Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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Letters from T.S. Eliot to Emily Hale

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Letter 22. 3 July 1944.

Dearest Emily

Nothing much has happened to me since a week ago. I was in London for one night only, and spent two days on my return simply answering the letters which I had brought down with me: my secretary being away for a week's holiday (none of the staff gets more than a week at a time now). I go up tomorrow for one night again, and have to go up on Thursday for the day only. Some day I shall be able to tell you more of the circumstances. Here in the country we have been pretty quiet; and I have at last started my Virgil Society address. That, and a paper to read to the branch of the Book League at Cardiff at the end of September, are my only unavoidable tasks for this summer; though I suppose there will be an annual meeting of Books Across the Sea in August, at which I shall have to speak (I hope they can find somebody else to be president for next year, though it has involved very little work on my part).

I hope that you are now either in the mountains or at the sea: I am not very clar about the order of your visits. I have had further sad news of Campden: a letter from a lady in Southampton, who said that she was a niece of Mrs. Joe Clayton, and found my letter of condolence among her aunt's papers, wrote to tell me that Mrs. Clayton had died also. Her health had apparently been failing ever since her husband died. I had wondered what would become of her, as they were so extremely poor: so perhaps it is as well that they should be both at peace. I want to think that some day you will again be taking a little house in England in the summer - but somewhere else: a gulf of years seems to yawn between us and Campden - yet one can't say now - perhaps summer will come in Campden again.

Lovingly Tom

C C Faber Chairman C W Stewart P H Faber Vice-Chairman J Mosley & Morley Kennerley (Sec) L S Eliot W J Crawley

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letter 22.

7 July 1944.

Dearest Family

Nothing much has happened to me since a week ago. I was in London for one night only, and spent two days on my return simply answering the letters which I had brought down with me: my secretary being away for a week's holiday (none of the staff gets more than a week at a time now). I go up tomorrow for one night again, and have to go up on Thursday for the day only. Some day I shall be able to tell you more of the circumstances. Here in the country we have been pretty quiet; and I have at last started my "real society address", that, and a paper to read to the branch of the Book League at Gartiff at the end of September, are my only unavoidable tasks for this summer; though I suppose there will be an annual meeting of Books Across the Sea in August, at which I shall have to speak (I hope they can find somebody else to be president for next year, though it has involved very little work on my part).

I hope that you are now either in the mountains or at the sea: I am not very clear about the order of your visits. I have had further sad news of Hampden: a letter from a lady in Southampton, who said that she was a niece of Mrs. Joe Clayton, and found my letter of condolence among her aunt's papers, wrote to tell me that Mrs. Clayton had died also. Her health had apparently been failing ever since her husband died. I had wondered what would become of her, as they were so extremely poor: so perhaps it is as well that they should be both at peace. I want to think that some day you will again be taking a little house in England in the summer - but somewhere else: a cult of years seems to vary between us and Hampden - yet one can't say now - perhaps summer will come in Hampden again.

Love

Letter 23.

Shamley Wood,
Shamley Green,
Guildford.

10 July 1944.

My dearest Emily.

Your letter of June 22 arrived a few days ago: it makes me believe that you are tired and a little depressed. I am very sorry to hear that houses in Concord are prohibitively expensive, but not surprised, for I imagine that many Boston business men live there. But, unless it is necessary to buy a house, or unless houses can only be got on very long leases, I don't see why a house should commit you to living there for the next twelve years. But perhaps your next letter will explain: for obviously you are exhausted at the end of term, and returning to Commonwealth Avenue at such a time must be a great strain - it seems to me, an increasing strain every time. Poor child. I wish you could stay longer at Bleak House with Sylvia Knowles, in spite of its forbidding name: and now, I wonder, are you in Boston again, and how soon will you get off to Manan. And when you are rested, I hope you will let me know how and where you mean to live at the beginning of the autumn term. I should so much wish you to have somewhere to live, in which you could have all your meals, except possibly lunch, at home and in privacy: for I think this communal eating must be very tiring indeed, especially when you are not feeling very well. I wish everything were not so unsettled: I wish that something at least might be settled.

I have nothing much to report. I go up tomorrow for the one night: I have Gerald Graham, who was a nice young instructor at Eliot House twelve years ago, since a Professor in Toronto, and now in the Canadian Navy, coming to tea; and I think a couple of American sergeants coming in to see me after dinner. As Enid does not come up at present, I go over to the nearest hotel for my dinner, and Geoffrey goes out for his when I get back. This week I think I can avoid going up again for the day on Thursday: I am trying to take things as easy as possible: and the less of the time I am in town the fewer people I have to see; and except for the kind of letters which I normally dictate, I can work much better in the country. I feel more tired this summer than a year ago: I suppose that the last lap is the hardest for everybody. So I shan't write very long letters at present, but I will write every week - that is more important.

Yours loving
Tom.

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Letter 24. 17 July 1944.

My dear Eliot

I have just had my five days on end in the country, and go up tomorrow for the one night. This week I may have to go up again for the day on Thursday, which is fatiguing, but I sleep better in the country. You have no doubt had a good deal in your newspapers by now, about the automatic bombs on southern England: they are certainly a nuisance even to the most fortunate, though the destruction does not appear to be so great at that of proper air raids, and the chief danger is to people who happen to be out of doors and near at hand, or from flying glass - more windows broken but fewer houses demolished. The other difference, on the other side of the balance, is that air raids have a beginning and an end, whereas one of these may drop in at any time: though I am always surprised that there are not more of them. The Fabers have now begun spending a couple of nights at Russell Square again, instead of only one for fire-watching; but I do not think I shall attempt that just yet. And in town I always go about by Underground anyway. Since we are pretty quiet in Surrey, I feel all the more doubt about attempting to go anywhere else for a holiday - and any place one thinks of is likely to be pretty crowded - especially from now to the beginning of September anyway: and perhaps one ought to leave what accomodation there is to those who are less fortunately placed than I. I have spent these last days in finishing the first draft of my Virgil address, and hope to finish revising it in the next fortnight, so as to do my paper for Swansea, and another lecture for Algiers just in case I do go in the late autumn. I have just had to write to Christina Morley, as her father died (of the ailments of old age, I imagine) in Cambridge last week, and she will feel her exile all the more keenly. I do not know whether there are any relatives near enough to be of help to her mother. It seems strange that the two sons should have been killed in the last war, and the father die of old age during this. But I dare say that towards the end of this war - and one does now hope to see the

end of it before Christmas! - many old people will die, from a kind of fatigue, who otherwise would have lived a few years longer. I imagine that all middle-aged people throught Europe, except those who are in a far worse position, are now aware more of tiredness than of any other feeling, andwondering whether the end of the war will restore one sufficiently to face the perplexing, and largely insoluble, problems of the time after. But I suppose that attention is largely distracted, in America, to the forth-coming election, on which a person like myself can hold no opinions, and make no forecast.

I do not know where you now are, after your brief stay at Bleak House; but I hope at Manan, or somewhere equally suitable for the sultry season. You have said nothing of any plans of the Perkins's for a holiday out of Boston. I shall expect your letters to take longer in reaching me while you are away , though possibly at Manan you could connect with the air service as quickly as from Boston.

Your loving

Tom.

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Letter 25. 24 July 1944.

Dearest Emily,

Your letter of July 8 has just arrived, and gives me much to reflect upon. Two enclosures: the announcement of the birth of a child is certainly an odd piece of facetiousness (which one doesn't much relish) - I don't believe I have written to Mrs. Elsmith, but I will try to do so - I have many arrears, I fear, and now while my secretary is away ill, or convalescing, I am typing a good many of my own business letters. The letter from Moira Gwynne is very pathetic; and I don't like to think or her living alone in a flat in Westminster: I wish that those people had stopped in Nottingham, though it is a dreary enough place to be exiled in. I wish you could have given me Mrs. Seaverns' address, as I should like to try to see her: but perhaps a line to the hotel in Buxton will reach her eventually. She is a lonely person, and now without any of her customary supports.

Your description of Peterborough ("Bleak House") sounds most delightful: I am very sorry that such a restful and happy visit should be so short, and that you should have to return to the oppressiveness of a Boston summer in order to disinter belongings - always, I think, a rather poignant task. However, I suppose that by now you are starting for Manan: I wish that you might have as congenial a friend with you there. I want to know more about your plans after this coming year: but about that, and the rest of your letter, I think I will write again on Thursday or Friday: your letter only came this morning, I am off to London tomorrow, so I haven't wholly digested it. This is only to report that I am still sound and well: though this summer, largely because of the very hopeful prospects which keep one on edge, in expectancy of further events, is being more of a strain than any previous season since the autumn of 1940 - which was so very different.

Lovingly Tom.

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Letter 26. My Dear, 31 July 1944. ack Aug 17

I have your letter of July 11, and accordingly address you at Grand Manan, though with a certain misgiving, lest it should be slow and just miss you there: the trouble with your summers is that by the time I know that you are somewhere you are somewhere else. How right you are about my being cautious: I am quite aware of this foible, but I can't overcome it. But at first one hardly dared mention having even seen a fly-bomb, lest it should seem to give some clue to where they were dropping: now London is mentioned as being in the area. One becomes more used to them - except when they are proceeding directly over one's head. In "fire-watching" we divide into shifts (in London I mean), being on duty 2½ hours at some part of the night, andone may get several hours sleep: and this is only one night a week. As yet, I have spent only the Tuesday nights in town. What must be admitted is the feeling of relief when the sound indicates that the bomb is going to hit somebody else: one is ashamed of it, but goes on feeling it. But this does not happen too often. But, as things have been going, it seems as if the end of the war might come quickly, in advance of the extermination of the bomb-sites: and that will be the strangest experience of all. Perhaps I shall not be going to Africa after all: the scene of such activities may too soon shift to Paris.

I am glad to think of you getting out of Boston, with the humid heat you tell of. I am pleased that Eleanor should want to have a party for you. It must be five years at least since I have had a word from her. I get the impression (confidential) that relations between her and my family are not too good: she has been suspected of trying to "make mischief" between the members of my family in Cambridge. But it is so long since I have been in touch with her that I don't feel I know in the least what she is like now.

You may be sure that I was deeply grieved to learn of the death of Boerre - and though a piece of such culpable careless-

ness. It is better that this should have happened after you relinquished him, than before: yet that is not as much consolation as it rationally should be. All I can say is, that when you can have a successor to him, I hope that I may have the same share as with Børre: otherwise, I shall feel rather jealous and resentful of the intruder.

What you said in your previous letter, of which I should like a fuller explication, was that you intended to give up teaching after this coming year. I shall be very glad if that is possible, especially as nothing that has been offered you has been what you really wanted: but I wonder whether that means that you have some other kind of work in view, or whether you mean to retire on your very exiguous income? or what? But you do speak of "books Across the Sea", even if perhaps playfully. You would be surprised to know what a meagre existence that leads - so far as the London circle is concerned: it is only possible because of a few devoted women who live here anyway, and have other means. What its future will be after the war, I do not know, but it needs some wealthy benefactor to set it properly on its feet - I believe there is a function it could perform. However, I shan't consider this, or anything else, seriously until I know more clearly what you have in mind for the future.

You need not think of parcels. I have sometimes had parcels from Marian and Henry; but really, the things one has most craved for are things you can't supply - such as cheese (I mean good cheese), dry sherry, marmalade. In clothing etc. you are rationed just as we are: I have sometimes wished that it was permissible to send coffee to America - not that English coffee is good - as we have had no shortage of that, or indeed of tea, though that is rationed, and of course is not very good tea. But I especially, with a foot in the country, am very well off for food; and fortunately my wardrobe was particularly well supplied at the beginning of the war.

I don't think that I have become more self-centred: I confess I seem to myself rather less self-centred than I was, say fifteen years ago; but perhaps what you mean is, more encased in a shell. I do believe that these five years have had a

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withering effect - as well as aging one more rapidly. Let me hope that the autumnal grass can still revive in favourable weather: if we can have fifteen or twenty years of greater security and settled life - a period during which it will be possible to think ahead - and in which the things which I am best qualified to do, will seem both possible and worth doing.

Yours loving
Tom

You haven't sent
Mrs. Seaverns's address.

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Letter 27. 7 August 1944.

ah Aug 21

Dearest Emily August Bank Holiday.

very welcome!

It was a surprise to get your airgraph of July 25 this morning: I have been so accustomed to getting them only from young poets in Egypt, the Middle East and India, that this was what I expected it to be, so I wondered who it was that had found out my country address. I am relieved to learn that you had got my first fly-bomb letter: I have said a little more about them since, now that the general area affected, and London, are allowed to be mentioned. I have actually never seen, but only heard, any of those in the daytime: I have seen their red incandescence at night. In the country they are more bearable, not only because more infrequent, but because you can always hope that the one which misses you will land somewhere where it can do little harm.

I have now changed my fire-watching night to Wednesday - that suits Geoffrey better, and it means that I do not have the scramble to catch a train at the end of the weekly Wednesday afternoon board meeting. Therefore I may not go up for the day tomorrow, because I expect that the transport will be very crowded with people returning from the bank holiday. As things are, I have sometimes missed a train simply because the bus was too crowded to get on to. I am hoping that by theend of the summer London will be more peaceful; as, by the autumn, it will become more inconvenient to be only one night a week in town - at present, I trest it as a kind of substitute holiday: but I imagine that they will go on launching their projectiles from places in Holland, and perhaps even from Germany itself, until they are completely crushed. I wish now that I had ever visited Florence: but on the other hand, when a beautiful place one knows is in danger, it is all the more distressing.

I am very glad you are out of the heat: and I hope that there is no continual drone of aeroplanes over Grand Manan.

The evening at the Hinkleys sounded inexpressibly dreary. I can imagine Susan Wambaugh prosing on: she used to talk interminably about plebiscites - well, her activities in the Saar didn't do much good - and I suppose she now has some new topical subject, like Federal Union. Her company, at the Hinkleys, on a typical humid summer night in Cambridge, with mosquitoes buzzing outside the screen, and a few inside, and nothing in the way of mint julep or gin rickey to make it endurable, could not have been refreshing. And there always seems to be some dim and worthy new friend. I am relieved that you were not horrified by the Stockholm portrait.

