

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
LONDON W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Letter No. 38.

2 May 1940.

My dearest Emily,

I was relieved to get your cable on Monday, but still no letter has come since No.31 of April 14th, and that is a long time. I hope that mine also have not been delayed to the same extent. Perhaps your 39 went by ordinary mail; and I dare say that it will turn up within a post of my sending this off. There will be a gap in mine, as I put off writing last week in the daily expectation of hearing from you, until I became too impatient and cabled. (It was stupid of me, by the way, not to have made my cable reply paid). Then on Monday I had my committee, and on Tuesday afternoon I had to go down to St. Paul's School (which is now in the country) at the invitation of the High Master to talk to him and some of his masters about modern poetry - the question in their minds being: why is it so difficult for us to understand? I think that a critic, rather than a poet, could have explained better to them, but they seemed satisfied.

I can now give you my time-table. Leave London May 20th. After that

Excelsior-Gallia Hotel, Milan: 21 - 23.
Astoria Hotel, Genoa: 23 - 25
Excelsior Italie Hotel, Florence: 25 - 28
Excelsior Hotel, Rome: 28 - 1st June.
Excelsior Hotel, Naples: 1 - 4 June.
Hotel des Palmes, Palermo: 4 - 7 June.
Hotel Beaujolais (probably) Paris: 9 June.

After that I may spend a couple of nights quietly in Paris, returning by air.

The difficulty in the Mediterranean does not look as if it would lead to anything; but if my visit should have to be deferred on account of it I would cable you. If anything started while I was there, the Embassy would look after me. In each of these towns there is a British Institute, which is where I am to lecture, and the local Institute staff look after me while I am there. I shall however be glad to get back, and start on some work of my own.

The chief difficulty of the moment is the inevitable shortage of the paper supply from Scandinavia, which is serious for publishers - and I am told that even New York publishers have in the past been depending largely on Scandinavia too. The world has been consuming far too much paper anyway, and it would be a good thing if fewer books were published (though actually the proportion of paper consumed in normal times by books is surprisingly small) but the likelihood is that some good books, as well as a good many bad ones, will have to be postponed. Otherwise, there is no lack of anything the private person needs, though prices tend to rise.

The spring is very slow and cold everywhere, though the country

2 May 1940.

Letter No. 38.

Mr. G. B. ...

I was relieved to get your cable on Monday, but still no letter has come since No. 31 of April 14th, and that is a long time. I hope that mine also have not been delayed to the same extent. Perhaps your 39 went by ordinary mail; and I dare say that it will turn up within a post or my sending this off. There will be a gap in mine, as I put off writing last week in the daily expectation of hearing from you, until I become too impatient and castrated. (It was stupid of me, by the way, not to have made my cable reply paid). Then on Monday I had my committee, and on Tuesday afternoon I had to go down to St. Paul's School (which is now in the country) at the invitation of the High Master to talk to him and some of his masters about modern poetry - the question in their minds being: why is it so difficult for us to understand? I think that a critic, rather than a poet, could have explained better to them, but they seemed satisfied.

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The spring is very slow and cold everywhere, though the country

is beginning to look seasonable, with cherry blossom. On Saturday I go down to Cambridge to visit Magdalene and to see John Hayward, as well as the Innes's (Christina Morley's parents, who must be pretty lonely - they have no other children, as their two sons were killed in the last war) and perhaps other people.

A letter from Ada, dated April 14, came yesterday, and yet nothing from you. Hers came as usual by ordinary mail. I always feel restless and unsettled if more than ten days elapses; and one had, evidently without good reason, that the spring would mean more rapid transit. Meanwhile I try to plod on with the final draft of my lectures, in which I am copying out any poems that I want to read or quote, so as to save taking books. The papers to be filled in before leaving the country are numerous. If I hear from you today or tomorrow I will write again immediately. I do hope that you have not had any illness, and that you can keep up your courage and faith - very hard I know, but what are courage and faith for? If I have a cheerful letter (but don't ever force it - you know I want you to write always according to your mood) I shall rejoice.

Very lovingly
Tom

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day I go down to Cambridge to visit Maddalena and see John Hay-
ward, as well as the Inniss's (Dorothy's parents), who must
be pretty lonely - they have no other children, as their two sons
were killed in the last war) and perhaps other people.

A letter from Ada, dated April 14, came yesterday, and yet no-
thing from you. Here came as usual by ordinary mail. I always
feel restless and unsettled if more than ten days elapse; and one
had, evidently without good reason, that the spring would mean more
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my lectures, in which I am copying out any poems that I want to read
or quote, so as to save taking books. The papers to be filled in
before leaving the country are numerous. If I hear from you to-
day or tomorrow I will write again immediately. I do hope that you
have not had any illness, and that you can keep up your courage and
faith - very hard I know, but wait are courage and faith lost? If
I have a cheerful letter (but don't ever force it - you know I want
you to write always according to your mood) I shall rejoice.

Very sincerely
Tom

S. Eliot,
4 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



10 May 1940.

Dearest Emilie

Your letter 34 (which really is 34 unless my reckoning is out too) of the 27th arrived on the 8th, which is not too bad for airmail. I don't suppose that there is any air mail from Italy; but perhaps the mail between two neutral countries direct arrives more quickly than here. I am glad to know that you have not caught cold lately, even with infection near you; and hope that the weather is improving as it is here. I have been very busy with preparations. To go away for any length of time nowadays takes planning: as the laundry only calls and delivers on the same day each week, I shall be leaving two weeks washing behind - if you can figure that out - so have to be careful what linen I wear in the meantime, so as to have the right things to take with me. There are also, of course, innumerable forms to fill out; and I have to take all my books and papers to a Censor's Office to be sealed up. The B.C. of course look after tickets, visas etc., but I have had to have another passport photograph taken for the Italians, of which I enclose a copy - a good likeness, though not in my opinion flattering. I have heard from a few people who want to see me, and have written to others, including two of my translators, Caselli and Berti in Milan and Florence respectively. You will be amused to hear that I have had a most affectionate letter from Marguerite, asking me to spend the weekend with them, between Rome and Naples, at their villa in the Pontine Marshes - I don't suppose it is as unhealthy as it sounds. I have referred her to the Director of the Institute in Rome to make arrangements with. It is uncertain whether I shall get a private audience at the Vatican: better not be mentioned to anybody, in case political reasons prevent.

I had a pleasant weekend at Cambridge, being lucky in having the two most beautiful days this year. Cambridge at its best, with lilac and chestnut in bloom, apple trees in blossom. I spent most of Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning with John Hayward, who looks pretty well, but has been very lonely and depressed. The Rothschilds buzz between Cambridge, London and their house in Suffolk, and half the time he is alone. I rolled John out onto the lawn of King's, where we sat in the sun on the river bank, the backs being crowded with people in punts and canoes. I am sure I should not care to live permanently in a university, but especially at this time it is very refreshing to be able to go occasionally to spend a few nights in a college. The old formalities going on, the ritual of a gown for dinner in hall, and a surplice and scarlet hood for chapel; the old wainscot, old silver and tolerably old port under candle-light, and the local characters, make a very soothing combination. How much this will all be changed in my lifetime, no one can guess; but I am glad to have known something of it.

I go tonight to see Ashley Dukes's adaptation of the Menaechmi telescoped with the Comedy of Errors into a farce under the title of Too Many Twins. I looked in, the other afternoon, on Mrs.

Account 3

Your letter of 24 (which really is 23 unless my reckoning is out too) of the 25th arrived on the 27th, which is not too bad for air mail. I don't suppose that there is any air mail from Italy; but perhaps the mail between two neutral countries direct arrives more quickly than here. I am glad to know that you have not caught cold lately, even with infection near you; and hope that the weather is improving as it is here. I have been very busy with preparations. To go away for any length of time nowdays takes planning; as the laundry only calls and delivers on the same day each week, I shall be leaving two weeks waiting behind - if you can figure that out - as have to be carried what I wear in the meantime, so as to have the right things to take with me. There are also, of course, innumerable forms to fill out; and I have to take all my books and papers to a General's Office to be sealed up. The R.C. of course look after tickets, visas etc., but I have had to have another passport photograph taken for the Italians, of which I enclose a copy - a good likeness, though not in my opinion flattering. I have heard from a few people who want to see me, and have written to others, including two of my translators, Caselli and Bert in Milan and Florence respectively. You will be amused to hear that I have had a most affectionate letter from my wife asking me to spend the weekend with them, between Rome and Naples, at their villa in the Pontine Marshes - I don't suppose it is as unhappy as it sounds. I have referred her to the Director of the Institute in Rome to make arrangements with it. I am uncertain whether I shall get a private audience at the Vatican; better not be mentioned to anybody, in case political reasons prevent.

I had a pleasant weekend at Cambridge, being lucky in having the two most beautiful days this year. I am sitting at the boat with Lisa and chatting in bloom, apple trees in blossom. I spent most of Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning with John Hayward, who looks pretty well, but has been very lonely and depressed. The Rothschilds have been between Cambridge, London and their house in Suffolk, and half the time he is alone. I rolled John out onto the lawn of King's, where we sat in the sun on the river bank, the books being crowded with people in punt and canoe. I am sure I should not care to live permanently in a city, but especially at this time it is very refreshing to be able to go occasionally to spend a few nights in a cottage. The old festivities going on; the ritual of a gown for dinner in hall, and a surplice and scarlet hood for chapel; the old wainscot, old silver and tolerably old port under candle-light, and the local characters, make a very soothing combination. How much this will all be changed in my lifetime, no one can guess; but I am glad to have known something of it.

I go tonight to see Stanley Duke's adaptation of the Menachem Telescoped with the Comedy of Errors into a farce under the title of Too Many Twins. I looked in, the other afternoon, on Mrs.

Seaverns! at her hotel in Knightsbridge. She has been, of course, increasingly miserable in Hove, and drew a desolate picture of the ladies in the hotel drawing room there. So she has decided to open up Millbank again: with Mary, Alice, Parrott, William and Roy complete: the only retainer missing is one whose name I forget, and who, Mrs.S. told me, had been discovered to have too warm a partiality for Gin, and so will not return. And as Mrs.French is about, and one or two other cronies; and as her club have a room of their own in the English Speaking Union where she can get a game of cards once or twice a week, she will be much more contented. I am to dine with her on Whitmonday. I am afraid that the chief pleasure in seeing people like Mrs.S. is the feeling of giving them some pleasure and distraction - that is not really a conceited thing to say, because it does not need more than cheerfulness and prattle. But you will appreciate that I prefer rather more serious ladies for company!

I hope that you received my last letter with my time table and addresses. To get a sufficient quantity and variety of clothes, for all occasions and for a much warmer climate, into a couple of suit cases, will be difficult.

