

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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730
EXAMINER
052

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
near Guildford,
Surrey.


BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINED 055

Letter 93.

from Tyglyn Aeron,

6 September 1941.

Dearest Lady,

a

I date this from Wales, where my visit is drawing to/close: a peaceful and healthy holiday, with variable weather, but when good very good indeed. I have had several sea bathes, a little tennis, a day of trout fishing (I am not an angler, though I think that if I lived where there was fishing - there is none in Surrey - and had the assistance of an experienced fisherman, it is the one blood-sport which I might enjoy) when I made myself useful by ~~rowing~~ rowing the boat to fish from. My god-son is very keen at fishing. A picnic at a ruined castle on a precipice (but a gentle slope to approach it on one side: a visit to the local village sports, some ~~po~~ punning (I never catch any) and tomorrow a shoot in which I expect to be one of the amateur beaters. This afternoon, tea with Miss Davies, the last of what was the great local landowning family, who, having lived in Ealing until circumstances forced her to return to take up housekeeping with her elderly brother, the family fortunes being at a low ebb, is always eager to see visitors from the metropolis, and being 65 likes a little mild flirtation. I am actually stopping a little longer than expected, but that turns out convenient for everybody, since Aunt Cocky Moncrieff is being spirited away from Shamley so that her sister may have a rest, and as she had to be told that Mrs.M. had been ordered solitude by the doctor (a difficult pill to swallow in itself, Mrs.M. being a Christian Scientist) it is desirable that she should think that I was away too. So I return on Tuesday by sleeping car, spend Wednesday night at Hadham (which is in Hertfordshire, near Bishop's Stortford, and is the seat of Richard de la Mare Esqre.) pay a visit to the dentist on Thursday to have more minor repairs and see whether my mouth is yet ready to have an impression for the set (he said that it was a waste of money to have a temporary set, as I should only begin to get used to it by the time the final set was ready; and I can eat everything except very hard dry toast). Geoffrey dropped his teeth on the beach the other day, but they were retrieved before the tide came in. And it seems difficult to remember to put them in before breakfast. I wish indeed that you could have been present to sit by my bed, for I remember one slight feverish cold, contracted in Wales, and providentially appearing on my arrival in Campden, which gave me two very happy days. I think that the next time we are in Campden, or in some similar situation, I shall aim at arriving with a chill and a slight temperature. I think the photograph of "Wingless Victory" is very good, though I could have wished it were more of a close-up, and a photograph of you disguised as an old lady of the XVIII century is not a substitute for a photograph of yourself in more usual daily dress and coiffure. I am happy to think of you at the seaside, and there is no place where I had rather be for this time of year than that coast. The tolling of the bell in the first part of Dry Salvages is involved in my mind with the bell-

buoy when we sat on the beach at Wood's Holl - one of the moments peculiarly sharp and poignant in my memory. Correspondence is a poor substitute, yet if one has to be separated, it is somehow less trying to be separated by such universally abnormal circumstances, than it would be (for the same length of time) were the world about going on normally. I mean, one can more easily regard it as an interlude, though of a terrible kind. I do not think that these circumstances numb one's personal feelings; indeed, they make personal relations if anything more important than ever: they merely make personal desires and frustrations seem insignificant in the universal tragedy.

*Your very loving
Tom*

P.S. I almost forgot the following. A letter from Janet Roberts begins

"Dear Tom Possum,

I'm writing to ask you to give a message some time to Miss Hale, whose address I don't know. Mackenzie, the old man who looks after the Castle, showed me a Christmas Card and letter he'd had from her - they had surprised and pleased him so much, and he wanted to thank her. He said he liked her - and she had liked his piping."

and ends

"And when you do write Miss Hale, will you give her my Mother's and my very good wishes?"

6505

From T.S. Eliot,
Hamley Wood,
Hamley Green,
Windsor, Surrey.

1941



EXAMINER 1000

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

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 94.

Shamley.

22 September 1941.

My Dear -

The Liza Jane with a blue topmast
And a deckload of hay came driftin' past.
The cap'n stands aft, and he says "How do?
We're from Bangor Maine, from where be you?"

But I did not know that Bangor boasted such a grand hôtel, which sounds delightful from your description. And now the Eastern holiday is ended, and tomorrow you begin work. I am overjoyed by your high marks! you ought to be made an honorary member of Phi Beta Kappa - as I am, having been too lazy and idle as an undergraduate to have attained that honour properly.

I have not written any letters, except a few notes of appointments, for the past ten days - but I did write to Dr. Perkins, but I still have Mrs. Seaverns on my conscience - because I have had to put everything aside, stop away from London, and hammer away at my Kipling introduction: which is supposed to be 10,000 words - a very long stretch for me. I am always so unconfident of being able to think of enough to say, when I have to write to length, that I begin by just keeping going and putting down whatever comes into my head, as it comes: then sort it out later, and in my second writing, having assured myself that I can fill the space, the better ideas come, if at all. But it has been a prodigious labour. The trouble of being a member of the publishing house, when one is the author, is the double responsibility: otherwise I should just have said that I wanted more time: but I feel that I must conform to requirements when they want a book for the Christmas season. Besides, Mrs. Bambridge, out of whose profits my fee comes, will want the book to sell quickly. Having finished the essay, I go up to town for two days tomorrow, and spend the weekend revising hastily my Shakespeare paper for Bristol. I told you, I think, that next week I have to spend two nights in Oxford (for two meetings) one in London, two in Bristol, and finally two in Wells with the Bishop (I have never seen Wells and look forward to it) and then two more nights in London before returning here for several days on the 8th.

What was the "bug" that bit you on Grand Manan? (Your letter of the moment was forwarded to Tyglyn). The other day I was cutting down bracken, for an hour's exercise, and came bang in to a nest of wasps on the ground. I didn't notice them until I noticed three distinct stings. But they were pretty torpid - the day was coolish - and only one had the energy to pursue me far: I dashed in a one door of the house and out at another and so eluded him. What surprised me was the mildness of the wasp sting and they left no marks. Fortunately, bites only on the hands and wrists: the end of the nose of the neighbourhood of the eye might be more unpleasant. Unless these happened just to be peculiarly impotent wasps, I prefer wasps to the harvesters (I don't know what they are called in the States) which

22 September 1911

My dear

The first thing I did was to write to you, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I am sure you will be very happy to hear from me again.

I did not know that you had been to the States, and I am glad to hear that you are well. I am sure you will be very happy to hear from me again.

I have not written any letters, except a few lines to you, since I left London. I am sure you will be very happy to hear from me again.

There are two things that I want to tell you. The first is that I am well and happy. The second is that I am sure you will be very happy to hear from me again.

bite in the most unexpected places and leave itching lumps for several days - they are equally active in Wales and in Surrey; and the mosquitoes this year have baritone voices like Canadian ones, but are less virile. But I am worried to hear about your bug, which I presume was a germ, and want to know whether it has upset you for long. I do pray that these weeks down East have done you good: I only wish that the water had been warm enough for you to bathe, as I believe you enjoy it, though not a strong swimmer?

The Fabers are trying to sell the house in Wales - though I doubt whether they will be successful quickly. Now that the children are growing up (Anne is engaged to a soldier) and will use it less, they begin to find it something of a burden, inspite of its great charm, and would like to find a small estate nearer London. I have suggested to them that if they do get a place, accessible to town, with a spare cottage or two, I should like to take a cottage, and divide my time more or less as I do now, only between a cottage of my own and a couple of rooms of my own in London. But these projects, if they ever are realisable at all, will be for after the war, probably.

I should love to have a pair of socks knitted by you. I am still using, for country wear, two pairs knitted by Margot Clement in 1932, I have several pairs knitted by Christina Morley, no socks but a jumper from Polly Tandy: my other two godmothers have done nothing for me in this way. My size I think is $11\frac{1}{2}$ but I am by no means sure that the sizes run the same in America: so I shall have to borrow a tapemeasure and give you the length of my foot in precise inches.

