Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

Citation Information

Hale, Emily, 1891-1969
Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965

Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

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

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BY AIR MAIL
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EXAMINER 400

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

After this long time I shall
start a new series and call
this letter NO.I.

Shamley, June 1, 1942.

My dearest Emily.

My silence has been over a fortnight longer than I expected; and I fear that you (and others too: I had a cable from Henry) may have been somewhat worried. I was in Stockholm for two weeks longer than they led me to expect: the British Council people in London assured me that I would be back in three weeks; when I arrived I found that their representative on the spot had arranged a programme to cover four weeks - the last speech was to the Anglo-Swedish Society, and the Anglo-Swedish Society has to be presided over by General Cederschiold and the General had to be away and could not meet any earlier date. And after that, I had to wait from day to day for transport home. I had been told not to mention my tour in advance, and especially not in letters. I could not see any good reason for this myself, as the visit had been well advertised in Sweden, and as soon as I got there it was reported in papers here: but private judgement has to be often in abeyance in war time. My activity was purely "cultural": lectures on Poetry and on Dramatic Poetry, and a lecture on Shakespeare fashioned out of my two old Edinburgh lectures; also readings of my own poems and meeting literary, theatrical and other people - the "social contacts" and being entertained are a large part of these missions. It was all very interesting, rather boring, and extremely tiring; as well as an inconvenient interruption of everything else.

I was actually away, of course, for nearly a week longer than that, with the Classical Association meeting at Cambridge. I spent three nights there, with a Council Meeting, the General Meeting (at which the Provost of King's was formally elected for next year - that having been decided by the Council some time ago!) and my address - as well as the Banquet, at which I had to respond to a speech of thanks from the Provost. My address went off well, and earned a leading article in The Times the next day: I shallbe able to send you a copy as soon as it is printed by the Association. I stayed in college, and also dined with the Hutchinsons, John Hayward (who was in bed with a sore throat, a most unusual illness for him) and Peggy Ashcroft. But this is all small news, and seems a very long time ago. I returned to London for one day, and left the same night for my place of embarcation. I do not know whether I should say anything about getting to Stockholm and getting back - by air, of course, that is no secret: it was an interesting new experience, but uneventful: the sight of a foreign capital for the first time in that way is impressive. Stockholm is rather a lovely city, chiefly because of its natural advantages, being laced with waterways, and built on low hills round about. There is of course a certain nervousness about "neutral" countries in these days, and for the first few mornings one half expected to wake up and find the Gestapo in the hotel corridor. I was very handsomely treated, and put up at the Grand Hotel, where there is running hot water all the time (hot water is rather limited in Sweden now): the second half of my visit was as a guest at the Legation, where the Minister and his wife were extraordinarily hospitable and friendly. I lectured twice

My dearest Family,

at Upsala and twice at Lund - the two university towns; once at Gothenburg and three times in Stockholm. Upsala is only a short journey; Lund and Gothenburg are each a whole night's journey by sleeping car - the latter easy because it is a terminus, but I did not sleep so well on the journey to Lund, because the train goes on to Malmo and I think by ferry into Denmark, so I was particularly anxious to get out at the right station!

Each of these visits was of course crammed with engagements: at Upsala and Lund a visit to the cathedral, in the former an interview with the Archbishop, in the latter lunch with the Bishop: lunch parties, dinner parties and supper parties. At these formal parties the host makes a speech about you (when you are the guest of honour, which you know by finding yourself at the hostess's left) and at a later stage in the meal (a particular moment when the hostess lays her napkin on the table) you have to make a complimentary speech in reply: I found these extemporary speeches the most trying part of the work. You also have to write a letter to your hostess afterwards: I did not find this out till just as I was leaving, and so have had to spend the last two days in doing that. Everyone, by the way, talks English: some perfectly, others not so well. English is indeed the chief foreign language for the Swedes: they talk it better than German, and French hardly at all. I also had to lunch and dine with all sorts of people in Stockholm: the Minister gave a dinner and two lunches; there were various groups of literary folk - the poets who had made a volume of DIKTER I URVAL by T.S.Eliot, the P.E.N. Club (where I sat next to Prince Wilhelm, the literary member of the family) the "Ars" group: the theatrical people, headed by Mrs. Pauline Brunius ("the Sibyl Thorndike of Sweden" and doyenne of actresses), with one evening party which broke up at about 3 a.m. in broad daylight - there my poems were read in Swedish by Mrs. Christensen (a local actress and film star) and in English by me - Mrs.Kavli who acts the Queen in "Hamlet" sang songs in every language and in several English dialects - after which (being a Swedish as well as a theatrical group) everyone wept a little and embraced. There were also visits to Drottningholm (the local Versailles, with a beautiful 18th century theatre, to the Races, and an afternoon's sail on the huge lake Malar with three attachés from the Legation. That theatrical party left me very tired, all the more so as I had spent the day at Strangnäs with Bishop Aulen and his family - a charming cathedral town with a beautiful cathedral.

All this is spreading English Culture abroad. I left the Bishop of Chichester (whom you remember) there to carry on. I have seldom done anything more tiring. I must leave comments on Sweden to the next letter: this is merely to set the stage. But I was surprised to find how like ourselves the Swedes (and I dare say all the Scandinavians) are, both in virtues and defects; and in spite of geography, rather more English than German - and much more like us than the Germans are. I think the Swedes were pleased, and they seem to consider that one is doing something rather daring by visiting them. I ate very good food, too: no doubt they put on their best menus for the visitor, and no doubt they will be worse off before very long: one notices that the bread ration is small, although some other things - butter and sugar, for instance - are more plentiful than with us, and they get oranges and marmalade.

I arrived in London on Monday night, and went to the Fabers. (They have sold Ty Glyn, and hope to get a place in Sussex, where there may be a cottage for me). Of course there have been a number of things for me to attend to at once, and I shall have to go to town this week: after that I mean to take a week at Shamley (Mrs. M. is in the best of spirits, because her son has been promoted to some very high command indeed); and after another week I hope to go away by myself for a week - I am think of inquiring at Ludlow, which I have never seen. By going away I might be able to re-write my poem again: at Shamley, as in London, I cannot get away from business.

I have four letters from you: April 6, 16 and 30, and May 11. I was interested in what you say about Hutchison Cockburn: I have met him from time to time on various commissions and councils, and on the Sword of the Spirit Committee which is still in existence. I have never heard him preach, but he is certainly an impressive and very Scotch figure. I should not think the Thorpe household would be very restful: I know that Margaret would get on my nerves with her restless seriousness, and I am always irritated by people who do not control their dogs: and I cannot imagine any very intimate relations with such a person - the most personal matters would turn into a sociological survey.

Your letters make me feel near to you again: as does the spring here - which at the same time makes distance all the more painful - with may, lilac, wistaria, laburnam, rhododendrons and azaleas, and the whole country scented - Sweden was still cold and scentless, except in the woods whre there were lilies of the valley- and reminders of Cotswold summer. The spring gives moments of reminder of what such a war does to one in burying, in a kind of hibernation, one's private life, and at the same time overstraining one's social thought and feeling: everything is "problems", and only the social side of one is wide awake - which is not good for poetry, nor ultimately for the integrity of one's thinking, unless fought against consciously. Well, I do not intend to make any more tours this summer, and I shall write regularly . Your first letter waiting for me referred to Glasgow (in Fenruary it was) and now your summer holidays will soon begin

Your devoted

Tom

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

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

EXAMINER 40

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

No. 2. Shamley, 14 June 1942.

Dearest.

I have had a rather futile week. I wanted to get a week more or less of rest - so as to begin to feel well enough to want to go away for a week somewhere else. I did actually take the first two days, at the end of last week, sitting in a deck chair in a lonely part of the garden - reading manuscripts and doing no writing at all - incidentally, I think I imprudently sat too long in the hot sun - since then the weather has been very chilly. But then I had to fulfil a forgotten promise to Oldham to write a number of the News Letter while he was taking a short holiday: a task made none theeasier by finding that he had also ~~xxx~~ asked the Bishop of Chichester, who is in Sweden, to write one, and mine was only needed because it seemed likely that the Bishop's would not turn up in time. I have never felt less in the mood for original composition - I dont want to write or speak again for months - so that it took me ever so much longer to grind out the necessary seven foolscap pages than it should have done. Well, that has been sent off: meanwhile most of my correspondence is undealt with - with the exception of the ever present affairs of the unfortunate Dr. Jovetz-Tereshchenko,-writing to somebody to appeal for help to save the existence of the review "Scrutiny", and to somebody else to appeal for reservation for my secretary - and I have not written to you for two weeks. Meanwhile I do not altogether get rid of Sweden, for I have to entertain on Tuesday a Swedish publisher who gave me a very grand banquet - and another Swedish publisher will be here in a few weeks. I am not ill, but I get tired of being told by everyone I meet how thin I am: although I was stuffed with food in Sweden, the strain seems to have prevented it from fattening me. No letter from you this week, unless there is one waiting at Russell Square: perhaps you had given up writing until you knew that I was back. I now know that Mairet wrote to Henry after I left and mentioned that I had gone to Sweden: which will explain it if you heard indirectly where I was, and wondered why I had not told you myself. However I was obeying orders in not doing so.

The Fabers have sold their Welsh house. They are expecting to get a house near Midhurst - that is to say, All Souls' will buy the estate and let the house to them; and then to move from Hampstead to a flat at 23 Russell Square - the house belongs to the firm and we use part of it for offices. Enid will not be there much, and Geoffrey will take his weekends in the country; there will be a room for me, and I may move my books there from Emperors Gate, and perhaps get a few pieces of furniture of my own; but this is not a good time for buying furniture. (I called on Cheetham at his very charming penthouse in Kensington, on top of a new block of flats. It is the sort of place that I should like eventually, except that the servant problem perplexes me. It is much pleasanter not to have a servant sleeping in, but what about when one is ill? He is very contented with it, as he can barricade himself there against parishioners). Anyway, this Russell Square arrangement will suit me at present; and they may be able to offer me a cottage. At

No. 2. Shamley, 14 June 1912.

Dear -

I have had a rather little week. I wanted to get a week more or less of rest - so as to begin to feel well enough to want to go away for a week somewhere else. I did actually take the first two days, at the end of last week, sitting in a deck chair in a lonely part of the garden - reading mandolin and doing no writing at all - incidentally, I think I improvidently sat too long in the hot sun - since then the weather has been very chilly. But then I had to fulfil a promise to Oldham to write a number of the news letter while he was taking a short holiday; a task made more unpleasant by finding that he had also asked the Bishop of Chichester, who is in Sweden, to write one, and mine was only needed because it seemed likely that the Bishop's would not turn up in time. I have never felt less in the mood for original composition - I don't want to write or speak again for months - so that it took me even so much longer to grind out the necessary seven foolscap pages than it should have done. Well, that has been sent off: meanwhile most of my correspondence is undealt with - with the exception of the ever present affairs of the unfortunate Dr. Jovels-Tersalonenko,-writing to somebody to appeal for help to save the existence of the review "Gerathny", and to somebody else to appeal for preservation for my secretary - and I have not written to you for two weeks. Meanwhile I do not altogether get rid of Sweden, for I have to entertain on Tuesday a Swedish publisher who gave me a very grand banquet - and another Swedish publisher will be here in a few weeks. I am not ill, but I get tired of being told by everyone I meet how thin I am: although - was stuffed with food in Sweden, the strain seems to have prevented it from fattening me. No letter from you this week, unless there is one waiting at Russell Square: perhaps you had given up writing until you knew that I was back. I now know that Walter wrote to Henry after I left and mentioned that I had gone to Sweden: which will explain it if you heard indirectly where I was, and wondered why I had not told you myself. However I was obeying orders in not doing so.

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present, the more people huddle together the better for them, on account of the prospects of fuel rationing. The fact that we have this house at 23 Russell Square, with communication through, was useful last week when I was haunted by a somewhat demented lady who wanted to see me about a poetry magazine she edits - she came to see me nine times in two days, so I had to slip in and out by the other door. Ludlow proves to be too far away, for these times: a railway journey of seven hours is more than I want just now: though I may go up to Scotland in August for a week or two.

By now you must be ready to depart for the summer. I do hope that you will not spend your vacation in war work. I feel that your holidays are always unsatisfactory, and I see no alternative. What you want is one place of your own, to which you could go and settle down for three months in peace: sometimes one feels that the fatigue of visiting balances the pleasure and variety. I wish I could look forward to your vacations with more pleasure: I feel lonelier about you then than during the term time.

Your loving

Tom

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Yours ever
Tom

From T.S.E.
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

Miss Emily Hale,
~~22 Paradise Rd~~
~~c/o the Rice School,~~
~~Northampton~~
~~Oak Bluffs,~~
c/o Mrs. Leonard Elsmith
~~Martha's Vineyard,~~
Woods Hole
~~Massachusetts,~~
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

INER

Letter 3.

Shamley,

21 June 1942.

Dearest Emily

I have your letter 125 of the 23d May. Judging from the time that has taken on the way, I think it is best to reply to your summer address. You don't say what you are there for - whether to teach or to learn! - and as I have never heard of it before I have no basis for conjecture. But I trust that it will mean hot sun and sea breezes, and perhaps sailing and sea bathing (have you given that up for good?) At least it soundsmore healthful than a university in the middle west. The notion of getting a specialist from another university (and a state university at that) to come and "value" the staff of Smith seems to me fantastic: and I think the faculty ought to strike unanimously. A college is not a business firm - and even there, it is the business of the heads of a firm to know what the staff are worth - you only call in accountants to advise about methods, not men. It makes me wonder whether this Englishman you have now at the head of the college is a competent person to be in such a position. You have never really expressed an opinion about him.