I have had a letter from the College of the City of New York to express regret that they now find themselves so limited in funds that they must withdraw their invitation. Apparently the College is under the municipal government. The professor said that the reason given for vetoing the appointment of Bertie Russell was that he was an alien! Meanwhile Louis McNeice seems to be at Cornell, and has just brought out a book in Ireland (~~xxx~~ of poems) called "The Last Ditch" - as a Dublin correspondent remarked, in a true Irish way, perhaps because he has taken care not to be in it. He is, as a matter of fact, an Irish citizen; but I suppose that to the Dubliners his having been educated in England, and having lived and worked there since he left Oxford, makes him seem an Englishman. The bureau you mention sounds very odd, and I have never heard of it: I shall be curious to learn more. One difficulty might be that they might not want anyone for a few months; and you know that much as I long to come, I should not care to be out of England very long at the present time, unless of course I was in France.

My love, I shall try to
write twice next week.

Yours
Tom

I hope that you received my last letter with my time table
 and addresses. To get a sufficient quantity and variety of
 clothes for all occasions and for a much warmer climate, into
 a couple of suit cases, will be difficult.
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My love, I shall try to
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Your
 friend

from T.S. Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.




BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OPENED BY

P.C. 66

OPENED BY

CENSOR

2457

17 May 1940.

Dear Emily.

I did not write earlier in this week, because I was too uncertain of my future movements and wanted to wait until I was sure. You will have had the not very communicative cable I sent; but I thought that if reports in the American press had been alarming or sensational, it would serve to reassure you. I sent the same message to Ada, who was the only other person there whom I had informed of my plans, and I had asked her not to divulge them lest they might get embroidered by other members of the family. I don't know that I ought to say very much more even in writing; and in any case you will know soon enough whether the apprehensions were justified. I may say that the authority was a high one, and that at the end the decision was taken out of my hands. And it was not based on a definite prediction, but on a guess of chances, and weighing the possible inconveniences and complications against the relative unimportance of the mission.

Of course I was not unprepared, even at the beginning, that my labours might be for nothing; still, I feel somewhat at a loose end at the moment. (The decision was a relief to Faber; and what with the gradual shrinkage of the junior staff there is plenty of work to be done in the business). The lectures I shall keep on the chance of using somewhere else abroad: they are hardly suitable to an English-speaking audience. And even with expenses paid, the expedition would have left me somewhat out of pocket. But I must try to get quickly into some piece of work, to revive the rhythm of life, and also to help to stand the strain under which, as you will have already realised - much more fully than any one I know in America can - the strain of life on everyone at this time. If I have seemed, or if I shall seem, a little remote and unemotional during these times, even rather impersonal in expression - you will I hope understand, my dear, that it is merely the effect of this tension which tends to numb and temporarily anaesthetise one's personal feelings. That is no doubt partly self-protective; and also due to one's own life seeming such a small and relatively unimportant thing in the midst of such events upon which the world's future hangs. I have never before felt so keenly, indeed as a kind of agony, the feeling for which "patriotism" is an inadequate term - because it is a term which seems to connote rather the active expression of an emotion than the emotion itself. What I mean is the feeling of one's own life being merely a small part of the life of a country, the awareness of suffering directly from things which are not directly happening to oneself. I cannot say more about this now, or indeed about anything else; but you may be sure that I count and depend all the more upon your letters, and upon their continuing to tell me something of your own daily life too; and that this letter carries

my love & dependence -

Tom

Dear Miss...

I did not write earlier in this week, because I was too busy with certain of my future movements and wanted to wait until I was sure you will have had the very communicative cable I sent; but I thought that if reports in the American press had been alarming or sensational, it would serve to reassure you. I sent the same message to you, who was the only other person there whom I had informed of my plans, and I had asked her not to divulge them lest they might not be considered by other members of the family. I don't know that I ought to say very much more even in writing; and in any case you will know soon enough whether the suggestions were justified. I may say that the authority was a high one, and that at the end the decision was taken out of my hands. And it was not based on a definite prediction, but on a guess of chances, and weighing the positive inconveniences and complications against the relative importance of the mission.

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my love - to your mother
Tom

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

4156

P.C. 66

**OPENED BY
CENSOR**

No. 42.

24 May 1940.

Dearest Emily

Your letter 37 of May 14 has come, and by the way is the first to have been opened by censor. I should expect this to delay matters, but this letter came in remarkably quick time. Try to write fairly legibly, so as not to give overworked censors too much trouble! I shall try hereafter to write twice a week, even if more briefly, in the hope that some letters may have a better chance of just catching the transport. And anyway, in these days I am more in a mood to write often and briefly; because the expression is the main thing, and one has little in one's head except public events most of which call for no comment, when things are moving so fast. We welcome the change of government, and the more drastic measures are very tonic. That's all I need to say about that. I have of course instructed Bird & Bird to communicate with you and Ada in the event of my ever being unable to do so. John Hayward's address you know (c/o Lord Rothschild, Merton Hall, Cambridge). And I should cable when desirable.

I was interested and pleased by your dining with Laura Furness and meeting one of the two St. Paul Furnesses - I can't now remember their names, but I thought them very nice cousins indeed. Their house in St. Paul I wish you could see: it is a surprise to find it in that place, for anything more completely period early-Victorian you cannot imagine. The kind of house that has an enormous drawing room with two marble fireplaces, and all the furniture and decorations of the same period.

As the News Letter Committee did not meet on Monday, I dined with the Literary Society, and chatted mostly with Eric Maclagan and E.V. Knox. Afterwards (we dine now at the Garrick) I ran into Ashley Dukes outside, and spent an hour with him. Which reminds me that Martin is very pleased at having got a small grant from the Pilgrim Trust for the Pilgrim Players, and that he wants to prepare an adaptation of Murder for his small troupe (he has now 5 men and 4 women). On Tuesday I dined with the Wolfs - a whole evening without mentioning the war at all. Spring is very definite, and is a sharper reminder of what not to expect in June.

I use your rosary every night now; and I have resumed reading the 20 Best American Plays. So you see that your gifts are appreciated.

Your devoted

Tom

24 MAY 1940

No. 42

Dear Bird

Your letter of 27 of May 14 has come, and by the way is the first to have been opened by censor. I should expect this to delay matters, but this letter came in remarkably quick time. Try to write fairly legibly, so as not to give overworked censors too much trouble! I shall try hereafter to write twice a week, even if more briefly, in the hope that some letters may have a better chance of just catching the transport. And anyway, in these days I am more in a mood to write often and briefly; because the expression is the main thing, and one has little in one's head except public events most of which call for no comment, when things are moving so fast. We welcome the change of government, and the more drastic measures are very tonic. That's all I need to say about that. I have of course instructed Bird & Bird to communicate with you and Ada in the event of my ever being unable to do so. John Hayward's address you know (c/o Lord Rothschild, Merton Hall, Cambridge). And I should cable when desirable.

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I use your rosary every night now; and I have resumed reading the 50 Best American Plays. So you see that your gifts are appreciated.

*Your brother
Tom*

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Letter 43.

30 May 1940.

Dearest Emily

I want to write a letter, but I have not much to write about. No letter from you is due until the end of the week, so I have had none since I last wrote. Unless one is actually engaged in war work that has to be done and that takes all one's time, it is very hard to struggle against the temptation to waste time, simply from the always present sense of waiting. I am trying to think out the plan of my lecture on Yeats, and I have also promised to review Mannheim's "Man and Society" for the Spectator, but I find concentration difficult. And I don't feel much like trying to make any plans for the summer. I suppose the best thing is to plan to spend a few weeks in country lodgings in some pleasant surroundings: I know of a farmhouse in Dorset, and another in Devon; and I expect to repeat my annual visit to Wales. But just at present, one is more than ever inclined to postpone decision.

I hope I shall feel less tongue-tied and numb at the end of the week! All this note is for is to express - no, hardly to express, but to indicate as a symbol all the feeling that is unexpressed.

*Loosely
Tom*

30 May 1940.

Letter 42.

Dear Miss

I want to write a letter, but I have not much to write about. No letter from you is due until the end of the week, so I have had none since I last wrote. Unless one is actually engaged in war work that has to be done and that takes all one's time, it is very hard to struggle against the temptation to waste time, simply from the always present sense of waiting. I am trying to think out the plan of my lecture on Yeats, and I have also promised to review "Mankind's Men and Society" for the Spectator, but I find concentration difficult. And I don't feel much like trying to make any plans for the summer. I suppose the best thing is to plan to spend a few weeks in country lodgings in some pleasant surroundings; I know of a farm house in Dorset, and another in Devon; and I expect to repeat my annual visit to Wales. But just at present, one is more than ever inclined to postpone decision.

I hope I shall feel less tongue-tied and dumb at the end of the week! All this note is for is to express - no, hardly to express, but to indicate as a symbol all the feeling that is unexpressed.

Yours truly
John

from T.S. Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
LONDON W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



4 June 1940.

Dear Emily.

Your letters 36 and 39, of the 5th and 24th May respectively, arrived yesterday; 37 I had already received and acknowledged. Presumably no. 38 is on the way by ordinary mail. No. 39 had been opened by censor, no. 36 not. There would seem again to be a considerable difference between air and sea. I was very glad to know that you had had my cable. Even if nothing happens in the next week, I do not suppose that my visit to Italy would have done much good at this time, though I am glad that the decision was taken out of my hands. The Italians are an odd people in some ways. I have been corresponding for a long time with a priest at a seminary in Milan, who seems a very nice person, who has been translating "Murder". Now he writes pathetically to say that just as he has finished his work, another translation has been published. I must write at once and explain to him that I knew nothing about this, never heard of the translator before, and am very sorry. It's altogether a violation of copyright, but I do not see that anything can be done about it at present, except that if my priest wants to print this or any other translation from my work I will write a preface for him to indicate that this is the authorised translation. A year or two ago I had a correspondence with two other Italians, both of whom were translating some of my poems, and who were very angry with each other.

The visit to Dublin is likely to be transferred from the 23d to the 30th, as they say that the Abbey Theatre is to be closed for repairs on the first date, and they particularly want to have the meeting there. Vansittart approves of this visit, and I have written to someone else who will help me with the necessary formalities.

I was glad to have some small news from you, as well as the letters for their own sake; because any reminder of normality is helpful. Auden and Isherwood are not especially popular here now. (You had better not circulate my comments, however). Auden went out to Spain for a time during the civil war, and then he and Isherwood went out to China and wrote a book called "Journey to a War". Someone has now suggested that they should write a book called "Journey from a War". Auden, at least, is I am told getting naturalised. He has the peculiar and somewhat defective mentality of the inverted. I find it rather hard myself not to criticise these émigrés rather severely. I was amused by your account of his dialogue with Ted Spencer. I am glad he did not say "Eliot", because I do not hold with his kind of pot-pourri (sometimes very poor) of verse and prose, which seems to me an evasion of the problem of verse drama: on the other hand I don't think Ibsen was a very happy choice either. The second part of that play seems to be unsuccessful: Ibsen is at his best when he deals with Norwegians in Norway.

