Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

write '42 letters

47 MORELANDS TERRACE
NEW BEDFORD
MASSACHUSETTS

Tom B. Knowles
Great Western Sugar Co.
Denver, Colorado

Hymns of the Spirit
The Beacon Press

Wise Men Worship
by Mabel Hill
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Prayers on Other Side

He asked for riches that he might be happy;
he was given poverty that he might be wise.
He asked for power that he might have the
praise of men; he was given weakness that
he might feel the need of God.
He asked for all things that he might
enjoy life: he was given life
that he might enjoy all things.
He has received nothing that he asked for
all that he hoped for.
His prayer is answered
He is most blest.

Life is worth living

For Courage

O God, with whom nothing is impossible, grant me that courage which comes only from perfect union with thee, the infinite source of all power and might, so that I may meet whatever thou dost send me with serenity and peace, and never fail to think brave thoughts, to speak brave words, and do brave deeds. I ask this in the name of him who died for me, our Saviour, Jesus Christ,

Unanswered Prayer.

He asked for strength that he might achieve; he was made weak that he might obey. He asked for health that he might do greater things. He was given infirmity that he might do better things.

rom T.S.Eliot,
hamley Wood,
hamley Green,
uildford, Surrey.

EXAMINER 724

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 105.

Shamley,
1942 January 6th.

Dearest Emily,

I am horrified to think how long it is since I have written. I wrote after my visit to the Richmonds: then the following weekend was spent in Oxford, and I returned rather exhausted to do my small preparations for Christmas and write my letters with the usual small cash gifts. (The Roberts child seems to have been delighted by the clockwork train I sent him - he is the little boy with a passion for trains who particularly admires Skimbleshanks: Janet says by the way that her sister who went to New York with her children (not the one who lives in St.Louis, but one who went over in 1940) has died there. Some of the people who sent children to America or went with them have had unexpected problems in consequence: I never did approve of that emigration). I also wrote to Mrs.Seaverns (to give myself a good mark; to Janes's sister in law, who was evacuated from Chelsea to a hospital in the Midlands and will no doubt die there alone, and various others. Before going to Oxford I had to attend a performance of a Christmas Play (a combination of the York and Wakefield) at Mary Trevelyan's Student House in Gower Street: it was very touching, as the performers were sudents of mixed nationality: Germans, Czechs, Poles, Hindus and negros - the best, and very good he was, was the negro who did Herod - how he rolled his eyes and flashed his teeth. So that I got to Oxford after dark, missed my way to Norham Gardens in the darkness, and arrived at the end of dinner. But the house was comfortable and well heated, though the conference was tiring. I was triumphant in getting through all these ardours without catching cold: but got the cold immediately after Christmas, which is the reason for this long silence. While no doubt I was more susceptible from fatigue, the cause I am sure was infection, as I had no chill: Mrs. Flo Jones, sister of the housekeeper Miss James, who looks after my room, had a bad cold, and she indeed is still in bed, perhaps with influenza. My own cold was not a severe one, but kept me in bed with a slight temperature: it did not get very low in the chest. I am to go out this morning for the first time: if I had not got ill I should hav e been in Oxford tonight, and I am rather glad to be spared that. I go up to town for one night only, by the doctor's permission: to attend my book committee and talk about religious education to a group of London clergy assembled by Demant after lunch on Thursday. If I suffer no ill effects from this short visit I go up again, on Monday next week, as I have promised to spend that night with the Desmond Mac Carthys in Hampton - they live in Garrick's Villa near where the Tandys used to be.

Your letter of the 22nd arrived this morning - I am sorry to think that if I had written the day after Christmas, when I meant to, you might have that in a day or two. This and your last letter are the only two I have had from anybody since the American War began. What I am afraid of for you and for my family is a sharp rise in prices: in Britain they have been kept down fairly well, especially in foodstuffs, and with the rationing, the conversion of industry and the limitation of imports etc. there are not so many ways of spending money. (When one has to take anybody to a restaurant and offer wine one's purse notices it: I entertained the Subercazeaux (the charming Chileans) just

Letter 11.

Sunday.

22nd January 1939.

Dear Family,

I am horrified to think how long it is since I last wrote. Partly it was my visit to the Midlands: then the following weekend was spent in Oxford, and - returning only recently - I found a pile of correspondence to be answered and dealt with. Your letter with the usual small cash gift. Jane Roberts seems to have been delighted by the clockwork train - bless him - he is the little boy with a passion for trains (he particularly admires Stumpy-engines: I don't say the car, dear sister who went to New York with her children, knows the one who lives in St. Louis), but you - who wrote in Jody's name then - some of the people who need children themselves or want them have had unexpected problems to contend with: I never did approve of that sentiment. I also wrote to the Gravers (to give myself a good part, to James's sister in law, who was evacuated from Malaya to a boarding in the Midlands and will be down this way alone, and various others. Before going to extent I was in stress a particulars of a christmas play (a combination of the very and wonderful) at Mary Travelyan's Student House in Tower Street: it was very romantic, as the performers were mostly of mixed nationality: Canada, Greece, Poles, Tunis and Persia - the host, the very good Mr Wu, was one Persian who did Hafiz - how he rolled his eyes and flashed his teeth. So that I got to Oxford after dark, instead my way to Norham Gardens in the darkness, and arrived at the end of dinner. But the house was comfortable and well heated, the [illegible] centrally the kitchen. It was tribulant in getting through with those armfuls without getting cold: but got the cold immediately after Christmas, which is the reason for this long silence. While no doubt I was more susceptible from fatigue, the cause I am sure was infection, as I had no quilt for the jones, sister of the Mongkeepers Mine James, who lodges after my room, had a bad cold, and she invited it straight bed, perhaps with influenza. My own colds were not a severe one, but kept me in bed with a light temperature: it did not get very low in the night. I am to go out this morning for the first time: if I feel not got fit I should have been in Oxford tomorrow, and I am in the [illegible] to be [illegible] to go to Lewd for one more night only, by the doctor's permission: to attend my book committee and talk about negotiations to a group of London clergy assembled by Dermot Morrah on Tuesday. If I suffer no ill effects from a little short visit I go up again on Monday next week, as I have engagements to speak at night with the Peacock two evenings in London - they live in Mayfair's Mills n anywhere the Tuesday and Monday.

Your letter of the 22nd arrived this morning - I am sorry to think that if I had written the day after Christmas, when I meant to, you might have got it in a day or two. This and your last letter are the only two I have had from anybody after the American war began. That I am afraid of for you and Mary really has a short time in prison: in Britain they have been kept down fairly well, especially in foodstuffs, but with the fascists, the conversion of industry and the institution of imports etc. there are not so many days of spending money. (When one met to take anybody to a restaurant and offer wine one's guests looks like I ought instead, the subpoenaed (the quarrel) Milliams, that

before Christmas - they were extremely tactful and refused the more expensive food and drink, and have presented me with a lot of cigarettes and three boxes of Chilean matches for Christmas! I also received a box of cigars (good cigars are of course a rarity too), a blotter. a pot of honey, a honeycomb, and three ties! but I fear that there is only one lady who can choose ties, for of these one was green (a colour I dislike for myself) one yellow (impractical and only possible with a tropical light suit) one red with white dots (ugly). And AT LAST I am able to give you the size of my foot: I was always remembering about it and forgetting just when there was an inchtape handy, and then after I did measure I remembered it always expeept when writing to you: it is not quite deserving of the name foot, because it is 11½ inches. I am still wearing, by the way, two pairs which Margot Clement made me in 1933, and three pairs which Christina Morley made me in 1934 and 35: much darned now of course; but handmade ones do wear wonderfully compared to bought ones, and are also more comfortable. But, as I started to say, the keeping down of prices is probably a much bigger problem in a country like America; and the regulation is no doubt more difficult there because war does not come home to the imagination of the mass of people so quickly in so large a country so remote from the actual scenes of war, as in a country which might be invaded at any moment, and in which everyone has had experience of air raids. So I am afraid that people with modest incomes will feel the pinch, professional and academic folk and those with small private incomes. We have been distressed by the magnitude of the American losses on men in the Pacific. I hope that the appointment of Wavell is well received: you know I met him once and was very favourably impressed by him at the time, though I had no idea (in 1937) how important he was to become. (I also had a gift of some very superior American toilet paper from John Hayward).

