense of justice and duty, one is only acting from pride.

You will be very much in my thoughts during this season - not exactly more than usual! - but in a way heightened by the occasion.

The Perkins's Christmas card is the most charming and tasteful that I have so far received.

Your devotee

Tom

4 rue du Cirque
15. Dec

Dear Tom,

Please forgive me for
not writing to you before - I
have been always hoping to be
able from one moment to the
other to pay off Jones + Evans.

I think now it will be possible
next week but I can no longer
wait to write to you. I am 2
worry about this thing and
my only excuse is that I have

been having a series of checks
on the lead ever since my
last payment to them, ^{including}
the the new American tapes of
which I told you which are
critical impositions until I
take back my American citizen-
ships. However they have promised
me a certain sum for the
end of the year. Hear Tom I
can't hear I have had this
kind come between us and
I hope the next time we are
in the same city there will
be no cloud on the horizon

II
and that I can have the
same joy in being with you
as in the old time.
You may have noticed that
money and I are very easily
parted and when the sudden-
ly has \neq change all my
habits it is rather difficult
 \neq get adjusted to the new
situation. I am 21.20 about the
especially as you + have
are really the nicest people
I have ever had anything
 \neq do with. I wish you
with all my heart a

My happy Xmas and
new year and hope we
shall meet soon again
somewhere.

Ever aff^{ly}

Marguerite

I have given the book to Gallimard
and think it is certain they
will publish it.

When I leave in a few days for Rome.

The opera of Rossini "Hypatia" has
just been given with great
success at Bâle -

Established 1816.



TELEPHONE - CITY 6516

JONES & EVANS' BOOKSHOP
LIMITED,

77 QUEEN STREET, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.4

LONDON, 16th December 1937.

T.S.Eliot Esq.,
24, Russell Square,
W.C.1.

Dear Mr.Eliot,

I am very grateful to you for you cheque
value £37-9-11, in full discharge of balance of account
owing by the Princess of Bassiano.

Your kindness in doing this is truly
magnificent and a noble sacrifice on your part.

I have duly noted your wishes and will
forward to the Princess of Bassiano a receipt, together
with a note saying that the account is now cleared, and
will advise you should any reply be received.

One again thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

W.H. Wilson.

*I asked them
not to mention
my name in
writing.*

16th December 1917

T. S. Elliot Esq.,
24, Russell Square,
W.C.1.

Dear Mr. Elliot,

I am very grateful to you for your cheque
value £37-9-11 in full discharge of balance of account
owing by the Princess of Bassano.

Your kindness in doing this is truly

magnificent and a noble sacrifice on your part.

I have duly noted your wishes and will

forward to the Princess of Bassano a receipt, together

with a note saying that the account is now cleared, and

will advise you should any reply be received.

One again thanking you,

Yours faithfully,
Herbert

20 December 1937.

Dear Marguerite,

I was very glad to get your letter and to hear from you at this season. I am very sorry indeed to hear of your continued difficulties; and I assure you that I can understand that it is by no means a quick and easy process to adjust oneself to another scale of living, after never having had to think of money. I hope that your arrangements in America will ease matters somewhat; meanwhile you can put the matter of Jones & Evans out of your mind, as I have settled that. I hope that we may at least meet in Paris in the spring.

Affectionately yours,

MADE AT CROKED

PARISHMENT

COLENE VALLEY

To S.M.K. and A.J.K.

July 9; 1937

"Will you walk", said Miss Hale
To her friends from the city
"You look rather pale
And more 'tis a pity
Not to see what one may
Of the country around!"