The weather has been appallingly fine this year. I shall be beginning to take occasional weekends: this weekend the Kauf-

No. 44. *Dear Sir,*

Your letters 36 and 39, of the 5th and 24th May respectively, arrived yesterday; 37 I had already received and acknowledged. Presumably no. 38 is on the way by ordinary mail. No. 39 had been opened by censor, no. 36 not. There would seem again to be a considerable difference between air and sea. I was very glad to know that you had had my cable. Even if nothing happens in the next week, I do not suppose that my visit to Italy would have done much good at this time, though I am glad that the decision was taken out of my hands. The Italians are an odd people in some ways. I have been corresponding for a long time with a priest at a seminary in Milan, who seems a very nice person, who has been translating "Murder". Now he writes pathetically to say that just as he has finished his work, another translation has been published. I must write at once and explain to him that I knew nothing about this, never heard of the translator before, and am very sorry. It's altogether a violation of copyright, but I do not see that anything can be done about it at present, except that if my priest wants to print this or any other translation from my work I will write a preface for him to indicate that this is the authorized translation. A year or two ago I had a correspondence with two other Italians, both of whom were translating some of my poems, and who were very angry with each other.

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The weather has been appallingly fine this year. I shall be beginning to take occasional weekends; this weekend the Kant-

fers and next week the Reads; after that nothing I think until I go to Dublin. Dont suppose, my dear, that I dont realise that this summer is going to be harder for you than for me; but, please God, after the next four months things will be better. And even with all that there is on the other side of the balance, this country seems to have quickened into a healthier condition than at any time in the last twenty years. It is a good deal (don't think I say this snobbishly, but in great earnest) just to have a man at the head of things who comes of a good family - to say nothing of his other remarkable personal qualities. I hope that the age of the commercialist is over. Some people are more to be pitied than blamed because they go on thinking in terms of a world that has gone.

Your loving

Tom

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his other remarkable personal qualities. I hope that the age of
the commercialist is over. Some people are more to be pitied
than blamed because they go on thinking in terms of a world that
has gone.

Dear family
1872

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



6 June 1940.

Dear

Just another short letter before the week is out, as I am going to the Kauffers near Henley, and shall be very glad to get a couple of idle days in the midst of this heat. Your letter no. 38 (which, as ⁺expected, was by ordinary mail) arrived yesterday, together with several other letters from America, and mentions more distinctly than 39 my cable. If for any reason I do not go to Dublin for the 30th, I will let you know in the same way, but I see no reason why it should not come off, when the necessary formalities have been completed. My reason for going is so obviously in the national interest that there should be no difficulty. I have busy with local activities too, the recital of which will, I hope, some day be amusing, and have enlarged my acquaintance in this not ordinarily very matey borough of Kensington. Otherwise, nothing in particular to report: poetry must wait for mid-summer. I am glad that you do not like my photograph very much: it seemed to me especially round and characterless; but at least it looks healthy. What about one of you, perhaps? I think that I am probably as well off in Kensington as anywhere. I think constantly that it ~~difficult for you~~ is more difficult for you having to carry on occupation and social activities (the latter still more difficult, in the circumstances, than work) pretending that life is normal - and putting up with its seeming more or less normal to those who have no vital interests at stake here, or are not aware of having - than it is for me, seeing people who feel, according to their degree of imagination and sensibility, the same as I do. I put out my hand to you night and morning.

Tom Camp
Tom

Answer

Just another short letter before the week is out, as I am going to the heath near Henley, and shall be very glad to get a couple of idle days in the midst of this heat. Your letter no. 58 (which, as expected, was by ordinary mail) arrived yesterday together with several other letters from America, and mentions more distinctly than 59 by cable. If for any reason I do not go to Dublin for the 30th, I will let you know in the same way, but I see no reason why it should not come off, when the necessary formalities have been completed. My reason for going is so obviously in the national interest that there should be no difficulty. I have busy with local activities too, the result of which will, I hope, some day be amusing, and have enlarged my acquaintance in this not ordinarily very busy borough of Kensington. Otherwise, nothing in particular to report; poetry must wait for mid-summer. I am glad that you do not like my photograph very much; it seemed to me especially round and characterless; but at least it looks healthy. What about one of you, perhaps? I think that I am probably as well off in Kensington as anywhere. I think constantly that it is ~~difficult~~ more difficult for you having to carry on occupation and social activities (the latter still more difficult, in the circumstances, than work) pretending that life is normal - and putting up with it as being more or less normal to those who have no vital interests at stake here, or are not aware of having - than it is for me, seeing people who feel, according to their degree of imagination and sensibility, the same as I do. I put out my hand to you night and morning.

Tom

Tom T.S. Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.

500
14 JUN
1940
S.W.7



NORTHAMPTON
JUN 24
11 AM
1940
MASS.

Miss Emily Hale,

~~22 Paradise Road,~~

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

~~Massachusetts,~~

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

lines enclosed

Apt 17

90 Commonwealth

Boston

Mass

1588

P.C. 66

**OPENED BY
CENSOR**

Letter No.46.

14 June 1940.

Dearest Emily.

I was glad to get your letter no.40 of June 1st yesterday. It had not been opened, but you mentioned an address by President Conant which was not enclosed. I should like to see what he said. I listened to President Roosevelt at Charlottesville the other evening, and thought he spoke well - with a pleasant voice which sounded more like a certain type of New England voice than a New Yorker: but perhaps the N.Y. State (as distinguished from the City) accent is more like New England. Events have moved very fast in the last days, and naturally absorb all free attention. We have had another two days of continuous prayer at St. Stephen's, and I took, as usual the hour from 4 to 5 in the morning, going to bed again afterwards. My chief occupation, apart from office hours, has been the preparation of my speech about Yeats for the Irish Academy. I have quite enjoyed this task, and as soon as I have finished (I have only the preparation to write) I must prepare a short broadcast talk for Dublin on Poetic Drama in general. It will be rather impressive, speaking in the Abbey Theatre, where I have never been - it was closed during my previous visit to Dublin. I think that my transit to Dublin is assured, with the help of the Ministry of Information and the Irish High Commissioner; of course, in these times, I shall not prolong my visit beyond the two days necessary. I shall leave on the 28th or 29th, and return on the Tuesday.

I am sitting with a large vase of beautiful, and scented sweet peas in front of me, part of a lot brought to the vicar by a woman whose husband is missing. That is very stirring, of course, and for me is the essence of summer; yet it strange to read in your letter of final examinations, graduation exercises, and preparations for the summer: I feel that it should still be March and your annual visit still three months away. Several people have asked me to spend a week with them during the summer, and I may take my holiday in this form, as I feel little stomach for planning any holiday by myself anywhere. Including the Roberts's at Penrith, but that seems rather a long distance to go - not really farther than Cardiganshire, but less familiar. (My god-son, by the way, has won a scientific scholarship at Oundle School. I wrote to congratulate him and enclose a pound, but had to reprimand him for splitting an infinitive). Are you thinking of visiting the Elsmiths at Grand Manan (not Monhegan!). I have seen it in the distance but have never landed there; it used to be very primitive in my time; but I suppose that now it has a summer colony and a regular service from Calais Maine or Portobello. The tides are very great there, and there are swift currents, so that you should assure yourself that anyone who takes you out in a boat knows the coast; I don't suppose you will do any bathing anyway. It is rather alarming to hear that you have been bitten by a dog, and I shall

Dear Sir

I was glad to get your letter no. 40 of June 1st yesterday. It had not been opened, but you mentioned an address by President Grant which was not enclosed. I should like to see what he said. I listened to President Roosevelt at Charlottesville the other evening, and thought he spoke well - with a pleasant voice which sounded more like a certain type of New England voice than a New Yorker; but perhaps the N.Y. State (as distinguished from the City) accent is more like New England. Events have moved very fast in the last days and naturally absorb all free attention. We have had another two days of continuous prayer at St. Stephen's, and I look, as usual the hour from 4 to 5 in the morning, going to bed again afterwards. My chief occupation, apart from office hours, has been the preparation of my speech about Yeats for the Irish Assembly. I have quite enjoyed this task, and as soon as I have finished (I have only the portion to write) I must prepare a short broadcast talk for Dublin on poetic drama in general. It will be rather impressive, speaking in the Abbey Theatre, where I have never been - it was closed during my previous visit to Dublin. I think that my transit to Dublin is assured, with the help of the Ministry of Information and the Irish High Commissioner; of course, in these times, I shall not prolong my visit beyond the two days necessary. I shall leave on the 28th or 29th, and return on the Tuesday.

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feel anxious until it is healed; you must be careful not to walk too much or too fast, especially in hot weather. And I imagine that the weather is getting pretty hot by now. But I am glad to hear that you have some new summer clothes. But perhaps the first new clothes of yours that I see will be winter ones - and your old winter clothes will be new to me. It is a very long time since I have seen you in winter dress - for California cannot be counted as winter, even up in the mountains.

I enclose a copy of a script which I have just written to adorn an exhibition of war photographs at the N.Y. Fair - should you go through New York in the summer you could see it. There are phrases I do not feel sure about, but they do not want any changes. Writing a thing like this is not like writing a poem: you do not feel the same confidence in your own instinct for phrasing. Please do not show this or mention that I wrote it, because I want it to be, at first, completely anonymous.

I go on Saturday to Monday to Herbert Read's near Jordan's; the following weekend I shall stop in London, as I leave for the weekend after that in Dublin. I hope that you will see Henry and Theresa if you have any time in Boston. You are unceasingly in my thoughts, or behind them.

Lovingly
Don

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Levin
1918

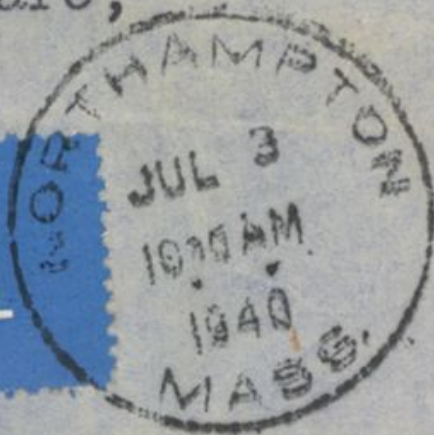
1. Let these memorials of built stone (music's enduring instrument) of many centuries of patient cultivation of the earth, of English verse
2. be joined with the memory of this defence of the islands
3. and the memory of those appointed to the grey ships - battleship, merchantman, trawler - contributing their share to the ages' pavement of British bone on the sea floor
4. and of those who, in man's newest form of gamble with death, ~~fight~~ fight the power of darkness in air and fire
5. and of those who have followed their forebears to Flanders and Drance, ~~there~~ undefeated in defeat, unalterable in triumph, changing nothing of their ancestors' ways but the weapons
6. and those again for whom the paths of glory are the lanes and the streets of Britain:
7. to say, to the past and the future generations of our kin and of our speech, that we took up our positions, in obedience to instructions.