Your last letter before Christmas gave me great pleasure. There are so many people whom one enjoys very much seeing a little of, a few whom one enjoys very much seeing a good deal of, but it is only one person whom one could bear to be with all the time. (That is why, when one is not living alone, it is better to move about regularly as I do). Not that frintion would be out of the question: but it is one thing to be annoyed with someone sometimes about particular matters, and another thing altogether just to feel, without any cause for irritation whatever, that you just cannot bear that personality any longer - which is what I feel with everybody I know after a time, and I don't except my relatives.

I have missed New Year's Day and Epiphany for the second time: I got to church of course on Christmas morning (it is difficult to see a church so crowded on that day without being vexed by the thought of so many people who are there and could come at other times and don t): the little village early communion all the more impressive by taking place in complete darkness except for the altar candles. There is twilight, but not dawn, on the way back. I hope you will be able to give a good report of yourself on your return, and not be overtired. The first effect of war is to make one want to undertake too much, and ignore the need for rest and recreation: but remember that this may go on for a long time, and you will need rest and care more than ever - and your regular work is more important in the long run than outside activities.

Lovingly for 1942 Tom

before Christmas - they were extremely beautiful and reduced the more
reasonable food and drink, and have presented me with a lot of interesting
and those boxes of Dallas marmalade for Christmas! I also received a
box of sherry (good claims are of course a partly too), a bottle, a pot
of honey, a marzipan, and three ties! but I fear that there is only
one lady who can choose ties, for of these one was green in colour
(a colour for myself) one yellow (impractical and only possible with a
dark jacket) and the red with white dots (ugly). AND AGAIN I
thought little enough of the size of my foot. I was always remembering about
am made to give you the size of my foot. I was always remembering about
it and forgetting just when there was an opportunity handy, and then
[illegible] I remembered it always when [illegible] to you!
It is not quite forgiving of in these [illegible], because in its life times
I am still wearing, by the way, two pairs which [illegible] in
in 1939, and three pairs with [illegible] in 1940 and
[illegible] dated now of course, but [illegible] one no wear worthfully [illegible]
to [illegible] one, and are [illegible]. But, as I started to
say, the [illegible] down of [illegible] is probably almost [illegible] problem in a
country like [illegible] and the [illegible] is no doubt more difficult
there because war does not come [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] of
people as [illegible] in so large a country as [illegible] from the actual
scenes of war, as in a country which might be invaded at any moment, and
in which everyone has [illegible] of air raids. So I am afraid that
people with [illegible] will feel the [illegible], professional and [illegible]
mic [illegible] and those with small [illegible] incomes. We have been distressed
by the [illegible] of the American loans on men in the [illegible]. I hope
that the [illegible] of [illegible] is well received: you know I met him
once and was very favourably impressed by him at the time, though I had
no idea (in 1937) how important he was to become. (I also said [illegible]
of some very [illegible] American [illegible] from John [illegible].)

Your last letter before Christmas was a great pleasure. There
are so many people whom one enjoys very much seeing a little of, a few
whom one enjoys very much being in a good deal of, but is only one
person whom one could bear to be with all the time. (That is why, when
one is not living alone, it is better to move about regularly as I do).
But that question would be out of the question: but it is one thing to
be annoyed with someone sometimes about particular actions, and another
thing altogether that just to feel, without any cause for irritation mas-
ever, that you just cannot bear [illegible] any longer - which is
what I feel with everybody I know after a time, and I don't excuse my
relatives.

I have missed new years day and [illegible] for the second time: I
not to [illegible] of course on Christmas morning (it is difficult to see a
[illegible] so crowded on that day [illegible] being vexed by the thought of so
many people who were there and could come at other times and don't):
the little village [illegible] communion all the more impressive by taking
place in [illegible] exactly for the first [illegible].
[illegible] twilight, but not dark, on the way home. I hope you will be able to
give a good account of yourself on your return, and not be overtired.
The first effect of war is to make one wish to undertake too much, and
[illegible] the [illegible] for peace and [illegible]: but remember that life may
be on for a long time, and you will need rest and care more than ever
and your regular work is more important in the long run than outside
activities.

[illegible]

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

PENED BY

Letter 106.

Shamley,

12 January 1942.

Dearest,

I have not much to report of myself. I was up for only one night last week, by the doctor's orders, motoring out to the De la Mares' (he has his car in use about one week out of the month) for the night and back in the morning, gave my informal talk to the group of clergy at St.Edward's House after lunch, and returned for the weekend to finish a draft of my paper on the meaning of culture (next weekend I must begin my lecture for Glasgow). I took no harm fromgoing up, and hope that I shall now be free from colds for some time. I go this afternoon to Hampton (from Guildford via Surbiton) to spend one night with the Mac Carthys and go on to town tomorrow morning: I am not particularly keen to make an extra one-night visit, but one cannot refuse all invitations. Then another two nights with the De la Mares: the Fabers are, I believe, back again, but only just settling in and have all their family with them, and I do not like to add to the housekeeping difficulties when there are so many. The De la Mares are alone for the first time, but in such a large house are not likely to remain so indefinitely. The children become, gradually, very friendly. Going there from time to time has the advantage that I cannot make any evening engagements in town.

No letter from you since that of December 22, but I never expect to hear quite regularly during the vacation. I think I like the fuller face view the best, as looking more like you. I was disappointed at first not to see a new costume in the picture: but there is something to be said for a photograph in a jacket which I recognise and have walked with.

Lovingly Tom

Letter 106.

Dearest,

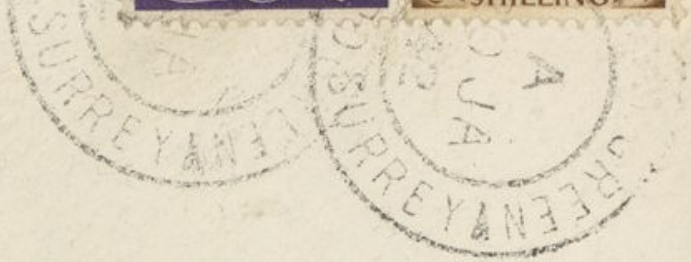
12 January 1942.

I have opportunity to report at length. I was so forcibly one night last week, by the doctor's orders, motoring out to the De la Warr's (my car is in use about one week out of the month for the first and book in the morning), gave my interna[illegible] call to a group of clergy at St. Edward's Office after lunch, and returned for the weekend to finish a draft of my paper on the meaning of culture (next weekend I must negotiate Dorking for disgrace). I look no more from getting up, and hope that I shall not be left [illegible] some time. I go this afternoon to Hampton (Mrs. Middleton via Surbiton) to spend one night with the Ashleys and go on to town tomorrow morning; I am not particularly keen to have an extra one-night visit, but one cannot refuse all invitations. I then another two nights with the De la Warrs: the Fosters are, I believe, both away, but only that entitles me to have all their family with them, and I do not like to add to the housekeeping difficulties when there are so many. The De la Warrs are alone for the first time, but in much a large house are not likely to remain so indefinitely. The children become, really, very friendly. Going there from time to time has the advantage that I can get many evening and events in town.

No letter from you since that of December 22, but I never expect to hear quite regularly during the vacation. I think I like the Hunter lake view the best, as looking more like you. I was disappointed at first not to see a new coature in the picture; but there is something to be said for a photograph in a locket which I recognise you have worked with.

Lovingly, Tom

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



EXAMINER 1533

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-1473—G.W.D.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 107.

Shamley,

19 January 1942.

Dearest Emily.

I still have no letter from you to report your Christmas vacation: which I hoped for. I do hope that you did not get overtired with family duties, or which many short visits. I had a very kind letter from Uncle John, of Dec.4, which gave me much pleasure; a letter from Meg Nason (did I mention this?) and yesterday a belated cake from her - I mean that she promised it but was unable to send one before - not that it has taken all this time on the way - avery palatable one. She writes that they have been as busy as ever, and seems to have her mother still with her - I fear that this is an additional responsibility that she has taken on. The news from the far east continues to give the chief anxiety. The American forces in the Philippines appear to have been doing very gallantly. And to-day I have a Christmas box from Marion, with supplies which have given great pleasure to Mrs. M. (whom I have not seen for a fortnight, as she has been in bed with a cold.