I have finished re-writing my Virgil address for October (which is to be printed as a pamphlet by Faber & Faber), and must now tackle my talk for the booklovers of Swansea. Meanwhile the patient Hollering is quietly persistent: he lunched with me last week, and I am to have a private view (at his cinema, the Academy in Oxford Street) of a film in which I shall see, and pass upon, the actor whom he has in mind to invite to be Becket. But how soon I can turn my mind again to that depends on whether the African tour takes place or not - now that General Bradley is advancing towards Paris! I have just written to the head man of the B.C. to suggest that the question be re-considered in a month or so. It would have been rather exciting to have gone in May, but now I think I should rather wait and go to Paris.

Yours loving

Tom

nceton P

me Successor to THE DAILY PRINCETO

NCETON, N. J., MONDAY, JULY 24, 1

Princeton Naval Train
On November 25 A

Literary Club to Hear Thorp

Professor Willard Thorp will speak on T. S. Eliot's "Four Quartets" at the meeting of the Literary Club tomorrow evening at 8:45 in Whig Hall lounge. All who are interested are invited to attend.

up in a hurry. That drew gold out of the debtor country, and, if it did not have enough gold, forced it to abandon the gold standard and let the exchange value of its currency fall. Such sudden changes in the exchange value of one currency then disrupted relative currency values all over the world.

"That happened in England," he said, "When she ran out of gold in 1931, she borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank and the Bank of France. When she could not borrow any more, the exchange value of the pound fell from $4.86 to $3.15. Then people in other countries could buy $4.86 worth of English goods for $3.15, which often meant a sharp under-selling of home manufacturers."

To eliminate such chaotic changes in values the

Letter 28.

Shamley,
Feast of the Assumption.
1944.

Dearest Emily.

I like to think of you enjoying the sea breezes at Grand Manan, and I hope in congenial, or not un-congenial company. I wish with all my heart that I could be there for a month, away (I presume) from the noise of aeroplanes and other reminders of war - and I wish also that the times were such that one was uninterested in listening to the news, which becomes, during the last few days, more absorbing than ever. It is curious that in war time one should be distracted from the work one wants to do, by things that one only does because it is war time, and yet the war makes these things seem all the more trivial. I did rather enjoy writing my discourse for the Virgil Society: but I am not taking much pleasure in my lecture to the booklovers of Swansea, which has to be rather simple - about "what is minor poetry?" I am writing; and after that, unless the British Council do decide that there is no longer any point in going to North Africa (and it seems to approach nearer to pointlessness every day), revising a Swedish lecture in addition to the two lectures I have already prepared, which have gone out there to be translated into French for me. On the other hand, I admit that I have been rather lazy, lately, excusing it on the ground that it is August, and that one is more tired every year, and it is pleasant to sit under a tree eating the Shamley figs which are just ripe. Last Wednesday I had a party of American sergeants, who think they may be leaving soon, in for the evening; oh yes, and was given lunch by an author, of Lobster salad and champagne, with cream cheese, coffee and a liqueur, and that is a very memorable event, I can tell you, as I don't think I had tasted champagne for five years.

You see that I really have no news and no wisdom to communicate, and am only maundering on. I don't think I shall attempt to take even a whole week off in Shamley, until September: as my office is, at the moment, rather short of fire-watchers: and as I have the advantage which no one else has, of being able to spend six nights a week in the country, I don't feel entitled to a full holiday as well. If it were worth while trying to go away, say to the Highlands, it would be different: but I know that if I stayed here I should simply pass my week as I do at present, in work and pottering. I suppose if I wasn't so lazy I could enjoy holidays with a better conscience.

I hope that when you get well sun-burnt, and perhaps a bit stouter, someone will take a snapshot of you. I haven't seen any portrait, you know, with the new coiffure.

Lovingly Tom.

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Letter 29. 21 August 1944.

Dear Emily

Your good letter of August 5 has arrived, giving a very seductive account of The Anchorage, which seems to be a perfect combination of rustic simplicity and urban comfort - and no noise but that of waves, wind and birds, and the prattle of twenty-four Canadians. It made me long to be there, but I judge that already you may have flown. I am glad that you should be able to fit in a visit to Woods Holl, but I am very sorry that having to be at Nahant for Labour Day is what takes you back. You never get long enough in one place for your vacation. Yet what you say of your health and appearance is reassuring, though I should like to see for myself. Did none of the twenty-four possess a kodak? or is photographic film as unabtainable with you as it is here?

Now I understand better about the house. Of course, a house for which you have to go on paying for twelve years is a pretty serious burden to assume; and I don't wonder that, considering that you don't want to root yourself to that extent in Concord, you decided not to. (Does Abigail Eliot actually live there? or do you prophesy that she will? if it is Abigail s spiritual home it does not sound very stimulating). I wish that your terms did not start so early in the autumn, for you are always likely to get at least a week of extreme heat after the middle of September, and I don't believe the girls settle down to work till cooler weather. (I have a theory that the climate is a great handicap to American scholarship, because there is a stretch of three months in the year when the weather is too hot and too pleasant for any brain work; and on the other hand the Christmas and Easter holidays have to be too short. I wish one was allowed to mention the weather in letters, because a touch of weather would often make my accounts seem more real: but since the beginning of the war the only weather that may be mentioned here is that in the straits of Dover, and I never know what that is until I see it in the paper the next day. The weather in Normandy is public property, but not that in Surrey).

I am very sorry to hear about Mrs. Perkins's eye: please give her my sympathy. But many people seem to see very well for all purposes, with one eye almost useless: it must take xxxxxx time to get used to it, however. The Viceroy has only one eye, and seems to do very well with it both for war and for peace. I did write to Mrs. Seaverns at Buxton, and put "please forward" on it, but have heard nothing. I will look up Jim's wife in the telephone book, but if they have not been very long where they are, I shan't find it; and I don't know the name of his company, through which I might reach him. I should be surprised, however, if Mrs. S. were in London now.

I think I mentioned that I now fire-watch on Wednesdays instead of Tuesdays, and as I now have Faber and Morley Kennerley regularly as my companions, that is pleasanter than having an unknown member of the packing department (the latter usually play the wireless in the fire room the whole time until they go to bed, and then sleep heavily). And this week, I have got to go down to Minsted for two nights, Thursday and Friday: this isshort for the annual visit, which always takes place during Tom's holidays: but unfortunately the Roundabouts (Lady Rhonnda and her chum Theodora Bosanquet, who run "Time and Tide" together) are bringing Mary Trevelyan over to tea at Shamley on Sunday, and I have to be here. Them, I hope to take the following week off; and if possible, the following week too, as my blood pressure is extremely low (I am otherwise well) and it makes me stupid andsleepy. Thus I shall be fitter to go to Swansea on Sep. 26, address the Virgil Society in the middle of October, and)but I hope the last will no longer be necessary) go to Morocco.

Yours loving

Tom

To be Kept.

I am to speak of the debt of all European peoples to Rome, for the literature she has given us, and for the literature which she has helped us to create. It is a debt different, not in degree, but in kind, from that which we owe to any other civilisation. When we talk of the "debt" of one culture to another, we do not mean the kind of debt which can be repaid: yet we are apt to think of it as a debt which has been settled. We think of it as a debt incurred by our ancestors: we imagine that the debt is now written off, and that the books are now closed. Our debt to Rome is not like that: it is one which must be renewed and magnified in every generation. In thinking of this debt to Roman literature, you will think first, no doubt, of the debt of your own country: whether your country be mine, or any other land of Europe, you will reflect upon the difference to your literature, if your poets had never read any Latin poetry; of the difference to your education, if the Latin language had never been taught in your schools; of the difference to the language you speak, if the Latin language had never been spoken. But it is not of our several debts that I wish to remind you, but of our common debt. It is the formation given us in the past, the tradition of Latin culture which we have in common, together with our common religion, that created the European consciousness, the common mind in which we are Europeans. If the claims of this cultural kinship, which is Europe, and this spiritual kinship, which is Christendom, are to be respected; if the mutual bonds which have been forgotten in peace, before they were broken in war, are to be re-affirmed: we must not only acknowledge our debt to Rome in the past, but maintain and multiply it in the future.

To Rome we owe - and now in sorrow and humility - the dues of that pietas the practice of which Roman authors have taught us.

tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago
Saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit.

So Virgil's Aeneas addressed his father. Virgil gave us, in Aeneas, the pattern of filial piety; and Dante, the master of modern European poets, has left for other poets the pattern of piety towards Virgil:

> Virgilio, dolcissimo patre,
> Virgilio, a cui per mia salute die' mi.

Virgil must remain, for us, the exemplar of the literaty artist. But I do not think now, so much of his unique and permanent place for poets and readers of poetry, as of the difference Virgil's poetry has made to innumerable Europeans who have never read it: the difference it has made, in two thousand years, to the European sensibility, to the way we actually feel about nature, about man, about this life and even about the next. The question of our relative debts to Athens and to Rome has often been debated, and always vainly; for they are not debts in quite the same kind. But we must remember that it was through Rome, that our connection with ancient Greece, as with ancient Israel, was established; through Rome, Greece and Israel influenced us during the centures when Europe was being formed; and to Rome we owe the fact that we are Europeans. Et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

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Letter 30. September 1, 1944.

Rec'd Sept. 21st

Dearest Emily.

I suppose you are at the moment at Nahant (as I remember Labour Day, it is always very fine and hot, and everyone tries to be out of Boston to escape the parades): I hope you will have a more restful time at Woods Holl or New Bedford afterwards, before starting in Concord. The company of your Aunt Irene, even for a few days, does not allow complete relaxation. I am taking actually a fortnight off. Last Thursday I went to the Fabers - as of course they have very little petrol that meant train to Haslemere and then two buses, both crowded - for two nights: that was pleasant, and Anne as well as Tom was there - it was hoped that Dick might get leave from his cruiser, but he didn't. Minsted as infested with wasps as Shamley: Enid and her cook had both been badly stung - this is a phenomenal season for wasps. Then back to Shamley on Saturday afternoon: Lady Rhonnda didn't come on Sunday, as she had more guests than could be packed into one car, so sent only Theodora Bosanquet, Mary Trevelyan, and Charles Peake. I have had four days of doing nothing whatever useful - I meant to mow the lawn but a shower of rain damped the grass - and have written no letters to anybody till now - though my substitute secretary, anxious to err on the right side, is sending on almost everything, including Portugese propaganda and letters from Hindu poets. It is very restful to have two weeks without the journey to and from London. A letter from Christina, thanking me for my condolences over the death of her father, mentions having heard of the damage at the office, so I suppose someone has mentioned it in a letter: and I infer from that, that there is now no harm in my mentioning it. It occurred very early in the fly-bomb period: neither I nor the Fabers were there that night, which was lucky, as we should all have got very dirty from the ceilings coming down, and they might have got some fragments of glass. It was curious that he and I had been up in the loft just the night before, and had discovered some old bathroom fixtures, washbasins (what queer junk gets left in attics) at a point just over the head of their beds, and had moved them to a remote corner: what was also curious is that

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They did not come through the ceiling. On all the floors, most of the ceilings, on one side of the house were brought down; and some of the doors wrenched off; but no one was hurt, and the business was able to carry on as usual. That was the primary reason for stopping at present only one night a week in town, in a small office room which we moved into it is not so much a temporary place. My books are very fairly from disaster dust. London has been quieter lately, and we may hope to get through the rest of the war with no further damage. The news lately has been so astonishing that it seems quite unlikely that a new airplane announcement, like a bomb very dull.

I have at last met Mr. William Saroyan. To my surprise, I quite liked him; talked very sensibly, and not at all suppositious.

I have your last letter from Grand Manan (August 11) and like to think of you skippering a boat during May of Fundy. That is the sort of summer I should enjoy, and for you too. I also have your welcome aerogram of August 17 (but how I wish that I could get a reading glass, since these aerograms are invaded! I have just made it out, and will now address you at 24 Rain Street, Dunmore. (I don't remember "London Daily" unless it is a collection for Red Cross that Storm Jameson asked me to contribute to - but what I did for that, about war poetry, was in verse). This answers your question about a holiday. I return from Henry and from Christian also report great heat; I do hope that it will be over before the 15th, as Dunmore must be a furnace in hot weather.

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they did not come through the ceiling. All the glass, most of the ceilings, on one side of the house were brought down; and some of the doors wrenched off; but no one was hurt, and the business was able to carry on as usual. That was the primary reason for stopping at present only one night a week in town, as a small office room with my bed moved into it is not so comfortable. My books are very dirty from plaster dust. London has been quieter lately, and we may hope to get through the rest of the war with no further damage. The news lately has been so astonishing that if a news bulletin contains no new startling announcement, life seems very dull.

I have at last met Mr. William Saroyan. To my surprise, I quite liked him: talked very sensibly, and not at all bumptious.

I have your last letter from Grand Manan (August 11) and like to think of you skippering a boat in the Bay of Fundy. That is the sort of summer I should choose, and for you too. I also have your welcome airgraph of August 17 (but how I wish that I could get a reading glass, since these airgraphs were invented! I have just made it out, and will now address you at 54 Main Street, Comcord. (I don't remember "London Calling" unless it is a collection for the Red Cross that Storm Jameson asked me to contribute to - but what I did for that, about War Poetry, was in VERSE). This answers your question about a holiday. Letters from Henry and from Christina also report great heat: I do hope that it will be over before the 15th, as Concord must be a hot place in hot weather.

Your loving

Tom.

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Letter 30.

September 1, 1926.

Dearest Emily,

I suppose you are at the moment in Warant (as I remember Labour Day, it is always very fine and hot, and everyone tries to be out of Boston to escape the bretheren): I hope you will have a more restful time at Ports soil or New Bedford afterwards, before starting in Concord. The company of your Aunt Irene, even for a few days, does not allow complete relaxation. I am starting rehearsals early next month.