Always your loving
Tom

give in the most unexpected places and have technical names for
newspaper - they are equally active in the field and in the way; and
the world's first year have various voices like Canadian ones
but are less visible. But I am worried to hear about your
when I presume was a party, and want to know whether it was
you for long. I do hope that these weeks down East have done
good: I only wish that the water had been warm enough for you to
bathe, as I believe you enjoy it, though not a strong swimmer.

The papers are trying to sell the so-called "children" - I hope
it will be successful. Now that the children
are growing up (some are engaged to a soldier) and will use it less,
they begin to find it somewhat of a burden, the title of the great
charm, and would like to find a small cottage near London. I
am suggested to that they should try to get a cottage, possibly in
town, with a small cottage or two, and should like to take a cottage
and divide by time more or less as I do now, only between a cottage
of my own and a couple of rooms of my own in London. But these
projects, if they even are realizable at all, will be for after
the war, probably.

I should love to have a little of books written by you. I am
still waiting for country work, two years ago, but I am not
in 1932, I have several more written by Elizabeth Taylor, no socks
but a letter from Polly Lundy; my other two volumes have some
nothing for me in this way. My wife I think is ill, but I am by
no means sure that she is the same in America; so I shall
have to borrow a few more and see how the books of my foot in
practical fashions.

Thank you very
much
Tom

EXAMINER 2546
EXAMINER 2546

T.S. Eliot,
Hamley Wood,
Hamley Green,
Wokingham, Surrey.

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



P.C. 90

P.C. 90

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Letter no.95.

Shamley,

Dearest Emily,

28 September 1941.

I have been trying to tidy up, pay bills etc. and tomorrow morning pack my bag for ten days away: two nights Oxford, one at the Dawsons before a meeting about theological publishing in the afternoon, and one at Corpus after a C.N.L. meeting; two nights London; two nights Bristol, two nights Wells with the Bishop; and three nights in London before returning to Shamley. I have had a busy long weekend, here: first finishing off the Kipling essay, after getting a few criticisms from Faber (there was no time to show it to anyone else) and it is not Kipling's fault if I feel that I never want to look at a poem or a story of his again), and then trying to polish up a bit the two Shakespeare lectures (which you have) for Bristol - I should have spent several weeks over them, but for Kipling who had to be done in time for publication this autumn. The weather has permitted me to sit in the garden when I was free of the typewriter (I cannot write out of doors); and I have had anti-cold injections: if I suffer from colds and flu this winter it will simply be that I am a very susceptible subject, for I have taken all the precautions known to science. I have been measured finally for my teeth; and the dentist's assistant, the one who plays the harp under the trees to the birds at Stoke Poges, has taken to talking to me in Welsh, occasionally dropping into her native Gaelic to illustrate the difference between the two languages. She is a very remarkable woman. The dentist himself, I suspect, comes from Lancashire: his type of humour smacks of that county. Altogether it is an odd establishment.

Nothing else particular to report, and my nose has been too close to the grindstone to have had any thoughts worthy of communicating. Henry has had his appendix out, and speaks of it as a minor operation: but he is very delicate (not like me) and (not like me) has very little sense in looking after his health; so I hope you can see them when you are next in Cambridge, and give me a report on his appearance. I think of you also back at the mill, praying that you have stored up enough health to carry you through the winter, and I hope that you will satisfy your own standards enough to be willing to be photographed properly. It will be ten days before I can write again; I have no letter from you since I last wrote: so I hope that on my return + shall find two letters.

Lovingly always

Tom

22 September 1941

Dear Mary

I have been trying to tidy up my office, and tomorrow
 morning back my bag for ten days away; two nights Oxford, one at
 the house, before a meeting about theological publishing in the
 afternoon, and one at Gordon after a P.M. meeting; two nights
 London; two nights Bristol; two nights Wells with the Bishop; and
 three nights in London before returning to Shalley. I have had
 a very long weekend, here: first finishing off the Rippling essay,
 after getting a few criticisms from Terry (I had no time to
 show it to anyone else) and it is not a bad thing, I feel
 that I never want to look at a poem or a story of his again, and
 then trying to get up a bit of the two Shakespeare lectures (which
 you have for Bristol - I should have spent several weeks over
 them, but for Rippling who had to be done in the last publication
 this autumn. The weather has been good to sit in the garden
 when I was free of the typewriter (I cannot write out of doors);
 and I have had anti-cold injections; if I suffer from colds and flu
 this winter it will simply be that I am a very susceptible subject.
 I have taken all the precautions known to science. I have
 been reassured finally for my teeth; and the dentist's assistant,
 the one who plays the harp under the trees to the birds at Stone
 Forge, has taken to talking to me in Welsh, occasionally dropping
 into her native Gaelic to illustrate the difference between the
 two languages. She is a very remarkable woman. The dentist im-
 self, I suspect, comes from Lancashire; his type of Lancashire
 of the country. Altogether it is an odd establishment.

Nothing else particular to report, but my nose has been too
 close to the window to say, and my thoughts worse of course
 than ever. Henry has had his appendix out, and speaks of it as a
 minor operation; but he is very delicate (not like me) and I
 like me) has very little sense in looking after his health; so I
 hope you can see when you are next in Cambridge, and I have
 a report on his progress. I think of you also back at the
 Mill, praying that you have stored up enough health to carry you
 through the winter, and I hope that you will satisfy your own
 standards enough to be willing to be photographed properly. It
 will be ten days before I can write again; I have no letter from
 you since I last wrote; so I hope that my "yobarn" shall find
 two letters.

Yours truly

T.S.

652

EXAMINER

From T.S. Eliot,
Shawley Wood,
Shawley Green,
Wiltford.

LONDON S
2 15 PM
14 OCT
1941
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AIR MAIL

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

P. C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 96.

Shamley,
13 October 1941.

Beloved Emily

A fortnight has elapsed since I last wrote, but I warned you of that. I felt rather tired on my return, so wrote no letters during the first few days, but read arrears of manuscripts. Back tomorrow to London, to spend one night in Richmond with Demant - I have to see him about the Newcastle conference, and the only way is to go to him - and one with the Fabers.

The Bristol engagement passed off well, I think. It was the first time I had seen that stricken city since the war began: I stayed again with the Vice-Chancellor out at Clifton. I had not had time to do very much to the lectures, what with finishing the Kipling (which has now been passed by Mrs. Bambridge) and indeed I found that the only sort of changes I wanted to make were in the direction of lengthening them, which I must leave until I can revise them thoroughly to make a small book: so I contented myself with asking them to give me half the fee. I went from there to Bath, dined there, and met the Bishop in the Pump Room after dinner, and we motored over to Wells. It was a fine moonlit night; we crossed Mendip and I saw Wells for the first time by moonlight. You no doubt know it: fine minster mostly XIV century, nave 000 ft. long etc. rather disfigured by the inverted arches to support the tower, which give it a modern engineering sort of look, but the tower itself very fine. The swans are still allowed to ring their bell for lunch, but the palace is mostly given over to a School for Daughters of the Clergy who can be heard reciting their lessons, and who peep round corners and appear with autograph books. The headmistress wanted me to say a few words to them after chapel, but the Bishop mercifully prevented that. The Bishop and his sister live in a few of the smaller rooms - it is a rambling place one could get lost in - with a cook and two small local maids with strong Somerset accents ("oor zhoes, zur?") but there is a chauffeur still and a gardener. On Sunday afternoon he took me over to a village where he preached at evensong, and tea with the vicar and his wife: we stopped at Glastonbury but the abbey was closed. I had never visited that part of Somerset before, and liked it very much: also it has more fine churches than I had supposed. It took me most of Monday to get back to town: Wells is an outofthe way place.

You speak in your letter 102 (103 also arrived: the first from Northampton) of my coming over for a visit, but I do not think you realise how difficult that is. I doubt if it would be permissible for me to come just for a visit. I could only do it, if at all, by having some work of national importance to do, and I could not use any of my private funds. I should have to give lectures to pay my way, and I think I can be of more use here. Also, it would be impossible to get back by any predetermined date: I might have to wait for a long time in Lisbon, and I don't know what I should live on there. It is not that I do not want to come! But unless the Government sent me (and I do not see why it should) I should not be justified in going, or attempting to go, for private reasons; and I would not invent a public reason just to cover my personal motives.