Last week involved a good deal of travel, as I went up on Monday afternoon to Hampton. The Garrick's villa where the Mac Carthys live is a rather fine building, which speaks well for Garrick's profits as an actor-manager: nice rooms, with Adam and Wedgwood decorations - I should think about the beginning of the last century (I don't know when Garrick died). But being converted into flats means that you have to go through the library to get from your bedroom to the bathroom, and that sort of thing. On my way up to London stopped at Harrod's and bought a pair of practical winter boots with rubber soles and fleece linings, very warm, and useful during the week, as I motored with Dick to and from Much Haddam each night and morning. There played vignt-et-un, a new game to me, but won enough to defray most of my expenses at poker. Tomorrow return to the Fabers', and must be up for four nights: tomorrow I broadcast to India, on Tennyson and In Memoriam, for the Umbrella Man; Friday I must speak on "Poetry and Drama" at a lunch of the Authors' Club (goodness knows who the Authors are, the Revd. Vincent Howson, chief actor in The Rock in 1934, got me into this engagement) and on Saturday morning (most annoying time) a meeting of the Sword of the Spirit Council. I had forgotten all about the broadcast, and was reminded of it just in time: it meant spending most of this weekend with Tennyson, and the rest on doing a little more to my essay on Culture and Religion. (Still my copies of Kipling have not runed up: the first printing was sold out before I secured them, and I have to wait till the second impression - no reviews so far, either, except a long one in the New Statesman, which treated me quite pleasantly but repeated all the old objections to Kipling Which I had attempted to controvert in my introduction). On my return to Shamley I must get down seriously to the Glasgow lecture. I have also written, to oblige my young men (or so I suppose them to be) of the Partisan Review, a few comments on Van Wyck Brooks whom I remember at Harvard as a very charming person, but who has been talking very foolishly and unwisely about literature. I have also been re-reading the works of James Joyce for the purpose of

Letter 107. Sunday.

15 January 1942.

Dearest Sue,

I still have no letter from you to-day, yesterday's vacation: which I hoped for. It is to hope that you did not get overtired with family duties, or which very short visits. I had a very kind letter from Uncle John, of Dec.4, which gave me much pleasure; and letter from Mrs Mason (dated 1 month later) and yesterday a belated card from her - I mean that she promised it was unable to send anything before - not that it was taken all that long on the way - having omissions. She writes that they have been as busy as ever, and seems to have her mother still with them. I too think that is an admirable and reasonable thing that she has taken on. The Government has fair enough sensibleness to give the card anyway. The American forces in the Philippines appear to have been doing very gallantly. And to-day I have a birthday box from Marion, with supplies which have given great pleasure to Pa. (when I have not been for a fortnight, as she knows in bed with a cold.

I have been involved a good deal of travel, as I went up on Monday afternoon to Hampton. The Quarters villa where the Curtiss live is a rather fine building, which process well for rental; Curtiss is an actor-manager: nice rooms, with oak and redwood decorations - I should think about the 20s or 30s of the last century (I don't know when Marion died). But being converted into flats means that you have to walk down the library to get from your bedroom to the bathroom, and that sort of thing. On my way up to London also, I passed Marion and Doughty - a pair of practical winter boots with rubber soles and fleece lining, very warm, and useful during the week. We lectured with Dick Ed and from Rudram each night and morning. There played vient-et-un, a new game to me, but worth a game to certainly worth of my expenses at poker. Tomorrow return to the Rabers, and must be up for four nights: tomorrow I proceed to India, on Monday and to Wednesday, for the Umbrella Club; Friday I must speak on "Poetry and Drama" at a lunch of the Author's Club (goodness knows who the Authors are, the Savoy, Vincent Lawson, Lord Motor in the book in 1939, not to talk his engagement) and on Saturday morning (much anything time) something of the Word of the Spirit Council. I had forgotten all about the proscenium, and was reminded of it just in time. It means spending most of next weekend with Ierwson, and the rest on doing a little more necessary on future and relation. (still my hopes of flying have vanished up: the first printing was sold out before I secured them, and I have to wait till 2nd edition appears - to reviews so far, either, except a letter one in the New Statesman, which treated me quite pleasantly but repeated all the old objections to flying which I had attempted to controvert in my introduction). On my return to Stanley I must get down seriously to the Jackson lecture. I have also written to oblige my young man (or so I suppose) to be of the Partisan Review, a few comments on van Wyck Brooks whom I remember at Harvard as a very amusing person, and the Times, taking very foolishly one lively about literature. I have also been re-reading the works of Jane Lowe for the purpose of

a small volume of selections from his prose - rather an interesting task. A less interesting task is to produce a selection of the stories of Saroyan. If you have come across the work of that energetic Armenian-Californian, it will amuse you to know that I am the Saroyan expert in this country: having written the advertisements for most of his books, and already prepared a half-crown selection - the new one is to be a full size book. How I got this position I don't know, but probably at the beginning we thought that he was going to be a different kind of writer from what he is. After some years of absorbing his work, I find it extremely boring. I wonder how long the New York public will go on attending his plays. His peculiar combination of humour, pathos and cheek becomes monotonous.

All this is to prove that I am not idle, although perhaps not very useful. I have also, to oblige Michael Roberts, helped to judge a competition for the Belgian magazine published in London - translation of two poems of Verhaeren into English. The reward for this was an expensive lunch given us by the Belgians. As I do not know any Dutch, Norwegian or Polish I hope this will not happen again, though there is still "La France Libre".

I am longing for your news. Stick to your job and don't go enlisting in the Women's Auxiliary Forces!

Yours loving Tom

I hope my Christmas cable to Commonwealth Avenue arrived in time.

a small volume of selections from his prose - rather an interesting task. A less interesting task is to produce a selection of his stories of Saroyan. If you have come across the work of this enigmatic Californian, it will amuse you to know that Saroyan expects in this country having written his advertisement for most of his books, and already prepared a self-conceived selection - the new one is to be a full size book. How I do this position I don't know, but probably at this point in history we ought to be used to a different kind of writer from what he is. After some years of absorbing his work, I find it wonderfully bracing. I wonder how long the New York public will go on enjoying his gaiety. His peculiar combination of humour, satire and sheer boisterous humbuggery.

All this is to prove that I am not idle, although perhaps not very useful. I have also, in editing Mitchell Roberts, helped to make a composition for the Beijing paradise published in London - translation of two books of Vercors into English. The reward for this was an expensive lunch given me by the Belgians. As I do not know any Dutch, Norwegian or Polish I hope this will not happen again, though there is still "a France time".

I am looking for your news. Stick to your job and don't go enlisting in the Women's Auxiliary Forces!

Yours Sincerely
Tom

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

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

EXAMINER 0374

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-1071—G.W.D.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINER 4274

Letter 108.

Shamley,
26 January 1942.

Dearest,

I still have no news of you since Christmas, but as I myself allowed two weeks to elapse when I had a cold, I have no right to complain yet, though I must feel some anxiety. I wish to hear anything you can tell me of how the war affects daily life. A year ago and more, I was not able to tell you much about the war in London, lest my letters might be delayed by censorship. But I want to know how the war has affected the college, whether it is expected (with the new taxation as well) to diminish enrolment, and any unusual activities brought about. It is curious how accustomed one has become to the changes in London - once the debris is cleared up: though the City, with St.Paul's standing alone in a clear area, is always an impressive reminder.

I had a long week in town, and a very short weekend here for the things I had to do. I broadcast again to India on Tuesday; addressed the Authors' Club (on Poetic Drama) after a lunch on Friday, and attended a meeting of the Sword of the Spirit Committee on Saturday: so I have only done a few office jobs (like the Joyce selections) and outlined my Glasgow lecture, and off I go again tomorrow morning, but this week return on Thursday, to work on Glasgow for four days, and then to Oxford for a night. Tomorrow I am to dine with the Martin Brownes, who have been giving their plays, I believe, in the neighbourhood of London. Mrs. Mirrlees is still kept to her bed, and I have not seen her: it is very hard for her, just at this time when she is in poor health, to have the new anxiety over Lybia on top of the general anxiety which we all feel about the far East.

I have had nothing from my family either this last week, so there may have been some delay. And now it is announced that there are American troops in Northern Ireland. If I do not hear from you during this coming week I shall cable.

Lovingly
Your Tom

Letter 109.

Sunday.

26 January 1942.

Darling.