Last Thursday I went to the Tudors - and of course Nancy was very little affected that meant waits to dressers and then two hours, both crowded - for two nights: that was pleasant, and Anne as well as Tom was there - it was hoped that Dick might get leave from his cruiser, but he didn't. Winnied me invited with wasps as Sunday: Enid and her good had been nearly stung - this is a phenomenal season for wasps. Further back to Stanley on Saturday afternoon: Lady Ethelmia Alington's good on Sunday, as she had more guests than could be packed into the car, so sent only Theodora Bosanquet, Mary Trevelyan, and Charles Peake. I have the four days of Robin, leaving Wednesday 4-7 meant to mow the lawn but a shower of rain damped the grass - and have written no letters to anybody till now - thoughtfully substitute secretary, anxious to error on the right side, is sending on almost everything, including Portuguese programmes and letters from Hindu poets. It is very restful to have two weeks without the journey to and from London. A letter from Christine, thanking me for my condolences over the death of her father, mentions having heard of the change at the office, so I suppose someone has mentioned it in a letter: and I infer from that, that there is now no harm in my mentioning it. It occurred very early in the fly-bomb period: neither I nor the Eggs were there that night, which was lucky, as we should all have got very dirty from the ceilings coming down, and they might have got some fragments of glass. It was curious that he and I had been up in the loft, just the night before, and had discovered some old bathroom fixtures, washbasins (what queer junk people leave in attics) at a point just over the head of their beds, and had rowed them to a remote corner: what was also curious is that

Dear Jacques

I have added to be so late as possible I think these two weeks. Just as, during the last week, I wrote no letter except one to you; and as I then put in a good deal of the working on the lawn (a I think I mentioned) I have had to spend more time, writing few letters, during the second week that darkened for. The reason is that although neither my back nor arms were any the worse, it is my hands and fingers which rebelled against the unwonted exertion, so that my writers in a cramped about like an empty glove, when I tried to type, and as for using a pen, it is as much effort as for the most illiterate peasant. No doubt this will come right in a few days, but meanwhile I have to type with two fingers, pushing from the elbow, and the process is slow and laborious. The lawn mower was borrowed from a neighbour by the gardener; there are two pertaining to the establishment, but one wobbs by an engine, and there is no petrol, and the other had a broken so which can't be replaced. So I borrowed one, only the right hand edge cuts properly, so it is in effect only a half trees lawns made. I think I have greatly improved the appearance of the lawn, which cost us £15. A pleasure: though with four dogs wading over the lawn at all hours it is rather trying: I believe the night of me working at the lawn gives those dogs diarrhoea. Those dogs are undisciplined and now quite intolerable: it is fortunate that they are fully dogs, and they are used to me, but one of them (the one jumping Jeremy Addison) once bit the postman (who is one of the Surrey Militia, but known to the surrounds dogs friend) and the doctor, who is locum.

Much has happened during the past week: nothing has been heard of Eliot or anything concerning like one that flew over my head while I was lawning on Tuesday week, and the authorities encourage us to believe that this emplacement is ended. It may well be that the Germans will have

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Letter 31.

11 September 1944.

ack. Oct 5

My dearest Emily

I have aimed to be as idle as possible during these two weeks. But as, during the first week, I wrote no letter except one to you; and as I then put in a good deal of time working on the lawn (as I think I mentioned) I have had to spend more time, writing few letters, during the second week thanI bargained for. The reason is that although neither my back nor arms were any the worse, it is my hands and fingers which rebelled against the unwonted exercise, so that my fingers ha e flopped about like an empty glove, when I tried to type, and as for using a pen, it is as much effort as for the most illiterate peasant. No doubt this will come right in a few days, but meanwhile I have to type with two fingers, pushing from the elbow, and the process is slow and inaccurate. The lawn mower was borrowed from a neighbour by the gardener: there are two belonging to the establishment, but one works by an engine, and there is no petrol, and the other has a broken cog which can't be replaced. As for the borrowed one, only the right hand edge cuts properly, so it is in effect only about three inches wide. I think I have greatly improved the appearance of the lawn, which gives Mrs. M. pleasure: though with four dogs staling over the lawn at all hours it is rather trying: I believe the sight of me working at the lawn gives those dogs diarrhoea. Those dogs are undisciplined and now quite indisciplinable: it is forumnate that they are tiny dogs, a d they are used to me, but one of them (the more unp,leasant Australian) once bit the postman (who is one of the Surrey Elliotts, but known to the staff as Copperknob) and the doctor, who is Scotch.

Much has happened during the past week: nothing has been heard or seen of flying bombs since the one that flew over my head while I was lawning on Tuesday week, and the authorities encourage us to believe that this particular pest is ended. It may well be that the Germans will have

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too much to think about to launch any new surprises, though one is never sure that they won't want to end up with a burst of gas. Hetty, who likes to rouse me every morning with some bit of either good or bad news gleaned from a very inaccurate listening to the 7 a.m. news, announced this morning that the first of our shells had fallen in Germany. And the hope of having rather more street lighting, as soon after the change of time to single-summer-time as possible, is cheering. The Mirrless household enjoys itself making visionary plans for settling on the Riviera - at the moment Mrs. M. has in mind a particular house at Mentone, supposing that it is still standing, and that it is for sale - but they change their plans every few days. I think myself that Mrs. M. is too old and feeble for such a change now, but it isn't for me to say so; and in any case I feel sure they will have to pass another winter here. That will give me time to explore the possibilities of London; and I only hope the prices will come down. On the one hand it wasn't worth looking about until one was sure what would be left undemolished; and on the other, there may be a tendency for prices to rise again when London is safe. I am hampered by not having any furniture, and by there being no furniture to buy: that would be one of the advantages of joining with John, as he has furniture (including kitchen ustensils) in storage and still intact.

I believe I go this weekend to Chichester, and on the 25th for a couple of nights to Swansea. It is a pity that we can no longer communicate by airgraph, as I might have been using that: but now you are outside of the British Empire again, where the airgraph and the air letter are not in force. So I may receive one letter, but not more, before you remove to 54 Main Street Concord in a few days time. I do hope that Labour Day at Nahant was peaceful and unworried, and that you have had a few days at New Bedford or Woods Holl since then.

With all my love

Tom

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Letter 32 My dear, 24 September 1944. Adv Oct. 8

I resume after more than ten days. After the weekend in Chichester I went on to London, and then back to Shamley for two nights, but ~~with~~ was/ engaged with one or two rather difficult and urgent business letters which required careful drafting. (The weekend was rather more agreeable than most conferences, as it was not all "church" people, but several whom I knew in quite different contexts - it was a conference on Religion and Art. The party included Miss Dorothy L. Sayers, however, who never misses an opportunity to bring in the Art of drama, or the Art of detective fiction, poor soul, and talks far more than her share. I do not get the impression that all people connected with art, any more than all people connected with the stage, love each other warmly. It was pleasant to be in Chichester, the Ship Hotel was very comfortable, and the wee Bishop is a pet. End of parenthesis. I am off to Swansea tomorrow, with a packet of sandwiches for my lunch, aiming to arrive at Paddington at least one hour before the departure of the train, as even people like yourself would do nowadays. Arrive at Swansea soon after 7, if fortunate, to be received by Professor Thomas of the English Department of the local university. (I must try to get a new typing ribbon this week; I know this is going to be hard to read). The Mayor of Swansea, I believe, in the chair: somebody will have prepared a note for him saying who I am and what I do. After this, I return to London on Wednesday. Two further ardours: the Annual Meeting of the Books Across the Sea (presidential address, informal) on Oct.9, and the Annual Meeting of the Virgil Society (presidential address, formal) on Oct.14. After that I cease to have any responsibility for the Virgil Society, but I fear B.A.S. will hang round my neck for another year.

The prospects are for one more winter in Shamley. Mrs. M. can't possibly move until the spring, and has been hesitating over another house in the country (smaller estate, and more accessible, are what she wants) or waiting to see if it is possible to live on the Riviera. I doubt

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if it will be possible for English people to go to France to live for a long time to come, but I would not tell her sister Cockie this, as she is counting the imaginary hours until she can get back to her flat in Pau. Anyway, it is much better for John to stop at Merton Hall until the spring;and it is not going to be easy, I fear, to find suitable accomodation at a reasonable rent in London: with 900,000 houses, as is announced, badly damaged by fly-bombs in greater London, the housing shortage is going to be acute. By the way, I have started a course of treatment for writer's cramp, on my right hand and arm, with the Fabers' masseuse, a blind woman in Bush House, whom they swear by. She seems excellent. She has put me on to taking sanatogen and glucose, as she says that I use up my internal sugar too fast, and don't eat enough sugar. Some day I may be able to write you a legible letter in long hand. I enclose a touching letter from Mrs. Brocklebank: it was rather a surprise to get an acknowledgement so many months after I wrote to her. I have heard nothing from Mrs. Seaverns, and keep meaning to look up Jim's firm, but I don't know the exact name, and there must be many firms of the name of Fowler.

I have your letter from New Bedford: Mrs.Knowles's always sounds a particularly restful and serene place. I have never visited New Bedford, or seen most of my numerous relatives there. There was a Bobby Knowles at school with me, with a squeaky voice so that he always was a comic housemaid in the school play, who married Amy Thorpe I think. You have now got well started at Concord. I wish you could send me snapshots of your dwelling, of the school, and ven of yourself! unless photographic film is as unobtainable in the U.S. as it is in England. I have just REFUSED an invitation: to speak in Edinburgh in November. I shall begin telling you of the invitations I refuse, in the hope of convincing you that I have some character. The Swansea acceptance was to gratify Faber. I shall be thankful to be back from there. I missed hearing of Lady Adam Smith's book: if I had seen it, and knew you would like to see it, I should have sent it to you. The next book I send will probably be the edition of 4 quartets,

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If it will be possible for Mr Hart and people to go to France to live for a long time, I would not feel my sister Dockie like, as she is nowadays, the imaginary house until she can get back to her flat in Paris. Anyway, it is much better for John to drop at Lytton Hall until the summer; and it is not going to be easy, I fear, to find suitable accomodation at a reasonable rent in London; with 300,000 refugees, as is announced, badly housed by Ly-bombs in regular London, the normally-shortage-ridden rents are going to be sure. By the way, I have started a course of treatment for writer's cramp, on my right hand and arm, with Dr. Fraser; I am assured, a bright woman in Wimpole Mews, which they swear by. She seems excellent. She has put me on to taking extracts of glandular tissue, as she says that I have up my internal energy too fast, and don't eat enough sugar. Some day I may be able to write you a lengthy letter in long hand. Meanwhile a cousin's letter from Mr. Brooklyn; it was rather a surprise to get an envelope addressed in my handwriting so many months after I wrote to him. I have heard nothing from Mrs. Reeves, and keep meaning to look up Jim's time, but I don't know the exact name, and it must be many a time of the name or doctor.

I have your letter from New Oxford: the Knowledge is always sound a pretty pretty restful one scene place. I have never visited New Oxford, or seen more of my numerous relations there. Mrs Reeve was a cousin Knowles at school with me, with a cousin Mary, who married Amy Thorpe I think. You have now following subscribed my doctors. I wish you could send me diagnosis of your illness, direct school, and men of your-self! Mrs Bean's photographic film is as unobtainable in the U.S. as it is in London. I have just received an invitation to open the fall term in November. I shall begin getting you of the invitations I receive, in the hope of convincing you that I have some conscience. The Swedes suggestions are so practically sound. I shall be glad to be back from there. I finished reading of Lady Adam's book: if I can seen it, and when you would like to see it, I should have sent it to you. The next book I send will be Mr Eliot's essay on the religion of a democracy.

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much nicer than Harcourt's, in spite of our paper difficulties. Waiting anxiously for news of the airborne troops at Arnhem. Shamley is very quiet: no flybombs and Hope is rusticating at Battle. One of the nuisances of travel is having to take supplies, butter, sugar, tea etc. with one, and of course soap.

Yours devoted

Tom

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much more than 'amusing', in spite of our [illegible] difficulties. Falling curiously into news of the activities of Prince [illegible] Blanley is very quiet; no fighting and hope haunting the world. The [illegible] of the [illegible] of travel is having to take supplies, butter, sugar, tea etc. with one, and of course soap.

Yours [illegible]

Tom

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Letter 33.

3 October 1944.

Dearest Emily

ack. Oct 14th

Since I last wrote I have two letters, one from a place at Nantucket with an extraordinary name, and the first from Concord, of the 21st September. I have also received your birthday cable, which of course gave me great satisfaction; and which arrived just long enough after my birthday (spent in Swansea) for me to take it myself on the telephone. In your letter from "the Gordon Folger" your ink ran out, and, for the first time, some of what you wrote in pencil completely defeated me. Your pencil writing is never the clearer for its journey, but what you wrote on the back of a sheet on which you had written in ink with a think pen on the other side, has proved quite undecipherable. I was however able to read the first sheet, and assured myself that you had not been caught at Nantucket by the hurricane, of which Henry had told me, as I feared. I was also able to read your reproaches about Mrs. Elsmith, which I agree I fully deserve: and the sun shall not go down to-day until I have written to her. Your second letter was still more welcome. Owingto the habit of amateur photographers of posing their objects either with the sun full in their faces, or in complete shadow, the photographs are not wholly satisfactory: but it is evident that your figure has not suffered in the last five years - if anything, rather too thin; and in the group, I assure you that you look the most juvenile of the three. Perhaps the new hair-cut contributes: I can't see it well enough to make sure that I like it, but I think I do. The setting is very charming and peaceful looking; and altogether, qua snapshots, these give me much contentment.

I imagine that if my news about Russell Square had been sent earlier, it would have been blacked out before it reached you. In any case, public announcements of buildings damaged are not issued immediately. Lincoln's Inn, I understand, is not structurally damaged, only the usual blasting of windows and doors: it is Staple Inn (you may remember the front in Holborn - but that part remains - that was badly injured.

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London 23.

3 October 1944.

Since I last wrote I have two letters, one from a place at Kentucky with an extraordinary name, and the first from Bombay, of the 21st September. I have also received your birthday cable, which of course gave me great satisfaction and which arrived just long enough after my birthday (spent in Swansea) for me to take it myself on the telephone. In your letter from "the Bombay Telegraph" your ink ran out, and for the first time, some of what you wrote in pencil completely defeated me. Your pencil writing is never the clearest in the world, but what you wrote on the back of a letter on your typewritten ink with a typed-on on the other side, has proved quite impenetrable. I was however able to read the first page, and assured myself that you had been caught at Kentucky by the Dutchman, of whom Sidney had told me, as I feared. I was also able to read your remarks about the family, which I agree I fully deserve; and the sun shall not go down to-day until I have written to Sidney. You seem to have a still more welcome. Whereto the world of amateur photography of course that photo either with the sun full in their faces, or in complete shadow. Unfortunately are not wholly satisfactory; but it is evident that your figure has not suffered in the last five years - in anything, rather too thin, and in the photo, I agree you look the more juvenile of the three. Perhaps the new hair-cut contributes; I can't see it well enough to make sure that I like it, but think I do. The setting is very attractive, and a beautiful location; and altogether, quite exquisite, these give me much contentment.