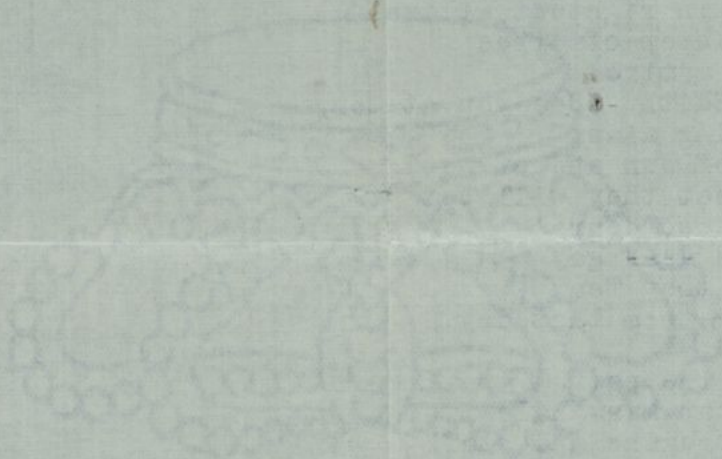
"Indeed", her friends say
"Such beauties abound
In this country, we ~~can~~ can
Look forward to carrying
Out your kind plan!"

Innocently, in rightest attire,
The friends step off free
In a way to admire,
Calling to Edith - "See you at tea,
Little knowing alas
That hours of sun and of wet
Ere their feet they will set
In the rooms so dear
Familiar and dear gay
Which later they fear
Will not see them that day.

For once on the path
They find that Miss Hale
Armed with brogins and staff
Like a Walkyrie pale
Traverses the miles
Like a demon let loose
Commenting with smiles
On this and that ruse
For finding odd ways
Cross-cuts, yea brooks
At which nowadays
No pedestrian looks.
Preferring, says she
To follow the map
Of the unintelligentsi,
Than come at a gap
In a hedge or a wall
In a stride or a leap
Risking possible fall
Or stray silly sheep
Bulls, bossies or calves

But - in real country walks
She goes on to say - not by halves
Do you WORK " - and she stalks

W
C A B



Up hill and down
Thro' forest and wold,
Hamlet and town
Hot weather and cold.

"To know well the shire
At the tenth mile" she calls
"Is to climb, cross; and admire
Its hedges and walls
We've covered the wolds
'Twixt Bibury and Naunton
We'll see treasures untold
By the Guitings and Staunton
The Marstons, one Slaughter,
Cow Honeycomb too,
Fair Bourton-on-Water,
Cleve Hill and the view
Of Snowhill and Broadway"

Her voice went on - as her pace
No answers, to her dismay,
Being heard - her face
Now red, grew white
As she saw, she alone
Stood on the road; rught ~~and left~~
And left, under hedge and stone
(She retracing her track)
Searched for her friends,

Some seven miles back
Where the highway ends
She found them, spent and prone
Unable to speak, unable to move.
She hailed a ~~panning~~ car; a moan
Came from the two to prove
They recognized speech
And foot - recalled a stroll
Which, till furthest reach
Of Seattle's shores - welcome goal -
Would be the subject of bitter matter
- Emily's ways, Emily's patter.



CAB
M

By U.S.L. WASHINGTON



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



FROM 2.11



Season's Greetings

RCA



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: LOVE AND CHRISTMAS WISHES..

PARK SQUARE BRANCH

230 Boylston St., alternate entrance

7 Providence St., Ken. 0320

Via RCA

R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

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THE
CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

EDITED BY T. S. ELIOT

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

30 December 1937.

Dear Què,

There are very few boats during the week after Christmas, and the "Washington" is the best that I can find. Tomorrow (Friday) I have to go down to the Morleys for the weekend: my last weekend in the country, I hope, for several months; but a duty, as they have come to expect me annually on New Year's Eve; and particularly this year as Frank is going to New York and Baltimore for some weeks, towards the end of January.