I sitting in bed on two extra cushions, but as I myself allowed two weeks no alcohol when I had a cold, I turn to tisane instead. Though I two first days bronchitis, I which to deal anything you can tell me of how one has a fighting duty life. A young man and money, I was not able to tell you much about the war in London. Last by letters might be delayed or destroyed. But I young to know how the government treated the refugees, whether it was expressed (with the new taxation measures) holding with enthusiasm, and any grumbling publicly brought about. It is curious how accustomed one has become to the crashes in London - some the bombs is closed but round the city, with St. Paul's standing alone in a clearing. It leaves an impressive memory.

I had a long talk with Brown, who is very proud where he lives the things I had to do. I broadcast again to India on Tuesday; attended the Authors' Club (on Rosita Forbes' dinner on Friday, and arranged a meeting of the work of the Spiritual Tribunal on Saturday; so I have only done a few office jobs (like the Joyce selections) and cultivated my hunger journey, and off I go again tomorrow morning, but this week return on Thursday, to work on Saturday for four days, and then to Oxford for a night. Tomorrow I am to dine with the Austin Frances, who have been living only night, I believe, in the neighbourhood of London. Ina. Triples is until less to her bed, and I have not seen Hoyt; it is very hard for her. My brother-in-law has been ill in poor health, to give the few anxiety over India on top of the general anxiety which we all feel about the far East.

I have had nothing from my family either this last week, so there may have been some delay. And now it is midnight and there are American troops in Northern Ireland. If I do not hear from you until this coming week I shall panic.

Love, Jack

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

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Letter 109.

Shamley,
Candlemas: 2 February 1942.

Dearest,

I was very glad to get your unnumbered letter of January 1st, which arrived at the beginning of the week. I was discomfited to learn that my cable arrived two days after Christmas, as I had sent it off two days before Christmas: but am glad that it arrived while you were still there. The Perkins's perhaps expect something better in the way of photography than I do: I am contented if it has some reminder in it, and is reasonably far frombeing a caricature. But they certainly are not your best: but very few photographs of anybody are ever good, except those taken in childhood. I was glad to see that you were writing from New Bedford, as that visit always seems to be relatively restful. It must have been strange to find the Hinkleys going through the same operation in which we assisted Miss Sunderland-Taylor!

On Tuesday I had dinner with the Brownes at the Etoile, which you may or may not remember. They seemed in good health and spirits, and Henzie produced a number of photographs of the very Jewish-looking boys, growing up at their school near Philadelphia. I disapproved of children being sent in that way, especially boys of just that age: I saw no evidence however that the Brownes had yet come to regret the step. But I wonder whether boys who have spent just those years in America will ever be fitted to live in England again: the difference in the educational standards alone will prove a serious handicap if they return. The Brownes' life is a hard one, but with Martin's physique, temperament and views is probably much the best solution of thewartime situation for him, and he can feel that he is doing some good and bringing pleasure to a good many. They spoke again of course of the difficulty of renewing their repertory - there being so very few suitable good plays; and they hope that I will write one for them.

As last weekend was spent in finishing off my essay on Cultural Values, so this was spent on the Glasgow lecture on the Music of Poetry. I have written it out, and think that with a little polishing, and a few illustrations to break the monotony it will do. That puts me really ahead of my schedule, and I should be able soon to start my Classical Association address and get it out of the way well before the date of the performance. I want, however, to try to write a small poem or epigram on the Indian Troops in Africa, for Cornelia Sorabji's Indian Red Cross Book: she ran into a bus or something, poor soul, being blind as a bat; and is lying in Charing Cross Hospital with a fractured thigh.

I was very sorry that you could not see Henry and Theresa, as I had heard that she had not been very well: high blood pressure. I worry about them because I do not think that either has very much notion of how to take care of the other: they are both very gentle and goodnatured and have not the slightest control over each other.

I go tomorrow to Oxford for the C.N.L. meeting, and stay with the Livingstones as usual. (Robert Sencourt, who is an excellent person but somewhat insensitive, and who has been staying near by the Duke of Alba, has forced his company on me for the journey as

Letter 169.

Sunday.

Guantanamo: 2 February 1942.

Dear,

I was very glad to get your unnumbered letter of January 1st, which arrived at the beginning of the week. I was disappointed to learn that a cable arrived two days after Christmas. As I had sent it off two days before Christmas; but as that was the day we were still there. The postman's manners except something better in the way of photographs. I am convinced it is his boss remembers in it, and is responsible for inserting certain things. They certainly are not very real: but very few photographs of anybody are really good, except those taken in childhood. I was glad to see the Eve's good, except those taken in childhood. I was glad to see that you were writing from New Zealand, as that always seems to be relatively restful. It must have been strange to find the place leveling down through the same operation in which we assisted nine months ago!

Christmas I had dinner with the rowers at the Stadio, which was not at all bad. They seemed in good health and spirits, and many of them had been out. A very assorted number of the very Jewish-looking boys, female included, a number of photographs of the very Jewish-looking boys, growing up at Lincoln school near Philadelphia. I disapproved of certain being seen in the bathway, especially boys of that type. I saw no evidence however that the rowers had yet come to view it the same way. I wonder whether those who have spent their lives in America will ever be fitted to live in Palestine again: the difference in the surroundings alone would prove a serious handicap if they returned. Tropical standards alone would be a serious handicap in Palestine. The rowers' life is a hard one, but with fortuitous surroundings, management and viewed as a cooperative venture, it could be made a good deal less hard than it is. I have some good and relaxing fortnights, and he can feel that he is doing some good and relaxing pleasure to a good many. Actual shore leave is of course of little attraction of the rowing, their recreatory - their outlet so very far available good always, and I do hope that I will write one for them.

As I mentioned was about to finish off by saying, unfortunately, Varios, another was sent on the Thursday before the date of posting. I have written it out, and think that with a reasonable possibility, and a few illustrations to present the monotony it will be. Thursday is really about the 5th of the month, and I should be quite soon to start my diaries Association address. I don't know if it is out of the way well before the date of the performance. I don't, however, to try to write a small poem in stanzas on the Indian Tribes in Africa, for Columbia Scholarship, Indian and Cross Book: the same to be a bus or something, poor book, before sitting as a b: and is a bit to them. Those postcards with a fractional tribes.

I was very sorry that you could not see Mary and Theresa, as I had heard that she had not been very well: their blood pressure. I worry about them because I do not think that either has very much on-lion of how to relax or of the other: they are both very gentle and good-tempered and may not him although control over each other.

I go tomorrow to Oxford for the A.V.C. meeting, and stay with the Ivy-Wetherses at Hesse. (Robert Stevenson, who is an excellent person and somewhat impressive, although has been stay in near by the Duke of Alba, has forced his way on me for the journey as

Reading, where he entrains for Wells to spend a week with the Bishop - I wonder whether they want him). Then two nights in London. The present situation is a great strain, especially with Mrs. M. who is so old and frail, worrying about her son in Lybia: under the present conditions, and indeed in general, it is a great relief to have a perfectly sane person like Mrs.Behrens living here. My copies of Kipling have at length arrived, and I shall be sending you off a copy this week. I still think my essay rather good, and I want you to read it!

I have to see Ashley Dukes this week to see him about a film offer for Murder made by an Austrian refugee connected with a British film company. He is very plausible, and seems to have the most intelligent ideas about how it should be done: but he said he meant to get Henry Moore the sculptor to do the setting: but Moore, whom I saw last week (in the company of the Kenneth Clarks) seemed to know nothing about it. On the whole, my feeling is against letting it be filmed at all. Next week I have to recite East Coker on an occasion to celebrate the appearance of the translation into Czecho: the proceeds of the sale (to Czechs, of course) for the benefit of the Czechs.

Yours loving Tom.

Yours, Henry Ford

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

EXAMINER 1014

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Shamley,

Letter 110. 9 February 1942.

Dearest,

Your letters of the 12th and 19th January, both numbered 114, arrived simultaneously, and the further news was welcome. I feel that if you think of asking for leave in order to do war work you should keep in mind that the war may last for a considerable time - this, both in relation to the future of teaching for you, and in considering what kind of war work to take up. Just because it was "war work" it would not necessarily worth your leaving Smith for, or, or suitable to your abilities. To find the right war job - in which one's own talents and experience would be useful - is by no means easy: it takes time, obstinacy, and knowing one's own mind; things which look useful at first sight often turn out to be futile; and when you have got into the wrong job it is not always easy, with the complicated machinery involved, to get out of it. I am glad now that no Ministry wanted me, because I think it would be a very peculiar job in which I could be more useful than in going on with my ordinary work.