I gather that my news about Russell Square had been merely early; it would have been blurted out before it reached you. In any case, public announcements of buildings damaged are not issued immediately. Fitzroy's Tutt, I understand, is not exceptionally damaged, only the usual blowing of windows and doors; it is the stable-yard (you may remember the front of Holborn - but that's pretty - that was badly injured.

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No complete list of damaged public buildings has been issued, or is likely to be for some time, I should expect. I am sorry to hear of Sylvia Knowles's elm tree s. Your description of your room in Concord sounds charming - but is it only "a room" in the singular? I should like you to have two rooms, anyway: I think it makes all the difference in feeling at home, to be able to go from one room to another and both your own, and not to have to sleep, work, etc. all in one room. And your round of work sounds very heavy indeed: is that due to wartime contraction of the staff, or would you be expected to do so much at any time?

I enclose a snapshot of myself, which, though made by a professional, is not as complimentary as yours (but what looks like a bald spot is only sunlight). You will notice that not only the Mayor of Swansea, but his wife also, wears chains of office: a custom, so far as I know, which must be peculiar to Swansea, or perhaps of this particular mayor, who is a brewery manager and a stout Conservative. Alderman Percy Morris, also in the picture, is a pillar of the Labour Party: otherwise, they might be brothers. Several of the group are local booksellers - I really went, qua publisher to oblige the booksellers who support the Association of Bookmen of Swansea and West Wales. It was all really very pleasant, and apart from having to stand in a queue at Paddington tor an hour to get onto the platform for the South Wales Express, I had a comfortable journey both ways; and I was treated with homely and genuine hospitability. The speech I made will appear in "The Welsh Review". There is a huge gap in the middle of Swansea: the middle of the town was bombed and burnt out in the early blitz, before they started coming to London at all: but their Guildhall, of which they are very proud, and which I must say is a very grand affair, built in 1937, is intact. I was especially interested in examining the Criminal Court part of it, and was able, on the same occasion, to stand inthe dock, the witness box, the jury box, and sit in the judge's chair. I also visited the cells. This, by the way, is my first experience of a Criminal Court (or any other).

This weekend I have to prepare my presidential address

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for "Books Across the Sea" annual general meeting, and go up on Monday for a night in order to deliver it: then I have to go up again on Wednesday, and again on Saturday just for the day in order to deliver my presidential address to the Virgil Society on Saturday afternoon. After that no particular engagements - except to go to Harrow to meet the boys' Poetry Society, and at the end of November speak again to the Churchill Club for American Soldiers (which suspended its entertainments during the worst of the flybomb period). Faber is in a nursing home in London having his antrum operated upon; Mrs Millington, the blind masseuse, is now convinced that my writers' cramp (which has been somewhat aggravated by the work I have done on the lawn at Shamley) is due to my having strained my neck and shoulder rowing on the Charles in 1912, and I think she is right. She also thinks I had some earlier jar to my neck as a child. She thinks she can put these things right, if I come to her once a fortnight: and I am to take regular doses of sanatogen and glucose, as she says that I burn up more energy doing the ordinary actions of life than most people do. So I hope she will help me through one more winter of war: for indeed I believe now that the German war will drag on till the spring.

Your photographs, somehow, have made me feel happier.

Your loving Don

Meg sent me a birthday cake as usual (a very good one) and a letter which I will not enclose in this lest I make it too heavy. They have had 70 to 80 people a day to tea during the summer, she says; and she and Doreen were just leaving for a fortnight's holiday.

G.C. Faber, Chairman C.W. Stewart R.H.I. de la Mare F.V. Morley R. Morley Kennedy (U.S.A.) J.S. Elliot W.J. Crawley

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T. S. ELIOT AT THE GUILDHALL: Group taken when the Mayor entertained Mr. T. S. Eliot and the Committee of the Swansea and West Wales Bookmen's Association to tea at the Guildhall. Front row: Mr. Hicks Morgan, the Mayoress, Mr. T. S. Eliot, the Mayor, Mr. Law. Second row: Mr. E. Howard Harris, Alderman Percy Morris, Mr. Leslie Rees, Profesors W. D. Thomas, Messrs. H. Meyler, Glyn Griffiths, Jonathan Lloyd, Back row: Messrs. Allen, T. L. Jenkins, B. B. Thomas, Mrs. B. B. Thomas, Mr. Aneurin ap Talfan Davies, Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Jonathan Lloyd, Rev. H. S. Willis (Mayor's Chaplain). See story on back page.

by PUBLIC AUCTION, at the HOTEL MACKWORTH, High Street, Swansea, on THURSDAY, the 28th SEPTEMBER, 1944, at 3 p.m., the Valuable Licensed Hotel known as

THE BUSH HOTEL, HIGH STREET, SWANSEA.

This Property is situated in one of the finest trading positions in the main street of Swansea, and has a frontage of 35 feet to High Street and a depth of 190 feet, with a return frontage to the Strand at the rear. The Property is not affected by the new Town Plan, and will therefore retain its key position in a street that will continue to enjoy full trading facilities, while other areas will suffer the drawback of extensive building operations.

The Hotel does a large business, and offers an opportunity to anyone wishing to acquire a properous going concern.

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Auctioneers, 115, Walter Road, Swansea (Tel. 4266), or from the Solicitor, J. Watkin Jones, Esq., 30, George Street, Swansea.

"MAESGWYN," SKEWEN.

For Sale with Vacant Possession.
Excellent DETACHED RESIDENCE
Standing in its Own Grounds.
Modern Conveniences.

For full particulars apply ROBERT S. PALMER, F.A.I., P.A.S.I., 4, Melbourne Place, Swansea. Tel. 2705.

and Estate Agent, Mansel Street, Swansea. Tel. 2087.

MILTON COURT, DRYSLWYN, CARM.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 30th, 1944.

Important SALE of SUPERIOR ANTIQUE and MODERN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, together with an Excellent Selection of SILVER and PLATED GOODS, CHINA and GLASS.

Sale at 12 noon prompt.
Terms—Cash.

D. J. THOMAS, F.A.I.,
WALTER JAMES & SON, F.A.I.,
Auctioneers, Llandilo.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

TO ALL TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I ROBERT JOHN PRICE of 1 Jones' Terrace, Ystrad Road, Fforestfach, near Swansea HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I will not be responsible for any debts or liabilities incurred by my wife RUTH PRICE at present residing at "Berswyn" House, Swansea Road, Fforestfach near Swansea, and that she has no authority to pledge by credit.

Dated this 25th day of September 1944.

(Signed) R. J. PRICE.

Witness: G. Williams 22 Stepney Street Llanelly Solicitor.

before September 30th, 1944.

The Hospital has been established as a war-time measure, and its future role cannot be determined until after the termination of hostilities. It necessarily follows that, for the time being, appointments must be on a temporary basis and non-superannuable.

T. B. BOWEN,
Town Clerk.

The Guildhall, Swansea,
September 23rd, 1944.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA.

Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Clerk with a knowledge of Shorthand and Typewriting. Wages £3 per week. Applications should be forwarded to the Registrar of the College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

To-Morrow Night
at the **PATTI**
A SELECT DANCE
with
ROY ALLEN AND HIS BAND.
M.C.: **Mr. Al. Gregory.**
Dancing 7—11.
Admission 3/-. Forces 2/-.

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

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSeum 9543 (4 lines) 24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 34. 16 October 1944.

Dearest Emily

As I think I warned you, I had a peculiarly distracted week, and wrote no letters. I had to go up on Monday for Books Across the Sea (I enclose the Times report, but I never heard of Dixon Wector before) and, as that was not over until after 7, had to stop the night. On Tuesday I had my massage from Mrs. Millington, and returned to Shamley; coming up again on Wednesday morning until Thursday night. Then I had to go up again for the day on Saturday for the Virgil Society address, found that the 5.45 train doesn't run on Saturday, and arrived at Shamley at about a quarter past eight. It just happened that these two meetings came the same week, and on the two most inconvenient days (I believe Saturday was Virgil's birthday, anyway). I hope, in funtre, to be able to stick to being on London on either Tuesday and Wednesday nights, or on Wednesday and Thursday nights. It has been a good deal quieter, and on Wednesday last I was able to sleep through the whole night without interruption. And I have had a quiet weekend, what there was of it, as nobody was here except Mrs. Mirrlees. The Field Marshal (Behrens Peg) is coming back week after next, having tired of Ilfracombe and finding it turning cold: I am glad of that, for if the house is full, the fuller the better, and I prefer not being the only p.g.

I have no letter from you meanwhile, and hope that this does not mean that your work is taking all your time and exhausting all your energies, as it sounded as if it would do. Will being in Concord make it possible to see a greater variety of people than in Poughkeepsie? I hope that you will be warm enough this winter: the season is already well changed here: but with sanatogen, and glucose, and halibut oil, and Mrs. Millington pounding my neck (it is possible that I may be able to write again with a pen eventually - my writing may be so improved that you won't recognise it) and the new cow that Mrs. Mirrlees is waiting for, I may get through even more successfully than last winter. And one is pretty sure that this is the last winter.

Your devoted Tom

Guard it published and posted.

C.C. Faber, Chairman. C.V. Stevens. R. Ellis Lakin. F.V. Morley. K. Morley. Kennedy Jones. T.S. Eliot. W.J. Crawley

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

Telegrams: Editorial London
MUSeum 5243 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 34.

16 October 1944.

As I think I warned you, I had a peculiarly distracted week, and wrote no letters. I had to go up on Monday for Books Across the Sea (I enclose the Times report, but I never heard of Dixon Scott before) and, as that was not over until after 7, had to stop the night. On Tuesday I had my massage from Mrs. Willington, and returned to Stanley; coming up again on Wednesday morning until Thursday night. Then I had to go up again for the day on Saturday for the Virgil Society address, found that the 5.45 train doesn't run on Saturday, and arrived at Stanley at about a quarter past eight. It just happened that these two meetings came the same week, and on the two most inconvenient days (I believe Saturday was Virgil's birthday, anyway). I hope, in future, to be able to stick to being on London on either Tuesday and Wednesday nights, or on Wednesday and Thursday nights. It has been a good deal quieter, and on Wednesday last I was able to sleep through the whole night without interruption. And I have had a quiet weekend, what time we was of it, as nobody was here except Mrs. Wirfless. The field varshal (Perrens Peg) is coming back week after next, having tired of Ilfracombe and finding it turning cold: I am glad of that, for if the house is full, the fuller the better, and I prefer not being the only p.g.

I have no letter from you meanwhile, and hope that this does not mean that your work is taking all your time and exhausting all your energies, as it sounded as if it would do. Will being in Concord make it possible to see a greater variety of people than in Fourmisopolis? I hope that you will be warm enough this winter; the season is already well charged here: but with sawdust, and fuel oil, and paraffin oil, and Mrs. Willington pounding my neck (it is possible that I may be able to write again with a pen eventually - my writing may be so improved that you won't recognise it) and the new gas tank. Virginia is waiting for, I say yet through even more abject slavery than last winter. And one is pretty sure that this is the last winter.

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

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MUSeum 9543 (4 lines) 24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 35. Dearest Emily. 23 October 1944.

I have your two letters of September 28 (yes, it's true that my birthday is the 26th - but of course the cable did not reveal the mistake, and as I was in Swansea it arrived in time in any case!) and October 6: and was rather startled to find 51 Main Street, plain as print - for once - at the head of both letters. The address as given in your airgraph, fromN.B. some time ago, certainly looks like 54; and you haven't always put it on since. But as you say you have received letters 31 and 32, which I must have sent to Concord, I trust that none will have disappeared altogether. I shall be glad, however, to be reassured about 33 and 34.

I have had a very quiet weekend: Hope returned from Wiltshire but in bed with bronchitis, Cockie gallivanting in London at the Sesame Club: it is delightful to be with Mrs. M. alone. On Wednesday the Field Marshal (Margaret Behrens) returns from Ilfracombe: but that is altogether a pleasant addition. Two small tasks imposed on this weekend: a short article for the Times Literary Supplement to kill two birds with one stone: satisfy Kenneth Kindsay who asked me to support his plea in The Times for "Anglo-American educational links", and advertise the education work of "Books Across the Sea". The latter is very active, almost too active, with Beatrice Warde the human dynamo back from New York, for my ease. I have also done a two-minute talk on "The responsibility of the Man of Letters" which I am to deliver, or try to, in English, French and German (somebody will make the translations for me) in the European service of the B.B.C. Also went to lunch at our neighbour's, Lady Pentland, to meet a Major Sedgwick of Boston: but the Major was unable to come, and there was nobody there except the Rhonddabouts. Lady P. reminisces of Mr. Gladstone, who was a friend of her father's. Tomorrow a busy day in town: C.N.L. lunch, massage at 2, tea with Edith Sitwell at the Sesame Club, and dinner with Maurice Haigh-Wood's wife, who is back in England with their small boy whom she wants to get in to Winchester. Thursday

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FABRAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSeum 5343 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 35

23 October 1944.

I have your two letters of September 28 (yes, it's time that my birthday is the 26th - but of course the cable did not reveal the mistake, and as I was in Swansea it arrived in time in any case!) and October 6: and was rather startled to find 51 Main Street, plain as print - for once - at the head of both letters. The address as given in your airgram, from N.B. some time ago, certainly looks like 54; and you haven't always put it on either. But as you say you have received letters 31 and 32, which I must have sent to Concord. I trust that more will have disappeared altogether. I shall be glad, however, to be reassured about 33 and 34.