I have had a busy week of engagements of no importance - such as giving a lunch party for a Swedish publisher - which I will not bother about: I will only mention such things in detail when they are interesting in themselves, or amusing, or tell something really new about my life. I have just gone through a sample selection of letters of Evelyn Underhill, which her friends want me to edit, or write an introduction for, or somehow put my name to. But I shall not have time; and reading the letters only has the advantage of confirming my expectation of the amount of time that an editor would have to give. If these are fair samples, I am rather disappointed in them. The "directional" ones (letters of spiritual advice and instruction) may have been extremely useful to the particular persons, but do not seem to me always self-explanatory, and not rich enough in impersonal wisdom to be of use to outside readers. I dont feel that she was enough of a theologian, though a very devout and spiritual minded person with a lovely character. They do not compare with those of her master Von Huegel, or with those of Dom John Chapman which I may have given you once.

I know that spiritual direction is a very difficult task, which very few are competent to give, either by native gifts or training. But I rather envy those who are only called upon to give such advice to believing Christians who are prepared to accept the teaching of the Church though they may not know it very well. The question with which I am sometimes faced is that of giving advice to people who are not Christians at all! I have had such a case recently with a young man and his wife: I was drawn into it because I was the only person available to both. To refuse to help at all, on the ground that I can only apply rigid Christian principles, seems unkind to people who are in a mess, and may make them antagonistic to Christianity instead of merely indifferent

Letter 3. Sunday,

21 June 1942.

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and ignorant: to accept their own premises fully is a surrender of principle. Such people would not consult a clergyman anyway: and I can only think of one who I think could advise at all. Perhaps the best one can do in such cases is not to advise, but by interrogation and discussion to try to elicit in the persons a clearer consciousness of their own fundamental feelings, and of such sentiments of conscience as they possess.

Of course, one learns a good deal from experience of such cases: but I wish that I could learn to spare myself strain in the process - it is very exhausting! To be able to say, beyond this point I can do no more, and it is my business to think of other matters, and stop feeling anything where one's possible usefulness stops, would help a great deal. There is the perennial case of the unfortunate Russian exile Tereshchenko, whose only desire in life is to be a Professor of Adolescent Psychology - and there is nothing else that he can do - when nobody wants a Professor of Adolescent Psychology! One of the faults of the human heart is that after you have tried to help people again and again, and (even through no fault of their own) they are in just as bad a pickle as ever, it is very difficult not to feel utterly exasperated with them. Perhaps it is partly that one wants one's own applause - which is not forthcoming unless one's efforts for another person really succeed. To pass from one case to another is a relief: there is the little Pound boy at Charterhouse. I gather that the Custodian of Enemy Property (who has charge of his mother's property in this country) will only release enough funds just to pay essentials, and he is short of extras - I am waiting to hear from his housemaster about this. It is difficult not to feel very angry with his parents for their irresponsibility towards him; but perhaps if I knew more about them I could understand and forgive.

You see, my dear, I am practising trying to write less costive letters. I think that I have been very tired all this winter, though I have had much less illness than a year ago: not so much from work as from not having learned how to rest with the world in this preposterous condition. And when I am tired my letters become, I notive, merely a chronicle of events - without extracting any interest or significance from the events. I hope for your sake that I shall improve.

Your devoted

Tom

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Yours Russell

Ben

EXAMINER 6374

T.S.Eliot,
ley Wood,
ley Green,
lford, Surrey.

LONDON
1 JUL
1942
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NORTHA
J
MA

Miss Emily Hale,

~~22 Paradise Road,~~

To Miss Leonard Elsmith.

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

Woods Hole

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

51-1071—G.W.D.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

EXAMIN

Letter no. 4.

Shamley, 30 June 1942.

Dearest,

I am trying the exp riment of sitting out of doors, on the slope of the hill above the orchard - looking out, like every other place in southern England, towards Chanctonbury Ring, which, as from any other place, is always invisible - in order to get all the fresh air of the summer that I can. I have just written a letter to Henry admonishing him about his health, for I think that next winter will be a trying on e even in the U.S.A.; and I might do the same to you. But I a m still puzzling over a cable from you, from which I learn that you are staying in Northampton instead of going to the seaside. As you are to have a sabbatical, this cannot be altogether bad news, for the "department changes" you mention must involve your continuing at Smith but with somewhat different work. But I was alarmed by your report of a sort of auditor c oming from Iowa to investigate everybody: the notion was so fantastic and offensive. My first feeling however was one of concern at your not having a proper holiday. So I hope the "sabbatical" will allow you to take a proper holiday a little later: I am afraid of your using the year merely to plunge into some exhausting war work. And I cannot see why it should require your giving up Martha's Vineyard. So I await the enlightenment of my mystification, with some anxiety.

I mean to write to Dr. Perkins, as I did not know in time to cable for his celebration. I go off to the New Forest on Saturday. It requires some firmness with oneself to take a holiday at all in these times, so I hope you will commend me for it. The main thing is a change, and a week of solitude. But, just as in air raids it was always pleasanter to be in the company of friends, so at times of great anxiety such as this moment (when the battle in Egypt is going on) it is impossible not to feel a greater strain when alone in the country. One wants to be busy in the midst of people, in town. It seems natural, in moments or periods of anxiety like this, to want people to share it with; whereas at times after a disaster (like the death of a friend) one wants to be alone. The period before Singapore, and this present crisis, have been the most acute strain, I have found: the nightmare of raids was something in which one just lived from day to day, and was more numbing. It is a great effort to keep one's mind on other things, even when those are the only ways in which one can be of use, like occupying oneself with after-war problems and the problems which go on anyway.

I must write a line just to remind you of my handwriting - which I hope is no worse! I wish I could have been with you lately, when you may have been having decisions to make. And I know it would be a great help to

Your devoted

Tom

Letter No. 4.

Shenley, 20 June 1942.

Dearest

I am trying the experiment of sitting out of doors, on the slope of the hill above the orchard - looking out, like every other place in southern England, towards Chancotbury Ring, which, as from any other place, is always invisible - in order to get all the fresh air of the summer that I can. I have just written a letter to Henry admonishing him about his health, for I think that next winter will be a trying on e even in the U.S.A.; and I might do the same to you. But I am still puzzling over a cable from you, from which I learn that you are staying in Northumberland instead of going to the seaside. At you are to have a sabbatical, this cannot be altogether bad news, for the "department changes" you mention must involve your continuing at Smith but with somewhat different work. But I was alarmed by your report of [illegible] of auditor c oming from town to investigate everybody: the notion was so fantastic and offensive. My first feeling however was one of concern at your not having a proper holiday. So I hope the "sabbatical" will allow you to take a proper holiday a little later: I am afraid of your using the year merely to plunge into some exhausting war work. And I cannot seriously it should require your giving up Martha's Vineyard. So I await the enlightenment of my mystification, with some anxiety.

I mean to write to Dr. Jerkins, as I did not know in time to cable for his celebration. I go off to the new Forest on Saturday. It requires some firmness with oneself to take a holiday at all in these times, so I hope you will commend me for it. The main thing is a change, and a week of holiday. But, [illegible] it was always pleasanter to be in the company of friends, so at times of great anxiety such as this moment (when the battle in Egypt is going on) it is impossible not to feel a greater strain when alone in the country. One wants to be busy in the midst of people, in town. It seems natural, in moments of p rofoce of anxiety like this, to want people to share it with; whereas at times of later a disaster (like the death of a friend) one wants to be alone. The period before Singapore, and this present crisis, have been the most acute strain, I have found: the nightmare of radio was something in which one just lived from day to day, and was more numbing. It is a great effort to keep one's mind on other things, even when these are the only ways in which one can be of use, like occupying one self with after-war problems and the problems which go on anyway.

I must write while just to remind you of my [illegible] - which I hope is no [illegible]. I wish I could have been with you lately, when you may have been having Mission to minister. But I know it would be a great help to

You [illegible]

Ever

...ldford, Surrey.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

POSTAGE REVENUE 3D

POSTAGE REVENUE ONE SHILLING

NORTHAMPTON AUG 4 8 PM 1942 MASS.

1

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

T. S. Eliot
Gerard Elsmith
Brooks Hale

CAMBRIDGE
AUG
6 30 PM
1942
MASS.

MUSeum 9543 (4 lines)
FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
G.C. Faber, chairman
C.W. Stewart
R.H.I. de la Mare
F.V. Morley & Morley Kennerley (U.S.A)
T.S. Eliot W.J. Crawley

FABER

& FABER LTD PUBLISHERS
24 RUSSELL SQUARE LONDON W.C.1

No. 5

the Master Builder's House
Buckler's Hard
Hants.

Dearest Emily

You expressed a wish to see my handwriting - and here it is perforce: but you know that a written letter has to be a short one: my hand is already tiring after 4 lines. Here I am alone for a week. This is a tiny place on the Beaulieu River; miles from the railway. It consists of two rows of cottages built in the 18th century, and this, of course the biggest, now the hotel: they were built for shipbuilders. It is 3 miles to Beaulieu for a pint of beer (Strong's, which many consider even better than Flower's) which Faber brewed before he became a publisher, for his cousin Lord Wittenham was the head brewer. It is also 3 miles to the Solent for a bathe.

So I can get plenty of exercise walking. The country is flat but pretty: no doubt you know the New Forest, as you know most of England except Lincolnshire. The Hankes', Margot Coker's friends, keep their boat here: of course it is laid up now, but they sometimes come for weekends, and brought me with them: goodness knows how I get back. Meanwhile I enjoy a week of almost complete silence: nobody to talk to but the landlady. I sit in the garden, looking over the river, when not perambulating: and the food is excellent. I get no letters. I read a little, think a little, and write a little (pencil notes only), but not too much; and I sleep soundly. I only wish you could have a month of something equivalent: also, for the matter of that, that you were here now, and that conditions permitted it — The socks are beautifully made & of lovely wool: but I must have given you very generous measurements — if the feet of the other pair could be one inch shorter they would fit my feet and shoes better. But I am very proud of them. Your very loving Tony

Is this not a long letter! and pretty legible.

Letter no. 7.

Shamley,
21 July 1942.

Dear Emily.

I have had a broken week, as I came back here for a night before going to a weekend conference of "The Christian Frontier" at Oxford (not particularly comfortable at Wadham - the scout was doing a week of Home Guard duties and I didnt get hot water in the morning etc. - these conferences are fatiguing, and the first impression of each is that it was a waste of time, as they never arrive at the conclusions aimed at in the agenda - but sometimes, when the right people meet together repeatedly over a considerable time, something emerges, unexpected, from the communication of people who get to know each other as human beings - this element seems more and more important to me, and except where people meet for some very limited and practical purpose, is essential for anything happening: I have been back here for two nights before going to London again. I broadcast to Sweden on Friday night. At the end of next week I go to Scotland for the second week of holiday, a rather different kind.

Your letter of July 8, from Wood's Holl, has arrived. There is one question I can answer at once: I have not had any invitation to go to Princeton since Willard Thorp wrote about it, several years ago. At that time, I think Allen Tate had just been appointed to this peculiar professorship. If I were invited, I should of course have to get Government approval, first in order to be allowed to go, and second in order to get transport. So far as things look at present, I should be more prepared to accept any such invitation than I was in 1940: although the war is no less menacing, perhaps at the moment more so, there appears to be less immediate danger in England than then; and when raids were devastating England one didn't want to be in a neutral safe country. (There is no physical courage involved in this feeling; one could be ever so frightened and feel it just as strongly as ever.) It is difficult, however, to say how one would feel until an opportunity was offered. What you say in the rest of your letter must need a few days thought, before I know how to frame my reply: and for that reason I make this letter short, as I do not want to babble about indifferent matters, or even more personal feelings, so long as that is unanswered. The question of Princeton having brought it up, is bound up with it, and this would not make a Princeton decision any easier.

Always lovingly
Tom

Letter No. 7.

Ahmley,
21 July 1942.

Dear Emily,

I have had a broken week, as I came back here for a night before going to a weekend conference of "the Christian Frontier" at Oxford (not particularly comfortable at Madam - the scout was doing a week of Home Guard duties and I didn't get hot water in the morning etc. - these conferences are fatiguing, and the first impression of each is that it was a waste of time, as they never arrive at the conclusions aimed at in the agenda - but sometimes, when the right people meet together repeatedly over a considerable time, something emerges, unexpected, from the communication of people who get to know each other as human beings - this element seems more and more important to me, and except where people meet for some very limited and practical purpose, is essential for anything happening: I have been back here for two nights before going to London again. I broadcast to Sweden on Friday night. At the end of next week I go to Scotland for the second week of holiday, a rather different kind.