1. Let these memorials of built stone - music's enduring instrument, of many centuries of patient cultivation of the earth, of English verse,
2. Be joined in memory with this defence of the Island,
3. And in memory with

24
LON

m T.S.Eliot,
Russell Square,
London W.C.1.


BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Miss Emily Hale,

Apt 17

~~22 Paradise Road,~~

90 Commonwealth

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

Boston

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

63

P.C. 6

**OPENED BY
CENSOR**

Letter no. 47.

19 June 1940.

Dearest Emily,

I had intended to write a proper letter this morning, but a complicated piece of public business, too long to explain, and perhaps I should not at the moment, is taking me off in a few minutes to call upon the Archbishop's secretary at Lambeth, to try to persuade him of the importance of something. So this is merely to thank you for your very welcome and timely cable, which cheered me very much. I shall think of you with the same solicitude and anxiety, for the strain must be very great. I hope that you were able to hear Mr. Churchill's speech last night; but our evening broadcasts may come at an impossible time for you.

I have finished my Yeats address and begun my 20 minute broadcast on Poetic Drama, and trust that with the powerful backing I have got, I shall be able to get my passage to Dublin and back. It is hard to remember that Ireland is a neutral country, but fortunately my subject matter is such that I need not mention present circumstances.

Henry heard of my projected visit to Italy, and of the projected audience at the Vatican! - from the Morleys. I quite forgot to warn Morley, in writing to him - and that is the way news gets about. It promptly reached Aunt Susie. Anyway, they knew in good time that the visit had been cancelled. Perhaps Morley is not the most discreet either, or maybe he has to learn greater discretion in New York than was necessary in London. For he wrote to apologise to me because the New Yorker had had a paragraph about my having said that the New Republic was "too respectable" and that I did not want to print "East Coker" there. This phrase of mine only occurred in a private cable to Morley - and he said he didn't know how it leaked out. There was another indiscretion too, but as that didn't concern me personally I won't go into that.

One is, of course, extremely busy; but I got away on Saturday to the Reads. A very pleasant evening on Sunday with John Macmurray and his wife.

I must close now. I will write again on Friday. Not going away this weekend. My loving and grateful thoughts follow you.

Your devoted

Tom

19 June 1940.

Letter no. 47.

Dear Sir,

I had intended to write a proper letter this morning, but a com-
 mitted piece of public business, too long to explain, and perhaps I
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 upon the Archbishop's secretary at Lambeth, to try to persuade him of
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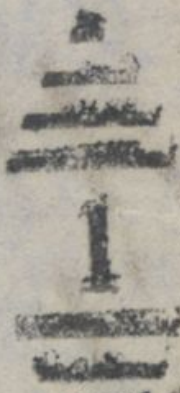
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I must close now. I will write again on Friday. Not going
 away this weekend. My loving and grateful thoughts follow you.

Your devoted

T. S. Eliot

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,

96 Commonwealth

~~22 Paradise Road,~~

Boston

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Letter no. 48.

24 June 1940.

St. John Baptist.

Dear Emily

It did seem very odd and quaint to get a typed letter from you, but it has some advantages! For one thing, it is easier to take in as a whole, and to be sure that one overlooks no point in answering; and of course, it does take considerable time when one wants to look back, through handwritten letters, to find something when you don't remember which letter it was in. I was much interested also by the report of President Conant's speech.

The events of the last few days have absorbed one's mind, and still do, as the situation is not yet quite clear. There is no need for me to comment on them: we will take them as read. Meanwhile my speeches, such as they are, are all ready, and my papers are in order. I leave for Dublin on Saturday and return on Tuesday. The address is at the Abbey Theatre on Sunday night (white tie) and the broadcast some time on Monday. I shall be staying with Lennox Robinson, Sorrento Cottage, Dalkey, Co. Dublin: not that I am there long enough to matter, but I like you to know exactly where I am and where I have been. I have also had some of my time taken up, as you can imagine, by local and parochial activities suitable to the times. And my interview with Mr. Don was successful: as a result the Archbishop attended the meeting and spoke (I was not there, as it was to consist of authors etc, not connected with the publishing business).

I am glad to think that you are all ready for the summer, with hair waved and some new dresses, but am waiting to hear more exactly what you plans are. I fear that the summer may be a harder time for you - and for others in America - while you have not your work to take your mind off Europe: but you must for every reason (and not least to reassure me) devote it to building up strength and serenity. And I suppose that by this time the Perkins's will have laid their own plans for getting out of Boston. By the way, I have not heard from Mrs. Seaverns for some weeks, and wonder whether she is settled yet at Millbank or not. Do you hear at all, or do the Perkins's, from the Creswells, or anybody in Gloucestershire? Your mention of the Lees-Milnes' reminded me. I was pleased to have the message from Jeanie.

I fear that the Hinkleys will with time become more so, rather than less, and will cease to be able to communicate at all with any but the immediate family of Welch's, Wolcotts and Danes. And to Aunt S., at her age and with her restricted interests, a war only means the fear that her grandsons would be sent abroad.

By now you will be somewhere else, and I should like a more direct address if possible.

24 June 1940.
St. John Baptist.

Letter no. 18.

Dear Miss

It did seem very odd and quaint to get a typed letter from you, but it has some advantages! For one thing, it is easier to take in as a whole, and to be sure that one overlooks no point in anything; and of course, it does take considerable time when one wants to look back through handwritten letters, to find attaching when you don't remember which letter it was in. I was much interested also by the report of President Conant's speech.

The events of the last few days have absorbed one's mind, and still do, as the situation is not yet quite clear. There is no need for me to comment on them; we will take them as read. Meanwhile my speeches, such as they are, are all ready, and my papers are in order. I leave for Dublin on Saturday and return on Tuesday. The broadcast is at the Abbey Theatre on Sunday night (white tie) and the broadcast some time on Monday. I shall be staying with Lennox Robinson, 20-21 Merrion Square, Dublin; not that I am there long enough to matter, but I like you to know exactly where I am and where I have been. I have also had some of my time taken up, as you can imagine, by local and personal activities antipodal to the times. And my interview with Mr. Don was necessarily as a result of the Archbishop's attendance the meeting and spoke (I was not there, as it was to consist of authors etc, not connected with the publishing business).

I am glad to think that you are all ready for the summer, with hair waved and some new dresses, but am waiting to hear more exactly what you plans are. I fear that the summer may be a harder time for you - and for others in America - while you have not your work to take your mind off Europe; but you must for every reason (and not least to reassure me) devote it to building up strength and energy. And I suppose that by this time the Perkins's will have laid their own plans for getting out of Boston. By the way, I have not heard from Mrs. Beveridge for some weeks, and wonder whether she is settled yet at Milbank or not. Do you hear at all, or do the Perkins's, from the Grosvenors, or anybody in Gloucestershire? Your mention of the Lees-Milnes, reminded me. I was pleased to have the message from Jennie.

I fear that the Hinkleys will with time become more so, rather than less, and will cease to be able to communicate at all with any but the immediate family of Welch's, Wolcotts and names. And to Aunt S. at her age and with her restricted interests, a war only means the fear that her Grandsons would be sent abroad.

By now you will be somewhere else, and I should like a more direct address if possible.

A couple of letters ago - bother, I have put it away - you seemed to wonder whether I could still, in these times, believe in the purposes of God, and I have been meaning to answer that when I could take the time to do so properly. But I don't think that I have ever fallen into that attitude, though I know it occurs often to many minds. I dare not say that I should ever fail, because, as with physical courage, one does not know what strength will be given one until the occasion for it arises; not can one anticipate confidently how one will behave in a crisis of agony. But I know that it would be a weakness, almost of the flesh; and I know that what we are called upon to experience is something that can improve us as a nation. All that one can do is to search every event and crisis for the possibilities of action for good, and thus try to make oneself an instrument for God. The decline of Christendom is a fault for which all nations must suffer in their turn; and must try to see the suffering as a way back to God.

I shall write again before Dublin, and of course directly after.

Louise Tom

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I shall write again before Dublin, and of course directly after.

Wm. L. G. 100

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Ap+17
90 Commonwealth
Boston
Mass

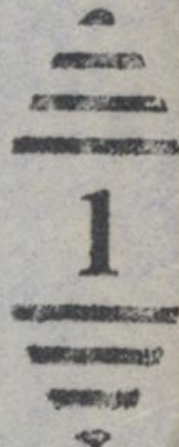
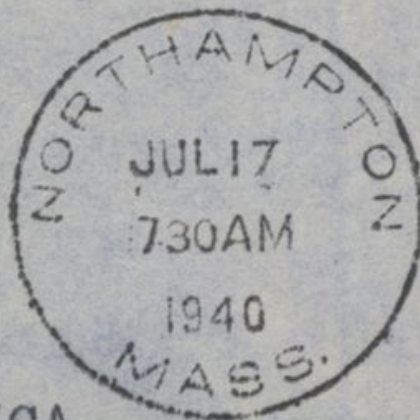
Miss Emily Hale,