I have had a very quiet weekend: Hope returned from Wiltshire but in bed with bronchitis, Cockie realizing in London at the Seagame Club: it is delightful to be with Mrs. M. alone. On Wednesday the Field marshal (Margaret Behrens) returns from Ilfracombe: but that is altogether a pleasant addition. Two small tasks imposed on this weekend: a short article for the Times Literary Supplement to kill two birds with one stone: satisfy Kenneth Findlay who asked me to support his plea in the Times for "Anglo-American educational links", and advertise the education work of "Books Across the Sea". The letter is very active, almost too active, with Beatrice Warde the human dynamo back from New York, for my case. I have also done a two-minute talk on "The responsibility of the man of letters" which I am to deliver, or try to, in English, French and German (somebody will make the translations for me) in the European service of the B.B.C. Also went to lunch at our neighbour's, Lady Pentland, to meet a Major Sedgwick of Boston: but the Major was unable to come, and there was nobody there except the Phondabouts. Lady P. reminisces of Mr. Gladstone, who was a friend of her father's. Tomorrow a busy day in town: O.M.I. lunch, massage at 2, tea with Edith Sitwell at the Seagame Club, and dinner with Maurice Baring-Wood's wife, who is back in England with their small boy whom she wants to get in to Winchester. Thursday

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

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for Dr. Oldham to meet Michael Roberts. Enclosed note from Janet: the copy for you went off on October 5, and note that it went to 54 Main Street, so please let me know whether it arrives. I am wondering whether it is my duty to go up again to London, on Saturday afternoon, in order to be present at St.Stephen's Dedication Festival I should certainly have retired from the wardenship several years ago, if there were any other possible person available for the job. Do you remember a friend of Jeanie's, a Mélanie Grant (now mrs.Hunter). She turned up the other day wanting me to attend a meeting of a weekend Youth Conference.

Your week sounds hard work enough: and I should think that having to take classes of such very different ages would involve a continual strain of re-adjustment. It sounds a big school. One thing I don't like is your having to pick up a mid-day dinner "somewhere" on Sundays. Do you still go out to a restaurant every evening - though a nice quiet place is better than eating with schoolchildren or undergraduates, I am sure. Even the Headmaster of Harrow can only stand dining with the boys (he runs a house as well) three times a week: and I am glad to say that he did not take me to dine with them. I hate a noise while eating.

My friends the Bussys (Dorothy Strachey) got a message through from Nice to one of her sisters here, to the effect that they were safe but that Nice was very near starvation, and they had only bread and grapes. The Riviera is of course under American control, so one can do nothing about it through English powers; and I am wondering if anything can be done at all. I have racked my brain, but I don't know anybody who could help. I am very much worried about possible starvation in Europe this winter: we had been told that vast preparations for relief had been made, so I hope that they will not hold them up until the end of hostilities. Does anything appear about it in the American press? with such widespread want, it is all the more difficult to do anything for a particular family.

G.C. Faber, Chairman C.W. Stewart R. Hill de la Mare F.V. Morley A. Morley Kemmerley M.A. T.S. Eliot W.J. Crawley

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABRAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSeum 5343 (4lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

for Dr. Oldham to meet Michael Roberts. Enclosed note from Janet: the copy for you went off on October 5, and note that it went to 24 Main Street, so please let me know whether it arrives. I am wondering whether it is my duty to go up again to London on Saturday afternoon, in order to be present at St.Stephen's Dedication Festival. I should certainly have retired from the wardenship several years ago, if there were any other possible person available for the job. Do you remember a friend of Jeanie's, a Miss Grant (now Mrs.Hunter). She turned up the other day urging me to attend a meeting of a weekend Youth Conference.

Your week sounds hard work enough; and I should think that having to take classes of such very different ages would involve a continual strain of re-adjustment. It sounds a big school. One thing I don't like in your having to pick up a mid-day dinner "somewhere" on Sundays. Do you still go out to a restaurant every evening - though a nice quiet place is better than eating with schoolchildren or undergraduates, I am sure. Even the headmaster of Harrow can only stand dining with the boys (he runs a house as well) three times a week; and I am glad to say that he did not take me to dine with them. I hate a noise while eating.

My friends the Bussys (Dorothy Strachey) got a message through from Vice to one of her sisters here, to the effect that they were safe but that Vice was very near starvation, and they had only bread and grapes. The Riviera is of course under American control, so one can do nothing about it through English powers; and I am wondering if anything can be done at all. I have racked my brain, but I don't know anybody who could help. I am very much worried about possible starvation in Europe this winter: we had been told that great preparations for relief had been made, so I hope that they will not mild them up until the end of hostilities. Does anything appear about it in the American press? With such widespread want, it is all the more difficult to do anything for a particular family.

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

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24 Russell Square London WC1

Well, I hope that you at least don't starve this winter: but I don't taking your meals here and there is at all good for you. So I wish you would give me some particulars of your diet: what you eat, where you eat it, and at what times. Can you get anything for yourself, like a warm drink before going to bed?

I shall try to send your birthday greeting off tomorrow, but it may have to wait till Wednesday. I always feel more reliance on a large postoffice in London that upon the village postoffice in a corner of the village stores.

Your loving
Tom,

I can write a little more easily, for a few sentences, than a few weeks ago.

G.C. Faber, Chairman C.W. Stewart R.H.L. de la Mare L.V. Morley & Morley Kennedy (g.a.) T.S. Eliot W.J. Crowley

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FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
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24 Russell Square London WC1

Well, I hope that you at least don't starve this winter: but I don't taking your meals here and there is at all good for you. So I wish you would give me some particulars of your diet: what you eat, where you eat it, and at what times. Can you eat anything for yourself, like a warm drink before going to bed?

I shall try to send your birthday greeting off tomorrow, but it may have to wait till Wednesday. I always feel more reliance on a large postoffice in London than upon the village postoffice in a corner of the village stores.

Yours ever
Tom

I can only
hope
Tom
Tom

The Garth Penrith Cumberland

21 October 1944
Trafalgar

Dear Tom,

Four Quartets arrived two weeks ago. I didn't write at once, thinking so rare a present shouldn't be acknowledged in a hurry; now it is high time, and I say Thank-you with all my heart. To get a book (that one would want above all others anyway) like this, adds immensely to the reading of it, bringing friendliness, and a sense of leisure - no need, thank heavens, to look for a pencil and make notes for a review. Last Saturday, after a good but noisy afternoon with Hokey's belated birthday party, I gave myself a good evening: the Emperor Concerto on the gramophone, and then Four Quartets. I'm glad they have appeared in the same year as Rome and Paris; and I am glad we have them to colour our thoughts and memories of 1944 as well as the other things.

Helen Sutherland, who is visiting in London and Oxford, writes of your Vergil lecture: I wish I'd been there; now that the children are getting on and I have a bit more leisure I begin to think of the advantages of city life from time to time. It would be nice to go to a concert and see some pictures. But Penrith is a very good place for bringing up young children, even though we have looked out at rain and mist for what seems like weeks now. Flora has joined Hokey at school, and wears the badges of servitude (Gym tunic and pigtails); she seems to like it all right. And Hokey

plays football and does homework in ink. Adam is determined and hearty and a convinced believer in the superiority of boys. 'That's poison', I heard him tell a visiting girl who was picking some flowers, 'not poison for boys, but poison for girls'. We all had a good month at Braemar, with my mother, and my sister and her children - for a change, the weather was really wonderful.

It's a long time since you were here; I wish some lecture somewhere would provide a reason.

With all thanks, and love,

Janet.

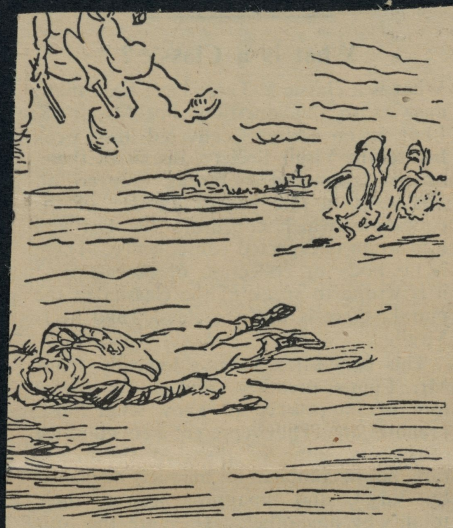
TLS 21.X.44

What is a Classic?

What is a classic? There have been many answers to this question, but Mr. T. S. Eliot, in an address delivered last week before the Virgil Society, dismisses them, for though sound as far as they go, all fall short in one way or another of the conditions which constitute his test and lead to an unexpected consequence. There is no body or collection of the classics; it is wrong to speak of the classics in the plural; there is but one classic, and he is Virgil.

This conclusion follows logically from Mr. Eliot's premises, and it is therefore of importance to know what those premises are. They represent a concurrence of factors, none of them in themselves rare, but in combination uniquely displayed by Virgil, and unapproached in their totality by any other. They are the four maturities—of mind, of manners, of language and of literature; the possession of two or even three of these has not been uncommon, but the four together have never met except in Virgil. So exacting a standard may shock, but it has, as Mr. Eliot shows, its value in criticism and even its consolations for the friends of the runners-up. Indeed we in England may be thankful, Mr. Eliot suggests, that we have no classics of this supreme kind; if we had, there would be little or nothing left for further development. The Latin mind, manners, language and history were concentrated and consummated in Virgil, after whom there was no room for anyone else. English and other literatures have escaped this perfection, so that English at any rate is conscious of a future and feels capable yet of novelties, having already done a great many things excellently but not under the intensification of conspiring circumstances which produced the Roman master.

Only another way of conferring high and just praise on Virgil's achievement, it may be thought; and why this forcing of a definition? For two reasons, Mr. Eliot would answer. First we have the strictest possible criterion for judging others; by this test we shall perceive that a Catullus will fail in manners; that a Milton is too remote (as Virgil and Pope in England were not) from the language or common style of his age; that a Goethe is rather too German; that many writers endeared to their own countrymen are tinged after all with a provincialism; and so on. They become "relative classics," no term of reproach, far from it; but it is by the conception of the absolute classic that we are all the better enabled to appraise them. Secondly there is the European reason for thus singling out Virgil. Virgil does, even now, for Europe what no other author can be presumed to do. To Latin literature, small as it may be, and through Virgil its supreme representative, Europe has looked and will continue to look for the sources of its fundamental unity. Here no other voice can fulfil the role of Virgil and no other language that of Latin, which "sacrificed in compliance to its destiny in Europe the opulence and variety of later tongues, to produce, for us, the classic." This is nobly said, and is on a higher plane than Gibbon's "I believe that the classics have much to teach, and I know that the barbarians have much to learn." Yes, they have indeed, for they are now no longer outside the European pale, and, as Mr. Eliot says, the maintenance of the standard set by Virgil is the "defence of freedom against chaos."



wing by Jack Yeats, from "And To You Also"

all set out. I would look my last look but one on him, and give my last to the band and the people, and they'd stand up and they would give me a lament soft and low as I fell on sleep.

It is just like this book to have told us, pages and pages before, that it was the Reilly who died that very night, and by a real death.

Mr. Yeats has made this kind of writing look very easy. Some of his readers, perhaps, will begin to wonder when they come to the line drawings, of which there are twenty-four ostensibly in illustration of the text. They, too, look easy; and goodness knows what labour of years has gone to the making of that ease. We have found no call to try to fit each drawing to any corresponding idea in the text; each is joy enough of itself. But the particularly remarkable drawing here reproduced has evidently some connexion with the talk of racing.

COMMENTARY

reader to trust in Dr. Philligo's—that is to say in Mr. Vulliamy's—knowledge of Church matters.

There lies one of the superficial difficulties of the very difficult literary form in which this book is Mr. Vulliamy's third adventure. It would be difficult enough if Dr. Philligo were allowed the whole book to himself. But Mr. Vulliamy has bravely dared the greater risk of commenting on the doctor's diary, and taking shots at the sitters for himself. When the doctor makes entries in his diary of newspaper reports of public affairs, he is giving Mr. Vulliamy the cue to speak for himself, within square brackets. During that period, 1887 to 1902, there were some very large and easy sitters. The first we come upon is the Parnell Commission—a sitter to the multitudes who, like Dr. Philligo, never (and doubtless for excellent Weggian reasons) read right slap through the full reports, to learn the origin, course, and result of the investigation. There were the affairs of South Africa; and it is Mr. Vulliamy undisguised who lets fly in the usual terms at Joseph Chamberlain, Rhodes and Milner, but keeps some specially savage abuse for the "fantastic, mendacious and unprincipled" Jameson. "It is not easy," he laments, "to be charitable in the case of men like Jameson"—would fairness, perhaps, come a little easier? Lastly, not every one who has studied the eighteen-eighties will be satisfied with such statements as: "Of course there was no question of the Church or the State or the Public doing anything at all to improve the conditions under which people were living in the East End of 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 AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSeum 9543 (4 lines) 24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 36. Dear Emily 31 October 1944.

I have no letter from you. I hope that my cable arrived in due time: I should like to know, as I sent it two days ahead, on the Wednesday morning. I wonder if you had your birthday celebrated foryou in Boston at the weekend. I have no news of any moment: I have just had five days in the country, as I came back on the Thursday, and am going to town this week from Wednesday to Friday: I shall thus get only three days next time, but I think it is worth while sometimes varying the routine. Now that I have got the Virgil behind me, and the proof corrected; and have done my odd jobs for BAS and the BBC (I recorded my little speech, and am to try recording it in French and German as well: this is Bobby Speaight's "European Service") I have had another look at the Murder scenario, and have actually drafted two (prose) speeches. Most of the additional words wanted are short sentences which might be either verse or prose; and there I have not much to do except to put Hoellering's words into more muscular English: but there are, I think, a couple of verse passages wanted. This has been hanging over me for two years or more: and I really must try to do it to oblige Hoellering, though there would be £750 advance royalties for me if the film were actually completed.

I have been depressed by the sudden death of the Archbishop. I often criticised his words and actions; I thought he had an able and facile, rather than a profound man: he never struck me as a very strong man either; and his great affability had to me a rather chilling impersonality about it. The sort of man who would be (and probably was whenat Repton) a very popular headmaster with schoolboys. Nevertheless, I think he was a much more important man than anybody who is likely to succeed him: and if his successor is (as many people expect to be) the present Bishop of London, that is a man whom I find decidedly less congenial than Dr. Temple - and I fear a narrower mind. This news coincided with a letter from Mary Trevelyan, who is at the head of a Y.M.C.A. in the Low Countries now, suggesting quite appalling conditions of demoralisation and starvation. I doubt whether Europe will be

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Letter 76.