Your letter of July 8, from Good's Hold, has arrived. There is one question I can answer at once: I have not had any invitation to go to Princeton since William Thorp wrote about it, several years ago, at that time, I think Allen Tate had just been appointed to this particular professorship. If I were invited, I should of course have to get government approval, first in order to be allowed to go, and second in order to get transport. So far as things look at present, I should be more inclined to accept any such invitation than I was in 1940, although the war is in full swing, perhaps at the moment more so, there appears to be less immediate danger in England than then; and when raids were devastating England one didn't want to be in a neutral safe country. (There is no physical courage involved in this feeling; one could be even as frightened and feel it just as strongly as ever.) It is difficult, however, to say how one would feel until an opportunity was offered. What you say in the last of your letter must need a few days thought, before I know how to frame my reply: and for that reason I make this letter short, as I do not want to babble about indifferent matters, or even more personal trivia, so long as that is unanswered. The question of Princeton having brought it up, is bound up with it, and this would not make a Princeton decision any easier.

Always Yours
Tom

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

EXAMINER 472

AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

LONDON W.C. 7.15PM 15 JULY 1942

NORTHAMPTON AUG 3 8PM 1942 MASS.

POSTAGE REVENUE ONE SHILLING

POSTAGE 3D

Miss Emily Hale,

~~22 Paradise Road,~~

~~NORTHAMPTON,~~

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter no. 6.

Shamley,
13 July 1942.

Dearest Emily.

I returned from my holiday last night, being brought back, as I was taken, by the Hawkes's: a great help, as Buckler's Hard is six or seven miles from the nearest station, and even then one has to change at Southampton: whereas by car it is an easy hour and three quarter's run from door to door. It was very kind of them. I feel much better for the sun and idling, and freedom from the machine; as I said, the hotel was very satisfactory and quiet, the scenery of the Beaulieu River is charming, and the shores abounding in birds and wild flowers. I had no correspondence forwarded, so I expect to find a good deal to attend to when I go to town tomorrow - several documents awaited me here. I did a little scribbling: a set of verses (not a poem) which may do for that American Red Cross Book, part of a new version of one part of "Little Gidding" which may or may not lead to something, and some notes for a Swedish broadcast. The nuisance is that I have to go to Oxford for a conference of "The Christian Frontier" on Saturday: that means that I must return here on Thursday and spend Friday working out the text of this broadcast to Sweden, so as to give the people time to work it out in dialogue form: apparently I am to be "interviewed" in Swedish, and answer in English, which seems odd. To do this is of course a task which I cannot escape, any more than the task a little later of reading some of my poems to be recorded and sent over there. I am wondering whether I really want to go all the way to Scotland for a week, at the beginning of August - coming back via Glasgow to stop over a couple of nights at Penrith with the Roberts's and my younger god-son Adam (I hope he will not altogether resemble his grandfather).

I found your two letters, of June 20 and June 29 (the latter seeming very quick) awaiting me: the first, when you had not yet had any letter from me, would have required a cable reply if the second had not arrived at the same time. I had been awaiting a letter with some anxiety, after your cable: what you tell me is more or less what I expected, though it was the coincidence of the Smith crisis with the Martha's Vineyard that puzzled me. Well, my dear, I don't know whether to be sorry or not. I know that the work at Smith was not what you most desired, nor were you so happy there as in California: I am sure also that if there was to be any war-time retrenchment (which was likely) your department was one of those most likely to suffer. Nevertheless I feel very annoyed with the college. That scheme for an auditor from Iowa struck me as ominous: a tendency to run a college like a business institution and to stress an illusory "efficiency" rather than the personal element - the vice of the English provincial universities and most American. I had not liked either that grandiose scheme with Mrs.Flanagan in charge. If they get rid of you, they ought to dispense with any dramatic department. For it is much more necessary that girls should be taught to speak English well (as Mrs. F. doesn't). I have always been doubtful of the desirability of undergraduates doing dramatic work as part of their academic course: of amateur dramatics (with of course, an

Letter no. 6.

Shamley,
15 July 1942.

Dearest Sally,

I returned from my holiday last night, being brought back, as I was taken, by the Hawkes's: a great help, as Buckler's Hard is six or seven miles from the nearest station, and even then one has to change at Southampton; whereas by car it is an easy hour and three quarter's run from door to door. It was very kind of them. I feel much better for the sun and idling, and freedom from the machine; as I said, the hotel was very satisfactory and quiet, the scenery of the Beaulieu River is charming, and the shores abounding in birds and wild flowers. I had no correspondence forwarded, so I expect to find a good deal to attend to when I go to town tomorrow - several documents awaited me here. I did a little scribbling: a set of verses (not a poem) which may do for that American red cross book, part of a new version of one part of "Little Gidding" which may or may not lead to something, and some notes for a Swedish broadcast. The nuisance is that I have to go to Oxford for a conference of "The Christian Frontier" on Saturday: that means that I must return here on Thursday and spend Friday working out the text of this broadcast to Sweden, so as to give the people time to work it out in dialogue form: apparently I am to be "interviewed" in Swedish, and answer in English, which seems odd. To do this is of course a task which I cannot escape, any more than the task a little later of reading some of my poems to be recorded and sent over there. I am wondering whether I really want to go all the way to Scotland for a week, at the beginning of August - coming back via Glasgow to stop over a couple of nights at Perth with the Roberts's and my younger God-son Adam (I hope he will not altogether resemble his grandfather).

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expert like yourself to coach them - preferably a member of the faculty whose work in this way is recognised to the extent of lightening her other duties - I thought you had too many things to do at Scripps) I think highly. (I wonder whether George P. Baker's experimental theatre at Yale has done anything to justify itself: but I associate it too much perhaps with efforts such as those of Eleanor). Of course the work you were actually doing at Smith seemed more valuable to me than to yourself: because your voice is one in a number of millions and that is much more important than a Ph.D. I only implore you not to go into war work just because it is war work. At the beginning, as you know, I wanted to get into some government department: but I think now that the chances are very strongly that I would either have found myself in a job I regarded as futile, or in a job which a thousand other men could have done just as well and a score or so could have done better. On the other hand, you must get a job of some sort; so I rather hope in another college. And I can't do anything about it, or even be helpful in counsel at this distance. It makes me very restless.

It was dear of you to make that suggestion about Henry and the collection, and I will certainly do as you propose. The thought of that collection, and Henry's loving pains over it, has always been a distress rather than a pleasure to me. It represents to my mind not merely his devotion but also a substitute for the successful creative activity he never had himself. I had much rather that he had had some success in life such that my achievements would have taken only their due place. He is more an aristocrat than I and also more decadent, with no streak of toughness.

I had a confidential letter about him from Dorothea Richards, hinting anxiety about his health since his appendicitis, and suggesting that I should write and urge him to take a proper holiday this summer - which I have done. It has seemed to me from his accounts that some of his summer holidays were too social.

Your admonishments will not fall unheeded, but will need a deal of thinking about. Of course I am more conscious perhaps than you that every letter nowadays is a public letter, and that plays its part. (And goodness knows, in the way of indiscretions in the way of military value - if I had the material for any such - I should always carry mumness to the extreme!) But also the war has also, perhaps (I see nothing here clearly yet) precipitated a phase of middle age which I must pass through, in which I have been experiencing a period also of spiritual aridity - not of religious doubt, that is something quite different) - as well as a suspension of other feelings. Perhaps that accounts for the trouble this last poem has given me. What I do not give up is the conviction that any such period can be lived through in such a way as to gain from it, so that the later stage will be better than the earlier: and that there is always a later and better stage to reach, so long as one lives.

I can't remember the name of that masque! I was in such an uneasy fever and dream. I only remember that there was a square dance we had to practise, called Hunsdon House (or something like that) rehearsed by Elmer Keith: and Ann van Ness was supposed to

expert like yourself to coach them - preferably a member of the faculty whose work in this way is recognized to the extent of lightening her other duties - I thought you had too many things to do at Jerippa) I think highly. (I wonder whether George P. Baker's experimental theatre at Yale has done anything to justify itself: but I associate it too much perhaps with efforts such as those of Eleanor). Of course the work you were actually doing at Smith seemed more valuable to me than to yourself: because your voice is one in a number of millions and that is much more important than a Ph.D. I only implore you not to go into war work just because it is war work. At the beginning, as you know, I wanted to get into some government department: but I think now that the chances are very strongly that I would either have found myself in a job I regarded as futile, or in a job which a thousand other men could have done just as well and a score or so could have done better. On the other hand, you must get a job of some sort; so I rather hope in another college. And I can't do anything about it, or even be helpful in counsel at this distance. It makes me very restless.

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to be (what she did not look) some Temptation. I cannot remember even what abstraction I was supposed to represent: I remember chiefly that I called you by your first name for the first time (very timidly) and that you had a blue dress with a scarlet sash for the party afterwards.

Your loving

Pom

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Yours sincerely

Tom

From
24,
Lond

AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

NORTHAMPTON
AUG 30
8 PM
1947
MASS.

OPENED BY
51-1166 H & S
P.C. 90

Miss Emily Hale,
~~22 Paradise Road,~~
c/o Rev. John C. Perkins
~~NORTHAMPTON,~~
Massachusetts,
To Commonwealth Ave.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.
Apl-17 Boston. Mass

EXAMINER 6411

Letter 9

Shamley,

18 August 1942.

Dearest Emily

I found, just before I left for Scotland, that I should have to be away from here for about a month. The Mirrlees' are going to Hindhead for a change, Cockie is despatched to a hotel in Bournemouth, and the principal reason appears to be that the servants need a holiday - which I do not doubt. This would have been more convenient for me earlier or later: for the Fabers have all three children with them, and are rather camping in their house than living in it, wile awaiting occupation of their new house in Minsted. The flat, which we are to share, at 23 Russell Square, is not yet quite ready; and Enid will not have the time to complete preparations and secure a charwoman until after the moving. My club is shut, but reopens next week. I could just sleep in the flat, looking after myself, and going out for bath and breakfast: that does not appeal to me. So I shall go for a week to the Russell Hotel, and then to the club, visiting friends at two weekends, and having a conference on another. I hope that the postoffice will forward letters properly. But you might as well address letters to 24 Russell Square until the middle of September. I hope to be able to work in London: I shall retire to the flat every morning to work at "Murder". I dare say it will be a good change: there are disadvantages here as well as advantages, as you may imagine. But for this winter I shall probably continue as before; with the short days of midwinter the blackout is more tolerable in the country; and I hope that the spring will give some indications of what to do in the future.

Still thinking about your question of my coming to America if invited: I assumed that if any invitation came it would be for 1943-44 and would not come till the spring. You will understand, I am sure, that with the war situation as it is at present, I should not like to leave England except for some definitely wartime commission (under which head I include lecturing in Sweden!) I should not like to go anywhere to perform some job wholly unrelated to the war. At least, in England, I can feel that I am helping to carry on a business which it is important to carry on, for the future of our civilisation, and also taking part in various schemes of national service, with a view to the post-war world. The job at Princeton, as I understand it, consists primarily of helping and criticising young writers. I have always a great deal of that to do here (without being paid for it!) and at a time like this the aiding of young American poets should be done by American writers, and no one else can take my place here (however unimportant the work may seem). And however difficult it is to write poetry here, it would be still more difficult elsewhere. Of course it seems possible that the war might some time just settle down into a ten or twenty years affair, with lulls: that would be quite different. I think of a visit to America as something to be done immediately the present crisis is over, say within a couple of years. I belong to England; and I should have been very sorry to have been elsewhere during 1940. But I want to come just as soon as I can.

I had a pleasant week in Scotland, quiet: we went by bus and train to visit several places in that central Lowland country which

Dear Eliot

I found, just before I left for Scotland, that I should have to be away from here for about a month. The Harrises' arrangements to stay for a time at Castle Hill developed to a point in September, and the principal reason appears to be that the servants need a holiday - which I do not doubt. This would have been more convenient for me earlier, obviously, for then I could have all three children with them, and are rather cramping in their house in Mylne Gardens, while awaiting occupation of their new house in Mayfair. The flat, which we have to share, at 13 Russell Square, is not yet quite ready; and Enid will not have the time to complete preparations and secure a charwoman until after the moving. Her clash is soon, but recedes next week. I could just sleep in the flat, looking after myself, and going out for breakfast: that does not appeal to me. So I shall go for a week to the Russell Hotel, and thence to the club, visiting friends at two weekends, and having a conference on another. I hope that the postmistress will forward letters properly. Put you might as well address letters to 24 Russell Square until the middle of September. I hope to be able to work in London: I shall resume to the flat every morning to work at "Prud-r". I fear it will be a good course: there are disadvantages here as well as advantages, as you may imagine. But for this winter I shall probably continue as before: with the shortest days of lightness the blackout is more tolerable in the country and I hope that the spring will give some indications of what to do in the future.

Still bothering about your association of my coming to America in 1942; I assumed that if my association came it would be for 1942-44 and would not come till the spring. You will understand, I am sure, that with the war situation as it is at present, I should not like to leave England except for some definitely warfare connection (under which head I include lecturing in Sweden!) I should not like to go anywhere to perform some job which is unrelated to the war. At least, in England, I can feel that I am helping to carry on a business which is important to carry on, for the future of our civilization, and also taking part in various schemes of national service, with a view to the post-war world. The job at Princeton, as I understand it, combines primarily of helping and criticising young writers. I have always a great deal of trust to do here (without being data for it!) and at a time like this the ability of young American people should be done by American writers, and no one else can take my place here (however unimportant the work may seem). And however difficult it is to write poetry here, it would be still more difficult elsewhere. Of course it seems possible that the war might come this last spring down into a ten or twenty years affair, with Russia; that would be quite different. I think of a visit to America as something to be done immediately the present crisis is over, say within a couple of years. I belong to England; and I should have been very sorry to have been elsewhere during 1940. But I want to come just as soon as I can.