13 October 1911

Dear Sir

A fortnight has elapsed since I last wrote, but I have not yet
written to you on my return, so I will not write during
the first few days, but when a further opportunity arises I will
write to you, as I have to see you about the general conference, and the only way is to go to
London, and see you there.

The Mutual arrangement passed off well, I think. It was the
first time I had seen that arrangement since the war began. I
stayed again with the two children, but at a distance. I had not had
time to do very much, but I did manage to finish the book.
I had a letter from you (dated 10/10/11) and I was glad to hear
that the only sort of change I wanted to make was in the direction
of changing them, which I must leave until I can review them
thoroughly to make a small book: so I continued myself with writing them
to give me half the fee. I want to compare to sell, bind them, and
put the paper in the book after dinner, and I worked over to
finish it. It was a fine month's work; we crossed London and I saw
well for the first time by moonlight. You no doubt know the
fourteenth century, have 100 to 150, long etc. rather disturbed
by the inverted arches to support the tower, which give it a modern
character of look, but the tower itself very fine. The swan
and I will allow to give their half for lunch, but the palace is
really given over to a school for daughters of the nobility who can be
heard reciting their lessons, and no good books, and I
with a paragraph book. The headmistress wanted me to say a few words
to them after class, but the father probably prevented that. The
bishop and his sister live in a tower of the earlier work - it is a
remnant of the one which was lost in 1525 - with a tower and two small local
wards with strong corner turrets ("four square") but there is a
small tower still, and a garden. On Sunday afternoon he took us over
to a village where he preached at evening, and sat with the vicar
and his wife; we stopped at a restaurant but the food was good.
I had never visited that part of Greater London, and I had a very much
also than most of the churches that I had explored. It took me half
of my way to get back to town; I had an outside the way place.

You speak in your letter for 1911 also arrived; the first from
Northampton) of my coming over for a visit, but I do not think you
realise how difficult that is. I doubt if it would be desirable
for me to come just for a visit. I could only do it, if at all, by
having some sort of national importance to do, and I could not use
any of my private funds. I should have to give lectures to pay my
way, and I think I can do of more use here. Also, it would be im-
possible to get back by any predetermined date; I might have to wait
for a long time in London, and I don't know what I should give on
there. It is not that I do not want to come; I just don't see
Government sent me (and I do not see why it should) I should not do
anything in connection with the Government, or anything to do, for private reasons; and I
would not have a public reason that covers my personal motives.

The situation is, and will be for a long time I fear, so very serious that I don't think one should leave the country for any but a genuine public cause. We hope that you will be sending great and immediate aid to Russia. I wonder if you can see the position as I do.

I am glad to think that you are looking well, even if not brown. Your birthday cable arrived (just after I thought you had surely forgotten it: Meg Nason faithfully wrote, and Cheetham sent a wire - I was here on my birthday - and as the wire was telephoned up to the house, Mrs.M. got to know of it and provided a lobster for which Guildford was scoured, and a box of cigars for which Guildford was scoured also). I thought of you often on the beaches, though I did not imagine that you would try to bathe in such a very northern latitude, so perhaps I was there with you after all.

*You Loving
Tom*

the situation is, and will be for some time I fear, so very serious
that I don't think one should leave the country for any but a genuine
public cause. We hope that you will be acting first and last
aid to Russia. I wonder if you can see the position as I do.

I am glad to think that you are looking well, even if not grown.
Your birthday cable arrived & I am glad to think you had a busy day
to the end of your year. I think it was a very successful one - I
was here on my birthday - and as the wire was telephoned in to the
house, I did not know of it and provided a lobster for which
quintal was secured, and a box of cigars for which I did
also. I thought of you often on the holidays, though I did
not imagine that you would try to make in such a very northern lat-
tude, so things - was there with you after all.

For
W. J. P.

from T.S.Eliot,
Wey Wood,
Wey Green,
Windsor, Surrey.



AIR MAIL.

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

EXAMINER 1547

51-317 W.H.H., Ltd.

P.C.90

OPENED BY

Letter 97.

Shamley,

20 October 1941.

Dearest,

I have to write this late at night, instead of after tea as I should have done. I sometimes remember several urgent notes to write on Monday, in preparation for going to town on Tuesday; but this time, while pondering notes for Newcastle in the morning, there came a summons from Richard Livingstone to write a letter to the Greek Minister on behalf of the Classical Association, to mark the anniversary of the entry of Greece into the war. That kind of monumental work is very trying; but I have finally composed something, peppered it with a few Greek quotations from the only book I had at hand (the Greek anthology) and copied it out to show a copy to Stephen Gaselee who is to sign it too as Chairman. (My Presidential Address comes in April, when they have a corroboree at Cambridge during the vacation). Your letter 105 on the 2nd is to hand, and suggests that you must begin at once to draw upon whatever reserves of strength you have laid up during September. What is the Civil Defence work, and what part in it are you playing? The trouble with jobs like your presidency of the S.P.C.A. is that people always explain to you clearly beforehand how little there is for you to do, and then if you are conscientious (as you are) you find a great deal more for yourself.

The autumn is setting in, which means that when I come back from town I have to take an earlier train, because the taxis may be scarce after dark. I usually have to take a cab from Guildford station, as the buses are crowded at that time and there is no accommodation in them for bulky bags full of manuscripts. This weekend I propose to read no manuscripts, but rest and ponder my notes. I spend two nights next week, I believe, at Gateshead, which is near Newcastle, and part of the daytime in Durham; then intend to go to Penrith the following morning and spend a night with Janet and the children, Michael being now at the BBC. There is another lodger here now, a friend of the family named Mrs. Behrens, evacuated from Mentone (she is Scotch, only her husband was of a wellknown Jewish family). She has brought with her a budgerigar. I rather welcome having another person, so as to disappear in the crowd, and she is very pleasant and comfortable.

I am rather glad you have a small class: it must be more satisfactory as you can do so much more for them, and in this kind of work especially individual attention must count for so much. But I hope they don't gauge salaries according to the number of pupils - that would be a very bad principle indeed. I am sorry that you were unable to get hold of Henry and Theresa, as I should have liked your private report on his health. He is a frail person. But I am grateful to you for trying. The Kipling essay has proved to be the right length, which is a relief. Mrs. Bambridge is his daughter and sole heir.

I wish we could have a walk in the garden before I go to bed.

Your loving Tom

James

30 October 1941

Philly

I have to write this to you in a hurry, instead of after tea as I should have done. I sometimes remember several great points to write on today, in preparation for going to town on Tuesday; but this time, while pondering notes for "Sweetie" in the morning, there came a summons from the National Association to write a letter for the Greek Minister on behalf of the National Association, to mark the anniversary of the entry of Greece into the war. That kind of monumental work is very taxing; but I have finally composed something, peppered it with a few Greek quotations from the only book I had at hand (the Greek anthology) and copied it out to show a copy to Stephen Hessler, who is to sign it too as chairman. (My Presidential address comes in April, when they have a conference at Cambridge during the vacation). Your letter 107 on the 2nd is to hand, and suggests that you must begin at once to draw down whatever reserves of strength you have laid up during September. What is the Civil Defense work, and what part is it are you playing? The trouble with jobs like your presidency of the S.P.U.A. is that people always explain to you clearly beforehand how little there is for you to do, and then if you are confident (as you are) you find a great deal more for yourself.

The situation is settling in, which means that when I come back from town I have to take an earlier train, because the taxis may be scarce after dark. I usually have to take a cab from Guildford station, as the buses are crowded at that time and there is no accommodation in them for bulky parcels of manuscripts. This weekend I propose to head no manuscripts, but rest and copy my notes. I spent two nights next week, I believe, at Galeshead, which is near Lewes, and part of the day in Durham; then I intend to go to Berlin the following morning and spend a night with Janet and the children, which being now at the 500. There is another longer house now, a kind of the family named Mrs. Newman, evacuated from Kenton (and is good); only her husband was of a well-known Jewish family. She has brought with her a dog named "Tina" which welcome having another person, so as to disappear in the crowd, and she is very pleasant and comfortable.