31 October 1944.

I have no letter from you. I hope that my cable arrives in due time: I should like to know, as I sent it two days ahead, on the Wednesday morning. I wonder if you had your birthday celebrated for you in Boston at the weekend. I have no news of any moment: I have just had five days in the country, as I came back on the Thursday, and am going to town this week from Wednesday to Friday: I shall thus get only three days next time, but I think it is worth while sometimes varying the routine. Now that I have got the virgil behind me, and the proof corrected; and have done my odd job for BAS and the BBC (I recorded my little speech, and am to try recording it in French and German as well: this is Bobby Desaignt's "European Service") I have had another look at the Murder scenario, and have actually drafted two (prose) speeches. Most of the additional words wanted are short sentences which might be either verse or prose; and there I have not much to do except to put Woolfering's words into more musical English: but there are, I think, a couple of verse passages wanted. This has been hanging over me for two years or more; and I really must try to do it to oblige Woolfering, though there would be £750 advance royalties for me if the film were actually completed.

I have been depressed by the sudden death of the Archbishop. I often criticised his words and actions; I thought he had an able and facile, rather than a profound mind: he never struck me as a very strong man either; and his great affability had to me a rather chilling impersonality about it. The sort of man who would be (and probably was when at Repton) a very popular headmaster with schoolboys. Nevertheless, I think he was a much more important man than anybody who is likely to succeed him; and if his successor is (as many people expect to be) the present Bishop of London, that is a man whom I find decidedly less commercial than Dr. Temple - and I fear a narrower mind. This news coincided with a letter from Mary Trevelyan, who is at the head of a Y.W.C.A. in the low countries now, suggesting quite appalling conditions of deprivation and starvation. I doubt whether Europe will be

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in anything like what we should call order during the rest of our lifetime; and I only hope that Britain and America will be able to hold together for the next, difficult generation: but there are great difficulties to be overcome there too, I fear. I suppose that the presidential election is the only topic in your papers at the moment: it seems to be the current expectation that Roosevelt will be re-elected by a narrow majority.

However, the prospect of the war dragging through the winter has damped everyone's spirits: and the destruction and waste seems more senseless than ever. I don't think I have any particular reason of a personal kind for depression, as I am in excellent health: but one does wonder whether one's own life too will ever come out into a patch of sunlight again. Yet, at the same time, one knows that at a time like this our personal futures cannot take a very important place.

Margaret Behrens is here again, which is cheerful. This coming weekend is going to be a crowded one, with Margot Coker coming, and a Christian Science lady, a protegée of Mrs.M.'s (whome everyone else finds very boring).

And I feel very boring too. This is not a very suitable birthday letter, my dear!

Lovingly
Tom

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Marcel Schwob is here again, which is cheerful. This coming weekend is going to be a crowded one, with Margot Joker coming, and a Christian Science lady, a protegée of Mrs. W. (whome everyone else finds very boring).

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Letter 37. 6 November 1944.

Dearest Emily.

If you get all of my letters, and the book, with all this moving about, I shall be surprised. I hope that your late landlady has not taken to detaining your letters arriving after you, as a final oddity. I am distressed that you should have had this torment and inconvenience, and at a time when your strength and attention are being taxed by the work with new pupils. Some people take that kind of unpleasantness very easily, but I find it shattering. But though I deplore the distance (do get a bicycle, if they are still obtainable and not at a fabulous price, for use in possible weather - then you ought to have an oilskin cape and perhaps trousers too, and a handle basket - if the road is not hilly) I should prefer that, on the condition of having two meals a day at home - if the food is wholesome and palatable. I think that going out for all meals is too much for anybody. Does that mean that you eat those meals alone with your landlady? Would it not be possible to have a modest breakfast on a tray in your room? I do hope that she will not prove wearing company.

My mother's parents used to live near Lexington, you know. It was very rural then: though my memory is very dim, and I only just remember them both. I dare say the house is gone now: they cut a road just below it, and the street-car line ran past. But in those days it was a farm - I don't know how big a one, run by a sort of bailiff. I remember best the smell of the stable and the cow-barn, most delightful to a child, an old surrey-wagon in which I think we were driven from and to the station (for one went there by train); also the rag mats and the round tub-bath in front of a bed-room fire, and the pleasant musty smell of an old house. I think my grandfather was a rather ineffective person of literary tastes, somewhat like Henry: his two brothers were more successful - one was Dean of the Law School, and Foxcroft House was his house, the other was a professor in the Divinity School. He sat in a skull cap in his library, reading the works of Walter Scott. My grandmother,

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who died first, I remember as a laughing merry soul, in spite of having had a pretty hard life: her family, the Bloods, were of Anglo-Irish origin, and I imagine that from her I get my taste for simple jokes and any cheerfulness I possess: for my grandfather was rather depressed, and no one could say that the Eliots are much given to mirth and whimsicality. (Your Mrs. Brocklebank is a remote member of the same family!) Besides, the founder of the Blood fortunes (such as they were), who was I believe the son of a blacksmith, made a name for himself by trying to steal Charles II's crown jewels. I remember Grandma Faraway, as we called her, with much affection, considering how little I was when she died: for she was cosy and made beautiful gingerbread, and I never felt for Grandma Eliot anything but awe. Grandma Eliot tended to be identified in my childish imagination with Pope Leo XIII, her Italian contemporary whose portrait I had seen - probably in the possession of my nurse-maid. I liked it when Annie took me with her to say her prayers in the little Catholic church on Locust Street, because of the decorations and lights, and because the pews had little gates to them, with latches.

In spite of good intentions, I have been interrupted in work (did I tell you that I wrote two prose speeches for Becket, but I have not yet heard from Hobbling about them - perhaps his attention is absorbed in his law-suit with the British Council) by the kind of chore which I am unable to refuse in war time. I hope the B.B.C. is not going to prove like the British Council - getting me to do jobs which never come off, for I have not yet been notified of the delivery of the programme I recorded for them , or of the arrangements for recording in French and German. Meanwhile I have to go on tomorrow afternoon to record another short speech in French for the French Section (which seems to be quite distinct from Bobby Speaight's European Section, and they don't seem to know what the other is doing) and on Thursday morning to a studio in Maida Vale to be filmed reading a very short poem, for a film of B.B.C. work to be shown in India. Then I have to prepare a short speech - which you might be able to hear, for the Columbia System, in connection with the opening of the Books

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Across the Sea Exhibition of American Children's Books next week. And finally, an informal talk on Milton for the Churchill Club for November 29th, Archbishop Lord Lang in the chair (that's the American soldier's club - I mean the club for high-brow American soldiers, you know). Tomorrow a difficult lunch with Lord Hambleden and Mrs.Bliss about the future of the Christian News Letter, and the Rev. Eric Fenn (asst. religious director of the BBC) in the evening to discuss the Moot, my sweet wee S/Sgt. Murray Hickey Ley in to see me on Wednesday; and trying at the same time to carry on an elaborate correspondence with Karl Mannheim and with Michael Polanyi about the Rôle of the Intelligentsia. I rather wish that Mrs.Millington (the blind masseuse) was not given to prophetic dreams and visions, but she comes from Orkney and can't help it. It was William Blake (presumably the poet of that name) who presented himself to her the other night carrying a book and a pen, and said "Mrs.Millington, I want you to give a message to Tom Eliot. Tell him he must do it quickly. He will understand what I mean." I am afraid he doesn't. I should never presume to address him as Bill: but I concede that his great seniority to me gives him the privilege of familiarity.

Well, I must stop maundering. You are probably listening for election returns. I did go to the Christianity and the Young Citizen Conference to please Jeanie's friend Mélanie Hunter, but I didn't say anything. Fortunately I had to leave to catch my train just as C.S. Lewis and Barbara Ward were starting a set debate.

Your loving
Tom

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5.

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Letter 38. 12 November 1944.

Dearest Emily

Shamley Wood has been through one of its frequent crises this week: Mappie has again sold her house and again withdrawn at the last moment. A certain Lady Murray had taken a fancy to it (for it was one of the spells during which the house is on the unfortunate house agent's books) and Mrs. M. accepted her offer for a typical reason - because she was the first person to want the house who was "somebody of one's own class". The doubts came directly afterwards, when it was borne in upon her that the war might ~~xxxxxx~~ not be over by the first of April, that she wouldn't be able to go abroad, and that she might not find a house to suit her in the time. The last, indeed, was very unlikely, as she wants a house small enough to run with a couple of indoor servants but large enough to accomodate a large staff and several visitors at once, in perfect order, with no land to speak of but a large garden (also in perfect order) and an orchard, a garage, a cottage etc., in a high position but on the level, with a fine view but not exposed, near London but in the warmest part of England etc etc. I carefully abstracted myself from the interminable discussions, and never offered an opinion unless it was dragged out of me: but I am rather relieved that she has now written to say that her trustees do not approve of her moving. For I don't imagine that London will be very comfortable until the autumn of next year, I wouldn't like to have John come back to town so long as there is any danger, and I should have to find some temporary furnished quarters. And I certainly should not be so well fed. Of course, I think that from a detached point of view, it would be crazy for an old lady of 83 to try to move in wartime, when you can't get alterations and decorations done, when she would have to do without a cow and without eggs until she could start a new hennery, and when she might not be able to get so much fuel anywhere else - for here she can cut her own wood. I enclose a letter from the Field Marshal which gives another view of the situation. If it seems to you spiteful, that is a mistake: she is very loyal to them.

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24 Russell Square London WC1

Letter 38.

12 November 1944.

Shanley Wood has been through one of its frequent crises this week: Maggie has again sold her house and again withdrawn at the last moment. A certain Lady Murray had taken a fancy to it (for it was one of the spells during which the house is on the unfortunate house agent's books) and Mrs. ". accepted her offer for a typical reason - because she was the first person to want the house who was "somebody of one's own class". The double game directly afterwards, when it was borne in upon her that the war might ~~xxxxxx~~ not be over by the first of April, that she wouldn't be able to go abroad, and that she might not find a house to suit her in the time. The last, indeed, was very unlikely, as she wants a house small enough to run with a couple of indoor servants but large enough to accommodate a large staff and several visitors at once, in perfect order, with no land to speak of but a large garden (also in perfect order) and an orchard, a garage, a cottage etc., in a high position but on the level, with a fine view but not exposed, near London but in the warmest part of England etc etc. I carefully abstracted myself from the interminable discussions, and never offered an opinion unless it was dragged out of me: but I am rather relieved that she has now written to say that her trustees do not approve of her moving. For I don't imagine that London will be very comfortable until the autumn of next year. I wouldn't like to have John come back to town so long as there is any danger, and I should have to find some temporary furnished quarters. And I certainly should not be so well fed. Of course, I think that from a detached point of view, it would be crazy for an old lady of 85 to try to move in wartime, when you can't get alterations and decorations done, when she would have to do without a cow and without gas until she could start a new harvery, and when she might not be able to get so much fuel anywhere else - for here she can cut her own wood. I enclose a letter from the Field Marshal which gives another view of the situation. If it seems to you painful, that is a mistake: she is very loyal to them.

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I have done my broadcast in French - hearing the recording, it did not sound so French as I should like, but very much like a cultivated Englishman, not myself, talking French. However, they seemed to think it was good enough, and I am to be tested for German next week. I have also to record a Books Across the Sea talk (3 minutes) on Tuesday to be transmitted soon by Columbia to America: I don't know how people in America get to know about programmes; and I dont suppose you have a wireless set in your house anyway, or not one of your own. I have also been to Maida Vale to be filmed reading a poem that was not meant to be in capitals but my finger slipped for the film to be shown in India. I shall expect to have a private view of the whole film and dread finding out what I look like to other people. The process is less painful than it used to be, as they dont paint you yellow and the lamps are not so hot. Mr. Hoellering likes the bits of script which I have written towards his film of Murder, which encourages me to try to complete this scene at the next weekend.

The flat at Russell Square is nearly ready for reoccupation. Did I tell you that I am luckier than most, so far, as both my present bed room and my office room there, and my flat bedroom, are on the side away from where the bomb fell in June, and therefore have most of their glass in the windows. As one can't get glass replaced now, and as the aguze substitutes for glass, besides letting out the heat, are apt to tear and let in drafts, this is a great advantage. I should like to know what your girls learn: I mean, both what you teach them, and what other subjects they study. I have written an article in the Times Educational Supplement, which I will send you as soon as I am sure that there will not be any correspondence about it (for one cant get duplicates of periodicals now) and I want to know more about American education. It will soon be the end of your first term: Advent is nearly here already. I had a visit from Mrs. Green (about the Central Council of Women's Church Workers of which she is a member) which roused poignant memories. I should have liked to think that the summer of 1945 might vary the last four, but it is wiser not to expect that. Your loving Tom.

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Yours

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

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Letter 39. 20 November 1944.

Dearest Emily,

On returning from London this week I found your parcel from S.S.Pierce - the most perfectly packed that ever I had, containing marmalade and liver paste. I don't know whether to consider it a birthday or Christmas present, but it was very sweet of you. Liver paste is unknown, and of marmalade there cannot be enough. I have kept the paste for Shamley, where I can enjoy it at tea, and the marmalade for Russell Square, where it is more needed - besides, I thought it would be tactless, in a Scottish household, to exhibit a pot of marmalade labelled SCOTCH TYPE. Of course I have to share my good things received, but of course I get a share of other people's parcels, and the Mirrlees occasionally get a parcel from South Africa and from India. I only wish I could send you things you need in return, but even so, there would not be much to choose that you could not get better at home.

I had a busy week, first chairing for Sir Ernest Barker: he was excellent value, made just the right speech, the hall was filled, and altogether the good ladies of BAS were in ecstasies of pleasure; and as my article in the Educational Supplement had appeared the week before, and there was a leading article in the Literary Supplement two days before, they felt that the spotlight was upon BAS as never before. I enclose both these cuttings, and a report of the exhibition: would you be so good as to send them on to Henry when you have read them, as he treasures these records, and it is impossible to get extra copies of periodicals now, so I have only the one set to send. Then on Tuesday I repaired to the same place for the broadcast recording: I was told that it would be heard in New York at 7 p.m. the next evening, but there wasn't time to notify anybody. They said it would be advertised in the papers, but I fear that it might easily be overlooked: I wish that the time could have been fixed long enough ahead to give you warning. I thought the speeches were quite good - a woman who wrote children's books, a librarian of a children's library at Hendon, and Mrs. Street, as well as myself, with an Interlocutor or Master of Ceremonies. I found that a little opening speech with "hello, listeners in New York" had been

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letter 79.