Christmas fatiguing, of course, with the combination of secular and religious duties. After the midnight Mass I got to bed at 2.30 - then up in time to check the collections of the six morning masses before the 11 a.m. celebration; and after that off (in the thickest fog of the year) to Janes's for dinner. Janes very merry, dressed in his tail coat; and Mrs. Webster cooked the joint of Scotch beef and the pudding; and we had Bass with it; and, after dinner, glasses of neat whisky in lieu of coffee! I got away at a quarter to four, went to the club and dozed, and then had a cold supper with John Hayward. John reported that Tandy's recital of Practical Cats on the wireless was quite good - this was confirmed later by one of the curates who listened to it and says he loves cats. On Sunday, after lunch, I hustled out on a very cold damp day to the Tandys in Hampton and spent the night - getting up at 7 on Monday morning to walk two miles to a church where there was an early mass for St. John the Evangelist's Day - came back to London after lunch and after a cup of tea at the Gloucester Road Station refreshment room dressed for dinner and tramped out to Hampstead to get to the Fabers at 6.15 for fireworks before a family dinner, and the whole family, including two of Enid's sisters, went to "The School for Scandal", very well done indeed with a star company, but I do not like John Gielgud at all. Tuesday up for mass for the Holy Innocents, and went to the office after lunch, only to find that it did not open till Wednesday, and no one had informed me - opened a belated crop of Christmas cards - went to the club for tea: up early on Wednesday for mass of St. Thomas of Canterbury; and went to bed at half past nine and didn't get up till nine this morning. I have done a few pages of the play these last three mornings, however. The weekend will not be very restful,

because one cant expect to get to bed till after midnight on New ~~XXX~~ Year's Eve, and the first of January is a holy day (Feast of the Circumcision); and I shall not get back to work again until Tuesday morning. After that I really ought to be able to finish the play in about a month; and then begin on re-writing.

I have received a very handsome Diary with a sweet card from you, which I shall keep at home; and also a handsome green leather oval box arrived mysteriously from the Times Book Club, with the enclosed card. Is it from you? My conjecture is that it is to keep my hairbrush in; it does fit my hairbrush exactly, and I can only think that you must have measured my hairbrush, when I was at Stamford House, and had this box built to fit it. But I should like to be assured on this point. Anyway, it makes a very fine hairbrush box; and thank you, my dear, for all your careful planning for my Christmas.

I wait eagerly for news of your Christmas; and I hope that you have had a few restful days in New Bedford, before beginning your work again. (I wrote once to 39 Brimmer Street, and once to New Bedford, the last letter before this). Christmas is not what it should be; it is tiring for everyone; but especially so for those who are wishful to observe their duties toward God, and at the same time conscientious of their duties toward the world; I only hope that it has brought you some spiritual refreshment to compensate the inevitable fatigue. I wish that Christmas did not also involve a space of time (due to several causes, duties, moving about, and infrequency of mail boats) between our letters.

My next letter will sail on Jan.6th on the Europa. This will sail on New Year's Eve, and it takes with it all my prayers for you for the New Year. God bless you, my dear.

Your devoted

Tom

SWEETHILLOCKS,
BALERNO,
MIDLOTHIAN.

P.S. I nearly wrote you a fortnight
ago - to ask for Miss Hale's
address in America -
that I might send her a
message - but I forbore to
trouble you - knowing the busy
person you are -

Lady Adam Smith -
I wish she had
asked me!

EXHIBIT 100-100

100-100

100-100

100-100

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WELL! This took Xmas Day
my breath away - Palays Caetan:
But there is always something
to learn about human beings.

and I thank you a dear
thousand times. I will
pay you back as quickly
as possible. Signe told
me that you were bringing
out a new edition of
"Anabase" and also an
American edition. How you
shouldn't have told me
of this, considering how interested

I was connected with
the first editions! I am
delighted, especially as he
has forbidden Gallinard to
make a further edition of
anything of his. It was for
this reason that he did not
answer you. He was very
embarrassed what I say
and I am so glad things
happened as they did.
Please let me know when

this new edition appears.
I can do a bit of welcome
in America. I think I never
told you how deep I admire