I am rather glad you have a small class; it must be more satisfactory as you can do so much more for them, and in this kind of work especially individual attention must count for so much. I hope they don't make salaries according to the number of pupils that would be a very bad principle indeed. I am sorry that you were unable to get hold of Henry and Theresa, as I should have liked your private report on his health. He is a small person. But I am grateful to you for saying that the right way has proved to be the right way, which is a relief. The knowledge is his daughter and son's heir.

I wish we could have a well in the garden before I go to bed.

EXAMINER 596

From T.S. Eliot,
Hamley Wood,
Hamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

AIR MAIL



Miss Emily Hale,
22 Paradise Road,
NORTHAMPTON,
Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Dearest Lady.

27 October 1941.

To-day is your birthday, but I have not got your cable off. I meant to send it Saturday, and again this morning, but each time that I went out I forgot to take my pocketbook. So it will have to go off tomorrow, by direct cable, but that is not so good, and I am disappointed. It shows that I have not adapted myself to living in the country - but it is more that I shall never adapt myself to living in other people's houses. It is not that one is not one's own master, but that one does not feel that one is. A communal life would never suit me. I imagine you as having a few friends in, or perhaps they will ask you: or if Mrs. Hale is still in residence in Northampton, she will have had to be included. I am, by the way, very glad to note, more from your tone than by your direct assertion, that you can now take her more lightly: and of course if she is to make a habit of long visits in Northampton, it is essential that her visits should not affect your life: but I hope that it is a symptom of taking things more serenely in general - as one can, relatively speaking, however grim the circumstances may be, or however one is oppressed by the thought of the beastliness, futility and dark night all about. I find it a constant struggle to maintain belief in the value of my own efforts, and this struggle no doubt makes all mental effort the more toilsome and slow. I came back on Friday this week, having spent one night with the Reads at Beaconsfield for the purpose of depositing some spring clothes and retrieving some winter ones, for I have practised this distribution for the last year: and with the rationing of clothing, it is all the more desirable a precaution. I have not found the coupon system embarrassing yet, because I was pretty well provided a year ago; and barring accidents, ought not to have to make any substantial additions to my wardrobe for a long time to come. The only coupons I have spent have been on another suit of winter underwear; and I am fortunate to be fairly well off for ties and handkerchiefs, for it would be annoying to have to use many coupons on such small articles of dress. In the country I wear corduroys and sometimes a leather jacket, and in the evening I put on an old dinner jacket as an economy, so that it is only in town that I wear my best clothing at all.

I have been trying over the weekend to prepare a few notes for brief speeches at Newcastle and Durham: I shall be glad when this major journey is over. But there have been interruptions: on Friday afternoon I had to play chess with Monsignor Hallett, the head of a Roman seminary in the vicinity; and on Saturday afternoon two lads arrived who had cycled over from Charterhouse School, to ask me to be the "patron" of their small literary society. I had to ask them in and talk kindly to them, and explain why I could not undertake any more engagements than I had already: apart from the fact that I have a sort of waiting list of schools to which I have promised to speak, with Sherborne at the head as Enid's brother in law is one of the governors. But I should naturally be inclined more towards invitations coming from the boys, like this one and

the Eton Literary Society, than when as in the other cases I am invited by masters. But the three things I have undertaken - the paper for Maurice Reckitt's volume, the Ker Lecture at Glasgow, and the Presidential Address to the Classical Association, will take all the time I can afford between now and next May. And one looks forward to the summer with mixed feelings.

Leonard Woolf is still living at Ropemell (not at all a sign of insensibility, but a triumph of reason over feeling) and would like me to go down for a night at some time. I shall try to do so, but I do not at all look forward to it: I should like very much to see him, but not there. Mary Hutchinson's husband (whom you did not meet: he is not very loveable) has had a stroke, and she has moved him, in a very helpless and half blind condition, to Merton Hall in Cambridge: which will, I fear, add to the difficulties and distractions of John Hayward's life. I have just heard from Alida Monro, after having written and wired from time to time in vain: she is living in her cottage at Selsey, apparently in a very impoverished state alone and depressed, but says she has to come up to town soon and I hope to see her and find out exactly what the situation is. I have had a touching letter from Marguerite from Switzerland: I cannot make out whether she has gone to live there or is just on a visit: Lelia was with her, but she says nothing of her husband.

So much for gossip. I have been thinking, you may be sure, of your birthday in Rosary Gardens, as well as of my birthdays in Campden. I wish I could feel any hope of next year finding either of us having a birthday under those conditions.

Your loving
Tom

The two literary societies, and I have been invited by members of the paper for a review of the paper for the literary societies. I can allow myself to say that I am forward to the subject with mixed feelings.

It would be difficult to say that I am forward to the subject with mixed feelings. I have been invited by members of the paper for a review of the paper for the literary societies. I can allow myself to say that I am forward to the subject with mixed feelings.

I have been invited by members of the paper for a review of the paper for the literary societies. I can allow myself to say that I am forward to the subject with mixed feelings.

Your truly
Tom

EXA

T.S. Eliot,
HAMLEY Wood,
HAMLEY Green,
GUILDFORD, Surrey.



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

EXAMINER 1580

P.C. 90

OPENED BY OPI

Letter 99.

Shamley,

November 3, 1941.

Dear Emily,

I have returned triumphantly from my Northern tour: that is to say, that with quite sufficient provocation I have yet taken no cold, and have not felt very tired. Wait till you hear. My train was to arrive in Newcastle at 6.40 p.m., and I was to be met and taken over to the Retreat House in Gateshead for supper, and then on, with Demant, who was also speaking and was already there, to speak at Durham. The train was two hours late: it had given lunch and tea, but was unprepared for dinner; so I arrived hungry to be met (by a stranger) and pushed into a taxi to go direct to Durham. (I was thankful to be met, however, as I did not know what to do if I found myself at night in an unknown northern town, with perhaps no taxis and some difficulty in understanding the language). The driver did not know where the hall was, so he stopped at his garage on the way: after a prolonged absence he returned saying that he had found out where it was by ringing up the Bishop of Jarrow. So I arrived at 9.20, to be taken straight to a hall filled with Durham undergraduates of both sexes: Demant had finished some time before and had had to fill up time by starting a discussion, while they waited to hear Old Possum. So, blinking from the light, I had to make my notes do for a half hour talk - I had expected to comment on what Demant said, but of course I never heard it - and then was given a cold supper by the Principal of St. Chad's College. Durham looks magnificent by moonlight: I regret to say that I have not yet seen it by day. Then we were motored back to Gateshead, where I had half an hour round the fire with some parsons gathered for the conference there. Bed a bit hard, but the water was very hot and I filled my bottle: a cold night and the next morning a blizzard. I talked in the morning to a group, mostly local clergy, about Christian Education: in the afternoon I had thought of taking a bus back to Durham and having a look at it by day, but the weather was so frowning that I remained in the house and had a nap. After tea I was taken by the vicar of St. John's, Newcastle, back to his vicarage: incidentally the tram broke down and we had to wait shivering for a bus. He was a nice chap from King's Cambridge, inhabiting an early Victorian house, built a century ago by one of the great shipbuilders, but now in rather a dingy quarter. Here again the bed was hard, and the hot water limited to a can. He had to go out to a meeting, so I supped with his housekeeper, one of those exceptional saintly little women who devote their lives to looking after clergy, in the basement kitchen. Newcastle is just what you would expect, grim, northern, granite, Victorian industrial. In the morning I took train for Carlisle, a two hours' journey, and fell in with one of the clergy, who introduced me to the Red Lion, where we lunched solidly: I had just time for lunch before taking train for Penrith, half an hour away. Penrith is a rather pleasant Cumberland town, not too big, and the Roberts's have a not unpleasantly situated house on the outskirts. I found the family of three children very well: my godson is far from beautiful, being comically like his father, whom you have never seen (Michael is curiously enough rather like a caricature of Janet) but looks very alert and intelligent: his elder