20 November 1944.

On returning from London this week I found your parcel from S.S. Pierce - the most perfectly praised that ever I had, containing marmalade and liver paste. I don't know whether to consider it a birthday or Christmas present, but it was very sweet of you. Liver paste is unknown, and of marmalade there cannot be enough. I have kept the paste for Sunday, where I can enjoy it at ease, and the marmalade for breakfast, where it is more needed - besides, I thought it would be useless in a Scottish household, to exhibit a pot of marmalade labelled SCOTCH TYPE. Of course I have to share my good things received, but of course I get a share of other people's parcels, and the Wimbles occasionally get a parcel from South Africa and from India. I only wish I could send you things you need in return, but even so, there would not be much to choose that you would not get better at home.

I had a busy week. First meeting for Air Francis Barker: he was excellent value, made just the right speech, the hall was filled, and altogether the good ladies of FAS were in ecstasies of pleasure; and as my article in the educational supplement had appeared the week before, and there was a leading article in the literary supplement two days before, they felt that the publicity was upon FAS as never before. I enclose both these cuttings, and a report of the exhibition: would you be so good as to send them on to Henry when you have read them, as he treasures these records, and it is impossible to procure copies of periodicals now, so I have only the one set to send. Then on Tuesday I repaired to the same place for the broadcast recording: I was told that it would be heard in New York at 7 p.m. the next evening, but there wasn't time to notify anybody. They said it would be advertised in the papers, but I fear that it might easily be overlooked: I wish that the time could have been fixed long enough ahead to give you warning. I thought the speeches were quite good - a woman who wrote children's books, a librarian of a children's library association, and Mrs. Sutro, as well as myself, with an interlocutor or master of ceremonies. I found that a little opening speech with "Hello, listeners in New York" had been

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written in for me. I wish that I could have warned people, for my own sake, for I should like to know how it sounded! and whether I got the right mixture of Serious Purpose and Whimsical Twinkle. - A young sergeant in the Airborne Forces to see me: like so many American sergeants who may look like ordinary young huskies, he turned out to be a Professor in civilian life, and was regretful at having lost his Book of Sanskrit irregular verbs in a melée with Germans in Luxembourg. He left me, to my regret, to be airborne, I suppose, but contented at having picked up a copy of the Meghadhuta of Kalidasa and a copy of Lucretius to occupy his periods of inaction. Ran into Rose Macaulay and Miss Livingstone, who suggested that I might become chairman of a committee to press for the interests of Polish deportees in Europe, but I said (as indeed I believe) that the matter is so important that they need a chairman who can give more time to it. My one other engagement for this year (except a weekend at the Richmonds'), the Churchill Club, is a fortnight hence - no, next week, so I must give most of the next weekend to preparing notes on Milton. I have just completed the draft of a scene for the film (the appearance of the Archbishop before the King at Northampton - all the additional stuff deals with incidents prior to the play itself). Hollering was quite satisfied with the speeches I had already submitted to him: and I do not think that there will be very much more to do: one or two speeches in verse (which will take a little more trouble) and one short chorus.

Slight chill on the liver, which did not incapacitate me, but alarmed me at first while I feared it was going to be flu. Agnes Moncrieff, the homeopathic cousin, came to Shamley on Saturday, punched my stomach, listened to my heart and lungs, took my blood pressure, and pronounced the diagnosis. My blood pressure, by the way, has gone up from 108 to 122 since I began with Miss Millington the masseuse, which I think is a tribute either to the massage or the sanatogen, or both. This weekend has been rather too social. On Friday, Lady Pentland brought over this American officer, whom I was to have met before - the bond being only Boston, as I did not discover any other interests in common. But he seems a very nice fellow - a Colonel (he was a Major when last heard of) Sedgwick,

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written in for me. I wish that I could have warned people, for my own sake, for I should like to know how it sounded; and whether I got the right mixture of serious purpose and whimsical twinkle. - A young sergeant in the Airforce forces to see me: like so many American sergeants who may look like ordinary young humanities, he turned out to be a Professor in civilian life, and was regretful at having lost his Book of Sanskrit irregular verbs in a melee with germans in Luxembourg. He left me, to my regret, to be airborne, I suppose, but condoned at having picked up a copy of the Vegadhuta of Kalidasa and a copy of Lucretius to occupy his periods of inaction. Ran into Rose Macaulay and Vias Litvinatone, who suggested that I might become chairman of a committee to press for the interests of Polish deportees in Europe, but I said (as indeed I believe) that the matter is so important that they need a chairman who can give more time to it. My one other engagement for this year (except a weekend at the Bloomsbury Club, is a fortnight hence - no, next week, so I must give most of the next weekend to preparing notes on Milton. I have just completed the draft of a scene for the film (the appearance of the Archbishop before the King at Northampton - all the additional stuff dealing with Becket's prior to the play itself). Hollerith was quite satisfied with the speeches I had already submitted to him; and I do not think that there will be very much more to do: one or two speeches in verse (which will take a little more trouble) and one short chorus.

Slight chill on the liver, which did not incapacitate me, but alarmed me at first while I feared it was going to be flu. Aenea Gordon, the homoeopathic consult, came to Shanley on Saturday, sounded my stomach, listened to my heart and lungs, took my blood pressure, and pronounced the diagnosis. My blood pressure, by the way, has gone up from 108 to 122 since I began with Miss Millington the mudcure, which I think is a trifle either to the massage or the sauna-bath, or both. This weekend has been rather too social. On Friday, Lady Pentland brought over this American officer, whom I was to have met before - the bond being only Beaton, as I did not discover any other interests in common. But he seems a very nice fellow - a colonel (he was a major when last heard of) Sedgwick,

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married to an Endicott - a big hearty chap, not one of the prim type of Bostonian (such as Billy Phillips) and not silly like his uncle Ellery. (Young Ellery I liked, the one who died a couple of years ago). Then the Field Marshal, who is installed in her cottage at the foot of the hill (but she never stops long in one place) brought Violet Powell to supper (a sister of the Lord Longford who ran the Gate Theatre in Dublin: he is very well off, but he spends his money on the theatre, and his sisters don't get any of it - he also wrote one or two plays himself, which I dont suppose have ever been played in America). And on Saturday Agnes Moncrieff and her sister Noel from Lanarkshire.

And I have just declined another lecture engagement, please note: Livingstone (who is now Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and a very pet) wanted to nominate me for the Romanes Lecture at Oxford next spring, and I have declined.

I had a charming letter from Mrs. Whiting, in acknowledgment of the book I inscribed for you - it doesn't require any answer, but you might let her know, when you see her, that I appreciated it. I shall hope to meet her when I am in Cambridge again. She spoke of you as "beautiful, zestful, and confident in life". I hope she knows you well enough to be right: she ought to.

Yours loving

Tom

C.C.Faber Chairman C.W.Stewart R.H.deLMare E.V.Morley & Morley Kenneth Kennedy (U.S.A.) S.Eliot W.J.Crawley

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married to an Indicott - a big hearty chap, not one of the prim type of postman (even as silly philtips) and not silly like his uncle Tillery. (Young Tillery I liked, the one who died a couple of years ago). The the Field Marshal, who is installed in her cottage at the foot of the hill (but she never stops long in one place) brought violet Powell to supper (a sister of the Lord Longford who ran the Gate Theatre in Dublin; he is very well off, but he spends his money on the theatre, and his sisters don't get any of it - he also wrote one or two plays himself, which I dont suppose have ever been played in America). And on Saturday Agnes Monrofield and her sister Noel from Lancashire.

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8/II/44

Shamley Wood,

Shamley Green.

My dear Tom,

That was nice of you-to remember to tell us when your broadcast is to be and on what wave length. We will listen in (those of us who have ears to hear, that's to say-not poor Mappie!) I wish it were longer than 1½ minutes.

And I do want to tell you how grateful I am to you for suggesting I should have your wee sitting-room. It was sweet of you but, even had I longed to remain in 'Muddle Hall' NOTHING would have induced me to accept that offer. I might have deprived the world of some fresh masterpiece for I take it that Mary's barks and Hope's yells do not intrude themselves so much there as they do in your bedroom ?

But, anyhow, it is NOT just my passage-bedroom that makes me tired. It is the yelling of Hope and Mappie and the barking of the pack and the incessant conversation and endless reshuffling of plans. I never meant to stay long and now I have taken on Mrs Knight's second cottage - five rooms, all of my own, and have got a good maid and so I should be fairly comfortable, very quiet, and entirely FREE. There I can ask poor "Love" Campbell to stay for an occasional weekend and pop up to London in the middle of the week to stay with my brother. And yet keep in constant touch with every inmate of Muddle Hall.

Thank you so much for being so kind, and with love,

Yours ever

Margaret.

8/11/44

Shelley Wood.

Shelley Green.

My dear Joe,

What was the one you remember to tell us when your breakfast is to be and on what days left. We will listen in (those of us who have ears to hear, that's to say-not poor Maggie!) I wish it were longer than 15 minutes.

And I do want to tell you how grateful I am to you for suggesting I should have your sky-room. It was sweet of you but, even had I longed to remain in Middle-earth! NOTHING would have induced me accept that offer. I might have derived the world of some fresh masterpiece for I take it that Mrs's Darle and Hope's relis do not intrude themselves so much there as they do in your bedroom?

But, anyhow, it is NOT that mysterious-bedroom that makes me tired. It is the pulling of Ford and Maggie and the bewitching of the poor and the incessant conversation and endless rambling of plans. I never meant to stay long and now I have taken on Mrs Bright's second bedroom - the room, all of my own, and I feel and so I should be fairly comfortable, very quiet, and entirely FREE. Then I can say poor "Love" somehow to stay for an occasional weekend and pop up to London in the middle of it, and to stay with my brother. And yet keep in constant touch with every inmate of Middle Earth.

Bless you so much for being so kind, and with love,

Yours ever,

Margaret.

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Letter 40. 28 November 1944.

My dearest Emily.

rec'd Dec. 21

I have just one sheet of air mail paper left: I hope I shall not forget to provide myself when I go up tomorrow: for this week I spend Wednesday and Thursday nights in town, having Milton and the Churchill Club tomorrow night - my last public engagement for this year, and I hope for some time to come. When I have written this I shall write to Mrs. Miranda Dully, of the B.B.C. to decline her invitation to give a world broadcast for Christmas on the subject of Nativity poetry and carols. So next weekend I expect to spend over a bit of verse and a chorus for Mr. Hoellering's film. And the week after that, to the Richmonds at Salisbury.

I was very glad to get your report of October 21, with such a satisfactory account of your lodgings. It sounds quite rural, but I suppose is really semi-suburban. I hope that the bicycle will prove a success: I am sure you will have no difficulty, but your muscles will ache for the first week or so. And I only hope that the landlady will not take such a fancy to you as to intrude upon your privacy: otherwise she sounds as good as one could expect. I don't believe that you get as good food as I do, or have so much milk and eggs: the chief thing I envy is perpetual orange juice. The marmalade, by the way, is excellent, and the liver paste very tasty - that is gone, because it doesn't keep, and had to be eaten quickly once opened. I wish you could send something nice to eat to Meg (though I fear she never eats much, for fear of getting fat), as I can't think of anything to send her as a return gift for her very rich birthday cake.

I have received from Dr. Perkins (for which I must write to thank him) a photograph of your portrait. It is a very fine reproduction; but now that I have a good opportunity to examine it carefully for the first time in my life, I don't think it a very good portrait. An outline of it has come off on the thin paper envelope around it; and, curiously, the dim outline looks much more like you than the portrait does. I think thenose is

wrong, for one thing. You have no first rate photograph: the only one I really like, and have on my desk, is as a little girl in a sailor suit. But I shan't tell Dr. Perkins that I don't think it a good portrait: it was sweet of him to send it, as a Christmas present.

Your devoted

Tom

1944

MUSIC OF THE MIND

Four Quartets. By T. S. Eliot. (Faber. 6s.)

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST

IN this volume we have the four long poems, BURNT NORTON, EAST COKER, THE DRY SALVAGES, and LITTLE GIDDING, presented together in accordance with the author's intention that they should be judged as a single work. The leit-motifs now become more apparent—the rose, the yew—like little linking melodies, *des phrases de Vinteuil;* but that realisation, though helpful, is superficial; decorative. What is interesting is to discover towards what end Mr. Eliot is working; into what concrete the sandy pessimism of THE WASTE LAND is trying to cohere. Above all, and apart from Mr. Eliot's personal striving towards some kind of synthesis, these four poems are bound to provoke the question of how far philosophical moralising can be successfully blended with poetry.

Photo: Ahlen and Akerlund

T. S. ELIOT

***

Mr. Eliot is, fundamentally, a worried moralist. There is much that one could say about him: our finest critic himself, he is the critic's godsend, the critic's quarry (meaning "mine," not "prey"). So many lodes that might be endlessly tunnelled. There is, for example, his religious perplexity, to which his Anglo-Catholicism has surely not provided the final answer. There is his curious pre-occupation with tradition and derivation, as though, perhaps on account of his American birth, he could not accept European culture as a matter of course; a consciousness of overwhelming inheritance where, in the case of an intellect less truly distinguished, we might paradoxically discern the bewilderment of a *nouveau riche.* Then there is his own condemnation of originality in the artist. ("To assert that a work is 'original' should be very modest praise: it should be no more than to say that the work is not patently negligible.") Yet who more "original" than Mr. Eliot himself? He is as recognisable as a well-known voice in the distance or a scrap of handwriting on a stray bit of paper. One might suspect, indeed, that he owes seventy-five per cent. of his present reputation to his originality; but that is said in parenthesis.