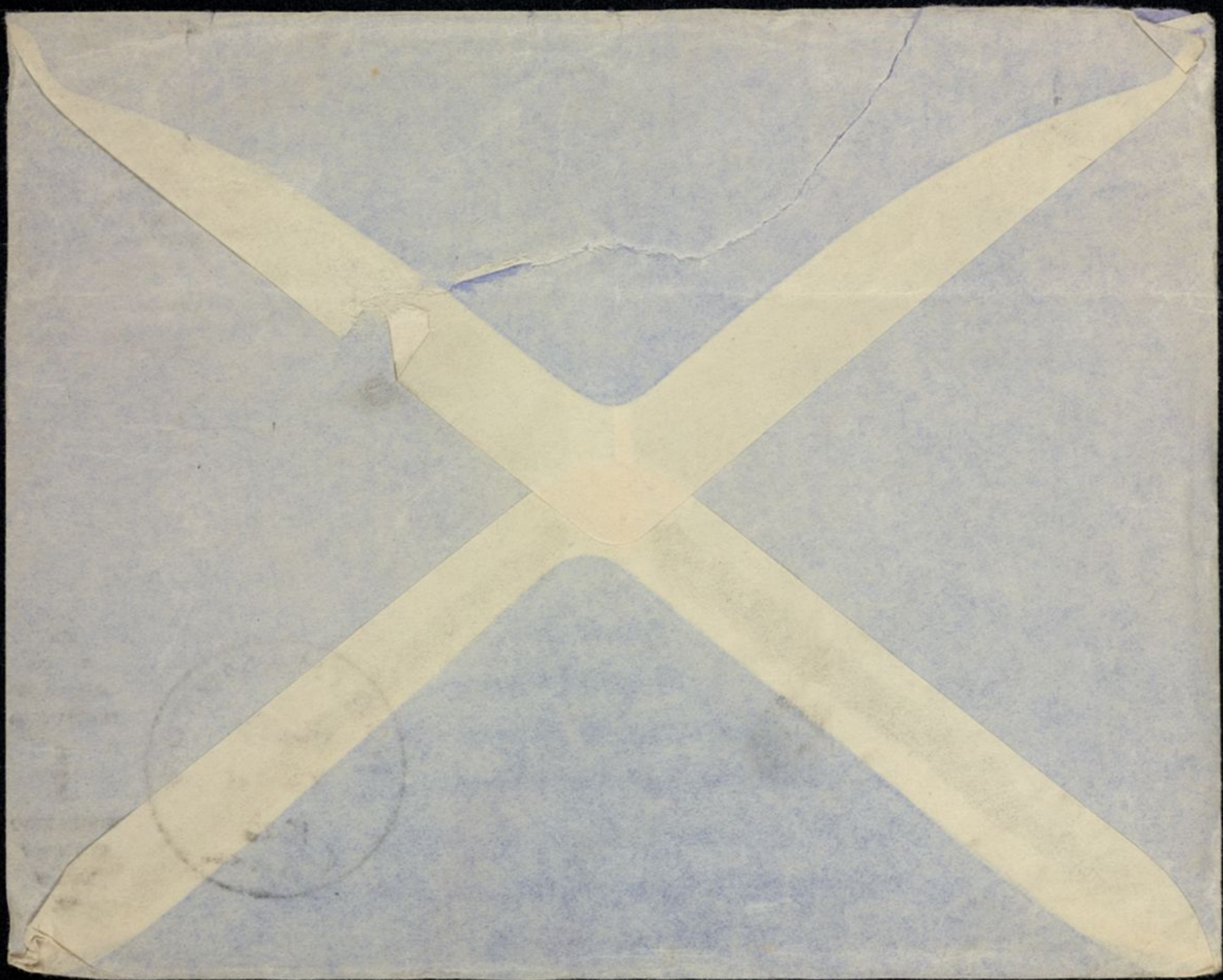
~~22 Paradise Road,~~

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Letter No. 49.

28 June 1940.

Dearest Emily,

I have no events to report since I last wrote, and I don't know where you are, but I hope that you have finished all your end-of-term duties in and near Boston, and have left for a complete change of scene and company. I am all ready to leave for Dublin tomorrow morning, the last of the formalities having been completed. When I return, I have a couple of minor jobs of writing to do, to take me to the end of July; and I hope, during August, if conditions permit, to pay a few visits. We get a fair amount of news of American politics, and I can imagine that at present foreign politics occupy but a small space in the American press. But even American domestic politics may be so much affected by what happens in Europe between now and November, that I cannot pay very much attention to them - we miss the agreeable Mr. Gram Swing who has had to abandon his transatlantic broadcasts. I heard a performance of the Eroica last night, apparently coming from Amsterdam; but I thought it rather languidly conducted, by whom, I don't know.

I had a very kind letter from Dr. Perkins, which I have answered at once. He said nothing about their plans for the summer, or about his History, which I should like to know had been published.

I shall write as soon as I return. This was only for the sake of writing; and even to put a few uninteresting remarks on paper gives the feeling of being in touch with you.

Your devoted

Tom

28 June 1910.

Letter No. 48.

Dear Sir,

I have no events to report since I last wrote, and I don't know where you are, but I hope that you have finished all your end-of-term duties in and near Boston, and have left for a complete change of scene and company. I am all ready to leave for Dublin tomorrow morning, the last of the formalities having been completed. When I return, I have a couple of minor jobs of writing to do, to take me to the end of July; and I hope, during August, if conditions permit, to pay a few visits. We get a fair amount of news of American politics, and I can imagine that at present foreign politics occupy but a small space in the American press. But even American domestic politics may be so much affected by what happens in Europe between now and November, that I cannot pay very much attention to them - we miss the accessible Mr. Cramling who has had to spend his transatlantic broadcasts. I heard a performance of the Frolic last night, apparently coming from Amsterdam; but I thought it rather languidly conducted, by whom I don't know.

I had a very kind letter from Dr. Terkins, which I have answered at once. He said nothing about their plans for the summer, or about his History, which I should like to know had been published.

I shall like to see you as soon as I return. This was only for the sake of writing; and even for a few uninteresting remarks on paper gives the feeling of being in touch with you.

Yours truly,
Tom

EXAMINER 386

from T.S. Eliot,
24, Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Please Forward).

To Mrs. Edward F. Mc Clellan
East Harwich
Mass

Miss Emily Hale,

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

~~90 Commonwealth Avenue,~~

~~BOSTON,~~

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BACK BAY

BOSTON, MASS.
JUL 22 7
1 30 PM '90

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

6 July 1940.

Dearest Emily

I was glad to find your letter no.42 of June 16 on my return from Dublin, the last, presumably, from Northampton. I wish indeed that I could have heard the Electra (I don't think you said whose translation it was, I fear Gilbert Murray's, but there is not much to choose from). I hope that there were some photographs of it, which I may eventually see. You are now in Maine (I don't know where Northport is) and I am glad to think that you will have so much of the seaside. I only hope that the "communal" life of Grand Manan will not be fatiguing; but Margaret Thorp is a person of such restless energy (I wonder what her views on international politics will be) and I myself have a terror of excessive community, when (as at Uncle Christopher's camp) it means the complete deprivation of privacy..

I have had two days on the sea too, though I did not attempt to bathe. The Lennox Robinsons' cottage has a most charming situation on the shore, south of Dublin, looking out towards Bray Head and the Wicklow hills, on a bay; and the cliffs and vegetation have a slightly riviera aspect. The weather was good. I arrived on Saturday afternoon and had a very full two days. We whisked back to Dublin after tea to hear a very dreary verse play - a "Deirdre" by Douglas Hyde, who is no poet - performed at the broadcasting station under the direction of Mrs. James Macneill, widow of the last viceroy: stopping to congratulate the performers afterwards. There were one or two good voices, but the rest were not Irish enough: the best that could be said is that they made the poetry sound a little better than it was. In any case I can never get enthusiastic about Conchubar (pronounced Connor) and Cúchulain (pronounced Coooolan) and the Red Branch Kings and the Sidhe and Mananan and all the other furniture of Irish folklore. Afterwards, dined with Mrs. MacNeill, a pleasant woman, at the one French restaurant, on Stephen's Green, and returned to Dalkey by train. On Sunday, Mass at Donnybrook, followed by a quick whiskey at the Fox Rock Club, and then a lunch party given by Dr. O'Brien, an economist at the university, at the Dun Laoghaire Yacht Club. There was a terrace, and small yachts sailing about, as it were Marblehead on a quiet July day. A party of people, including a Greek lecturer from Trinity College, and a man whose name is somehow familiar, Frank MacDermot - is he a producer? - whose wife informed me that she had been at one time married to Scofield Thayer. Then back to a very large tea party at the Robinsons' - all the usual literary and theatre folk, like the Longfords, and Fitz Gerald, and a great many other folk, some of whom the Robinsons did not admit to knowing themselves. Some of the guests bathed, and there was a certain amount of group photography on the lawn. After this, a short rest, a cold supper, and then in to the Abbey. I had never been in that theatre before, so my first sight of it was from the stage. It is a pleasant little theatre, shabby and old fashioned, but excellent acoustics,

James Joyce

I was glad to find your letter no. 42 of June 16 on my re-
turn from Dublin, the last, presumably, from Northampton. I
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per, and then in to the Abbey. I had never been in that theatre
before, so my first sight of it was from the stage. It is a pleas-
ant little theatre, shabby and old-fashioned, but excellent acoustics

holding about 500 people. It was full. I think that my lecture on Yeats went off well, so far as I could judge: the audience was attentive, applauded sufficiently, and there were no political demonstrations. I don't mean that they would have demonstrated against me, or against England; but that on any Irish topic - such as Yeats's poetry, the Irish are sure to disagree; and I knew from my previous visit that Yeats's peculiar (and I should agree, to a large extent pernicious) religious heresies have not made him altogether loved by the clerical party - and a few years ago, at least, the moral censorship of books in Ireland, and of all art, was a very burning question. But I think I skated over thin ice pretty competently, indicating that while I regarded Yeats as the greatest poet of his time I did not hold with all his views, but suggesting that these were matters which could be better dealt with by the Irish themselves, and making clear that my job there was purely literary criticism. Afterwards, there was a small party at the flat of a Dr. Furlong, also something in the university, and then home by car. On Monday morning I was fetched by Desmond Fitz Gerald (a nice cosmopolitan man whom I have known off and on for some years: after the 1916 rising he was sentenced to 20 years, but the sentence was remitted on the conclusion of the treaty, and he was a minister in the Cosgrave government, and is extremely well disposed towards us) and spent the morning with him discussing poetry and scholastic philosophy together with young Brian Coffey and Joseph Hone (who is writing Yeats' biography). I had to take a taxi all the way back to Dalkey, as Mrs. Yeats was coming to lunch. (She is English, and was a cousin of the Shakespears' - Mrs. Pound). That was agreeable and quiet, and afterwards I got a short nap before going to a young intellectuals' tea party at Donagh mac Donagh's house in Sandymount; thence on to the Post Office (Broadcasting Station) where I gave a 20 minute broadcast talk on poetic drama, which seemingly was still more successful than the lecture. After that, a pick me up at a near by bar with one of the officials, ran into Delia Kiernan on the street, and then taken by Robinson to the flat of a Mrs. Nolan for dinner. Mrs. Nolan a very agreeable woman who turned out to have come from Salem Mass. née Hilda Johnson, but I don't remember any Johnsons there, but there was no doubt about it, she had some unmistakeable water colours of Salem and knew the people. And up early the next morning to return by aeroplane (this my first venture into the air, but not at all terrifying).