brother and sister are not ill favoured. I had a very pleasant evening with Janet, who is an admirable young woman, serious and devoted, and who I think is thankful to see anybody, cast away in that lonely spot. Michael however gets up from London every few weeks, and they are near the lakes (Ullswater is not very far) so can get the climbing that they like. Here again the bed was hard, but the water was very hot, and I had two baths to make up. I had to catch a 9 a.m. train, so as to get back to town in time to get to Guildford: Janet had enquired at the station and been told that my return ticket from Newcastle would be valid; but when I got on the train I found that that was not so, and I had to use most of my cash to pay for another ticket, leaving not enough to dare to have lunch. The Train was an omnibus, stopping everywhere, and an hour late, so I got back to Guildford after dark, to find no taxis at the station, so I had to take the bus and climb the hill with my bag, arriving at 8.30. Well, after all that I did not take cold, and feel rather less tired than before I started: whether it is due to taking Bemax or Dr. Agnes Moncrieff's homeopathic pills I don't know. I don't expect to make any more such excursions in the near future: my first distant journey will be to Glasgow in February or March. There will be an education conference in Oxford at the end of the month, but at present the C.N.L. board is meeting in London instead, which saves me a good deal of wear and tear. The Kipling proof is passed, and my next jobs are to give a short wave talk to India (for the umbrella man) on the Duchess of Malfy, and a talk on Culture to Mary Trevelyan's foreign students at the Student Movement House. I have to go down to Rodmell on Friday to spend a night with Leonard Woolf, whom I have not seen since: I would give a good deal not to have to go there, but he has gone on living in the house: this is not a time when it is easy to move.

I have your letters 106 and 107. I was interested to hear about your S.P.C.A. work, into which you seem to be throwing yourself with great energy, and I shall look forward eagerly to learn the result of your interview with Miss McAfee. She was a youngish college president, but I know that Sheff and Ada liked her, and I thought her agreeable when I met her for a moment. Wellesley is perhaps a bit too near Boston, but if there were a job and it were what you want, you would take it. (By the way, I have at last written to Mrs. Seaverns!!) Do please be firm with yourself and not let Aunt Irene be a burden, though I recognise the fact that she is a responsibility. (I must tell you some time about my little white man's burden, Dr. N.M. Iovetz-Tereshchenko, the specialist on adolescent psychology or hebology). I am glad you have your birthday celebration in Boston, and I do hope that Henry and Theresa were able to come; I hope he is taking proper care of himself after his operation - he is 61. I wish I had a dog you had chosen for me, or even a cat: when I get the cottage, if that happens, I mean to have one. Impossible, of course, here.

One waits in
agonised suspense
on Russian affairs.

Your loving
Tom

EXAMINER 7485

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



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

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 100.

Shamley,

My Dear

10 November 1941.

I have had a very short weekend in Shamley: I staid over Thursday night in Hampstead, in order to lunch on Friday with George Every who was passing through London on that day, and more especially to go down to spend Friday night with Leonard Woolf: so I did not get back to Shamley till Saturday afternoon, and since then have been writing out a draft of my 20 minute talk on "The Duchess of Malfy" for the Indian short-wave on the 25th, and have just dashed off a note to Desmond Hawkins who has asked me to be godfather for his third, and another to the Bishop of B. & W. asking him whether I ought to accept. It doesn't seem fair that I should have to go on accumulating godchildren - four is quite enough: but Christian godparents are so scarce in these days that one hesitates to refuse without ecclesiastical backing. I am unfortunate in having all the apparent qualifications for the rôle. Tomorrow I am off to London as usual, but I propose to stop in Surrey next week, because I shall probably have to be in London the whole of the following week: having the education-group meeting in Oxford over the weekend of the 22nd, the broadcast on the 25th, and to talk to Mary Trevelyan's foreign students on Saturday the 29th. Mrs. M. has insisted on my reducing my payments on account of my considerable absences; and I am rather glad, because travel is so large an item in expenses in my life nowadays. (Yet these is no danger of living beyond one's income, because there are so few ways of spending money now).

I had of course dreaded the visit to Rodmell, but it was much more fearful in anticipation than in execution. Leonard lives there by himself, coming up to London for the day several times a week - but for the winter, when the days are short, he is taking rooms in Clifford's Inn as well - and a daily servant comes in to clean up in the morning and in the evening. She prepares a certain amount of his food and leaves it ready, and he heats it up. He seemed pretty well - I imagine that the strain had been so great that even that end to it was a kind of relief: and what would seem the hardest thing to do, to an outsider, might be the easiest thing to do. And he has no home in London: their flat (not the one where you came to tea, but that is gone too) was bombed. In the end I really enjoyed being with him very much; and certainly I should have felt uncomfortable in conscience if I had declined or postponed his invitation. Yet it was very queer being there: not the feeling of revulsion which I had in advance, but just the feeling that she ought to be there too - and in some sense was - and wasn't. And I liked it better being alone with him, than if the relatives from Firle (Vanessa etc.) had come over, or any other associated friends.

Your little note of the 25th (hors de série) has arrived, on Saturday: I hope that your birthday will not have been just very fatiguing. I am especially glad to know what you wore on that occasion. Now I have the photograph to look forward to.

I have my upper teeth, but the dentist warned me that they would not be of much use until I was ready for the lower teeth as well: and

10 November 1941.

My dear

I have had a very short weekend in Shanley: I start over
 Thursday night in Hamstead, in order to lunch on Friday with George
 Every one was passing through London on that day, and more especially
 I to go down to school Friday night with Leonard Woolf: so I did not
 get back to Shanley till Saturday afternoon, and since then have been
 writing out a draft of my 90 minute talk on "The Business of Vally"
 for the Indian short-wave on the 25th, and have just dashed off a
 note to Leonard Hawking who has asked me to be godfather for his
 child, and another to the Prince of B. & W. asking him whether I
 ought to accept. It doesn't seem fair that I should have to go on
 accompanying godfathers - four is quite enough; but Christian god-
 parents are so scarce in these days that one hesitates to refuse
 without ecclesiastical backing. I am unfortunate in having all the
 apparent qualifications for the role. Tomorrow I am off to London
 as usual, but I propose to stop in Gurney next week, because I shall
 probably have to be in London the whole of the following week: having
 the education-group meeting in Oxford over the weekend of the 22nd,
 the broadcast on the 25th, and to talk to Mary Trevelyan's foreign
 students on Saturday the 29th. Mrs. M. has insisted on my reducing
 my payments on account of my considerable expenses; and I am rather
 glad, because travel is so large an item in expenses in my little now-
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 there are no few ways of securing money now.)

I had of course dreaded the visit to Romelli, but it was much more
 fearful in anticipation than in execution. Leonard lives largely
 himself, coming up to London for the day several times a week - but for
 the winter, when the days are short, he is taking rooms in Gifford's
 Inn as well - and a daily servant comes in to clean up in the morning
 and in the evening. She prepares a certain amount of the food and
 leaves it ready, and he heats it up. He seemed pretty well - I imagine
 that the arrival had been so great that everything and to it was a kind
 of relief: and what would seem the hardest thing to do, to be certain-
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 there: not the feeling of revelation which I had in advance, but just
 the feeling that one ought to be there too - and in some sense was -
 and wasn't. And I liked it better being alone with him, than if
 the relatives from this (Venness etc.) had come over, or any other
 associated friends.

Your little note of the 25th (hors de serie) has arrived, on
 Saturday: I hope that your diary will not have been just very last-
 thing. I am especially glad to know what you were on that occasion.
 Now I have the programme to look forward to.

I have my upper teeth, at the dentist wanted me that they would
 not be of much use until I was ready for the lower teeth as well: and

indeed, without the lowers for them to bite on, I find eating with them rather more trouble than without; but I am to wear them so as to get used to them; and I am assured, by practiced false-toothers, that after a time one feels simply undressed without them. I can't have the lowers fitted until the last bit of bone has worked its way out - as the teeth were "impacted" they had to be chisled out, leaving numerous chips behind. But, as I said before, you will not notice any difference for the better in my appearance.