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Discarding these side-issues, there remains the central problem of the four quartets. The thread which holds them together is, really, a deep sense of the voyage of man,

You are not the same people who left that station
Or who will arrive at any terminus,
While the narrowing rails slide together behind you. . . .

mingled with Mr. Eliot's peculiarly acute awareness of the mystery of Time, past, future, and that unsplittable moment we call the present. (Herein he betrays an affiliation, perhaps accidental, with St. Augustine; as in other passages he betrays an affiliation, not, I fancy, at all accidental, with St. John of the Cross.)

***

These poems are informed throughout by a fine earnestness and austerity. We have learnt to expect that from their author. But how far do they succeed, considered *as poetry*? Opinions will differ; but I feel myself that the occasional treat of such fruits of the imagination as metaphor and imagery has here been added as an ornament to satisfy some demand from what is left of Mr. Eliot's aesthetic conscience: that which was once organic has become a trick, so often practised that it can be repeated whenever required; as in the same way the abrupt transition from the "poetical" to the familiar, e.g.,

Whether on the shores of Asia, or in the Edgware Road,

so effective once, has now grown somewhat suspect, even dated; an old friend cropping up amongst Mr. Eliot's stock-in-trade.

Mr. Eliot, obviously, must be judged by high standards, though not, I think, by the highest. And, with that condition always in view, we are entitled to ask whether the poet is not likely to become submerged in the philosopher. The poet in him will die hard, but should be put on his guard against a very dangerous adversary.

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THE OBSERVER

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LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1944

AFTER HITLER

THE establishment of a German Home Guard, comprising every male German from 16 to 60, is a significant new departure in German policy. Our correspondent writing from the German frontier, suggests that arms are not being distributed as indiscriminately as Nazi statements pretend. However, if this summoning of a Home Guard is to contribute anything serious to the defensive capacity of the Reich, the recruiting net will have to be widely cast. Himmler is evidently satisfied that this can now be done without taking undue risks. He believes that Allied and Nazi propaganda together have succeeded in convincing the vast majority of Germans that the only alternative to continuing the war is national extermination.

Himmler may be wrong. The behaviour of the Aachen refugees, at any rate, suggests that neither Goebbels's efforts nor the severity of many recent Allied pronouncements (such as last week's T.U.C. report) have so far shaken the average German civilian's confidence in Anglo-Saxon justice. This is all to the good. In fact, it is indispensable to the success of the vast task which the Allies have set themselves in Germany.

Brigadier-General Holmes's recent statement about the Allied Military Government in Germany revealed a programme of great boldness and ambition, far transcending the usual tasks of military administrations in occupied areas. This Allied Military Government proposes to carry through a profound German revolution. It undertakes to destroy the Nazi State and the Nazi Party; to sweep away eleven years' legislation, organisation, and mis-education, to put German public life on a new foundation —and all this while maintaining the order indispensable in the rear of battle.

To criticise this policy as attempting the impossible would be easy; but it is admittedly difficult, at present, to suggest a workable alternative. We cannot treat with the Nazis; the Nazis show no inclination to vanish of their own accord; and the German opposition has so far shown itself impotent to oust them. What remains but to try to do it ourselves? But we should remain clearly aware that we are trying to do something which in all history no nation has successfully done for another.

At this point the personal factor becomes decisive. We have, at the pass to which

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Letter 41.

5 December 1944.

Dearest Emily,

Your letter of November 2 arrived in the middle of the week, so it appears that ordinary mail takes between three and four weeks, which is not too bad nowadays. Somebody has just received a first post card from Southern France, which took just six weeks. By the same mail I had a post card from Theresa, mentioning your visit with pleasure, and saying that you were looking very well; subsequently, it seems, Henry took to bed with a cold. I am always apprehensive about his health. I was very much amused to hear of the reception of my cable. I should never have ventured to put such a greeting into a cable: it was the operator who interpreted it for me. What I actually wrote was "love and (best) Wishes". You can give this explanation to your landlady if necessary. You give a very good impression of her: and I can see that, especially if she has but few friends, she may be rather a strain. It would be easier to have a landlady who was not quite so genteel, and whom one did not have to see except for business explanations. However, good food and cleanliness, and warmth in the winter, are what matter most; and I am glad that you have these. I remember Miss Anderson as a person of charm and gentleness, though I am sorry that she was invited to a birthday party. I don't think that I have been to a dinner in evening dress since I was in Campden: I put a dinner jacket on in the country (except that I left off doing so while the neighbourhood was disturbed by explosions) but that is only to make my other clothes last longer.

I think I will send this by air, at least, so as to reach you in Concord before you break up for Christmas; and will address the next to Commonwealth Avenue. I hope you will have long enough for a visit to friends as well, during the holidays. Christmas at Shamley will be rather crowded. Ray Mirrlees (the General) is back for a conference, and expects to stop over Christmas, to the great happiness of his mother of course. That is very pleasant, as he is a simple easy person to get on with; but if his sister Margot is to be here for Christmas too she must bring her husband: and this is too much of a

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Letter 41.

5 December 1944.

My dear Emily,

Your letter of November 2 arrived in the middle of the week, so it appears that ordinary mail takes between three and four weeks, which is not too bad nowadays. Somebody has just received a first post card from Southern France, which took just six weeks. By the same mail I had a post card from Theresa, mentioning your visit with pleasure, and saying that you were looking very well; subsequently, it seems, Henry took to bed with a cold. I am always apprehensive about his health. I was very much amused to hear of the reception of my cable. I should never have ventured to put such a greeting into a cable: it was the operator who interpreted it for me. What I actually wrote was "love and (best) wishes". You can give this explanation to your landlady if necessary. You give a very good impression of her: and I can see that, especially if she has but few friends, she may be rather a stern in. It would be easier to have a landlady who was not quite so genteel, and whom one did not have to see except for business explanations. However, good food and cleanliness, and warmth in the winter, are what matter most; and I am glad that you have these. I remember Miss Anderson as a person of charm and gentleness, though I am sorry that she was invited to a birthday party. I don't think that I have been to a dinner in evening dress since I was in Campden: I put a dinner jacket on in the country (except that I left off doing so while the neighbourhood was disturbed by explosions) but that is only to make my other clothes last longer.

I think I will send this by air, at least, so as to reach you in Donegal before you break up for Christmas; and will address the next to Cromwell Hill Avenue. I hope you will have long enough for a visit to friends as well, during the holiday. Christmas at Shamley will be rather crowded. Mary Hayes (the General) is back for a conference, and expects to stop over Christmas, to the great happiness of his mother of course. That is very pleasant, as he is a simple easy person to get on with; but if his sister Margot is to be here for Christmas too she must bring her husband: and one is too much of a

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family party, especially as he (Aubrey Coker), whom I have never met - he is actually quite the last of that family, they left the village in the 14th century, before we arrived - is not very popular with his in-laws, and I gather is a somewhat uncouth country squire. However, I have nowhere to go; and the Field Marshal, who is still at Mrs. Knight's at the foor of the hill (at the moment she has gone to a local nursing home because she doesn't like the smell of new paint) will no doubt join us, which is a comfort.

I did my speech on Milton at the Churchill Club last week; and Lord Lang did very well. The audience not so good as the previous time, as so many of the best of the Americans are now on the continent, but still very attentive and asking questions. Only this time, not so many of the questions came from the soldiers. So no more engagements this year except a weekend of the Moot - partly to discuss a paper which I have done for them: I had mistaken the date, and so unfortunately have had to put the Richmonds off until next year. And there is no more I can do for the film at this stage - he is reconstructing his scenario, and cutting out some of it. I am to give one morning this week to recording part of it for him. Apparently, my record can be skeletonised in some way, removing the words and leaving only my verse rhythms: he then proposes to make the actors learn their words to my rhythm. It is an interesting way of getting verse spoken properly by actors, and I am glad to make the experiment.

I am very glad that you like the production of our "Quartets". I was very well pleased with it.

Your devoted

Tom

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family party, especially as he (Aubrey Coker), whom I have never met - he is actually quite the light of that family. They left the village in the 14th century, before we arrived - is not very popular with his in-laws, and I rather is a somewhat uncouth country squire. However, I have nowhere to go: and the Field Marshal, who is still at Mrs. Wright's at the foot of the hill (at the moment she has gone to a local nursing home because she doesn't like the smell of new paint) will no doubt join us, which is a comfort.

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Yours ever,

T.S. Eliot

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Letter 42. 22 December 1944.

Dearest Emily.

Wrote 2 times since Christmas before this came.

I did not write last week, as I have been having my seasonal illness after all - an infection, the doctor says, and ertainly I was feeling particularly well just before it. The current form is a kind of laryngitis - a sore throat and a laryngial cough; but I, for the first time, had no temperature at all, and after the first 24 hours did not feel very ill. But the cautious doctor is keeping me away from London until after Christmas. I was hoping to get away to the Fabers for a quieter Christmas: as this house will be very full: the General, back from India for a few weeks, and Margot and her husband Major Coker whom I have never met: the latter will be sleeping in my small study, which I shall have to clear up tomorrow, taking all the books and materials I need into my bedroom, for I mean to get on with my work for Hollering whatever happens. He is very well pleased with what I have dome already. One of the engagements I missed, through the illness, was a morning to have been spent in recording parts of Murder for him: this task must be resumed in the new Year. I also missed my weekend discussion group, for which I had provided a paper for discussion. I have, however, done an introductory note, at the requenst of the Poles, to the account of a German concentration camp in Poland.

I was very glad to hear of Jeanie's visit, and rejoiced in reading her letter. On the other hand, grieved over the news of Mrs. Elsmith (to whom I did write - it seems a very long time ago, and I wonder whether she got it - you might ask her - I wrote to an address in New York which you gave me). I thought that she had chosen a man beneath her: comparatively coarse-grained, I thought; and I suspected, of a somewhat difficult temperament. But to be the second husband, especially without issue, of a woman with a considerable family of children, is perhaps not easy; and perhaps too he was not so successful a man as he would have liked to be. I have just had a sweet Christmas note from Meg, who had been in Swansea to see an aunt, and got a copy of the photograph of me with the Mayor and Mayoress.

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS
24 Russell Square London WC1
FABRAE WESTCENT LONDON
MUSeum 5574 (4lines)

22 December 1944.

Dear Ap,

I did not write last week, as I have been having my seasonal illness after all - an infection, the doctor says, and certainly I was feeling particularly well just before it. The current form is a kind of laryngitis - a sore throat and a laryngeal cough; but I, for the first time, had no temperature at all, and after the first 24 hours did not feel very ill. But the cautious doctor is keeping me away from London until after Christmas. I was hoping to get a-way to the Fabers for a October/Christmas; as this move will be very full: the General, back from India for a few weeks, and Barrot and her husband are over dates never met: the latter will be sleeping in my small study, which I shall have to clear up tomorrow, taking all the books and material I need into my bedroom, for I mean to get on with my work for Pollington whatever happens. He is very well pleased with what I have done already. The cut of the engagements I missed, through the illness, was a portion to have been spent in recording parts of Murder for him: this task must be turned in the new year. I also missed my weekend discussion group, for which I had provided a paper for discussion. I have, however, done an introductory note, at the request of the Poles, to the account of a German concentration camp in Poland.

I was very glad to hear of Jeanie's visit, and relished in reading her letter. On the other hand, grieved over the news of Ts. Flamith (to whom I did write - it seems a very long time ago, and I wonder whether she got it - you might ask her - I wrote to an address in New York which you gave me). I thought that she had chosen a man beneath her: comparatively coarse-grained, I thought; and I suspected, of a somewhat difficult temperament. Put to be the second husband, especially without issue, of a woman with a consid-dera le family of children, is perhaps not easy; and perhaps too he was not as successful a man as he would have liked to be. I have just had a sweet Christmas note from Mae, who had been in Swansea to see an aunt, and got a copy of the photograph of me which the Mayor and Mayoress.

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 AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABBAF, WESTCENT, LONDON
MUSeum 9543 (4 lines) 24 Russell Square London WC1

Thank you for your conscientious account of your diet, which is satisfactory. I am worried, however, by your inability to ride a bicycle: I had no idea that the trouble with your leg was so persistent. I wonder if there is not any treatment which would do it good. For I fear that you may find the walk to and fro, at least twice a day, a good deal of a tax upon you.

I wish indeed that I could take a more cheerful view of the future of Europe and the world in general, than I can see any reason for at present. One cannot hope to see any really settled and prosperous state of any country in one's lifetime; but one hopes for signs of something better appearing in the next generation: and, so far as oneself and those one cares for are concerned, the prospect of a serene old age.

I do not now Laurence Housman's plays, though I know he has written a good many: I should not expect to find anything particularly "Catholic" about them. A.E. Housman is said to have observed having his own poems attributed to his brother Laurence, but he did object to have Laurence's poems attributed to him: but A.E. was very acid, and perhaps they are better than that. I hope that you had a great success with it. But the question of making the play part of the curriculum, surely raises the question of what other part of it couldbe left out. My impression is that in American schools too many subjects are studied, in a smattering way, instead of really sound drill on the few essentials like languages, mathematics and history. Do your girls do any Latin?

I shall send a cable - I should have hesitated to do so this year, but that I have the good reason of not having written last week when in bed; and I shall now write to the Perkins's. Just how much is Mrs. Perkins's sight now inpaired? and is there danger of its getting much worse?

With much love, and Christmas blessings Tom

FABER AND FABER LTD PUBLISHERS

FABRAF WESTCENT LONDON
MUSeum 9543 (4 lines)

24 Russell Square London WC1

Thank you for your detailed account of your diet, which is satisfactory. I am worried, however, by your inability to ride a bicycle: I had no idea that the tourists with your lectures so considerable. I wonder if there is not any treatment which would do it good. For I fear that you may find the walk to and fro, at least twice a day, a good deal of a tax upon you.

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I do not know Lawrence's Hungarian's plays, though I know he has written a good many: I should not expect to find anything particularly "Lawrence" about them. A.U. Hungarian is said to have observed Meyer's own people attributed to his brother Lawrence, but he did object to have Lawrence's name attributed to him: but A.U. was very acid, and perhaps they are better than that. I hope that you had a great success with it. But the quotation of making the play part of the curriculum, surely raises the question of what other part of it could be left out. My impression is that in American schools too many subjects are studied, in a smattering way, instead of really sound drill on the few essentials like languages, mathematics and history. Do your girls do any Latin?

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[illegible]