There are many observations on Dublin that will keep. As before, it was pleasant but fatiguing. One assumes a different personality with the Irish: I am no longer the cold, correct Curzon-like figure that you know, but become a garrulous joker. They are a melancholy folk, the Irish, which is why they have to be up to larks the whole time, and leg-pulling and hilarity. And I find keeping up this geniality a little tiring. Still, it was a change. The Robinsons are very nice indeed, very simple, and like nearly everyone else, rather poor.. Mrs. R. is a granddaughter of old Professor Dowden: they are both Protestants. I know almost nothing about his plays, but I suppose they are

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holding about 500 people. It was full. I think that my fee-

very good. (By the way, I am going next week to see an American play which is highly praised, called Thunder Rock; I wonder if you know anything about it).

I have been trying to keep rather quiet since my return; the only event has been spending yesterday afternoon sitting on the platform (between Rose Macaulay and Stanley Unwin) at a meeting to protest against the application of Purchase Tax to Books. Faber made, I thought, much the best speech; though Jack Priestley was very effective: the M.P.s who spoke did not seem to me nearly such finished orators. But that is perhaps because they speak too much: Faber always gives the most careful preparation and in consequence talks very good English. I didn't have to say anything. Now I am having a quiet weekend. I have recently made the acquaintance of various people in the neighbourhood, and of the tenant of the ground floor flat - something which would never happen in Kensington in peace time.

This summer, though so crowded with public events, will be a kind of vacuum, and I shall really be glad when it is autumn again. To-day there is a good rain, which I welcome. What I should like would be some work of immediate importance of a kind which I felt I could do better than anybody else; but there doesn't seem to be any; so one must patiently try to do as efficiently as possible the things that come to hand. I wish that I might be in Maine with you; yet nothing on earth (except some task of national importance) would make me want to leave England at present. So I try to remember that it is better to be far away from you, than to be with you and wish that I was here.

Tom Camp
Tom

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Tom
Tom

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



*To Mrs Edward F. McCleenan
East Harwich
Mass.*

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Dr. John Carroll Perkins, D.D.,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXAMINER 490

BACK BAY

BOSTON, MASS.
JUL 22 7
1 30 PM
7940

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter no. 51.

12 July 1940.

Dear Emily

Your two letters 45 and 46, of the 24th and 28th June respectively, arrived together yesterday. I was very glad to get the news they contained. I don't wonder that you felt let down at the end of the term's activities; indeed I expected it; but I hope that sea air in Maine will help to set you up. I try often to think what was happening to you or to me just a year ago; and though the latter part of the summer remains quite distinct in my mind apart from all previous summers, the very beginning gets confused with the beginnings of previous summers. I mean that while events themselves are perfectly clear, I can't always be sure whether they happened a year ago, or two, or three. Your party of college girls, for instance, I remember very clearly - with tea at the Hotel Russell etc. - and I am almost sure that that was a year ago, but I should hesitate to affirm it under oath. That is one consequence of the sort of thing that has been happening since, and the speed of events.

I am very glad to hear of your seeing Henry and Theresa, and only sorry that my cable to him, which was meant to sound cheery and reassuring, should have produced anything like an offhand or snubbing effect. Actually, of course, I am as well off here as I should be in Wales. There is plenty to do. On returning from Dublin I had to set to work to do my paper for the Church Summer School, and have just completed it. Not having paid much attention to it before, I wondered, when I came to do it, why I had been chosen for this particular subject and why I had accepted: it is "Elements of strength and weakness in the English Tradition, civil and religious" and ought to be done by an historian, which I am not. However I think I have eluded the difficulties. I shall only go to Oxford for one night - it is not the most salubrious spot in England in late July, anyway - so as not to miss any of the A.R.P. lectures which I am following, with the intention of qualifying as a volunteer warden in Kensington: a duty which, however, does not preclude my taking weekends of paying visits. I am having my Yeats lecture copied, so as to send copies to Mrs. Yeats and Mrs. Yeats, and there will be a copy for you. I presume that if and when the Perkins's go away my letters and communications will reach you in time. I should be glad, however, to have approximate addresses, in case I wanted to cable to you - I was going to say, "now, you might have thought of that!"

I was very much pleased also that you liked my Worlds Fair inscription. There were a few alterations I wanted to make, but Kenneth Clark preferred it in its original form. The whole business, of course, is under the Ministry of Information.

Dear Sir

Your two letters of the 24th and 28th June respectively, arrived together yesterday. I was very glad to get the news they contained. I don't wonder that you felt let down at the end of the term's activities; indeed I expected it; but I hope that as you are in Mainz will help to set you up. I try often to think what was happening to you or to me just a year ago; and though the last few part of the summer remains quite distinct in my mind apart from all previous summers, the very beginning gets confused with the beginnings of previous summers. I seem that while events themselves are perfectly clear, I can't always be sure whether they happened a year ago, or two, or three. Your party of college girls, for instance, I remember very clearly - with tea at the Hotel Russell etc. and I am almost sure that that was a year ago, but I should hesitate to affirm it under oath. That is one consequence of the sort of thing that has been happening since, and the speed of events.

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Also the Purchase Tax (so far as it affects books) has been a very active issue. Faber is up to his ears in it, and I have only incidentally been involved, in seeing people I knew and writing letters to engage their interest. The details of the case seem too complicated and abstract to try to explain now!

This weekend there is a Moot at Jordan's. The C.N.L. continues to take every Monday evening.

I wish I knew your address.

Louise
Tom.

I don't think you wrote any 44.
43 was June 20 (Northampton)
and 45 June 24 (Boston).

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seem too complicated and abstract to try to explain now!

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tinues to take every Monday evening.

I wish I knew your address.

Yours truly,
Tom.

I don't think you want any of it.
He was down in (Northampton)
and it's down in (Boston)

OPENED BY

24 Pen
LON
S. Eliot,
Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



se Forward.



Miss Emily Hale,
c/o the Rev. J.C.Perkins, D.D.,
90 Commonwealth Avenue,
BOSTON,
Massachusetts,

P.C. 90

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXAMINER 1160

Letter no. 52.

19 July 1940.

Dearest Emily,

I have nothing particular to report during the last week: a weekend conference at Jordan's, committees, ARP lectures, dined with the Woolfs. This weekend I go to Cambridge - a week or two sooner than I had intended, but Sunday night is the dedication feast of St. Mary Magdalen, so it seemed a suitable occasion. I shall also see John, of course, and possibly the Innes's and Charles Smyth. Just as I had completed my address for the Summer School of Sociology, came the news that the meeting had been postponed until the end of September: so I have now no jobs on hand (except a review for the final number of "Purpose" which I promised to do in honour of the occasion for Desmond Hawkins) and can think about anything I like. I have to write a paper for a conference of the Archbishop's (of York) in November, but it is no use thinking of that too soon. I shall probably visit the Woolfs at the beginning of August, and go a little later to the Fabers. I don't think I shall take advantage of the Roberts's invitation, as Penrith is so far away; and the Kauffers have now returned to America.

I am very well, though somewhat under weight - but that is not due to any lack of food! I know that I have eaten more butter in the last ten months than in any previous period, and no less of anything else except perhaps bacon.

"Thunder Rock" is a very clever play indeed, I thought: the conversations between the lighthouse keeper and the dead people whose figures he has conjured up in his imagination to keep him company are very ingeniously managed indeed. I don't think that there is any English dramatist who could do that sort of thing half so well, and Sean O'Casey's experiments seem clumsy in comparison. The play falls down towards the end (very end is good) simply because the author's command of ideas, in contrast to his command of stage technique, is puerile: a usual weakness in playwrights. The "Neighbourhood Theatre" where it is being given, is a little theatre in an adapted house in Harrington Road, between Gloucester Road and South Ken. station - with the usual odd mixture of exhibitions of indifferent paintings and Sunday concerts of fairly good quartets and soloists - and I kept thinking that if you had been here you might have been spending a night or two at Aban Court (or in this house, as the office bedroom is still available for me) and we should have gone together. There is nothing else to see at the moment that I know of, except a season of miniature operas which Ashley is starting at the Mercury next week.

I haven't posted my Weats lecture yet, because I have only

19 July 1940.

Letter no. 52.

Dear Emily,

I have nothing particular to report during the last week: a weekend conference at Jordan's, committee, ARI lectures, dined with the Woolfs. This weekend I go to Cambridge - a week or two sooner than I had intended, but Sunday night is the dedication of St. Mary Magdalen, so it seemed a suitable occasion. I shall also see John, of course, and possibly the Innes's and Charles Smith. Just as I had completed my address for the Summer School of Sociology, came the news that the meeting had been postponed until the end of September: so I have now no jobs on hand (except a review for the final number of "Inquiry" which I promised to do in honour of the occasion for Desmond Hawkins) and can think about anything I like. I have to write a paper for a conference of the Archbishop's (of York) in November, but it is no use thinking of that too soon. I shall probably visit the Woolfs at the beginning of August, and go a little later to the Labers. I don't think I shall take advantage of the Roberts's invitation, as I can't go far away; and the Labers have now returned to America.

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I haven't posted my West's lecture yet, because I have only

the one copy, and am waiting to send it until I hear from Hawkins that he has received the other copy which I sent him to print in "Purpose".

As you cannot be here, I like to think of you perhaps lying on a verandah or on a beach on the coast of Maine, with sunshine and a sea breeze, getting a little brown - perhaps even bathing - though the water is cold up there - perhaps sailing - perhaps even eating lobster, though I do not think that is a food you commonly take - but so very delicious fresh from the sea. I am lucky to have the coast of Cardigan to go to. As usual, I cannot make much of American politics, and have no right to any opinion. Still, I have known Americans to hold opinions about British politics!

No letter from you this week, nor did I expect any. Even when you are able to write, it will take longer. I haven't heard of any children for you to look after yet. I just want you to gain as much health and weight as possible.

Your loving
Dor

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that he has received the other copy which I sent him to print in
"purpose".

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on a veranda or on a beach on the coast of Maine, with sunshine
and a sea breeze, getting a little brown - perhaps even getting
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of any children for you to look after yet. I just want you to
gain as much health and weight as possible.