A very encouraging speech by the Prime Minister to-day.

Your loving
Tom

Indeed, without the lowers for them to bite on, I find eating with
them rather more trouble than without; but I am to wear them so as
to get used to them; and I am assured, by practices false-teethers,
that after a time the teeth simply unpress without them. I can't
have the lowers fitted until the last bit of bone has worked its way
out - as the teeth were "lopped" they had to be chiselled out, leaving
numerous chips behind. But, as I said before, you will not notice
any difference for the better in my appearance.

A very encouraging speech by the Prime Minister to-day.

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

AIR MAIL



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



Letter 101.

Shamley,

19 November 1941.

Secret.

As I have not gone up to town this week, I delayed writing in the hope that there would be something from you: but there has been nothing since 107 - written just a month ago. I hope that this does not mean illness, either your own or anyone's else, and I hope that something will arrive before I go to Oxford on Saturday. That will be a small weekend meeting at Oldham's; before I go I must read some County Council syllabuses of Religious Education in county schools that Enid has sent me at my request. This week I have polished my talk on The Duchess of Malfy, and shall run it through on the microphone for length on Tuesday before the broadcast; I have also written out my notes for my Student Mission House talk on Cultural Values after the War on Saturday week, and finally written a note on Hugh Stewart's book on Pascal which I promised to the Cambridge Review eight months ago. I also drafted an outline of my essay for Reckitt's volume, on much the same lines as my talk, and have written a considerable number of letters. (By the way, I had a letter from Mrs. Seaverns, who was evidently pleased by hearing from me, giving me favourable news of Parrott, Willum and Roy; and apparently Jim is all right). So the week has not been altogether idled away. This household is in its usual state of excitement over one thing or another: yesterday the electric light went wrong, the day before the hot water boiler proved to be using too much coke, and so on. Mrs. Behrens looks after the hens, and occasionally runs up to town to see her daughter, a young woman named Madame Blumenfeld (having married a French nephew of the noted Chaim Weizmann, but the Behrens's, being related to the Montefiores, the Cohens, the Beddingtons and the Rothschilds seem to look down on the Blumenfeld) a young woman, as I said (the daughter) who is popularly known, and referred to by her mother, as "Brutal Behrens". The daughter, for some reason, is sharing a flat in Edgware with her old nurse, her husband being still in France. Monsignor Hallett came to tea. Next week, I have Ashley Dukes to lunch on Monday to meet a young American, an attaché at the Embassy, who is interested in Contemporary Drama; and the Dobrées come to dinner at the Fabers. Tuesday lunch with Mr. Bokhari and Herbert Read, Thursday a meeting of this Sword of the Spirit Committee, and Saturday the blackchat to the Gold Coast students. I propose to return to Shamley on Sunday; and the following week shall only spend two nights in town, as the New English Weekly is to have an all day conference at Reckitt's in Guildford.

The month is distinctly November; but the leaves have been late in turning this year, and are now particularly beautiful: the different shades of yellow and brown of Spanish chestnut, birch, beech, oak and bracken are very lovely. In a fortnight's time, I dare say, the trees will be leafless. Gwenda Glubb (the sister of Glubb Pasha of Irak, of whom you may have heard, has found me a cigarette lighter, very useful in these days when one must economise matches. The problem confronting publishers at the moment is whether the binders will be allowed enough labour to bind the books.

19 November 1941

As I have not come up to town this week, I delay writing in the hope that something will arrive before I go to Oxford on Saturday. This does not mean illness, either your own or anyone's else, and I hope that something will arrive before I go to Oxford on Saturday. I will be a small weekend reading at Clarendon; I have not yet had some County Council publications of Railways Association in County Councils that this has sent me as my request. This week I have written my talk on the Diseases of Hilly, and shall now go through on the microphone for London on Tuesday before the program; I have also written out my notes for my student visitation course on Oxford Valley after the war on Saturday week, and finally written a note on Hugh Stewart's book on the subject which I promised to the British Review eight months ago. I also drafted an outline of my essay for Roskill's volume, on which the same lines as my talk, and have written a considerable number of letters. (By the way, I had a letter from Mr. Bennett, who was evidently pleased by hearing from me, giving me favourable news of Patrick, still in the hospital, and apparently in a fair way. In the week has not been altogether idled away. This household is in a usual state of excitement over one thing or another; yesterday the electric light went wrong; the day before the hot water boiler proved to be using too much coke, and so on. Mrs. Bennett looks after the hens, and occasionally runs up to town to see her daughter, a young woman named Madeline Bingham (having married a French nephew of the noted brain surgeon, but the Bennett's, being related to the Montagu's, the Bennett's and the Bingham's seem to look down on the Bingham's) a young woman, as I said (the daughter) who is only lately known, and referred to by her mother, as "Mrs. Bennett". The daughter, for some reason, is staying a time in London with her old nurse, her husband being still in France. Next week, I have a day to go to the Embassy, and to meet a young American, an actress at the Embassy, who is interested in contemporary drama; and the Donnes come to dinner at the Embassy. Tuesday lunch with Mr. Bokhart and Herbert Read, Thursday a meeting of the Board of the British Committee, and Saturday the Blackwell to the Gold Coast students. I propose to return to Spain by air on Sunday; and the following week shall only spend two nights in town, as the New English weekly is to have an all day conference at Roskill's in Oxford.

The month is distinctly November; but the leaves have been late in turning this year, and are particularly beautiful: the different shades of yellow and brown of certain chestnut, birch, beech, oak and beech are very lovely. In a fortnight's time, I dare say, the trees will be leafless. Gwendolyn also (the sister of) such paths of Irish, of whom you may have heard, has found me a character lighter, very useful in these days when one must economize matches. The project concerning Gwendolyn at the moment is whether the diagrams will be allowed enough labour to find the books.

The ignorant say "bind in paper", but that requires different machinery, which the printers are not well provided with. I am taking Bemax with my breakfast, for vitamins. The teeth are now very comfortable: I still forget to put them in, but I have also got to the point at which I forget to take them out, and I can now whistle much more piercingly; but I must wait in patience for the lower set (which should really improve my chewing) until my gums have got into shape. I went to another film last week with the Fabers, called "International Squadron", about an American who joins the R.A.F.: I think it should be very interesting for Americans, if it shown there, but we did not feel that our money had been well expended in seeing a picture of an air raid in London, and vowed that on the next occasion we would try to find a cowboy film.

I have not yet had the report of your birthday party. I do hope that Henry and Theresa were able to come. You see that I have no particular news myself, except to send

my fondest love -

Pow

The Librarian say "bind in paper", but that requires different machinery, which the printers are not well provided with. I am taking boxes with my breakfast, for vitamins. The teeth are now very comfortable; I still forget to put them in, but I have also not so the point of which I forget to take them out, and I can now write much more dexterously; but I must wait in patience for the lower set (which should really improve my chewing) until my gums have got into shape. I went to another film last week with the Fabers, called "International Education", about an American who joins the P.A.F.; I think it should be very interesting for Americans, if it shows them, but we did not feel that our money had been well expended in seeing a picture of an air raid in London, and vowed that on the next occasion we would try to find a cowboy film.

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Handwritten signature
John

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



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

ST EA

FOR

IRISTI

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Letter 102.

Shamley,

December 1. 1941.

Dear Sir,

I returned yesterday after eight days absence, but found no letter from you: if there is none by the end of this week I shall cable. I presume that if you were seriously ill, so that you could expect to write for some time to come, you would ask the Perkins's to let me know (by air mail, at least). But I cannot think of anything happening except illness. I hope you are not engaged in too many activities.