I had a pleasant week in Scotland, quiet: we went by bus and train to visit several places in that central lowland country which

I hardly know. Stirling (especially fine), Dunfermline Abbey, Culross, and minor beauty spots Rumbling Bridge and Castle Campbell. I returned, not very comfortably, by way of Carlisle to spend the weekend at Penrith. There I had my first glimpse of the Lake Country, being taken by the Roberts's to tea with a lady who lives on the other side of Ullswater. A lovely country, though I don't feel at home in northern England: I regard the West and East Anglia as my parts, and for something alien prefer to cross the border, as I really like Scotland and the Scotch very much. I like Janet Roberts more and more: their household is very congenial. I am sure that you would like them.

Since my return I have re-written one section of "Little Gidding", the section I was most dissatisfied with, but do not know yet whether I like my revision. Now I have to go through various papers to make sure that I shall leave nothing here that I may want in the next four weeks. One thinks "the next two months and then we shall know better where we are"; and perhaps this thought always at the back of the mind interferes with everything else. I have had to struggle against a certain slump since returning from Sweden. The excitement of doing a special job keys one up; there is even a certain pleasure in some physical risk when it is associated with vanity, the thought that one is running it in doing one's particular job. The hard kind of heroism is that shared with everybody else, the things one might have to do which others could do better (if they were there to do them) and which are an interference with the things one is specially fitted to do. And on the one hand it is soothing to spend part of one's time in a household like this in which, because of comfort (so far), isolation and lack of imagination the actual world seems remote: on the other hand, it is at times exasperating. So I am glad to be awy in London for a month. Many people do not see that after all the difficulties to which they have to adjust themselves to now, we shall only have to make a fresh start to adjust ourselves ~~the~~ to what the world will be after this is over.

No letter from you for a fortnight, and if I get none now I shall not know whether to worry about you or whether merely to think that something has not been forwarded. You were at Wood's Holl, that is all I know; and the thought of how you are to spend this coming winter is much on my mind. But in default of further information, I cannot offer counsel!

The cable from Emily Halax to Thomas Elio was forwarded to Scotland. "Plains very uncertain" it told me.

Your loving Tom

Yours, Lucy Tom

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

LONDON W.C.
6 PM
28 AUG
1942
A

ans.
Sept. 12th

Miss Emily Hale,

22 Paradise Road,

NORTHAMPTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Letter 10.

24, Russell Square,
27 August 1942.

My Dear

Your three letters, July 17 from Woods Holl, July 24 and August 9 arrived more or less on top of each other, forwarded from Shamley (as was also, I probably did not mention, your cable which was re-wired to Dollar)(I know that I have written to you about my Scottish visit). I have now moved from the Hotel Russell to my club, which had been closed for a fortnight, and which is more comfortable, pleasant and cheaper than the hotel. I go this weekend to visit the Watts in the country - Watt is a Literary Agent, and a school friendof Geoffrey's, whom I have known for some years; and next weekend to visit the De la Mares; the following weekend to a conference of Oldham's at Jordan's and after that return to Shamley: how soon the flat at 23 Russell Square will be ready I cant tell. Maple's have not yet got the curtains up, so I cannot use it in the evening. Speaking of Oldham, I was interested very much by the letter you enclosed, but you didnt say who wrote it! Perhaps it is a man named Henry van Dusen, whom I dont know; I know that he was over here not long ago: it must be someone whose name I should know, as I know most of the people he mentions meeting: evidently I waa in Sweden at the time. But to return to a main point, the people at Shamley are very good about forwarding letters when I am away and always re-telegraph telegrams immediately.

But I am, of course, so concerned by the matter of your letter of July 24 that I can hardly bring my mind to bear on anything else. It is very hard to bear that I cannot come to be near you through this period of anxiety. You are being very brave, as I can tell and as I should always expect: indeed I regard you as a braver person than myself. You wish to spare me as much anxiety as possible, and perhaps I ought to spare you the expression of the anxiety I feel. But this anxiety is based solely on what you tell me yourself: I know only what you have told me and therefore know nothing that you do not know yourself. Even if this all passes off, you will have had a period of great strain. And there is nothing I can Do, I am not even free in wartime to offer to contribute so that you might be assured of the BEST care and the best specialists. In cidentally, please do not try to work on those fine socks, which might give eye strain (I shall wear the other socks, as soon as the weather makes such warm ones possible, and we shall see if they shrink in washing). It is very very hard not to be near at such a time, and I know that no opportunity will present itself until next year at the earliest - and I hope and pray that the situation will then be such that I shall be able, and feel it right, to come in the autumn of 1943 if an opportunity offers - for I certainly cannot just come, without any public reason, before the end of the war. And Henry is very frail, and Ada has had her second operation and I know she feels that if she has to have a third that will be the

end; and without any of you three would I ever want to cross the Atlantic again? I await a cable from you. No other matter seems worth discussing except this. I have a great belief, however, in REST and must urge you to be SELFISH. I shall certainly write to Dorothy Ellsmith, and thank her for the postcard of the beach on which we once sat, and her kind message on it. My only distraction is to finish Little Gidding, I have only seven more lines to write.

With prayers + lovely thoughts
Your devoted Tom

I wonder if the interest of the Thorps is not perhaps just a little TOO professional, as if I could hear them sharpening their pencils and filling their fountain pens. But more of this later.

Shamley,

16 September 1942.

Letter 12, I think:
I lost count one week.

Dearest Emily

I hope that you received my cable in good time, because, after a month in town, I am taking a week at the re-opened Shamley Wood, to rest from my wanderings and to get some jobs done. I wanted to be sure that if you had any news to cable, it would come to me direct. It seems possible, of course, that it may be some days before your doctors have anything to report, or you any reassurance to convey: meanwhile, you are of course unable to write letters, and I must hope that Mrs.Perkins would have sent me a cable were there any news to give. I wait very restlessly, controlling my fears by occupation as best I can. If I were near enough at hand to get full up-to-date reports continually, I should find it easier to write: but my own news seems too trivial, my thoughts impertinent, and I have not the heart to write simply to attempt to amuse or divert. I had a very busy week with meetings and conferences, ending with a weekend conference at Jordan's, which left me very tired and with a violent but purely local cold in the nose: but after a day in bed on my return I feel perfectly well again. And to have recovered from a cold so quickly gives me more confidence for what must be the coldest, darkest and most uncomfortable winter of the war. I have also, I think, finished "Little Gidding", largely with the assistance of John Hayward, who is an invaluable critic for calling attention to minor but still important flaws. If so, I shall be able to turn again, with less unwillingness, to the extra dialogue for the film: an interesting task, perhaps, when there is nothing that one wants to write more urgently, but an intolerable one when it appears as aninterference with something else. But first I have to go next Tuesday to talk to a small selection of upper boys at Raynes Park County School - the headmaster is a former young man of mine in Criterion days.

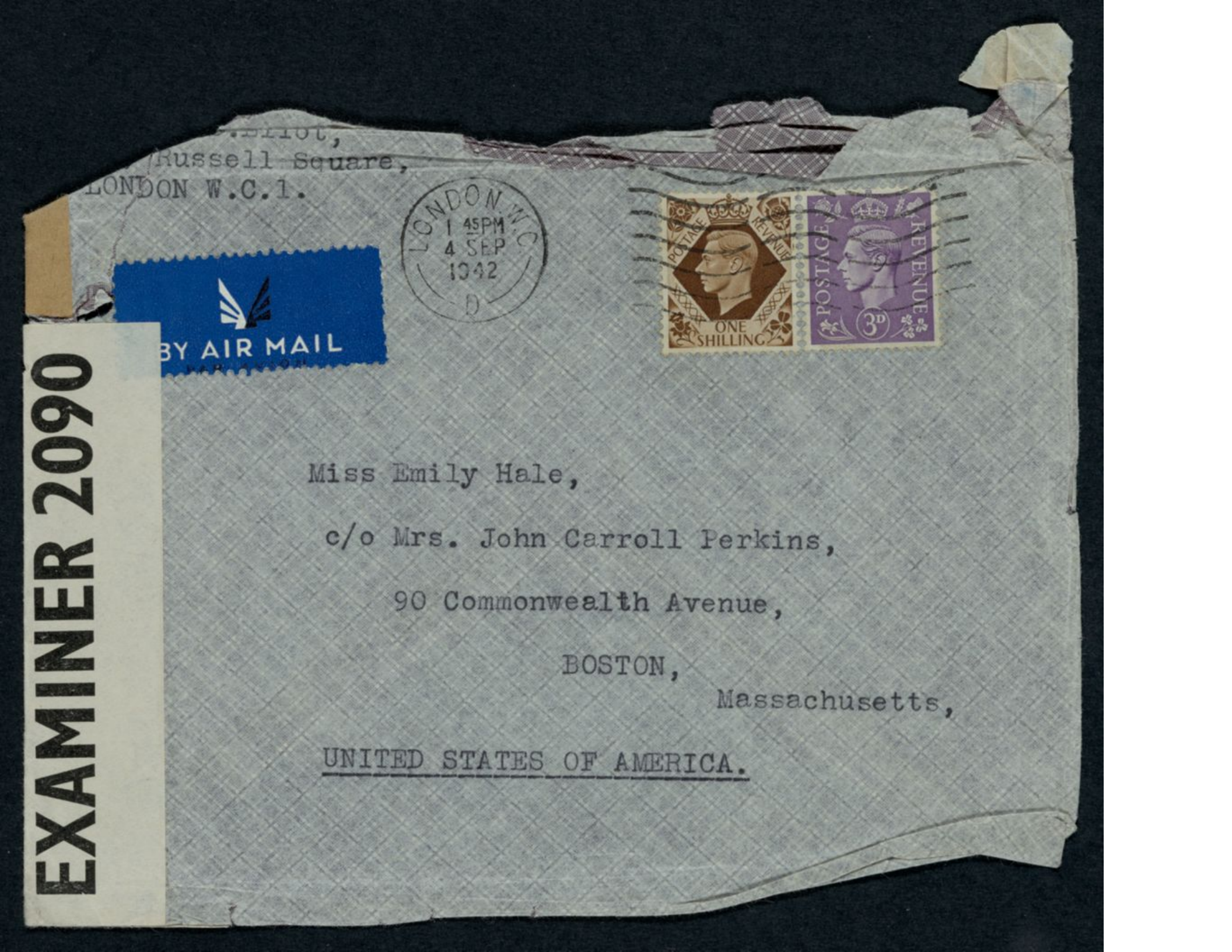
The Fabers hope to move to Sussex next week: nothing more can be done to put the flat in running order until that move is over; and as I do not feel inclined to camp out in it, and go out to Southampton Row for breakfast, I shall put in my London nights, for the next fortnight or so, at the De la Mares. If the coming of winter means less anxiety on some fronts, it may mean more on others: but as Russia appears to be the most important area at present, we are only anxious to see October well in. And I have bought some long winter underwear, such as I have not worn for a good many years.

Every time the telephone rings I listen to hear whether it is a cable for me. I wonder constantly whether, in the uncertainty in which you have been living, you have not felt very very lonely. I am sure that I should. At such a time nearly everyone, however loving, seems a long way off, and their lives immensely separate and distinct from one's own; and I know that at such times words, though one would not be without them, are almost a barrier - certainly no substitute for a presence. I should want you to be near me: and what you said or did not say would not matter.

Most devotedly

Tom

Dearest Sue,



.Eliot,
/Russell Square,
LONDON W.C.1.

LONDON W.C.
1 45PM
4 SEP
1942
D

BY AIR MAIL

EXAMINER 2090

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o Mrs. John Carroll Perkins,

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

Letter 12? my diary is in
my suitcase at the club.

24, Russell Square,
London W.C.1.

Dearest.

I was very glad to get your cable yesterday, though it brought no great relief to my feelings. I wish that I did not have to wait so long: I gather that there is some delay before the hospital observation is possible, and of course you cannt tell how long that will take. I am sure that you will cable again, or have me cabled, as soon as there is anything definite to report. Meanwhile you tell me to write to Boston, so I presume that you are staying at 90 Commonwealth Avenue; and as you will be thinking more about your aunt and uncle than about yourself, that will not provide just the restful environment that you ought to have at this moment. I wish that you could go to Wood's Holl meanwhile - and afterwards, I imagine that part of the prescription will be a prolonged rest and convalescence in the country somewhere. And I wish I could be sure that you had adequate funds at your disposal for having the very best of everything. (I have just written to Dorothy Elsmith, by the way: I had been wondering what her boys are doing and whether either of them is already on active service).

I have had no letter from you this week: not that I shall expect more than short letters under these conditions, and I find it hard to write at any length myself. I am just waiting in the doldrums: and now that the first elation of simply having finished another draft of my poem has subsided, I begin to have graver doubts of its value, and in any case it doesn't seem to matter - a thing like that can help to support one in public anxieties and troubles, not in private ones like when there is nothing whatever that I can do about it myself.

Your loving Tom

My dear,

Shamley,

October 13 1942.