Tom
Tom

EXAMINER 611

om T.S. Elliot,
Russell Square,
London W.C.1



Miss Emily Hale,
c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins, D.D.,
Apartment 17,
90 Commonwealth Avenue,
BOSTON, Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

26 July 1940.

Dearest Emily,

Your two communications enclosing post cards, one of the 9th from Portland, and the letter 48 of the 15th from Woods Holl, arrived together; and the pictures roused many memories, the one general of early days cruising on the Maine coast (this, I suppose, was taken in Casco Bay) and the other very particular. I wish that I had sent messages of regard in time to the Elsmiths and to the children (let me see, Olcott, Taylor, Barbara, Dorothy and Deborah, but Olcott must have finished at Harvard by now) but perhaps you can convey them later, by letter or when you stop with them again. I can still hear the bell-buoy tolling lazily on a quiet summer day. I rejoice that you should have so much time by the sea, and only regret the amount of time you have to spend travelling from place to place: if any one of the situations was ideal for such a stay, I should prefer you to have two continuous months in one place. Cataumet and Nantucket are close at hand, I know. I hope that Mr. Noyes will not be fatiguing, as I know you are likely to devote time to him in order to relieve Lenelope (to whom also affectionate greetings). (I have had very friendly letters from my cousins Sam and Will which I must answer: the Portland cousins are always most loyal in keeping up relations and remembering one in time of trouble, though I have had good messages from Alice and Leonard Martin in St. Louis too. The cousins whom I saw most of in childhood, the Hinkleys and Fred, are the ones I never hear from: it is Aunt Susie and Uncle Christopher who write). But I am not a good correspondent myself: I write about once a fortnight to Ada, and once a month to Henry (I have written to him to try to undo any unfortunate impression that my cable may have made). I am very glad that you communicate with Theresa even when you cannot see her.

This week has been very busy with ARP lectures every night; next week comes the examination. Another meeting also about the purchase tax on books, and I am trying to write an article on the subject for Leonard Woolf's "Political Quarterly" and then something connected with it for Christopher Dawson's "Dublin Review" (which has nothing to do with Dublin or Ireland, beyond being R.C.). It also seems that I shall have to write the "Christian News Letter" for three weeks in order to help Oldham to get a holiday; it is flattering perhaps that he feels that I am the only person he wants to take on during his absence, but I do not feel self-confident. This probably means that I shall put my visit to Wales to the end of August. Oldham is about 68 now, and has been working under great pressure since the beginning of the war. There is no one who could really replace him - incidentally, he has an amazing

Dear Billy,

Your two communications-enclosing post cards, one of the 9th from Portland, and the letter of the 15th from Woods Hole, arrived together; and the pictures housed many memories, the one of early days cruising on the Maine coast (this, I suppose, was taken in Casco Bay) and the other very particular. I wish that I had sent messages of regard in time to the Almatias and to the children (let me see, Olcott, Taylor, Barbara, Dorothy and Deborah, but Olcott must have finished at Harvard by now) but perhaps you can convey them later, by letter or when you stop with them again. I can still hear the bell-hoy calling loudly on a quiet summer day. I rejoice that you should have so much time by the sea, and only regret the amount of time you have to spend travelling from place to place: if any one of the Almatias was ideal for such a stay, I should prefer you to have two continuous months in one place. Gatun and Nantucket are close at hand. I know. I hope that Mr. Meyer will not be fatiguing, as I know you are likely to devote time to him in order to relieve Lancelotti (to whom also affectionate greetings). I have had very friendly letters from my cousins Sam and Will which I must answer; the latter and cousins are always most loyal in keeping up relations and remembering me in time of trouble, though I have had good messages from Alice and Leonard Larkin in St. Louis too. The ones I saw most of in childhood, the Minkley's and Fred, and the ones I never hear from: it is Aunt Bessie and Uncle Christopher who write. But I am not a good correspondent myself. I write about once a fortnight to Ada, and once a month to Henry (I have written to him to try to undo any unfortunate impression that my uncle may have made). I am very glad that you communicate with Theresa even when you cannot see her.

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gift for finding out who are the right people for his purposes, and getting in touch with ~~him~~; and the C.N.L. is now read, I believe, in several important government quarters. So it is all the more essential that he should have some relief now. Anyway, many people will not be leaving town at all. After I finish this I must go to their office and talk to Miss Iredale about arrangements.

I can't remember whether I explained about Tom Faber, as I evidently had not done so by the time you got my last letter before you wrote. The point is that he is 13, and has just won a scholarship to Oundle, which is a very good school for boys of a scientific bent; and Geoffrey feels, quite rightly, I think, that at that point his education should not be interrupted. The other children, of course, are now too old to go. The Tandys have decided not to send their children. Georgina Dobree is, I believe, still very happy with the Hotsons, who are devoted to her; and at this moment is probably gambolling about on the shore of Frenchman's Bay, where they have a summer cottage. The Hotsons seem to have a very happy active life on the whole: there is something perennially childlike about them, and they have just enough brains and not too much. I don't know of any other children whom their parents want to send at present. It was very sweet of Henry to want to take Tom, and I wrote to explain the circumstances to him. In any case Tom would have to be sent to boarding school somewhere; and Henry and Theresa would probably spoil and pamper completely any child in their charge! But I think that with Henry's nervousness and frail health, to be responsible for a child for the first time in his life might be a good deal of a strain on him. The Times, I think it was, in expressing appreciation of the offer of Boston to take children, solemnly remarked in commendation that Boston was the ~~traditional~~ centre of traditional American culture - and therefore, presumably, the best place for the children of readers of that newspaper.

Your letter 48 was a very good one. It is very true that that one can learn certain things about a person when separated from them, by seeing them in a different perspective and in relation to their work and duties - though one can have too much of that point of view! And I feel, of course, a certain constraint (which has to be reciprocal, alas, to some extent of discretion) in letter writing now, which makes it different from any previous winter. (I say "winter" still, because in that sense it will always be winter for me until communication can be by speech as well as by letter).

I had a good weekend at Cambridge, though the weather was not quite so benign as in May - on the other hand on my last visit I was concerned about the possibility of being interned in Italy. I saw John Hayward, of course; the Innes's; the Charles Smyths,

Gift for finding out who are the right people for his purpose, and getting in touch with them; and the G.W.L. is now dead, I believe, in several important government quarters. So it is all the more essential that he should have some relief now. Anyway, many people will not be leaving town at all. After I finish this I must go to their office and talk to Miss Lisdale about arrangements.

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lunched with the Master, and feasted in scarlet - a very quiet feast, with no guests - and the tail of the evening watching Gaselee and Turner and two other dons play bridge; then early chapel, in surplice and hood, on St. Mary Magdalene's Day, and back to town. I expect I shall be in London for the next few weekends.

Your devoted

Tom

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feast, with no guests - and the tail of the evening watching
Ossie and Turner and two other boys play bridge; then early
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Your devoted

Tom

EXAMINER 1359

T.S. Eliot,
Russell Square,
London, W.C.2



Miss Emily Hale,

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

Apartment 17,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Dearest Emily,

Your letter 49 of the 22nd July arrived, but has had to wait for several days for an answer. I had a longer succession of evenings out than usual: Montgomery Belgion came up to town on leave for a couple of nights, so I had to dine with him on Sunday; the C.N.L. committee as usual on Monday; Tuesday night to the Mercury to have a chat with Ashley and the Brownes, who were here for two days; and incidentally looking on at the "intimate opera" (with three singers on the stage!) which he is now running there; Wednesday the Chandos Group meeting; Thursday dined with the Hutchinsons and Hugh Walpole. This week I have to go to the Mercury again to meet General de Gaulle, who is being specially invited with Denis Saurat. Otherwise, having finished an article for the Political Quarterly (but I am not satisfied with it) and having sent it to Geoffrey in Wales (where he has just withdrawn with boils on his face: the work and worry of the Publishers' Association have been very heavy all winter, and I don't think G. has a very strong constitution: he is too fat and heavy, and suffers from lack of exercise) I have settled down to the work of the C.N.L. which I find very trying at first. It has taken me the whole weekend to elaborate a four-page "letter", and by tomorrow I may want to scrap it and start all over. This job - which, as I said, I have taken on for three weeks to let Oldham get a rest, which he very badly needs - will keep me to the grindstone: the actual writing will be done at weekends - which means that I can't get away until the end of the month. I have never had the experience of having to write weekly articles - except when I reviewed for the Athenaeum, and that is very different; and I have not the fund of topics that Oldham has, or, what is still more remarkable, his ability to put his hand on just the right man to tell him what he wants to know. There are half a dozen regular topics which must not be dropped, as well as whatever turn up from moment to moment. If somebody makes an important speech during the week, that helps. But one has to try to keep up with periodicals, parliamentary reports etc., and of course I can only give half my time to this. Well, you will see for yourself whether the results are adequate. But the weather is now warm and sultry, and I envied you on the beach, in the water, and sailing in yachts. I have never in my life had a sail in your company. Meanwhile I am to have my ARP oral examination on Tuesday, so must spend Monday afternoon mugging up my notes and the manual. I believe the test is not an exacting one. After that I expect to be supplied with ("issued with" I fear you would say) a kit, consisting of a helmet, a suit of overalls, and possibly rubber boots, and take one night a fortnight on duty at the local post nearby; and that's all it amounts to in these times. (You won't confuse the ARP with the LDV, I hope).

I could not tell from such tiny photographs (very welcome they were, however, but I hope that one of your hosts will have a bigger camera) how well you may be looking. One of them suggested that you had put on a little weight, but that may merely have been an illusion due to the position! Anyway, it seems to be a good symptom

Dear Sir,

Your letter of the 22nd July arrived, but has had to wait for several days for an answer. I had a longer succession of evenings out than usual: Montgomery Bellon came up to town on Sunday for a couple of nights, so I had to dine with him on Sunday; the G.W.L. committee as usual on Monday; Tuesday night to the Mercury to have a chat with Ashley and the Browns, who were here for two days, and incidentally looking on at the "intimate opera" (with three singers on the stage!) which he is now running there; Wednesday the Chandos Group meeting; Thursday dined with the Hutchinsons and Hugh Walpole. This week I have to go to the Mercury again to meet General de Gaulle, who is being especially invited with Denis Garnett. Otherwise, having finished an article for the Political Quarterly (but I am not satisfied with it) and having sent it to Geoffrey in Wales (where he has just withdrawn with boils on his face; the work and worry of the Publishers' Association have been very heavy all winter, and I don't think G. has a very strong constitution; he is too fat and heavy, and suffers from lack of exercise) I have settled down to the work of the G.W.L. which I find very trying at first. It has taken me the whole weekend to edit a four-page "letter", and by tomorrow I may want to scrap it and start all over. This job - which, as I said, I have taken on for three weeks to let Oldham get a rest, which he very badly needs - will keep me to the grindstone; the actual writing will be done at weekends - which means that I can't get away until the end of the month. I have never had the experience of having to write weekly articles - except when I reviewed for the Athenaeum, and that is very different; and I have not the kind of topics that Oldham has, or what is still more remarkable, his ability to put his hand on just the right man to tell him what he wants to know. There are half a dozen regular topics which must not be dropped, as well as whatever turn up from moment to moment. If somebody makes an important speech during the week, that helps. But one has to try to keep up with periodicals, parliamentary reports etc., and of course I can only give half my time to this. Well, you will see for yourself whether the results are adequate. But the weather is now warm and salty, and I envied you on the beach, in the water, and sailing in yachts. I have never in my life had a sail in your company. Meanwhile I am to have my ARP oral examination on Tuesday, so must spend Monday afternoon mulling up my notes and the manual. I believe the test is not an exciting one. After that I expect to be supplied with ("issued with") I fear you would say) a kit, consisting of a helmet, a suit of overalls, and possibly rubber boots, and take one night a fortnight on duty at the local post nearby; and that's all it amounts to in these times. (You won't confuse the ARP with the LDV, I hope.)