On the other hand, I am unsettled by what you say about your work, and wondering why the girls are generally less satisfactory and sympathetic than those you had in California and Milwaukee. Perhaps you will explain this more fully, or perhaps it is one of those intangibles which cannot express themselves properly on paper. Meanwhile, I must warn you again against taking on too much! with the S.P.C.A. (the poem amused me). The chief use for female ARP wardens in my area was for the telephone work from the posts - important work at that: but the women there were full time and of course took regular night shifts; in some areas I think women do patrol work as well. Find out what you would be wanted to do first, and make sure that it is something that you can combine with your other work: meanwhile it is useful to learn about stirrup pumps and fires etc. An ordinary ARP course did not and could not teach very much about First Aid: I think a First Aid course might be more useful. There have been many surprises, but I should still be surprised if Northampton was raided!

I have also thought with concern about the possible rise in cost of living for you: and of course that would affect you most painfully in affecting your mother. So you were quite right not to cable to me at Christmas.

I spent my night at Oxford - this time, owing to illness among the domestic staff, I was put in college - the first time for ages that I have been separated from the baths by a quad, as the guest room at Magdalene has a bathroom besides it; and again escaped without catching cold, as I am really much more robust this winter. I have finished my paper for Glasgow, and have done some verses for Cornelia Sorabji's Indian Red Cross Book! but I shall keep them for a week to assure myself that they are good enough. I had a letter from Henzie, after seeing them, to say that she had had a charm-

Letter 110.

9 February 1942.

Dear Jean,

Your letters of the 12th and 16th January, both numbered 114, arrived simultaneously, and the cumulative effect was welcome. I feel that a lot of your worries are due to your being in doubt as to war work you should keep in mind that the war may last for a considerable time - this, both in relation to the future of teaching for you and in connection with what war work to take up. Just because it was "war work" it would not necessarily worth your leaving Britain for, or, at outside to your ability. To find the right war job - in which one's own talents and experiences would be useful - is by no means easy; it takes time, patience, and knowing one's own mind; things which look useful at first sight often turn out to be futile; and when you have got into the work it is not always easy, with the complicated machinery involved, to get out of it. I am glad now that no military work, because lighting it would be a very precarious job in which I could do more useful work in going on with my ordinary work.

On another hand, I am unsettled by what you say about your work, and wondering why the girls are generally less satisfactory and adaptable than those you had in California and Wisconsin. Perhaps you will explain this more fully, or perhaps it is one of those inscrutable action points which are as mysterious as personal property on paper. Longwalle, I trust when your great anxiety taking on too much with the C.P.A. (the poor dressed up). The chief need for female APF workers in my area was for the telephone work from the posts - important work at that; but the women there were full time and of course took regular night shifts; in some areas I think women do patrol work as well. Find out what you would be wanted to do first, and make sure that it is something that you can combine with your other work; meanwhile it is useful to learn about driving buses and fires etc. An ordinary AFS course did not and could not teach very much about First Aid; I think a first Aid course might be more useful. There have been many surprises, but I should still be surprised if nothing more was added.

I have also thought with concern about the possible risks in case of living for you; and of course that would affect your partnership in affecting your mother. So you were quite right to cable to me at Christmas.

I spent my night in Oxford - this time, owing to difficulties in the dispositions after, I was put in college - the first time for years that I have been separated from the baths by a quad, as the guest room at Magdalen has a bathroom, heated too; and again separated with-out actually cold, as I am really much more robust this winter. I have finished my paper for Glasgow, and have done some reviews for Cornelia Sorabji's Indian and Cross Book; and I shall keep them for a week to answer myself that I have done enough. I had a letter from Penelope, after seeing them, to say that she has chronic-

ing letter from you; and I have sent you off a copy of Kipling and one of The Little Book of Modern Verse. This weekend I shall start to think about my Classical Association address. I have written to the Pounds' boy, who is at school at Charterhouse (Godalming is not far) and, after consulting the Headmaster, am suggesting that he might come over to Shamley to lunch one Sunday. I gather that he is rather a solitary boy, and not very happy: and his family background is certainly peculiar. Of what has become of his parents, who lived in Italy (and who, I regret to say, admired the régime in that country) I have not the slightest idea - I imagine that the boy was provided for by his grandmother before she died, as he is looked after by the family solicitors.

With my fond love

One of the worst photographs of you I have, unfortunately, is the one taken with Boerre.

the letter from you) and I have sent you off a copy of Tiptjan and one of the little book of Coleridge verse. This weekend I shall start to think about my presidential address. I have written to the formal boy, who is at school near Chertsey (coaching in my car) and, after consulting the weather, we are setting out on Sunday come over to Sandey to lunch one Sunday. I feel that we might then see Elizabeth, and you very happy: and the family prosper in orderly procedure. Of what has become of the Queen, who lives in Italy (and who, I fear, is say, admired the regime in that country) I have not the slightest idea - I fear the little boy was p evided for. Months ago, before she died, he was isolated after by the family politicians.

Last my from Eva

One of the worst photographs of you I have, unfortunately, is the one taken with Sonya.

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

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-8958—W.N. P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINER 4092

Letter 111.

Shamley,

16 February 1942.

Before I forgot it, may I ask you to ask Dr.Perkins a question: I am so in arrears with correspondence that I have to spare a letter when I can. A man in Cambridge (Cambs.) has written to ask me, for some book he is writing, a question about Edward Everett. He says that E.E.Hale in writing about Everett, says that he was "Unitarian minister in Brattle Street, Boston, for a year before he was 20". This man says, isn't Brattle Street in Cambridge? He also asks where Everett was at school. I am sure that Dr. Perkins could answer both questions out of his head. As there is no church in Brattle Street, Cambridge, I suppose there is a Brattle Street in Boston: is that where the Old South Church is?

I have no letter from you this week. I had to be up in town for three nights last week — with Ashley Dukes's rather subdued male party to celebrate the appearance of his memoirs, which are not, I must say, very exciting from what I have read in the Theatre Arts Magazine, which you probably see; and a small dinner given by Wm. Empson (speaking of Empson, I have just heard from Theresa that Ivor Richards has been very ill with a particularly severe appendicitis), he was not yet out of danger). I am annoyed by having to be up three nights this week also; becauseI shall have to go up again on Sunday afternoon, to spend the night in town so as to take the early train for Glasgow. Tomorrow I read to the Czechs. I will write a line on Saturday again, because I don't know when I shall be back from the North; I shall certainly be there for two nights, and perhaps four. So I shall not be in London at all next week. After that I shall probably have no more travels until I go to Cambridge in the middle of April. I am now half way through my Cambridge address, but shant be able to do any more of it for a fortnight.

The news has been very troubling lately, and it is difficult to put one's mind on to anything else. If the war seems likely to last for a long time, I must hope that I can get sent to America on some business before it is over: though I cannot imagine what sort of business it could be that I could be chosen for! I dare say that I don't really like your photographs much better than Mrs.P. does: but if I could see the original as often as she can, I might be more critical of the copy. Even a poor recent photograph is better than nothing.

Your loving (but somewhat tired)

Tom

Letter III.—

Hurley.

15 February 1942.

Before I forget it, may I ask you to ask Dr. Fielding a question: I am so in arrears with correspondence that I have to score a letter when I can. A man in Cambridge (Hugh.) has written to ask me, for more work he is writing, a question about Everett. He says that E. speaks in writing about Tennyson, says that he was "initiated minister in Trinity street, Boston, for a year before he was 20". This can say, isn't Trinity street in Cambridge? He also says Everett was a Unitarian school. I am sure that Dr. Fielding could answer both questions offhand, are he? As there is no church in Trinity street, therefore, I suppose there is a Trinity street in Boston: is there, where the old South Church is?

I have no letter from you this week. I had to be up to town for three nights last week — with Ashley Dugdale's mother suddenly poorly, necessitating some attention to his mother, which gave me a great day, very exciting from the beginning. I have read in the Daily Mirror, which was probably seen, with a small Tower given over to Tennyson (meaning of course, I have just heard from Tennyson that Flandrea has been very ill with a particularly severe attack, he was not yet out of danger). I am annoyed by having to be up three nights this week also; because will have to go up again on Monday afternoon, to round the job I shall have to leave the early train for Harcourt. Tomorrow I need to be dressed. I will write a line on Saturday again, because I don't know when I shall be back from London; certainly by Monday for two nights, and perhaps four. I shall not be in London at least a fortnight. After that I shall probably have to make travel, until I go to Hendrick in the middle of April. I am not fair enough to do any more of it for Longman. But shall be able to do any more of it for Longman.