I had a busy week, with the weekend at Oxford (the Oldhams, with whom I stayed, are vegetarians - which means that they cannot buy meat, as they have given up their meat coupons for more of other supplies such as cheese. I do not find vegetarian fare very satisfying, especially during a conference) discussing education, but very largely those lower branches of it of which I have no practical experience. On Tuesday I broadcast to India; on Thursday I had the Sword of the Spirit meeting, which was chiefly concerned with procedure and points of organisation, and again I took but a small part; and on Saturday afternoon I talked about the future of culture to Mary Trevelyan's group of students, largely refugees - an intelligent group on the whole, who kept up a lively discussion for an hour afterwards. I returned before lunch on Sunday, and go back to town tomorrow, feeling very indisposed to do so; then return on Thursday morning to spend that day in a conference in Guildford. I mean to take until the following Wednesday in the country: which I hope will restore me and give me some time to think. I shall at least not spend much time over Christmas presents this year: toys are of course scarce, and no one is expected to use his own coupons in buying the usual sort of gift of clothing, such as handkerchiefs; and as for Christmas cards, that is an unjustifiable use of paper and envelopes. The Fabers want me to come to Wales for Christmas with them, but I think that it would be too tiring to travel: and here at least I have privacy except at meal times. At Christmas I miss the full services of St. Stephen's, with the holydays afterwards.

I shall write at greater length when I return for the weekend. I miss your weekly letter very much!

*Your loving
Tom*

Letter 101

Thomas

December 1, 1941

I returned yesterday after night's absence, and found no letter from you: if there is none by the end of this week I shall write. I presume that if you were seriously ill, so that you could not write for some time to come, you would ask the Parkinses to let me know by air mail, at least. But I cannot think of anything happening except illness. I hope you are not engaged in too many activities.

I had a busy week, with the weekend at Oxford (the Oldmans, with whom I stayed, are vegetarians - which means that they cannot buy meat, as they have given up their meat cooking for more of other vegetables such as cheese. I do not find vegetarian fare very satisfactory, especially during a conference, although I have no medical experience. On Tuesday I proposed to talk on Thursday I had the word of the Spirit meeting, which was chiefly concerned with the work and details of organization, and again I took out a small part and on Saturday afternoon I talked about the future of culture to a very lively group of students, largely religious - an intelligent group on the whole, who kept up a lively discussion for an hour afterwards. I returned before lunch on Sunday, and go back to town tomorrow. I feel a very indigestible day in a conference in Guildford. I mean to take until the following Wednesday in the country: which I hope will restore me and give me some time to think. I shall at least not spend the time over Christmas presents this year: I have of course scarce, and no one is expected to use his own coupons in buying the usual sort of kind of eating, such as hankies, etc. and a few Christmas cards, that is an unjustified use of paper and envelopes. The Tabors want me to come to Wales for Christmas with them, but I think that it would be too far to travel: and here at least I have privacy, except at meal times. Christmas I miss the full services of St. Stephen's, with the Holydays afterwards.

I shall write at greater length when I return for the weekend. I miss your weekly letter very much!

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



POST
FOR
CHRISTMAS


BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

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

EXAMINER 5996

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 103.

Shamley,

Dearest Emily.

December 8, 1941.

Your letters 107-8-9 arrived serially but close together: so I have not to weary you this time with apprehensions. I was very glad to get some sketch of your life through the most of this November, from the birthday party to the 21st. I am now wondering, of course, in what way the events of the last two days will have altered life for you - whether you will be plunged into new war activities. I had been expecting the Japanese to move against Malaya: but I think that their attack on American bases has taken everyone, except no doubt those with inner knowledge, entirely by surprise. I dare say that they will have more successes, if such surprise attacks can be called that, in the immediate future, and that the next few months will be very difficult for both America and Britain: I fear too that the Japanese will prove free from even such scruples in the conduct of warfare as the Germans possess. I wait eagerly for the first letters from America at war.: it is difficult to imagine a blackout on the whole Pacific coast, and even practice blackouts, I believe, on the Atlantic seaboard. While there is a feeling of excitement here, I think that every one is without any feeling of elation - perhaps a certain feeling of relief from the tension over Japan.

I go to town tomorrow as usual, but to the Richmonds in Wiltshire for the weekend, which should be pleasant: I do not look forward with pleasure to any journey, now that I have to travel so much, but I shall enjoy seeing them and shall be glad that I have been. I shall return to Shamley merely for one night on Monday, then London again and then another weekend conference at Oxford (the Moot), returning to Shamley a fortnight to-day for, I think, a fortnight's rest and consecutive work in the country. I have not thought seriously of returning to London to live this winter. I should have to find furnished rooms, or furnish a flat - it does not seem sensible to buy furniture for London use until things are ~~differeant~~ more certain. I have, over this long weekend, written half a dozen blurbs for our spring catalogue, written some editorial notes for the N.E.W., (on education) and a memorandum for the Moot (on Christian Imagination). Over Christmas I shall try to get my contribution to Reckitt's book written. No, I am not engaged in any work directly connected with the war: if any presented itself, of more immediate importance than something I am actually doing, I would naturally do it: but anything more would mean giving up some of the things with which I am engaged.

I can quite understand that, now that you have got the hang of dealing with Aunt Irene, you find her less profoundly exhausting than Mrs. Perkins. Against the former you can protect yourself by detached understanding, and while she may take your time and make demands upon your sympathy, she is not possessive. You cannot expect to acquire the same immunity; and all you can do, my dear, is to insist on certain independence and certain privacy: the insistence is itself very exhausting for you, but you have only the choice with her of being exhausted in one way or in another, and that

December 8, 1941

Dear Mr. [Name]

Your letter of 10-2-41 arrived recently but I have not had time to reply to you with any more than a few lines. I am now working from the office and I am now working in what way the events of the last two days will have altered life for you - whether you will be changed into new activities. I had been expecting the Japanese to move against Malaya; but I think that their attack on American bases has taken everyone, except no doubt those with minor knowledge, entirely by surprise. I dare say that they will have some success, at least in the immediate future, and that the next few months will be very difficult for both America and Britain; I fear too that the Japanese will prove free from even such scruples in the conduct of war as the German possess. I wait anxiously for the first letters from America as war, it is difficult to imagine a blockade on the whole Pacific coast, and even practice of air raids, I believe, on the Atlantic seaboard. While there is a feeling of excitement here, I think that every one is without any feeling of elation - perhaps a certain feeling of relief from the tension over Japan.

I go to town tomorrow as usual, but to the Richmond in this case for the weekend, which should be pleasant. I do not look forward with pleasure to any journey, now that I have to travel so much, but I shall enjoy seeing you and shall be glad that I have been. I shall return to Shanghai early for one night on Monday, then London again and then another weekend conference at Oxford (the week), returning to Shanghai tomorrow to-day for, I think, a fortnight's rest and consecutive work in the country. I have not thought seriously of returning to London to live this winter, I should have to find furnished rooms, or furnish a flat - it does not seem sensible to buy furniture for London and build things up there more certain. I have, over this long weekend, written half a dozen things for our annual conference, written some letters for the W.F.W. (for Shanghai) and a memorandum for the staff (on Chinese conditions). Over Christmas I shall try to get my contribution to Beckitt's book written. No, I am not engaged in any work directly connected with the war; if any presented itself, of more immediate importance than something I am actually doing, I would naturally do it, but anything more would mean giving up some of the things which I am engaged.

I can quite understand that you have got the hang of dealing with Aunt Irene, you find her less profoundly exhausting than the Perkins. Against the former you can protect yourself by detached understanding, and while she may take your time and make demands upon your sympathy, she is not possessive. You cannot expect to acquire the same immunity; and all you can do, my dear, is to insist on certain independence and certain privacy; the latter is a little less exhausting for you, but you have only the choice with her of being exhausted in one way or in another, and that

is the better way.

It is quite right that you should go to your own church if there is one available: I did not suppose that there was one in Northampton. It is a great pity that it has no form of communion service, because the reality of that service corresponds to what it means to you. But you are evidently quite aware that it is not my place to interfere in this matter, or to criticise the clergy with whom you are concerned, either here or in America.

Mrs.M. had her 80th birthday on Saturday: Margot Coker came for the weekend, and the two sisters together make a great deal of noise: but the hullabaloo has now subsided.

My love and prayers always.

Tom

Mr. Roosevelt's speech to Congress came through very well this evening, and I thought it very dignified.

I never heard of Prof. Bush, but I agree with you about what he seems to have said about me! It must have been very banal and professorial. I had a charming letter from Kennard Rand about the Salvages.

is the better way.