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that you have felt up to going into the water (I remember that you once expressed an aversion to bathing photographs, a feeling which in general I share) which, I believe, is much warmer on the South Shore than North of Boston.

I hope that you have given my appropriate greetings as you have gone along; as my explicit messages will always have reached you too late.

Of course I have not seen anything yet of life in the country, and it might be wise to be guarded in descriptions of it: I have not even told you much about Cambridge. I dare say I am more cautious than necessary - that is my temperament - but I can't help it. I should like at least to reassure you, if you need it, about my own situation, which is much the same in detail as in normal times, except for the odd jobs I have from time to time mentioned. I have at last had a line from Mrs. Seaverns: Jim's children have gone to Australia, and she is feeling rather lonelier, so I expect that I shall be dining at Millbank again shortly. The chief inconvenience of life, really, is that I feel hampered and constrained in correspondence, far beyond the necessities of national defence: so you must just believe that my letters are twice the length they are - that is to say, with lines between the lines.

Your devoted

Tom

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Yours brother
Tom

from T.S.Eliot,
24, Russell Square,
London W.C.1.




BY AIR MAIL
AVION

Miss Emily Hale,

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

Apartment 17,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON, Mass.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

717
UNIVERSITY

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINED 742

Letter no. 55.

13 August 1940.

Searns Emily

I am a very poor correspondent at present, and shall be for the next two weeks; and I have written no other private letters at all. A more practised journalist, no doubt, could turn out his weekly copy in much less time than I, and probably give the ten thousand odd readers as much or more satisfaction. But it is not simply that I am a very slow and difficult writer. When one is only running a paper for three weeks, what one writes in those three issues becomes rather conspicuous; a new editor is read with the critical attention of unfamiliarity; and one feels an obligation to make the best job of it one can. On Friday and Saturday I am brooding over what to write; on Sunday afternoon and evening I lash myself up to doing a draft; on Monday morning I go to the office in Dorset Square and go through the correspondence; on Monday night I dine with Hambleton (the only member of the committee now in town) and discuss what I have written. Then I have three mornings in which to re-write my draft and do any of the things which I should normally be doing in the morning. On Thursday I go to press; and by taking Friday morning at Russell Square, I spend the afternoon at Balcombe Street (Dorset Square), correcting my proof, dictating letters, and reading the weekly periodicals. So the work is practically continuous. It has happened that I have also had three rather difficult books to deal with, with quite different problems connected with each, for F & F; which involves interviewing two authors, one translator, and two literary agents. Geoffrey, of course, is having a well earned rest in Wales, soothing his boils. I go there by the way on the 30th for ten days or so; as I wind up my official duties for the News Letter on the 29th by giving a short talk in a C.N.L. series at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. To-day I have Denis Saurat and Philippe Barrés (son of Maurice Barrés) to lunch; but this week and next I am keeping clear of evening engagements. I have passed my A R P test (not very brilliantly, I fear) and have received my card but not my kit. And we are waiting anxiously to learn the result of the Supplementary Budget debate this afternoon, because of its importance to the survival of the publishing industry. I must say that the Archbishop of Canterbury has given a great deal of energy to helping us to get the book tax modified.

Well, I am rather enjoying the extra work, but hope that I shall be able to regard it with satisfaction when it is over. I am so behind in writing that I have three of your letters, 50, 51 (I am allowing your numbers to creep up on me, and must make a spurt later) and an unnumbered one, written earlier from Saturday Cove. I don't remember Northport, but Blue Hill I remember very clearly. That is all very favourite country of mine; and the South Shore has never appealed to me so much - though indeed I have only the

13 August 1940.

Letter no. 25

Dear Miss

I am a very poor correspondent at present, and shall be for the next two weeks; and I have written no other private letters at all. A more practised journalist, no doubt, could turn out his weekly copy in much less time than I, and probably give the ten thousand odd readers as much or more satisfaction. But it is not simply that I am a very slow and difficult writer. When one is only running a paper for three weeks, what one writes in those three issues becomes rather conspicuous; a new editor is read with the critical attention of unfamiliarity; and one feels an obligation to make the best job of it one can. On Friday and Saturday I am brooding over what to write; on Sunday afternoon and evening I lash myself up to being a draft; on Monday morning I go to the office in Dorset Square and go through the correspondence; on Tuesday night I dine with Hamblen (the only member of the committee now in town) and discuss what I have written. Then I have three mornings in which to re-write my draft and do any of the things which I should normally be doing in the morning. On Thursday I go to press; and by taking Friday morning at Russell Square, I spend the afternoon at Falconer Street (Dorset Square), correcting my proof, die casting letters, and reading the weekly periodicals. So the work is practically continuous. It has happened that I have also had three rather difficult books to deal with, with quite different problems connected with each, for E & F; which involves interviewing two authors, one a capitalist, and two literary agents. Geoffrey, of course, is having a well earned rest in Wales, sooking his bones. I go there by the way on the 20th for ten days or so; as I wind up my official duties for the week letter on the 20th by giving a short talk in a O.K.L. series at St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street. To-day I have been to see and Philip Barrie (son of Justice Barrie) to lunch; but this week and next I am keeping clear of evening engagements. I have passed my A.R. test (not very brilliantly, I fear) and have received my card but not my kit. And we are waiting anxiously to learn the result of the Supplementary Budget debate this afternoon, because of its importance to the survival of the publishing industry. I must say that the Archbishop of Canterbury has given a great deal of energy to helping us to get the book tax modified.

Well, I am rather enjoying the extra work, but hope that I shall be able to regard it with satisfaction when it is over. I am so behind in writing that I have three of your letters, 20, 21 (I am allowing your numbers to creep up on me, and must make a special letter) and an unnumbered one, written earlier than Saturday Cove. I don't remember No. 20, but like this I remember very clearly. That is all very favourite country of mine; and the south shore has never appeared to me so much - though indeed I have only the

one particular visit to remember, and a very important one too, at the Elsmiths. I was glad of all the news of your visit there, as I have such a very abiding memory of the people and the place; Nantucket I know only from your description. I am glad that you should stay with the Thorps, and you ought to find it stimulating though hardly restful. Margaret's odd wiry energy and restless high-intellectualism is not what one would choose for company if one was convalescing from a severe illness. I gather that America has been visited by the usual summer heat wave; and I fear lest your fortnight in Boston may coincide with the worst of it. Mrs. Perkins ought not to be there, nor you to look after her. I like one of the photographs, but the "smiling" one I destroyed after one good look.

It is strange to think that in another four or five weeks you will be starting again at Smith. If I felt sure that your summer was not being too broken to give you all the good you need from it, I should look forward to the autumn, because the autumn makes it possible to look forward to another, and perhaps brighter spring. Your letter 50 was a very fine one, and reassuring and fortifying to me. Thank you.

Your loving
Tom

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at the Michlitz. I was glad of all the news of your visit there,
and I have such a very vivid memory of the people and the place;
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I should look forward to the autumn, because the autumn makes it
possible to look forward to another, and perhaps brighter spring.
Your letter to me was a very fine one, and reassuring and fortifying
to me. Thank you.

Your loving
father

from T.S.Eliot,
24 Russell Square,
London W.C.1.



Miss Emily Hale,

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

Apartment 17,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON, Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXAMINER 1516

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 56.

24 August 1940.

St. Bartholomew's.

Dearest Emily

I am grieved that I have been unable to write until the end of the week, but I did warn you that my correspondence would be poor and irregular until my turn with the News Letter was over. I have now passed for press my last issue, and Oldham returns on Monday to resume the task. I am not very proud of what I have done with these three issues, but I hope and believe that they have at least done no harm. It is better, when editing a paper in the editor's absence, to keep on the safe side, and avoid treating any subjects which might lead to my committing the paper to a view that the editor had not made up his mind on, even if the result is a little dull. The News Letter has numerous readers who write letters: this is the first time I have ever done any journalism that brought in immediate comments from all sorts of people unknown to me. It is interesting to get this reflection of what one says, and especially to see how one's personal modes of writing sometimes arouse misunderstanding. For instance I am very apt to make only the minimum assertion necessary for the particular point. The difficulty, in general, with saying only exactly what one means, and rather less than more, seems to be that people are not used to that, and are so ~~xxxxxxx~~ used to loose statements that they read something into one's words which is not there at all.

Now on Thursday a 20 minute talk on Christian Society (which I have to compose over the weekend) and on Friday I hope to get to Wales. My duties as Warden have not been very onerous so far, and have been limited to a little occasional patrolling: this is a very quiet neighbourhood to patrol.

But I have had no letter from you since I last wrote; which I can attribute to your being in a remote place. The time is drawing near when you return to Northampton: may the last part of your vacation be the most restful! My mind turns often to vivid pictures of our situation a year ago: that breathless fortnight or so is one of the clearest memories I have. And, I hope, with you also.

Your loving

Tom

Dear Sir

I am pleased that I have been able to write until the end of the week, but I did warn you that my correspondence would be poor and irregular until my turn with the News Letter was over. I have now passed for press my last issue, and O'Brien returns on Monday to resume the task. I am not very proud of what I have done with these three issues, but I hope and believe that they have at least done no harm. It is better, when editing a paper in the editor's absence, to keep on the safe side, and avoid touching any subjects which might lead to my committing the paper to a view that the editor had not made up his mind on, even if the result is a little dull. The News Letter has numerous readers who write letters; this is the first time I have ever done any journalism that brought in immediate comments from all sorts of people unknown to me. It is interesting to get this reflection of what one says, and especially to see how one's personal modes of writing sometimes create misunderstandings. For instance I am very apt to make only the minimum assertion necessary for the particular point. The difficulty, in general, with saying only exactly what one means, and rather less than more, seems to be that people are not used to that, and are so accustomed to loose statements that they read something into one's words which is not there at all.

Now on Thursday a 20 minute talk on Christian Society (which I have to compose over the weekend) and on Friday I hope to get to Wales. My duties as warden have not been very onerous so far, and have been limited to a little occasional lecturing; this is a very quiet neighbourhood to control.

But I have had no letter from you since I last wrote; which I can attribute to your being in a remote place. The time is drawing near when you return to Northampton; may the last part of your vacation be the most restful! My mind turns often to vivid pictures of our situation a year ago; last Christmas I might or so is one of the oldest memories I have. And, I hope, with you also.

Yours truly
Tom