The news has been very troubling lately, and it is difficult to put oneself out to anything else. The war seems likely to last for a long time. I must now close. I hope Mrs. Dorothy Harrison will be better by the 7th: there is time. I come up for a day on the 17th, but I could be back by c. 4 for! I dare say the 17th I really have some photo and much better than yours: but I could send one to Dorothy, as she can, I hope, be more critical of the copy. Your's poor Fenno but of course I am very busy.

Yours affectionately

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

STOKE NEWINGTON
11.30AM
23 FEB
1942
N.16.

Red cross Indian
Census enclosed

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

OPENED BY

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMINER 409

Letter 112.

Shamley,
February 21, 1942.

Dear Emily

Your letter 115 of January 31 arrived this week. You seem to be multiplying your own activities pretty recklessly: the committee for extra-mural lectures sounds as if it imposed a good deal of routine work upon you, apart from any speaking you may do yourself; and I very much hope that they provide you with the secretarial assistance you ought to have.

I have felt rather cheered by the cabinet changes this week, though feeling the strain, like everyone else, of the situation in the Pacific. Apart fromthat area, we seem to be at an interim moment, not likely to know for another month perhaps what the next focal point is going to be. I did my reading of East Coker on Tuesday to the united English and Czech P.E.N. Clubs, before a gathering of mixed nationalities, with Bonamy Dobrée in the chair. I think I read it fairly well. After that the Czech Minister of Education recited the Czech version, which, being accompanied on thepiano by the composer of the music, took a good deal longer than mine. Whether he read it well I do not know; he certainly put a lot of energy into it; and I couldnot help thinking that it would be gratifying if cabinet ministers of larger nations took as much interest in literature as that. He confided to me afterwards that he could have done better without the music; and the musician explained to me that the music would have gone off better if the reciter had kept time with him better: but it was all very satisfactory, with tea afterwards and a great many earnest foreigners and a number of nativew whom I had not seen for a long time and did not much want to see. I then dined alone with Bonamy (who is now engaged in army educational work and likes it). I paid a call on Mr.Bokhari on Wednesday, dined with George Every on Thursday, and attended a lunch of the Literary Society on Friday, with the pleasure of learning that Faber had been elected a member (it had been a little awkward because old Sir Ian Hamilton had told him that he had been elected when he had only been nominated). I go back to town for the night tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon; in order to make an early start Monday morning for Glasgow: I only hope that the weather will be favourable and the train punctual, so that I may get there in time for dinner, and not, as when I went to Newcastle, have to go without. My lecture is Tuesday afternoon: I shall not stay any longer in that part of the world than I can help, at this time of year - I have spent some coupons on new warm underwear and another woolen shirt.

I agree with what you say about the dangers of generalisation about Education; one of the easy errors is to expect more of an educational "system" than it will bear, andput upon it responsibilities which belong elsewhere - in the family, the local environment, and the general values of the society in which it functions. It is too much to expect a healthy educational system in an unhealthy society; and if people made more reasonable demands of education, they would be more likely to get from it what it can properly give. There have been some interesting articles in Harper's Magazine from time to time. It is certainly not my business to concern myself with the details of the school system, and that sort of thing; but rather with the funda-

Letter 412.

Monday 21, 1922.

Your letter 115 of January 11 arrived this week. You seem to be quite living your own activity in a pretty peculiarly; the committee for Anarchist Letters sounds as if it imposed a good deal of work upon you. Apart from any paying you may do yourself, and a very much more than it ever involves you with the pecuniary responsibilities you don't to have.

I have left nothing observed by the author concerning the women, though feeling the strain like everyone else, of the alienation in the future. Apart from that, we seem to be going in for the moment, but likely to know for certain from a postcard what the next fortnight is going to be. I can by writing on each other on Monday, to the United States and Canada p.m. clubs, before I write to you. Meanwhile, with Romney painting in the chair, I intend to read it fairly well. After that the Grove minaret of Innocation possibly the Jesson verbson, which, being accompanied on cymbals by the composer of the music, upon a good deal longer than mine. When I read it well I do not know, he certainly put a lot of energy into it; and I could not help thinking that it would be gratifying if somebody ministered to Larry Montague took as much interest in literature as he does. He confided to me afterwards that he could have done better without the music; and Dramatisation suggested to Lorna that the music round have done out better if the pianist had kept time with him better: but it was all very satisfactory, with the exception of a few many amusing forthcomings and a number of relying when I did not wave for a long time and the not much as I could. (Romney dined at home with Romney, who is now engaged in a very educational work like it). I twice called on Vera, toward evening, dined with Lorna every on Thursday, and got round a lunch of the Liberty Social by on Friday, with the pleasure of hearing that Roger had been elected a member (it had been a little awkward because old Mr. Ian Wallace had told him that he had been elected weights had only been nominated). I go back to town for the night, tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, in order to make an early start Monday morning for Edinburgh: I may lose that the weather will be favourable and the time in prospect, so that I may get there in time for dinner, and not, as when I went to Newcastle, have to go without. My latest is Tuesday afternoon; I assist rotary day lecture in Edinburgh on the work when I can drop at this time of year - I have spent some thought on a new warm wear and warm woolen suits.

I agree with what you say about the degree of responsibility upon education; one or two more arrows to a target more it an educational "system" seems likely that, apart upon it responsibilities which belong elsewhere - in the family, the local environment, and the general values of the society in which it functions. It is too much to expect a healthy educational system in a hopeless environment; and if people make her reasonable demands of education, they would be more likely to get from it what it can usefully give. There have been some interesting articles in Harper's Magazine from time to time. It is certainly not my business to concern myself with the details of the school system, and this sort of thing; but I rather with the family-

mental and perhaps unexamined assumptions.

I enclose (as a matter of mild curiosity) a copy of the verses I have done for Cornelia Sorabji's Red Cross Book. Now Miss Storm Jameson has asked me to do something for an American Red Cross book: I told her that I might have time to think about it by the end of May: but any verses I did for that would not aim at the American reader any more than the British - unlike these, which are directly intended for Indian consumption.

Do try not to overwork!

I will send some communication to Jean - I suppose Scripps College, Claremont, is enough address for her.

Your devoted

Tom

mental and perhaps physical conditions.

I believe (as a believer of still (?) in duality) is sorry of the verses I have sent for Thorpe's Respectable Judge. I now wish they were indeed to be to something for an American Thorpe: I believe that I might have taken which is by the author May; but any verses I sit for that would not come at the American reader may be a thing with - Whose blame, which is literally impossible for human consumption.

Do try not to overwork:

I will send some documentation to Jean - I admire- beautiful letters. Homework, is enough excuse for her.

FOR THE INDIANS WHO DIED IN AFRICA.

A man's destination is his own village,
His own fire, and his wife's cooking;
To sit in front of his own door at sunset
And see his grandson, and his dog's great-grandson
Playing in the dust together.

Scarred but secure, he has many memories
(Which return at the hour of conversation,
The warm, or the cool hour, according to the climate)
Of foreign men, who fought in foreign places,
Foreign to each other.

A man's destination is not his destiny.
Every country is home to one man
And exile to another. Where a man dies bravely
At one with his destiny, that ~~land~~ soil is his.
Let his village remember.

This was not ~~our~~ your land, nor ~~yours~~ ours: but a village in the Midlands
And one in the Five Rivers, may have the same graveyard.
Let those who go home tell the same story of you:
Of action with a common purpose, action
None the less fruitful if neither you nor I
Know, until the moment after death,
What is the fruit of action.

EXAMINER 6212

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

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-400. L.B. (A-u-L) Ltd.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 113.

Dearest Emily.

Shamley,
5 March 1942.