It is quite right that you should go to your own church if there is one available; I did not suppose that there was one in your town. It is a great pity that it has no form of communion service, because the reality of that service corresponds to what it means to you. But you are evidently quite aware that it is not my place to interfere in this matter, or to criticize the clergy with whom you are concerned, either here or in America.

Mr. W. had her 80th birthday on Saturday; her 80th birthday for the weekend, and the two sisters together make a great deal of noise; but the nuisance has now subsided.

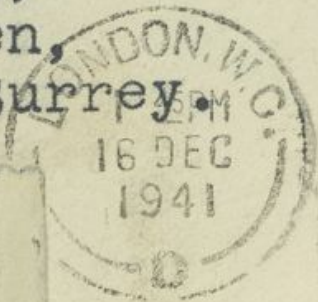
My love and best wishes to you

Tom

Mr. Roosevelt's speech to Congress was enough very well this evening, and I thought it very finished.

I never heard of Prof. Buel, but I agree with you about what he seems to have said about me. It must have been very painful and professorial. I had a somewhat letter from Buel about the salaries.

from T.S. Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.



POST
CHRISTMAS



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



Letter 104.

Shamley,

15 December 1941.

Dearest,

I returned from Salisbury this morning (for one night only, going to London tomorrow, and Oxford on Friday - after which I shall take ten days or a fortnight in the country) to find, no letter (I did not expect one, after having three so close together) but the two photographs. I was appalled by the amount you had had to spend on stamps - I assure you that it was worth it, though I am not in a position to offer to refund that expense! I don't know yet whether I think them good portraits or not; I don't know yet which I prefer. The mouth looks a little tense, perhaps. But they are good enough to give me great satisfaction; and I am sure at least that I like them better than any adult photographs I have had - the two you don't like, and the younger, fluffy one Mrs. Erkins gave me, taken at a period when photographers went in for blurred edges. The only ones I had that I liked were the one in a gold frame (age 10?) and a smaller one for the pocketbook. Whether I shall be able to get a frame for these I doubt: one is not certain of getting anything nowadays: and the strain on transport is going to be severe through the winter, I should expect.

I forgot to ~~thank you~~ tell you that Anne Bowes-Lyon asked after your family. Bobbie Speaight gave a small dinner at the Garrick last week: the fourth was Elizabeth Bowen. Anne Bowes-Lyon is doing V.A.D. work at a military hospital and arrived in uniform, having to leave rather early to get back. When I say last week I mean the week before last: the other of the two nights I had Desmond Fitz Gerald to dinner, over from Dublin. Last week I did not dine out at all: but Stephen Spender and his new wife, a half-Russian pianist (a very good one too, she played for us after dinner) came to dinner - Stephen now a fireman, but did not come in uniform, as he was suffering from the approaches of jaundice, apparently due to the unaccustomed food at his fire station. I lunched on Friday with the Literary Society (where a trying situation has arisen, because Sir Ian Hamilton, who is getting very old, has told Geoffrey that he had been elected, whereas he has only been nominated, and may not be elected at all) and talked mostly with Binyon. I had to leave early to catch a train for Salisbury. The Richmonds, aging but still very active in local affairs: the house full of the costume for the angel Gabriel for the parish entertainment. On Saturday there was an alarm that they were to have to put up four of the Pilgrim Players (not Martin's group but the other one) but after making everything ready and arranging with a neighbour to take one, they finally telephoned to say that they had been otherwise provided for. Martin and Henzie are just arriving in London. I shall have to try to see them one evening this week, as Christmas week I shall not be there; but the Faber boys will be back from school, and one evening I want to take Dick to a Russian play called "Distant Point". I wish that I could send you cuttings and enclosures: for instance, there was a very nice review of "Dry Salvages" by Desmond Mac Carthy in the Sunday Times (which ought to sell a good many co-

12 December 1941

Handwritten signature

I returned from Salisbury this morning (for one night only, going to London tomorrow, and Oxford on Friday - after which I shall take ten days or a fortnight in the country) for lunch, and left (I did not expect one, especially since no close contact) but the photographs. I was asked by the amount you had had to spend on stamps - I assume you don't want it, though I am not in a position to offer to return that expense; I don't know how yet whether I think them too expensive or not; I don't know yet when I shall. The more I look at the little camera, perhaps, but they are good enough to give me great satisfaction; and I am sure of that that I like them better than my other photographs. I have had - the two you don't like, and the younger, finally one that I gave me, taken at a period when photographs were sent in for divided ages. The only one I liked I liked, with the one in a gift. I shall be able to get a frame for these I doubt one is not certain of getting anything now-days; and the design on transport is likely to be severe through the winter, I should expect.

I forgot to xxxxxxxx tell you that Anne Bowser-Lyon asked for your family. Hobbie Bowser-Lyon gave a small dinner at the Gaiety Club last week; the fourth was Elizabeth Bowen. Anne Bowser-Lyon is being V.A.D. work at a military hospital and arrived in uniform having to leave rather early to get back. When I say last week I mean the week before last; the other of the two nights I had dinner with you to dinner, over from Dublin. Last week I did not dine out at all; but Stephen spends and his new wife, a half-French girl, a very good one, she played for an after dinner (some to dinner - Stephen now a fireman, but did not come in uniform, as he was suffering from the rheumatism of his knee, especially one to the dance-town. I finished on Friday with the Literary Society (where a young girl has arisen, because Sir Ian Hamilton, who is getting very old, has told Geoffrey that he has been elected, whereas he has only been nominated, and may not be elected at all) and talked mostly with Gwyneth. I had to leave early to catch a train for Salisbury. The tickets, being but still very active in local affairs; the house full of the room for the angel table for the carter entertainment. On Saturday there was an alarm that they were to have to put up four of the William Thayers (but which I know but the other one) but after making everything ready and arranging with a neighbour to take one, they finally responded to say that they had been otherwise given. I shall see later. Martin and Hattie are just arriving in London. I shall have to try to see them one evening this week, as Christmas week I shall not be there; but the paper boys will be back from school, and one evening I want to take Dick to a "Pagan" play called "Pagan". I wish that I could see you outside and encourage for "Pagan". There was a very nice view of "Pagan" by Dawson and MacCarthy in the Sunday Times (which ought to sell a good many co-

pies) and I had a letter in the Times about the Ballet. (Do any English newspapers reach Northampton?) The Kipling book is supposed to be out, but the copies are delayed: I have only had one, which I took to the Richmonds (we made two small excursions, to see a couple of nice old local churches, and I thought of similar expeditions from Campden). However, the first printing of 10,000 copies has already been taken up by booksellers, and we are reprinting the same number. But nowadays it is a slow business getting orders ~~fix~~ executed, and we could sell more books than we can print. I get my fee of £250 and thereafter have no further interest in the sale of the book; but I have the right to reprint my essay if and when I like.

I am afraid that it will be some months before the U.S.A. is in a position to take any very aggressive action. The news this last week has been varied enough: we had a very skilful review of this most momentous week from Gram Swing on Saturday night. I wonder if there will now be a censorship in America, so that you will have to be careful what not to say to me - I hope at least that the rule against enclosing printed matter will not be applied on your side as well. What I am especially eager to know is how the war is affecting you, and our and your friends, in their local lives, and I want a picture of local activities. I am very glad now that you are not at Claremont!

I am very happy to have the photographs.

Your loving
Tom.

I hope that you will rest in the holidays, and not be tempted into public activities. You are in a "reserved occupation".

I am a paid staff member of the B.B.A. in
a position to take very aggressive action. The new
week has been varied enough; we had a very skillful
most wonderful week from 1948 on Saturday night. I
there will now be a generalship in America, so that
be careful will not be easy to me. I hope at least
rather exciting minutes will not be applied on your
well. What I am especially excited to know is how
the you, and our friends, in their local lives, and I
a picture of local activities. I am very glad now
at the moment!

I am very happy to have the photographs.

Tom

I hope that you will rest in the holidays, and not be
public activities. You are in a "reserved category".

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