I cabled to-day to the Perkins's a message to be passed on to you, saying that I had been ill for a fortnight and was now writing. I did this because I felt so doubtful whether "c/o Miss Briggs, Grand Manan" would be a sufficient address, so I thought it safest to communicate via Commonwealth Avenue until I get confirmation and perhaps completion of the address. My immediate thought was that Grand Manan was a very bleak and exposed place in which to roost until Christmas, with very limited amenities, no company, no reading matter, and intermittent connexion with the main land; but I have only seen that headland on the horizon and await fuller information about the life there. It was, in any case, a great relief to get your cable, and a reassuring one a little earlier from Mrs. Perkins. I trust that you will let me know what the doctors told you and what régime is prescribed for you for the next three months. This period was a great strain - for me, but I know that it must have been for you, especially with having to keep the Perkins's spirits up and having no one about with whom you could relax.

First to reply to a question in an earlier letter, which did not seem worth worrying about during this anxiety. Of course my letters and anything else are yours to dispose of in any way you wish and see fit. My own two repositories, of course, for manuscripts and such (not that I think in my heart that manuscripts ought to be preserved, but giving them gives pleasure to others, and espcially to Henry) are Eliot House and Magdalene. But I have no particular wish in the matter: and I certainly should not like to think that you felt obliged to preserve anything that you were tempted to destroy. I do confess to some hesitation about the Thorps, not that I do not like them personally very much, but I fear the ruling passion of the academic mind, especially when seated in a chair of English Literature - the craving to publicise and edit with annotations. I should not like it to be possible for any of my really private correspondence to be published or made available to the public or made use of in any way for 50 years after my death - this is a very common provision about letters and private diaries. Primarily for the reason that I think that I have often referred very frankly to relatives and to friends - things that (so far as I remember) were proper enough to say in private, but might give pain to living people. Second, I want to continue to feel that I am writing to you alone, and not with the Thorps or anyone else in the background: for otherwise I should feel a kind of invisible censorship, and would be hampered in speaking freely in the future - I should always be thinking of some future curious reader. It is always a very delicate and difficult question, to whom private letters may be entrusted. Of course, when it came to my Aunt Rose censoring letters from John Quincy Adams to my great grandfather, that is carrying discretion rather far!

Your letter of August 28, from "Sebasco Estates" (which I naturally thought was a part of Sebasco) reached me just as I was incubating a cold, and I brought it down here to read. (I should explain that I had gone up to town that week in my summer clothes, and that the weather changed suddenly - as the Fabers were in Sussex I had gone to the De la Mares, which is rather a cold house anyway. I was imprudently trying to wear my light closes as long as possible, because this is to be a cold unheated winter,

Sunday,

October 11 1925.

I replied to-day to the Pontine's message to be passed on to you, saying that I had been all for a tour, but was now wishing, if did this because I felt so doubtful whether Pa's "Blue Grotto", "Grand Canyon" would be a suitable out address, so I thought it safer to communicate via Commonwealth Avenue until I got some information and definition of the address. My immediate thought was that Grand Canyon was a very bleak and exposed place in which to spend Christmas, which very little mention. In company, no feeling matter, and intermittent connexion with the [illegible] on the Dorchester and Wentworth [illegible] [illegible] interest in connexion about the alleged [illegible] [illegible] yes. In any case, a good point to get your depth, and a good [illegible] one a little earlier for [illegible] parking. I think that you will let us know what the Dorchester tells you and what regime is prescribed for you for the next three months. This period was a great strain - for me, but I know that it has been for you, especially with having to keep the Parkins's quiet up and having no one around with whom you could relax.

Since to reply to a question in an earlier letter, which did not seem worth worrying about during this anxiety, of course I destroyed any letters else are yours to dispose of in any way you wish and see fit. My one two reminiscences, of course, for memories and such that I think in my mind that anything ought to be preserved, only giving them rivers of adventure to others, and especially to (Henry) are Pilot House and Wentlane. But I have no particular wish in the matter; and I certainly should not like to think that you felt obliged to preserve anything that you were tempted to destroy. I do contend to hold [illegible] and of the Wrens, but that I do not like them personally very much, but I dare the rid they deserve of the academic mind, especially when [illegible] in a chair of English literature. The crawling to publishers and with [illegible] I should not like it to be possible for any of my really private correspondence to be published or made available to the public or more are of in any way for 50 years after my death - this is a very common provision about letters and private diaries. Probably for the reason that I think that I have been relatively very firmly to relatives and to friends - things that (so far as I remember) were spoken enough today in private, but might give pain to living people. Second, I want to continue to feel that I am writing to you alone, and not with the thoughts of anyone else in the background; for otherwise I should feel a kind of invisible censorship, and would be hampered in speaking freely in the future - I should always be thinking of some future critical reader. It is always a very difficult and difficult question, to whom private letters may be entrusted. Of course, when it came to my Aunt Rose sending the letters from Sunday Adams to my great grandfather, [illegible]

Your letter of August 28, from "Rose Cottage" (which I naturally thought was a part of Babson) reached me just as I was finishing a book, and I brought it down here to read. I ought rightly that I had gone up to town that week in my summer clothes, and that the weather changed suddenly - as the fruiture were in August I had gone to the Isle Marie, which is rather a cold house anyway. I was importunately trying to wear my linen clothes as long as possible, because this is to be a cold wrecked winter.

with few fires and baths, and I wanted to save the warmth of clothing until later - a mistaken idea. A cold for me means a temperature - not a very high one ever, but enough to keep me in bed: I got up after a week and my temperature went up again, so I had to have a second week in bed. Now it is simply a question of taking tomics and not getting over-tired).

I was very touched that you should have remembered to send me a birthday cable, in the midst of your waiting and uncertainty. I had also a sweet letter from Meg Nason, with a box of toffee which she had made. They are still worki ng very hard at the Bindery, have plenty of custom, but of course difficulties with supplies and regulations. She asked after you, saying that she had not heard from you for a long time. I told her that you had been ill, and were now going away for convalescence, but that the only address I felt sure of was care of the Perkins's.

Even had I not been ill at the time, I think that I should have had to wait for some days before trying to reply to your letter. I do not know how painful it may have been to write, but it was very painful to read - one might as well be frank, mightn't one? - and for several days I felt plunged in a mist of perplexity and depression such as, it seemed to me for several days, I had not known since 1915: but perhaps that was the temperature. I am puzzled, first of all, to learn that my letter made an impression on you as if of a very different person than what you know. I don't think that what you believe I really am is any deception: but I do think that we all have several sides to us, and that no one sees the whole of anybody. But I was certainly not repudiating the past or anything that I have felt, or the reality of the communion. And for that my gratitude must be endless. But when this cannot take its natural conclusion, and at a certain point an absolute moral law comes between, then even that is a quickening which cannot be borne continuously. But the point which provoked my question about the possibility of communication, was a practical one. I know that you do not accept what I call Christianity - or shall we say, full Christian doctrine - you do accept some fragments of it: at an earlier time, I did, I confess, have a tiny hope that you might come gradually in that direction and find peace in it: but a different view of life is deeply ingrained, and I must, as with many friends less dear to me, just resign myself to the difference. But I did think that you were able to accept the fact of my holding certain beliefs and trying to act according to them; and I cannot see that I am any more "self-centred" in doing so than a man is self-centred who has moral scruples against murder as a means of getting an inconvenient person out of the way. Whether the laws of the Church have touched the real me, or not is of course open to question, and nobody can claim to be as wholly "touched" by his beliefs as he should aim to be: but I am sure that they have touched me enough for any violation of them, on my part, to be a violation of myself. I amquite ready to agree that if I could live with you I might become a finer man: but that could hardly happen, alas, if in order to live with you I had to do what I believed wrong.

You say that you have pointed out to me several times in the past that my Church sanctions dissolution: and I think that I have several times pointed out to you that this is not so, and that although irregularities do occur, the law of the Church remains, for those who are conscientious, the same as it was before the Reformation. (There are of course people like the vicar of Campden, who, to my manifest disapproval, sanctioned your communions) I certainly do not consider my marriage a real marriage: but in order to get it broken I should have to consent first to admit that it was real. (I have tried to explain, before, the difference between nul-

lification and dissolution). I am sure that I reported to you going into this matter with Francis Underhill, when he was still at Rochester. The last time you raised this question - after I had supposed that it was settled - was after your return in 1939: can't you see that the effect of that was to make me wonder whether the summer, when I had been so happy in your company, had only been possible because you thought that the future was more open than it really was - and that this wretched feeling came down upon me as a restraint upon any further expression of feeling? You almost, now, put me in the strange position of an unwilling lover, whose slowness and hesitancy, perhaps whose cowardice, make it necessary to force a decision! a decision which, had I been free to make, I would have been the first to urge as speedily as possible. This is the kind of misunderstanding I have been talking about. What is appalling is the feeling ~~that~~ which I cannot escape, that somehow the misunderstanding must be my fault, and that brings an intolerable and terrifying sense of guilt (is this self-centred of me?): yet I swear that at least three times I thought that I made myself perfectly clear.

You will see, after all this, that I cannot help feeling that I am talking into the dark, and that I fear to put down every word lest it convey something different from what I intend: and after that to try to find out what it has conveyed, so as to start again to put it right. I know what pain I have felt, but I do not know how much I give. I think and pray for you constantly, and I am always the same at least in the respect of being

Your loving and devoted

Tom

from T.S. El
Shamley
een,
Surrey.

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Miss Emily Hale,

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

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Letter 14.

Shamley,
20 October 1942.

Dearest Emily.

This last week I went to town for one night, and found two parcels awaiting me each containing one sock. I tried them on that night, and they fit me perfectly, are extremely comfortable, and have already been admired. You have nothing more to learn about knitting socks: I imagine that this fine knitting is particularly difficult and trying to the eyes as well, and I hope that you were not working on them while you were feeling ill. I don't understand how you got the snowflakes into them, as they don't seem to be part of the yarn. I think they are extremely pretty and am very proud to have them. The heavy fawn socks I have just been giving a second wearing (I had not tried them again until the colder weather) and they fit me better than they did at first: in fact, except for a slight bulge about the heel, where they seem a bit too full, they are a pretty good fit, and they are very good looking with country clothes (I have no brown town suit). I hope that they will last for the rest of my life!

I am waiting impatiently for information about Grand Manan. Whether letters take longer from there, or less time, depends upon the route. (I also hope that I may get some news about you from Theresa or Ada: the more sources of information the better).

I think that I have recovered from this cold: I amtaking various vitamins and other preparations, and am going to have some injections as well. Tomorrow I go up for two nights, but shall stop at the club: next week the Fabers will start using the flat, having got settled at Minsted, and I shall start at the flat myself, as they will have been there for a couple of nights before me and will have done something to get it warmed up. (Keeping warm is the problem of the winter. Nobody is to start any central heat until November, and part of the time at Shamley I have found that I needed to be more warmly dressed indoors than out, so that it is difficult to adjust oneself).

I am very depressed and unhappy, after as well as before writing to you last week; and I do not see that anything can make me less so - only if one lives long with the same unhappiness, one gets as used to it as to any other affliction: so long as new miseries do not arise, for oneself and for others and sepecially for you.

Your sad and loving
Tom.

I am sending you a copy of "Little Gidding" in the New English Weekly.

Dearest Emily.

Amesbury,
20 October 1922.

While last week I went to town for one night, and found two parcels awaiting me each containing one book. I tried them on that night, and they fit me perfectly, are extremely comfortable, and have already been admired. You have another to learn about knitting socks: I imagine that this fine knitting is particularly difficult and trying to the eyes as well, and I hope that you were not working on them while you were feeling ill. I don't understand how you got the snowflakes into them, as they don't seem to be part of the yarn. I think they are extremely pretty, and am very proud to have them. The heavy lava socks I have just been giving a second washing (I had not tried them again until the colder weather) and they fit as better than they did at first: in fact, except for a slight bulge about the heel, where they seem a bit too full, they are a pretty good fit, and they are very good looking with country clothes (I have no brown town suit). I hope that they will last for the rest of my life!

I am waiting impatiently for information about grand manan. Whether letters take longer from there, or less time, I ponder upon the route. (I also hope that I may yet come near about you from Thursday or Friday: the more courage or information the better).

I think that I have recovered from this cold: I am taking various vitamins and other preparations, and am going to have some injections as well. Tomorrow I go up for two nights, but small shop at the club: next week the waters will start being in the flat, having got settled at Wisbech, and I shall start at the flat myself, as they will have been there for a couple of months before me and will have done something to get it warmed up. Sleeping were as bad as ever last winter. Nobody is to start any central heat until November, and part of the time at Wisbech I have found that I needed to be more warmly dressed indoors than out, so that it is difficult to adjust oneself).

I am very depressed and unhappy, after as well as before writing to you last week; and I do not see that anything can take me less so - only it one lives long with the same unhappiness, one gets as used to it as to any other affliction: so long as new miseries do not arise, for oneself and for others and especially for you.

Yours ever fondly
Tom.

I am sending in a copy of "Little Gidding" in the New English Weekly.

Letter 15.

Dearest Emily

Shamley,
26 October 1942.