I found myself unexpectedly busy, last weekend, because I was told in Glasgow that the University expect to print each W.P. Ker lecture: having written it only for elocution I had to spend the three days in the country trying to polish it, for I knew that unless I did this at once I might be indefinitely delayed. My visit to the North was very pleasant and successful - what was most surprising was that I caught no cold. As the sleeping car compartments are now reserved for Civil Servants - that is to say, employees of ministries and departments, travelling on official business, are very rightly given priority, so that you can never be certain of getting a sleeper - I travelled both ways by day, which meant spending Sunday night in town, and providing myself with sandwiches for the journey. The journey up was very cold, and I am very much surprised to have caught no chill. I arrived in Glasgow, not very much behind time, Monday evening in time for dinner. The Hetheringtons are very agreeable people - I had never met her before, and I had not known that he had been at Merton as a pupil of Joachim a little before me - and did not attempt to have any company until after the lecture, but a professor took me around the University, which I had never examined before, on Tuesday morning. The buildings mostly belong to the period of 1870, when the university was moved from the old 16th century college in the middle of the city, and therefore of no great beauty; but there is a kind of Close, consisting of three sides of a quadrangle with houses for the twelve incumbents of the twelve original professorships, including the house which they point out as the first in the world to have been lit by electricity - when it was tenanted by Lord Kelvin the scientist, a cousin of Mrs. Mirrlees. The lecture took place at three: or should have done, because the lecture room provided proved too small, and we moved to another one with a seating of 500; it was full with some standing, a good audience for war time - attentive and polite, and applauded generously at the end. (You shall have a copy when it is printed!) After that there was a select teaparty, and subsequently a small dinner party mostly professors. The following day, be Wednesday, I lunched with George Blake and went by train to spend the night with the Blakes at Dollar, in Clackmannanshire, where they have removed since the war: an unusually comely little early nineteenth century town, centring around the Academy, which is rather a famous local school, and the main street well laid out, with a very pretty burn purling down the middle. Their children are at the Academy, which is rather an unusual sort of school. We had a pleasant evening, with a little of some really remarkable whisky (Glen Rothes 1925, quite new to me) and I had a scramble the next morning (as the alarum clock failed) to catch the 8.10 for Alloa, where I changed for Edinburgh, and at Edinburgh caught the Flying Scotsman for King's Cross. Except for a small flask of whisky they gave me leaking into the sandwiches and cake (damaging the former, but greatly improving the latter) there were no accidents. Nor did I feel so fatigued by this jaunt as I should have expected.

Now for the Classical Association again: I have just read over the first part which I wrote, and am not satisfied with it. Dr.

Leonard Smith

Agnes Moncrieff, the homeopathic cousin, has just been to lunch and pronounces herself well pleased with my health. Tomorrow the Mac Carthys come to lunch. I had the Pound boy over from Charterhouse to lunch last Sunday. He is certainly a little odder than most boys, talkative and nervous, with poor eyesight - those are the only characteristics reminding me of his father. He is rather friendless, has only seen his father once or twice in his life, and his mother only for a month every summer; and now of course as they are still in Italy he is completely cut off from them. He sees one or two of his mother's relatives, and spends his holidays with a lady who has acted as his guardian in the past. Of course his father's deplorable political views are a handicap to him; but I rather liked the combination of detachment and respect with which he was able to speak of his father, without being apparently on the defensive. I am very glad for his sake that the boy (he is fifteen) tends to be scientific rather than literary: the omens will be much better for him.

I have had no letter yet this week or last. I go to Winchester for the night on Monday (not a difficult journey from here) to stay with Gordon Selwyn at the Deanery and discuss Classical Education, about which he recently expressed himself in Convocation; but I hope to get back on Thursday from London to get on with my writing. I am thankful that I do not have to go to Oxford this month, unless I can give the time to go to a conference of the Moot at the very end.

Your devoted

Tom

from T.S.Eliot,
ley Wood,
ley Green,
dford, Surrey.

LONDON S.E.1
12 15 PM
17 MAR
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EXAMINER 472

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 114.

Shamley,

16 March 1942.

Dearest Emily,

This has been a busy week, with going to Winchester on Monday, which was pleasant, though I had not seen Selwyn since his wife died last year - she was asphyxiated by fumes in her garage, and though his remarks on Classical Education, which I read, did not have a close bearing on the subject of my address. I returned to Shamley (from London) on Thursday afternoon, in order to re-write the same address; and have now, with much toil, completed it, I think, but for possible minor revisions after I have shown it to Geoffrey. Until to-day I have not taken the time to write even business letters: in my spare time I have always manuscripts to read. Another busy week ahead of me: tomorrow, after lunching with Watt, the agent who thought of the Kipling idea, I have a meeting of the Theological Literature Association in the afternoon, followed closely by one of the Christian News Letter Board which will last into the evening; Wednesday, after the usual Book committee, I go straight to a meeting of a new body initiated by Oldham which he calls the Christian Frontier; and I am not sure that there is not a meeting of the Sword of the Spirit on Thursday. On the other hand, I shall play truant to the weekend meeting of the Moot over Palm Sunday. I must stay in town until Friday afternoon, as Faber has been elected to the Literary Society, and this will be his first appearance. I am very glad of this, as it is an honour that pleases him very much. Also, Victor Demant has been given a canonry at St.Paul's, which is very good news, and will give him a decent income and a certain amount of leisure for writing, which he could hardly make time for in his parish in Richmond. I have been elected to another dining club, called simply "The Club", having had a continuous existence since Joshua Reynolds and Dr.Johnson founded it. But it is not now especially literary, which is why I suppose that they wanted me.

This has been a quiet weekend, with Hope away (she has just returned) with Margaret Behrens. She is a neurotic person, both lethargic and nervous: she seems to spend a good deal of time sleeping, but when she is not sleeping one is aware of it, talking to her dog, or calling for a servant instead of ringing a bell; and the fact that Mrs.Mirrlees has recently become very deaf makes the house noisier still. But they could not be kinder or more hospitable. It was pleasant being alone with the two old ladies, and it is good for Mrs.M. I think to have occasional peace and quiet.

I never know when your vacation comes, except that I know it never coincides with Easter: perhaps it has been taking place already: I have had no letter from you last week. It seemed to me very strange at Harvard that lectures went on even on Good Friday. I have thought of taking that whole week off for work, except that I should like to attend some office or other at St.Stephen's during the week. Last year I was in bed at Easter: so far I have got through this winter with only three days (after Christmas) in bed.

The present state of affairs, especially in the Pacific, pro-

Dear Emily,

duces a state of mental tension which makes my brain work very slowly and painfully in my writing; and has had, I think an odd effect on my letters. WhenI sit down to write a letter, I can remember most of the events of the week to record - though even these I sometimes forget until after they have ceased to be worth mention; but the thoughts that come into my mind to transmit, at odd moments, disappear; and even personal expression (as you, and even my family, may notice) is frozen. It comes to the surface at moments when I am alone, but not with the typewriter in front of me. Such a heavy sadness weighs on one all the time, which colours even the most optimistic moment; and it is all the harder to cope with because one cannot afford to be often wholly conscious of it. May Easter bring us a little peace of a better kind!

Mrs.M. has been very happy this week, as her son has just been made a major-general. But I fear that she feels it very unlikely that she herself will live until he comes home.

With Easter thoughts,

Your loving Pom

I read that you are been severely rationed in clothing in the States. I hope that this did not catch you badly provided, but I am afraid it did.

Dugan's status of [illegible] I remember my brain was very slowly and painfully in [illegible] and had, I think as one answer on my letters. [illegible] down to write a letter. I was somehow passing the average office week of [illegible] - [illegible] even since I somehow forgot during after they have passed to be world [illegible] [illegible] that good [illegible] mind is [illegible], at the moment, [illegible] even personal expression (as you, and over my [illegible] my notion) [illegible] frozen. It comes to the [illegible] moment [illegible] not with the [illegible] [illegible] on [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and it is all the harder to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] often [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

from T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
[illegible]ley Green,
[illegible]dford, Surrey.

LONDON S.E.1
12 15 PM
23 MAR
1942
A

EXAMINER 472

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 115.

Shamley,
22 March 1942.

My Dear,

I am writing on Sunday, as I have to go to town a day earlier this week: the intimations from one of my remaining teeth sent me to the dentist on Friday, to be x-rayed, and I go to him again tomorrow to find whether it means another subtraction. Otherwise I have been quite well, but if you do not hear from me for several weeks it will mean that I have mumps! I hope not, as it is an unpleasant minor ailment for an adult, and as I have so much to do: my address to the Classical Association would have to be read for me, and another task which I was to undertake directly after that, and which, being of a semi-official nature, I cannot talk about until afterwards, will have to be abandoned. The culprit is Anne Faber, who was back from Oxford this week, and who complained of a swollen gland on Friday morning: it was not much of a swelling, and her temperature was normal, but I was in a car with her for a few minutes and walked down the street as her dentist is not far from mine. If this does happen, I shall try to get put into a nursing home: but I hope it won't, and in the latter event you may get a mysterious cable " Re letter 22nd All Well"!