II

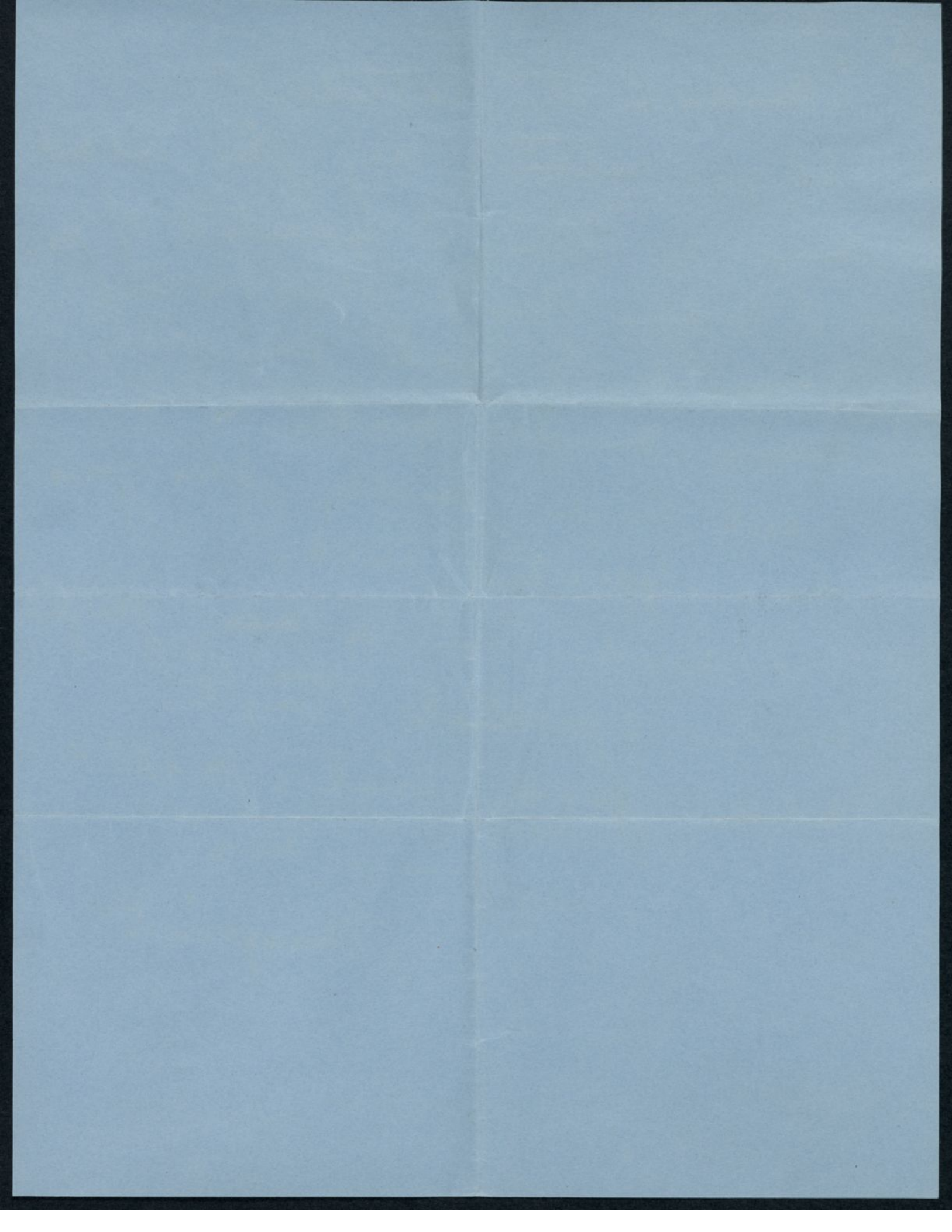
"Murder in the Cathedral".

It is certainly very fine but not
more so than I expected of you.

I hope next year when
Council is back you will
come and make us a
visit and finally give your
long expected talk.

I send you so many grateful
and affectionate thoughts
all good wishes for 1934

Yours ever
Marguerite



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Third block of faint, illegible text.

Fourth block of faint, illegible text.

COLENE WALTER

WORLD REPORT
BY CHINESE
SOME LETTER