I have got your proper address from Dr.Perkins, though not from you, which I should have had to look through old letters for some time to find: the Anchorage. To-day the telephone has been out of order, and the weather has been such that I have not wanted to tramp to the local post-office (which is now outside the village in order to serve another village as well): which means that to-morrow I shall send you a cable full rate in the hope of its reaching you the same day. Grand Manan seems a strange place to send a cable to: I have not got over my surprise at your electing to go there at this time of year, and impatiently await the explanation. When you say c/o Briggs, I do not suppose you mean your old friend Miss Lucia Briggs.

I had two nights in London without being the worse for it, and Friday night in Burnham Bucks, where my young friend Father Curtis, C.R. was staying for a few days. It was a House of Enclosed Nuns: we were put in a cottage adjoining whichis kept for visiting priests; and of course I did not see any nuns, except the Mother Superior, a very powerful old lady - the kind who cannot enter the room without your feeling that you are receiving an Audience and wondering whether you ought to kneel or what. She is a very shrewd old woman, as well as a dominating one, as I found in discussing a book which Curtis is trying to write and about which my advice was sought. They have a very fine modern chapel there: some of the sisters were praying there, and I was told that, as it was the week of their dedication festival, they pray during that week that the prayers of all visitors to the house at the time may be granted. Incidentally, I was treated to much more luxury than I am accustomed to in men's religious houses: an open fire in my bedroom, and a cup of hot milk at bed time. That gave me only two days here: I should have started my injections this weekend, but the combination of the weather and the telephone (mentioned before) deterred me from doing anything about it. I shall start this coming weekend. I am up from Tuesday to Friday, as I have a C.N.L. committee on Tuesday and broadcast to India again ("Dry Salvages") on Friday.

I naturally await your next letters with great impatience and anxiety; and I fear that from your island retreat it may be a long time. You will not, I think, have had time to write again before leaving. I pray St.Anthony of Padua (patron of the sick) to help you.

Your loving

Tom

Dearest Family

Letter 16.

Shamley,
9 November 1942.

Dearest Emily,

I have been constantly expecting a letter from Grand Manan, but have had nothing since your letter of September 15 from Petersham. I have however been supported by a letter from Dr. Perkins telling of your departure for the North. I fear that after the move to an isolated place of repose, and being able to relax from your own apprehensions and the effort of trying to keep others cheerful, you have experienced a state of great fatigue. I will try to be patient, but will say what you have often said to me, that when a letter is too much, a postcard's worth of writing in an air mail envelope will be sufficient. I am anxious, of course, to know your routine and occupations; whether you have, or want, anyone to talk to, whether you have any books or feel up to any mental activity. As for the next step after Grand Manan, it is much better at present not to think about it.

Last weekend was a period of turmoil at Shamley, and I found it difficult to settle down to anything. Besides a few minor disturbances, such as the Austrian cook who prophesies from the Book of Daniel giving notice, and an elderly refugee from London who lodges in the bungalow with her grandchild having a stroke, Mrs. M. had received a very good offer for her house, from the disciples of some kind of seer or holy man who found that the house had a better aura than any they had seen, and were willing to pay for it: and indeed, apart from the situation and the view, there is little to induce a high price for the house except the aura, for it is very badly built - and as for the situation, the top of an extremely steep hill which cars cannot always get up, in icy weather, is not in these times tempting to possible possessors or servants. A decline of dividends, and a lack of forethought in expenses, made her feel that she ought to accept. On the other hand, to turn out at six weeks notice, at this time of year, and to find another house and move in to it under all the restrictions of wartime, is no slight thing for a lady of 81, to say nothing of her feeling of responsibility towards the population she has assembled there. So she was worrying herself ill, the house rang with perpetual discussion, and Mrs.Behrens (the other lodger) and myself found ourselves unwillingly drawn into it - we had, of course, been thinking that we should have to remove at short notice to hotels and then look for small service flats in London. However, on my return I find that the cook has settled down again for the present, the stroke was not a stroke, and Mrs. M. has decided that it would be both unwise and uneconomical to move (as it certainly would mean greater and not less expense for the first year or so), and the household has returned to its usual state of small turmoil. Mrs M., a grand and lovable old lady, has a very dramatic temperament - in fact, when she was a girl she wanted to go on the stage, for which I believe she had gifts, but the idea was unacceptable to a strait-minded Edinburgh family: and her behaviour is a strange mixture of domestic drama and imperfectly assimilated but very devout Christian Science. Every time she has a discussion with the housekeeper it sounds as if they were at each other's throats, though it is really amicable and affectionate, and the outrage being discussed may only be the fact of the

Letter 16.

Shamley,
5 November 1929.

Dearest Emily,

I have been especially expecting a letter from Grand Manan, but have had nothing since your letter of September 15 from Petersham. I have however been supported by a letter from Dr. Perkins telling of your departure for the South. I fear that after the move to an isolated place of repose, and being able to relax from your own apprehensions and the effort of trying to keep others cheerful, you have experienced a state of great fatigue. I will try to be patient, but will say what you have often said to me, that when a letter is too much, a postcard's worth of writing in an air mail envelope will be sufficient. I am anxious, of course, to know your routine and occupations; whether you have, or want, anyone to talk to, whether you have any books or feel up to any mental activity. As for the next step after Grand Manan, it is much better at present not to think about it.

Last weekend was a period of turmoil at Shamley, and I found it difficult to settle down to anything. Besides a few minor distractions, such as the Australian cook who purloined from the pack of Daniel giving notice, and an elderly relative from London who lodges in the bungalow with her geriatrically hurtling grandchildren, Mrs. M. had received a very good offer for her house. Now the disposition of some kind of seer or Holy man who found that the house had a better aura than any they had seen, and were willing to pay for it, and indeed, apart from the situation and the view, there is little to recommend it, the offer was sure, for it is a very dearly built - and as for the situation, the top of an extremely steep hill which one cannot always get up, in icy weather, is not in these times something to possible possessors or servants. A decline of dividends, and a lack of forethought in expenses, made her feel that she ought to accept. On the other hand to turn out at six weeks notice, at this time of year, and to find another house and move in to it under all the restrictions of wartime, is no slight thing for a lady of 81, to say nothing of her feeling of responsibility towards the population she has assisted there. So she hesitated, overall it. The house rang with perpetual discussion, and Mrs. Saxonne (the other lodger) and myself found ourselves unwillingly drawn into it - we had, of course, been thinking that we should have to remove at short notice to hotels and then look for small service flats in London. However, on my return I find that the cook has settled down again for the present. The stroke was not a stroke, and Mrs. M. has decided that it would be both unwise and uneconomical to move (as it certainly would mean greater and not less expense for the first year or so), and the household has returned to its usual state of small turmoil. Mrs. M., a frank and lovable old lady, has a very dramatic temperament - in fact, when she was a girl she wanted to go on the stage, for which I believe she had gifts. But the film was unacceptable to a strait-minded Edinburgh family; and her behaviour is a strange mixture of domestic drama and imperfectly assimilated but very devout Christian Science. Every time she has a discussion with the housekeeper it sounds as if they were at each other's throats, though it is really amicable and affectionate, and the outcrops define disagreement may only be the fact of the

gardener's having by mistake slain for the pot an expensive pullet (a good laying pullet may cost up to two pounds ten now!) which had just been bought for laying. These details may bore you, but they help to give a notion of the atmosphere. Still, on returning from London on a Friday, this life of passionate preoccupation with local affairs has proved a rather soothing relief from the anxieties and interests one shares with people more involved in the life of the world. This household does not quite exemplify the life of which Mrs.Roosevelt talked in her excellent speech last night (which everyone liked, and which you may have heard, as it was intended for America); but I assure you that what she sketched is much more typical! (And after all, as Mrs.M.'s son was all through the first Lybian and Eritrean campaign, and got the D.S.O. these household crises kept her from more serious worries sometimes). Mrs. Roosevelt has, like her husband, a good voice and a dignified manner.

I was interested to meet Billy Phillips, the American ex-Ambassador to Italy, at the house of some Chilean diplomats I know last week, and get from him some news both of the Bassianos and of Harold Peters, who I gather is heart-broken by not being taken back into the Navy, on account of superannuation: he could still do most useful work, and would no doubt like to be in the Mediterranean now. The flat at 23, Russell Square is beginning to move smoothly: for the last two weeks the Fabers have been there from Monday to Thursday, and I from Tuesday to Friday, but henceforth they expect to be there the same nights as myself, which will be more comfortable, as Enid gets the supper, and when I am there alone I have to dine out. It will involve a certain amount of fire-watching, in conjunction with the fire-watching at no.24 (the two houses now communicate on several floors). That will be a bore, but as the whole staff have to take turns at it, it is only right that resident directors should. Stewart being a Warden in Hampstead, and De la Mare Chief Warden of his village, and Kennerley a sergeant in the American Home Guard, do not participate.

The news within the last few days has been quite bewilderingly hopeful. I imagine that America is apt to be more sanguine over victory, and more pessimistic when things look dark, than we are here: be-the worst dangers have been so miraculously dissipated, and extravagant hopesso often disappointed, that people now are more cautious of jubilation as well as more impassive in misfortune. But at this rate... one really cannot help thinking of peace - which will bring fresh and different anxieties - and of the future. But what I want most at the moment, my dear, is some news of how you are and how you are faring in your remote retreat.

Your loving
Rosa

I am under the impression that people in the Maritime Provinces do not like to be classed as "Canadians". Is that so? Constitutionally, of course, they are not Canadians.

Gardener's having by mistake claim for the pot an expensive pullet (a good laying pullet may cost up to two pounds ten now!) which had just been bought for laying. There details may bore you, but they help to give a notion of the atmosphere. Still, unwrapping from London on a Friday, this life of peasants preoccupation with local affairs has proved a rather soothing relief from the anxieties and uncertainties one shares with people more involved in the life of the world. Mrs. Roosevelt does not quite exemplify the life of which Mrs. Roosevelt talked in her excellent speech last night (which everyone liked, and which you may have read, as it was intended for America): but I assure you that what she sketched is much more typical! (And after all, as Mrs. M.'s son was all through the first Lybian and African campaigns, and yet has D.S.O. these two-hole orders keep her from more serious worries sometimes). Mrs. Roosevelt has, like her husband, a good voice and a dignified manner.

I was interested to meet Billy Phillips, the American ex-Ambassador to Italy, at the house of some Philean diplomats I know last week, and got from him some news both of the Rasalmos and of Harold Peters, who I rather is heart-broken by not being taken back into the Navy, on account of supermuscation: he could still do most useful work, and would no doubt like to be in the Mediterranean now. The flat at 23, Russell Square is beginning to move smoothly: for the last two weeks the Rabers have been there from Monday to Thursday, and I from Wednesday to Friday, but henceforth they expect to be there the same nights as myself, which will be more comfortable, as said cats are supper, and when I am there alone I have to dine out. It will involve a certain amount of fire-watching, in conjunction with the fire-watching at no.24 (the two houses now communicate on several floors). That will be a bore, but as the whole effort have to take turns at it, it is only right that residents therefore should. Stewart being a warden in Hampstead, and Da is warden chief warden of his village, and X merely a sergeant in the American Home Guard, do not participate.

The news within the last few days has been quite bewilderingly hopeful. I imagine that America is not to be more sanguine over victory, and more pessimistic when things look dark, than we are here: the worst dangers have been so unmeaningly disappointed, and extravagant hopes often disappointed, that people now are more cautious of jubilation as well as more hopeful in misfortune. But at this rate... one really cannot help thinking of peace - which will bring fresh and different anxieties - and of the future. But what I want most at the moment, my dear, is some news of how you are and how you are faring in your remote retreat.

Yours loving
Dorothy

I am under the impression that people in the waiting provinces do not like to be classed as "Canadians". Is that so? Constitutionally, of course, they are not Canadians.

Letter 17.

Shamley,
16 November 1942.

My Dear,

I write this week as usual, though it is so long since I have had a word from you that, in spite of all allowances for distance and the delay of the change, recovery from the fatigue etc. I am beginning to be rather alarmed: but I do not like to worry you by cabling at this juncture, so I shall wait another week and try to be patient. I do hope that Grand Manan is proving to be what you hoped of it, and that the house is comfortable and the people congenial. I should expect it to be very very solitary at this time of year.

Yesterday the church bells were rung, for the first time since the war, and I thought of Campden on Sunday morning. There has naturally been a great revival of cheerfulness (excepting for some individuals: Anne Faber's fiancé was killed early in these operations, just as she had had a letter from him expressing the hope of getting a period of leave within a reasonable future) but the general temper remains admirably sober everywhere - everyone is prepared for further stages of deadlock and difficulty - but if, we say, there are no unexpected reverses anywhere, two years may see us through. But the news have been a great help, and the war which seemed in danger of falling apart into two wars, one in the East and one in the West, has become one war again.

I have for the third time in succession to spend three nights in town: I hope, after this, that I may be able to spend three nights and two nights alternately, as the difference between three and four consecutive days of writing, in the country, is considerable. The Fabers, as I may have said, are in town the same nights as myself. The fire-watching is not, under present conditions, very arduous: indeed, in my first experience of it - and it means no more than getting up at 2.30 and staying up until 4.30 - the watcher who was supposed to callme must have dropped off to sleep - I waked of myself at 3.30 - and gave the young lady whom I had to call an extra three quarters of an hour's sleep as her share. But I must see that this does not happen again. The flat is beautifully warmed by central heating, so that there is no need to take a chill.