Your letter of the 13th February arrived at the beginning of the week and that of the 25th before I returned. I congratulate you on the note in the local paper on the S.P.C.A. and hope that it impresses the college authorities. But I do hope that you can cut down some of these activities, especially the club for which you talk on French Migrations in the Middle West - however well you do it, and I am sure it will be well done, it is (as you rather admit) an obvious waste of your time and energy. The talk on Voice and Speech I do not disapprove. You should not, by the way, have sent me the cutting, or any cutting you want back, because you will have to wait for the end of the war to get it: we are not allowed to include printed matter in letters; and books have to be sent only by people holding licences to do so, such as publishers and most booksellers.

Your letters contained a deal of information - it is interesting incidentally to learn that you have daylight-saving time too, and have had also to get up in the dark: you will notive it more than we, both because it is new, and because in America people start earlier in the morning anyway. That time has now passed, and I am able to go to church in full daylight: in the winter it is just twilight as one is walking back. I hope that Mrs. Flanagan will be satisfactory: my suspicion was that the effect on Vassar was that they made far too much of drama, to the possible detriment of other studies: I believe that dramatic activities at that age out to be undertaken (in moderation) outside of the regular work - the voice and speech training is quite another matter. I should not have thought her qualified to undertake a wider post, such as that of Dean. But the chief question is that you should find her easy to get on with.

I suppose that you are now nearing the end of the vacation, and return before Easter. I intend to take next week off for writing,

airmail

(I have come to the end of that/paper) and go to the De la Mares the following week.

I have been having conversations with a very intelligent film producer, a very intelligent Austrian refugee named Hoellering (not Jewish but Catholic) who wants to film Murder in the Cathedral. The project repelled me at first; but his ideas are very good, he shows real taste, and has no Hollywood tendencies at all. At least, I felt that it was not right to turn the thing down without further examination. He would not introduce any text but my own words, but he wants a small sub-plot of humble folk - which is indeed something that I have always felt the play itself needed. But nothing can happen for some time to come, as I shall not have time to attend to it until some time in May, if then. I don't believe that the idea will appeal to you: anyway, the scheme may prove too big for his resources, and too difficult to execute in these times.

Since I started this letter I have slipped out to consult the local doctor, and he says that mumps incubate for three weeks, and that it is extremely unlikely that I have caught them!

I shall think at Easter, that I have never yet been in your company either then or at Christmas.

Yours ever

Tom

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

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

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

Dearest Emily

Easter Monday, 1942.

Your dear cable was a very welcome surprise, arriving on Easter day, on my return from early communion, before breakfast - that is to say, it was telephoned, being Sunday, received by the housekeeper Miss James (known as Jimmie) and correctly taken down after she had grasped the fact that it was not from Lily Hole, a housemaid with adenoids who has left in order to do war work at a crêche. I have also two letters, 116 and 118 to acknowledge: and am myself a week late in writing - because I hve stayed away from town this last week in order to get two pieces of writing done (and have done them, and also a prefatory note for my little book of selections from the work of James Joyce). When I have to do writing under pressure I am apt to neglect all correspondence, because it interrupts the continuity and takes my mind off: so now I have a number of letters to write. There have been also a number of details to arrange about the Classical Association meeting in Cambridge next week: to secure rooms for myself at Magdalene, to make sure that my black gown can be found (for the dinner), to order a scarlet gown (for giving the Address in), to find out whether there will be an ecclesiastic present at the dinner (to say grace: otherwise I have got the Magdalene Latin grace to memorise), to think of the appropriate words in which to introduce the Guest of the Evening - the Provost of King's - who is also to be the next president, only the election hasn't taken place yet; to arrange with John Hayward when to see him. This last is not so simple as it was, because the Hutchinsons are living at Merton Hall now: I have an affection for them as old friends, but as old friends whom I have rather outgrown; and St.John has had a stroke and is having to try to learn to read all over again, and his memory fluctuates.

I was very glad of all your news. (I thought Edward Everett died long before you were born: and as for the Battle of Manilla Bay - that battle - I was keeping a scrapbook of the Spanish War, but was not yet of years when I could handle even a catboat). I should like to have seen the evening grosbeaks, a beautiful bird. I grieve to hear of Uncle John fading away from you in this way, apart from its being simply a sympton of a less vigorous hold on life: the time does come, I suppose, in one's relations with any person much older than oneself, when one has to keep in mind that the person one knew in the past is the real person, and now, at best, only partly present.

And that the past is more real than the present. Our generation has all the usual normal adjustments to face, in getting older (part of which is other people's getting still older) and perhaps a greater adjustment to a changing world than any generation before us - not merely the adaptation to changed conditions in one particular place (the which is of course the more violent and cruel, as for the Poles) but to a change of conditions of the whole world. How far this affects, not only one's general way of life, but one's actual function in the world, I cannot yet see: but I must go on as long as possible believing that the sort of thing which I have proved to do best in the past, is the sort of thing which I should still aim to do. After this rush is over I shall take up my Little Gidding again: meanwhile I cannot tell you happy I am in your liking the verses for the Indian Troops. (I have made a few changes, in deference to the prejudices and beliefs of the possible Indian audience: removed the dog, and changed "graveyard" to "memories" as a good Moslem would not like the idea of being buried side by side with an unbeliever in his faith - changes for the worse, but the point is not to write a poem but to please the Indians in a dignified way). If the Kipling has not reached you by the time you get this, tell me and I will send another.

I look forward to the socks. I had a nice letter from Uncle John, quite in his usual style, concerning Edward Everett (who this man in Cambridge is, or what he is doing, I do not know). I shall write again this Thursday - as after that I go up to town (the Mirrlees are going away for a change while the house is spring cleaned) and then to Cambridge: and it is likely that from Cambridge I may have to go direct to the retired place where I am to be doing two or three weeks special work, which I am not supposed to mention at present, but will tell you about afterwards. And I am afraid that part of the conditions is that I shall be unable to write any letters while I am there: but I will send you a cable when I return to life. Meanwhile, till Thursday. No mumps. My jaw very comfortable, but not quite ready for the extra tooth to be attached to my plate.

Your loving

Tom

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

EXAMINER 6375

AIR MAIL

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-1545 CP&PCoLtd

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 187. I think

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

TELEPHONE: MUSEUM 9543
TELEGRAMS: FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON

24 RUSSELL SQUARE,
LONDON, W.C.1

10 April 1942.

My Dearest Emily.

This is merely a line to make the gap a little narrower, for I have been busied with practical matters: the household at Shamley has been in a great bustle, because everyone is going away except the women who are to do, apparently, some prodigious spring cleaning which will go on for three weeks, no doubt directed by telephone from Hindhead. I have been dithering about wondering what to take away with me, for at this interim season it is difficult to decide upon the most probable proportion of heavy and light clothes: but one usually compromises and then is short of something. I go tomorrow to the De la Mares for the weekend, the three weeks of possible mumps having expired to-day without any visible or sensible sign of infection; and after doing some business in town on Monday go down to Cambridge for the series of tasks I have outlined; and on Thursday come up just for the day to leave a plate at the dentist's in the morning and to retrieve it in the afternoon by which time it will have been fitted with an extra tooth. (It is a frontish one). I did take a short stroll after lunch, to look for the cowslips, which are beginning to expand, and in one dell not far away are mingled with the white wild anemone, with which they go very well. No cuckoo yet: and this, alas, is not one of the corners frequented by the nightingale, which I hope to hear later at Herbert Read's - since the Morleys left that is the only convenient spot in which to hear them. I hope after this four weeks not to have to go away again for the rest of the summer; except that I may go down to Wales. When I say, not go away, I mean of course beyond my regular shuttle between here and London, or here and London and Much Hadham.

I may write a scribble from Cambridge; but you know what I am when separated from my typewriter. My gown, hood and surplice have been discovered. This is the time of year when I used to begin to count until your arrival in England: but I now go on hoping that some mission may appear to take me to America before I can again look forward to that - though I prefer the latter! especially in the spring, and because of memories.

Your loving Tom

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EMILY HALE=

22 PARADISE RD NORTHAMPTON (MASS)=

:RETURNED SAFELY WRITING LOVE THOMAS ELIOT.

22.