Little Gidding appears this week. I have finally got a supply of Kipling, and have despatched some: yours I sent to Commonwealth Avenue - expeditions of that kind are often so slow that I feared it might not reach Grand Manan until after you left, or only in time to burden your luggage. This is a time of year, from the middle of November to January, which I wish to pass quickly.

Lovingly
Tom

Letter 17.

Shanklin,

16 November 1942.

My Dear,

I write this week as usual, though it is so long since I have had a word from you that, in spite of all allowances for distance and the delay of the changes, recovery from the fatigue etc. I am beginning to be rather alarmed; but I do not like to worry you by calling at this junctures, so I shall wait another week and try to be patient. I do hope that Grace Warren is proving as be what you hoped of it, and that the house is comfortable and the people congenial. I should expect it to be very very solitary at this, of all, of year.

Yesterday the church bells were rung, for the first time since the war, and I thought of Cambridge on Sunday morning. There has naturally been a great revival of cheerfulness (excepting for some individuals: Anne Raber's fiance was killed early in these operations, just as she had had a letter from him expressing the hope of getting a period of leave within a reasonable future) but the general temper remains admirably sober everywhere - everyone is prepared for further changes of decision and difficulty - but I, we say, there are no unexpected reversed anywhere. Two young men are dead. But the news have been a great relief, and the year which seemed in danger of falling apart into two wars, one in the East, one in the West, has become one war again.

I have for the third time, succeeded to spend three nights in town: I hope, after this, that I may be able to spend three nights and two nights alternately, as the distances between three and four consecutive days of writing, in the country, is considerable. The Fabians, as I may have said, are in town the same nights as myself. The fire-watching is not, under present conditions, very arduous: indeed, in my first experience of it - and it means no more than getting up at 2.30 and staying up until 4.30 - the watcher who was supposed to call me went have dropped off to sleep - I waked of myself at 3.30 - and rave the young lady whom I had to call at extra three quarters of an hour's sleep as her share. But I hope we shall not have such luck. The flat is beautifully warmed by central heating, so that there is no need to have a fire.

Little nightly amenes this week. I have finally got a supply of vitrine, and have taken the Queen's work to Commonwealth Avenue - exceptions of that kind are often so slow that I feared it might not reach Grace Warren until after you left, or only in time to burden your luggage. This is a time of year, then the middle of November to January, when - when to come quickly.

Lovingly Yours

Letter 18.

Shamley,
25 November 1942.

Dearest Emily,

I was relieved to get, this morning, your second cable from Grand Manan. That is, it was taken down by the housekeeper, and she read it to me, and now I cannot well decipher her handwriting. But I gather that you are leaving for Sebasco on the 30th, and then going to Boston for Christmas; so I will send this to Boston. It was not quite clear from you previous cable whether you had received no letters since the middle of September or written none since then. It is also comforting to infer from this cable that you received mine, because of the wrangle I had with the post-office girl over the existence of such a place as Grand Manan.

If I had gone to town to-day I should not have received your cable until my return. But as I was four days in London last week, and from there went to spend the weekend at the Fabers' new house in Sussex, coming up to Guildford via Haslemere yesterday, I am only going up for one night this week (Wednesday night is my fire-watching night: I arranged that because Wednesday is my board day, and by this arrangement I can be in London either the first half or the scond half of the week as I prefer. I amhoping that this last week has provided a testimony in favour of the anti-cold inoculations: because Faber had a heavy cold all the week, contracted at Cambridge, and I found their house at Minsted pretty cold, both the Shamley Wood house and the Russell Square flat being very warm. Also, I got very cold on Sunday morning, alking a mile and a half to church and back before breakfast (and the vicar overslept and arrived at half past eight to make his apologies and say that he would only say a prayer instead of celebrating as he should have done: but he had been ill, and was so upset by oversleeping that he rather lost his presence of mind). It is a good house, not beautiful, though old; the country is good, being very agricultural with a view towards the South Downs. It is a much more genuine country life for them than Wales, for the estate has 600 acres: of course there is a bailiff to run it, but as it belongs to All Souls' College, Geoffrey is the next thing to being a country gentleman, instead of merely having a house and land in the country, and is taking a great interest in soil, crops, and breeding Ayrshire cattle. All this, and his work on the Education Committee of the Conservative Party, is very good for him.

Having done with poetry for some time to come (for a new poem is not likely to germinate for a year at least - and <u>if</u>, by that time, the war should practically be over - I refuse, however, to believe that at present, but I <u>entertain</u> the idea - then perhaps the form that will take will be another play: I cannot see how such a big job as that can be undertaken until I have a place of my own again, and not moving about so much - having, as I said, done with poetry for the present (except for finding a <u>title</u> for the four poems, which Harcourt Brace will publish together in the spring) I have started trying to block out a book about the meaning of Culture, to be at least the length of the Christian Society. I can do it chapter by chapter, and if it is necessary to interrupt it between chapters that won't matter: interruptions are sure to come, including possibly the South India Scheme - an arrangement proposed for the Church in that part of the world, having important theo-

Letter 19.

Dear Eric,

I was delighted to get, this morning, your second cable from Grand Manan. That is, it was taken down by the newsagent, and she read it to me, and now I cannot well describe my thankfulness. But I gather that you are leaving for Sebago on the 20th, and then going to Boston for Christmas; so I will send this to Boston. It was not quite clear from your previous cable whether you had received my letters since the 11th of September or written more since then. It is also comforting to learn from this cable that your precious mind, presence of the wrangle I had with the post-office will over the existence of such a place as Grand Manan.

If I had gone to town to-day I should not have received your cable until my return. But as I was over in London last week, and from there went on during the weekend at the Labouchere's new house in Sussex, getting up to Guildford via Haslemere yesterday, I am only going up for one night this week (Wednesday night is my fire-watching night: I arranged that because Wednesday is my busiest day, and by this arrangement I can be in London either the first half or the second half of the week as I prefer). I remember that this last week was provided a beautiful in leaving of the anti-cold inoculations: Gamma Pyser had a heavy cold at the week, contracted at Cambridge, and I found their house at Hinxhead pretty mold, both the Hanley Wood house and the Russell Square flat being very warm. Also, I got very cold on my motor-cycle, biking a mile and a half to church and back before breakfast (and the other overnight and arrived at Hull cost eight to make the epoch, as you say that we would only say a prayer instead of celebrating as we should have done: but we had been ill, and was too sober by comparison). But I rather lost my presence of mind). It is a good house, not beautiful, though old; the country is good, being very sequiturial with a few towards the South Downs. It is a much more sequiturial country life than Sussex. For the estate has 600 acres; of course there is a little to farm, but as it belongs to All Souls' College, Oxford, it is worth farming to being a country gentleman. Images of merely having a house and land in the country, and is making a great interest in soil, crops, and breeding Ayrshire cattle. All this, and his work on the Education Committee of the Conservative party, is very good for him.

Having done with poetry for some time to come (for a new poem is not likely to germinate for a year, least of all at this time, the war should practically be over - I refuse, however, to believe that at present, but I entertain the idea - when perhaps the form that will take will be another play: I cannot see such a big job as that can be undertaken until I have a place of my own again, and not moving about so much - having, as I said, done with poetry for the present (except for finding a title for the book poem, which Harcourt Brace will publish together in the Spring) I have started trying to think out a book about the meaning of diction, to or at least the length of the dictation book-by. I can do it rather by chapter, and if it is necessary to interrupt it because of others that won't matter: interruptions are sure to come, including probably the South India debate - the arrangement proposed for the Indian in that part of the world, having important bres-

logical implications which might give rise to a grave situation - I won't try to explain it now (and indeed I have yet to see the latest proposals) but wait until the storm, if any, blows up. All this suggests, of course, that I am evading the task of adapting Murder for a film: and indeed, I find that my nature is very rebellious to this job. Both because it is uncongenial to return to tinker with something which belongs to one's life eight years ago, when one was not quite the same person; and also because I find it hard to take the cinema seriously, and am always more aware of what is lost on the screen that can be done so well on the stage, than of the things that the film can do which the stage cannot - the latter interest me less. Can you take any interest in films? I should think the objections would be quite as serious from the actor's point of view as from the dramatist's.

I started to say, a paragraph ago, that I am sure that after my stay at Minsted I should have been in bed with a cold, but for these inoculations. For I have a slight cold, but this time no temperature with it, and think I shall recover without having to go to bed. And with the increasing difficulties of staff etc. I feel a responsibility not to be ill. Also, the news continues to be cheering, and that has been doing everybody much good.

I am longing to hear about Grand Manan, in the hope that it will have done you good.

Your loving
Tom -

Letter 19.

Shamley,
30 November 1942.

Beloved Emily.

Your lovely letter of October 12 reached me two days ago and brought me a measure of serenity: when I have absorbed it more fully I shall write in reply to it, at the end of the week. In some other respects, it was not so reassuring. Grand Manan proves to have been as solitary a hermitage as I had feared, though I do not know that in the circumstances you could have made a better choice, at a time in which one does not want either solitude or society, and in which, unless one can be with exactly the right person or persons, one may want not to be with those one knows best. And as for the physical disabilities the doctor's account does not throw as much light upon them as I had hoped: and as the cause remains so obscure, so must also the course of the convalescence remain unpredi ctable. So that I still have a good deal to worry about, including the question of what plans you should make for the rest of the winter. I have some inkling about the desert you have been passing through, and the struggles you have had on the way. It is the sort of experience one was hardly prepared for in the middle years. Twenty-five years ago, if one had thought about what life would be twenty-five years hence, one would have expected that all the tempests and dangers would be over, and that whatever the sufferings and disasters in the meantime, one would eventually reach a point of being able to look forward to a long period of comparative tranquillity in which at least would know what the rest of life would be. Many men of our generation, in England, must have felt, when the war came, "why should this happen all over again, when we are neither young enough to accept it as an incident nor old enough to be indifferent - coming to bring disorder into life just as we were settled: another twenty years might have seen us through". That is only an outward experience, less acute than when the crisis comes to one separately and personally, which brings home to us more deeply that "the road winds uphill to the very end". I do admire the nobility with which you are facing it; anyone who takes it in that way can triumph over it by becoming a greater person.

My abortive cold - the struggle of what would have been a cold, against the antitoxins in me - is about ended; and tomorrow I go to town again for the usual three nights. Little Gidding has been published, and the copies will soon be on the way to America. I dare say they will arrive about Christmas time. Each Christmas, since 1939, is stranger that the last.

I am so glad that Theresa has been so good; she is indeed a lovely person.

With much love
your Tom

Robert Smith.

Letter 20.

Shamley,
7 December 1942.

Dearest,

I found your letter of the28th October waiting for me; and though I shall hope to see your handwriting return to nearer normal (I think this letter is a bit more like your usual handwriting than the previous) I was very happy to get it. Of course I should not have let a fortnight pass without writing: but the illness was only due to last a week at most. And if I had not been ill I should have gone to Iceland, which would probably have meant a gap of the same length - though this time, and the next time if I do go abroad again (but not in the winter) I shall not be so conscientiously secretive about it, in view of the fact that the news reached America in a letter from somebody else, as well as appearing in the press.

Before anything else, I must tell you that I have had a letter from Meg Nason to tell me of the death of Miss Sunderland-Taylor, and sending me a cutting which I enclose in the hope that it will reach you. I know that you, and the Perkins's, will grieve over this, but I might as well tell you at once and direct. Of course, I hardly remember her except during that feverish period when we worked like niggers to help her blackout her house; and at the time I had other things to think about! but I remember her as a sterling sort of person, with plenty of energy and public spirit: I remember that she was instantly taking in evacuated children, and I imagine that she took a very active part in organising this relief, later, in Campden. But, on such slight acquaintance, I cannot help thinking first of the house passing into other hands, and the garden becoming a garden enclosed with us outside it. I clung to the thought of a return to Campden - and perhaps there may be a return, but to some other house: and if not, perhaps there will be other gardens - and only by accepting the past as past is there hope of a future, with, perhaps, different blessings, or in a different guise, from what any anticipation could present.

I thought too that she was an understanding person: I shook remarkably with fraternal-

Your second letter confirmed the first; and you will know at once, I hope, that if I had foreseen them I might have written differently, and in less acute torment, than I did, so I hope you will only retain from mine what still matters, and forget what does not. Indeed, I feel closer to you than I have for these past three years, with that feeling of a misunderstanding, too puzzling anddisturbing to speak about, worrying me the whole time. And although I am, in a way, more sad, I feel rather more at peace - though this will always fluctuate, and the several pains that have gnawed will return from time to time. Anyway, my sense of dependence upon is reaffirmed; and my sense of the permanent, of what always has been there and is unique and which always will abide.

This may reach you before Christmas. My thought and love will be with you more than ever at that time.

Your Tom

Letter 20.

Shurley.
7 December 1942.

Dearest,

I found your letter of September October waiting for me; and though I shall hope to see your handwriting return to nearer normal (I think this letter is a bit more like your usual handwriting than the previous) I was very happy to get it. Of course I should not have felt a fortnight gone without hearing: but the illness was only due to last a week or most. And if I had not been ill I would have gone to Ireland, which would probably have meant a peg of the same length - though this time, and the next time if I do go abroad again (but not in the winter) I shall not be so cosmopolitanly supercilious about it. In view of the fact that the news reached America in a letter from somebody else, so well as appearing in the press.

Before anything else, I must tell you that I have had a letter from Mrs Queen to tell me of the death of Miss Sunderland-Taylor, and sending me a cutting which I enclose in this hope that it will reach you. I know that you, and the Parkinsons, will arrive over this, but I might as well tell you at once and direct. Of course, I hardly remember her except during that fearful period when we worked like slaves to help her discount her bonus; and at the time I had other things to think about: but I remember her as a cheerful sort of person, with plenty of energy and public spirit: I remember that she was instantly taking in evacuated children, and I imagine taking soon a very active part in organizing this relief, later, in London. But, on such slight acquaintance, I cannot help thinking that of the nurses passing into other hands, and the garden becoming a prison enclosed with barbed wire, [illegible] be a return. But to some other zone; and if not, perhaps there will be other gardens - and only by accepting the past as past is there hope of a future, with, perhaps, different blossoms, or in a different guise, from what any anticipation could present.

Your second letter confirmed the first, and you will know at once, I hope, that if I had foreseen then I might have written differently; and if Tess came forward, then I did, so I hope you will only remain from mine what still matters, and forget what does not. Indeed, I feel closer to you than I have for those past three years, with that feeling of a misunderstanding, too puzzling sudden to appear a-bort, worrying me the whole time. And although I am, in a way, more sad, I feel rather more at peace - though this will always fluctuate; and the several crises that have caused will return from time to time. Anyway, my sense of dependence upon is reaffirmed; and my sense of the permanent, of what always has been there and is unique and which always will abide.

Find my reply to your letter on Saturday. My thoughts and love will be with you more than ever at that time.

[illegible]

Shamley, 7 December.

My Dear,

I discover that my letter has gone off without the enclosure. Here it is. And I have just remembered to mention some mss. which you sent to Henry. He does not seem certain whether you have given them to the collection or merely lent them. The Family Reunion he is clear is lent; but he seems to think that the others are given. If not, you might let him know!

?

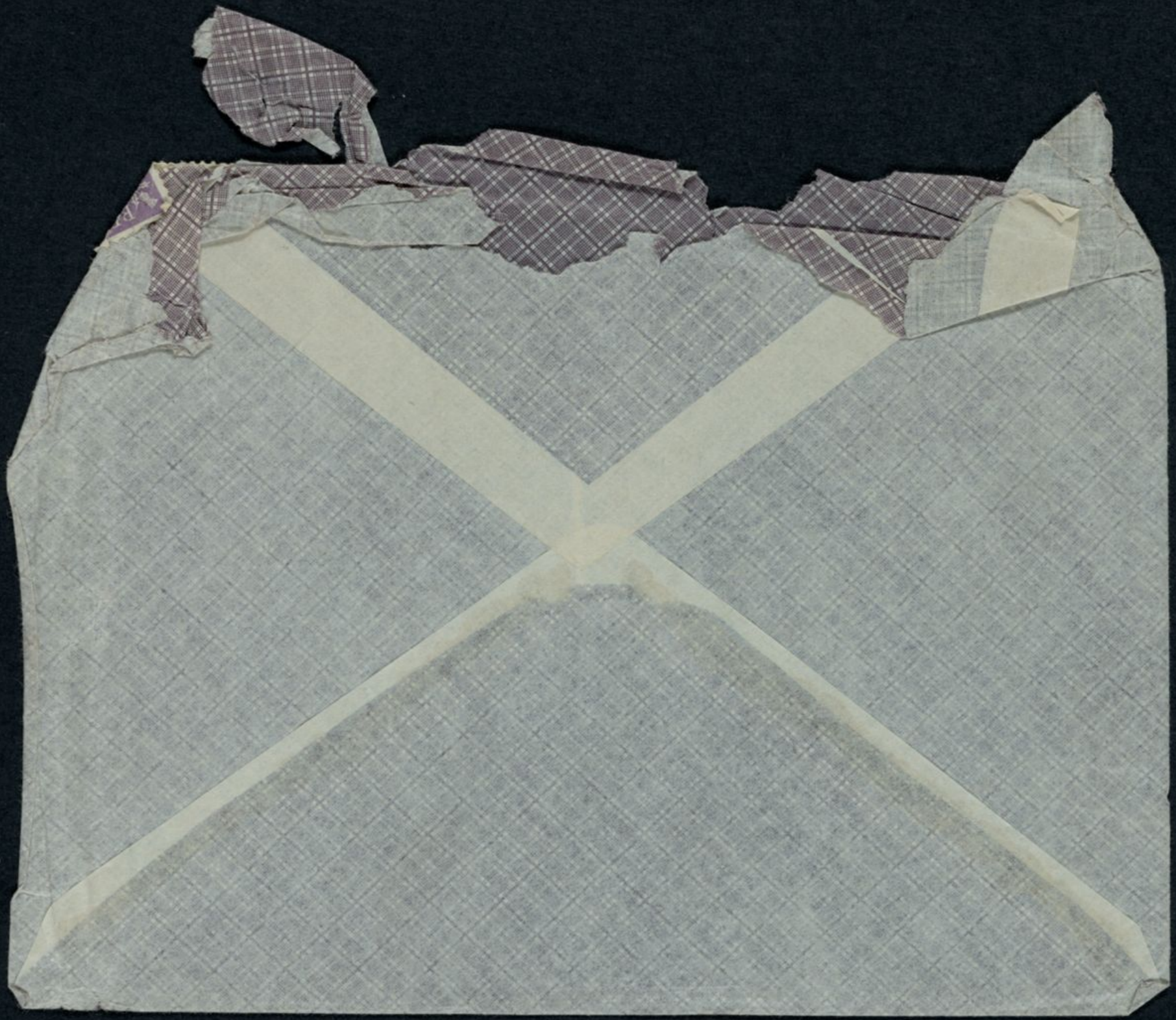
My Dear,

Sunday, 7 December.

I discover that my letter has gone off without the enclosure. Here it is. And I have just remembered to mention some mss. which you want to Henry. We do not seem certain whether you have given them to the collection or merely lent them. The Family Reunion is clear in Dent; but we seem to think that the others are given. If not, you might let him know.

G


Sharnford, Surrey.
22 DEC 1942
SURREY
POSTAGE REVENUE
ONE SHILLING
POSTAGE
3D
BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION
Miss Emily Hale,
c/o the Revd. J.C. Perkins, D.D.,
90 Commonwealth Avenue,
BOSTON,
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



Letter 21.

Shamley,
21 December 1942.

Dearest Emily,

My last weekend was taken up by the visit to Charterhouse: a small expedition, as it needs only a bus from here to Guildford and another to Godalming, but fatiguing. The public reason was to speak to the small Literary Society, of about fiteen boys, on "the function of poetry"; the real reason to appear there on behalf of Omar Pound (fancy parents calling their child Omar - thoroughly irresponsible) and to discuss his future with the housemaster and the daughter of the lady who looks after him in the holidays, herself a mistress at a girls' school in the same neighbourhood. The boy was recently confirmed, by his own decision; I had talked to him about it (at Mrs. Dickie's request) but had not tried to influence him - the moral problem is so very complicated when a boy is separated from his parents - and such parents! - and when the parents are implacably anti-Christian. It would be wrong, I am sure, deliberately to urge a child to a course to which his parents are opposed; but if, at the age of sixteen, he makes his own choice and that is different from what they would wish, I cannot but feel thankful, especially as he retains an admirable loyalty and I believe affection for them. The puzzle now is what is to be done in the way of a career for a boy so isolated, so handicapped both externally and internally, and of no striking ability or bent in any direction.

I am sure that this expedition was worth making; but coming especially in the month of December, which is always crowded and distracted, with the strain of remembering all one's private obligations in the way of presents, letters (I must write to Mrs. Seaverns from whom I have had no news for a long time) etc. and trying to direct one'sspirit to the proper thoughts and mood of the Nativity, was not welcome, and made me pliant to the suggestion that I should, on returning from London at the end of this week, go to bed for a day and a half, although free from cold and fever. I shall go to town for only one night this week, and also next week, and have two pieces of work to do - advertisements for the catalogue and a short article for "The Christian Century".

I hope that I may get a cable from you at Christmas, for I have had no letter since that of October 28 when you were still at Grand Manan. I do not like to think of your having to remain indefinitely in Boston, for town life is not what suits you at any time, and I fear that you may be out of the frying pan of isolation into the fire of family worries. And it is always difficult for anyone alone in the world to find the best balance between solitude and society. I hope you will tell me, on returning to Boston, how much activity you find yourself able for, whether you can read, or concentrate, and whether, at such a time, you find any of your friends of real help or not. It seems to me always difficult to avoid both of two errors - one is to expect too much, or the wrong things, from particular people - and when I say the wrong things I mean both the things one cannot expect of anyone, and (much more often) the things one ought not to expect from that person - and the other is not to expect enough. Perhaps I am more inclined to the latter fault, being by nature distrustful; and when one goes too far in that direction, it is not only taking less than they could give, but giving less than they could take, and so not being wholly a friend

Letter 21.

Shanley,
21 December 1942.

Dearest Family,

My last weekend was taken up by the visit to Gertrudeness: a small expedition, as it needs only a bus from here to guildford and another to continue, but tiring. The main reason was to speak to the small literary society, of about fifteen boys, on "the function of poetry"; the real reason to appear there on behalf of their pound. Many parents calling their child Omar - unfortunately irresponsible) and to discuss the future with the headmaster and the daughter of the lady who looks after him in the holidays, he sent a "witness at a trial" school in the same neighbourhood. The boy was recently confirmed, by his own decision; I had talked to him about it (at his request) but had not tried to influence him - the usual problem is so very complicated when a boy is separated from his parents - and such parents! - and when the parents are implacably anti-Christian. It would be wrong, I am sure, definitely to urge a child to do a course to which his parents are opposed; but if, as the age of 18 is, he makes his own choice and that is different from what they would wish, I cannot but feel thankful especially as he retains an outlook of loyalty and I believe affection for them. The usual one is what is to be done in the way of a career for a boy so situated, so handicapped both spiritually and intellectually and of no striking ability or bent, he may discuss.

I am sure that this sort of thing was worth making; but coming especially in the month of December, which is always crowded and distracted, with the effort of preparing all sorts of private obligations in the way of presents, letters (I must write to Mrs. Severens from whom I have had no news for a long time) etc. and trying to direct one's spirit to the proper thoughts and mood of the festivity, was not welcome, and made me plump to the suggestion that I should, on returning from London at the end of this week, go to bed for a day and a half, although free from cold and fever. I shall go to town for only two nights right this week, and also next week, and have two pieces of work to do - advertisements for the catalogue and a short article for "The Christian Century".

I hope that I may get a card from you at Christmas, for I have had no letter since that of October 22 when you were still at Grand Island. I do not like to think of your having to remain indefinitely in Boston, far from your life is not what suits you at any time, and I fear that you may be out of the trying part of isolation into the life of family worries. And it is always difficult for anyone alone in the world to find the best balance between solitude and society. I hope you will tell me, on returning to Boston, by what activity you find yourself able for, whether you can read, or concentrate, and whether, at such time, you find any of your friends of real help or not. It seems to me always difficult to avoid both of two extremes - one is to expect too much, or the wrong things, from particular people - and when I say the former things I mean both the things one cannot expect of anyone, and (more often) the things one should not be expect from that person - and the other is not to expect enough. Perhaps I am more inclined to the latter fault, being by nature rather useful; and when one goes too far in that direction, it is very easy to have bad ideas when they could give, but giving less than they could have, and so not being wholly a friend

to them - the best being, perhaps, always to give a little more than they can take, but not to be aware that it is more - for that awareness would introduce an element of condescension which would poison friendship. We all have to present different sides of ourselves to different people, in order to communicate at all; but there is all the difference between doing this, and concealing or dissimulating the aspects which we assume (and assume too easily) would not appeal to them. And to conceal is very near to pretending, and pretending to others very near to pretending to ourselves, until we lose touch with our own reality and thus cease to be real to others.

This is in danger of becoming a monologue without relation to anything. I shall send you a cable to Boston on Wednesday, my dear, and I shall think of you and try to be near you on Christmas, as I do on all the greater festivals.

Your ever loving

Tom

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

1

MINER 458

Miss Emily Hale,
74 Thomas St.
~~22 Paradise Road,~~
~~NORTHAMPTON,~~
Massachusetts,
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

To Mrs Leonard Elmhirst
c/o Oscar Tapper
Woods Hole
Mass

WOODS
AUG 8
1 PM
MASS.
1942

P.C. 90

PENED BY

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

GUILDFORD
PM
1942

EXAMINER 686

Miss Emily Hale,

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

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Mass.

UNITED STATES OF

51-1436 H & S

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

From T.S
Shamley W
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

Miss Emily Hale,

"The Anchorage",

Grand Manan,

New Brunswick,

c/o Miss Briggs.


NORTH HEAD
NOV 21 42
N.B.

From
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

EXAMINER 6533

7

Miss Emily Hale,

c/o the Revd. John Carroll Perkins D.D.

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

P.C. 90

OPENED BY

BY A AIL

LONDON
14
1942

Miss Emily Hale,

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

90, Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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MINER
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OPENED BY
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T.S.Eliot,
Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford, Surrey.

Miss Emily Hale,

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

90 Commonwealth Avenue,

BOSTON,

Massachusetts,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA