

Sophie Krauss Letters to Emily Hale

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From Mrs. Krauss



Miss Emily Hale
Gov. John Carroll Perkins
The Ludlow
Boston
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

Return to 4416 White Bldg.
Seattle Washington
U. S. A.



June 1, 1933

Truly dear—

I am afraid to send this to
Claremont & Fran it will miss you
so sister I shall direct it in care of
the Perkins knowing they will see
that it reaches you in one place or the
other. We were so delighted to have your
letter of April 30th - just a month ago -
and of course I intended writing long ago
in reply. It reached us, in torrents at
the Cocumella which was one of the most delight-
ful places it has ever been my privilege
to stay in. Do you know it - beside the
unattractive little town but near enough
to it and to Pinaro forests to be conve-
nient for small necessities, situated high
above the water, in a beautiful garden with
lovely stone steps winding down along the
bluff and through great caves made by the

monks in surrendering out the stone for their .12
dwelling which is now the hotel den is little
sign of its having been a monastery, after use
as a hotel for over a hundred years, in the family
of garguilo who are still the proprietors and
who allow you to be a guest of the family,
or a guest of the hotel as you desire. We
preferred the former and had a delightful
two weeks, visited of the three for
days on which we had planned. It gave
the finishing touch to my little pen-
civic friends, who led bag and baggage
one night, & I hope drowned in the blue
sea, & unbothered in smoking Vesuvius.
At any rate, I suddenly woke up one
morning & found I had more pep than
I knew what to do with & it continues
to be so. In these three days in Rome, we
have gone continually. Yesterday starting
at nine on a train, we landed near the
Capitoline Museum, spent an hour there,
another in the church of S. Maria in
Aracoeli pouring over & peering in at the
Pittori Clio & Cuoco (which I suspect

aren't as Pinocchio as they were when³
they were put there, but are nevertheless
very beautiful.) I did a long walk to a
lunch-place we had heard of by the
banks of the Tiber, another to a nearly
"albergo diurno" (which save my life in
these all-day joints. Do you know them -
where you pay 40 C. & are given a
cognac de toilette?!), back to the
Forum, up to the Palatine Hill,
returning (still on foot) to the hotel,
which is near the station, and again
to the Pincian Hill where we sam-
pled nibble, sunset & rested weary
bones on a bench, & back again
I dined at 8:30 & bed at 9:30!!
I cannot believe it is I, and I am
afraid I bore any unfortunate
listeners quite as much with how well
I am as how nervous I wish I did
with falls & illness! But, at any

4) job that will give you an idea of the kind
of days we are having. Unfortunately
we are terribly unprepared and have very
little idea of specific things we want to
do and see. Just with Baedeker, & Kuttner's
splendid book on Rome, we are managing
at least to enjoy what we do see and to
gain a little intelligence about it as we go.

We love Rome. It is a beautiful city -
with its hundreds of Piazzas and foun-
tains, its marching soldiers and blowing
trumpets, its tree-arched streets
and lively side-walk cafes, and its
mélange of old and new. Whenever we
walk, however lost we become from
our final objective, we find something
of the old - a wall, a triumph, a column,
an arch, an old facade, a pile of
bricks, being sorted out for restoration
of some interesting bit - a triumphal
arch - yard as Kuttner says, with fabri-
cately much of it covered with cypresses!

Tomy I haven't any more statuary up (5
lvs. Inquire the antique!)

What a thing they are doing in this
restorative passion. Except for scholars
I can't see ~~that~~ it matters for you to
know that at this spot stood the
house of Pompeius Suptus and it
looked like this! And there is the
nice newly laid brick wall and
painted columns. What romance
there comes on with the scattered bits
of columns where they fell and grew
around & over them. I suppose it is
all the passion for building which
is in the Roman blood; & the present
Rome is not satisfied with the golden
Victor Emmanuel & the Mussolini
Museum; it must rebuild Im-
perial Rome literally as well as
figuratively!

6 It is strange, when I attempt to
put down my impressions, I find
myself chafing at so much of what
I find, & yet my impression as a
whole is one of enthusiastic interest
& enjoyment. It is the place which
Rome as center of the history of our
world casts over one, I suppose; -
which drives the detail with the
dazzling light of the whole timeless
past, & now, one feels, future as well.

And now to you, my dear. I am
a little upset about you, and do not
like to think of your not being
well. And on top of that, for you to
take that long trip across the
country and back again seems
very hard on you. I know the
draw of you, with the thought of
all it will mean to dear Edith

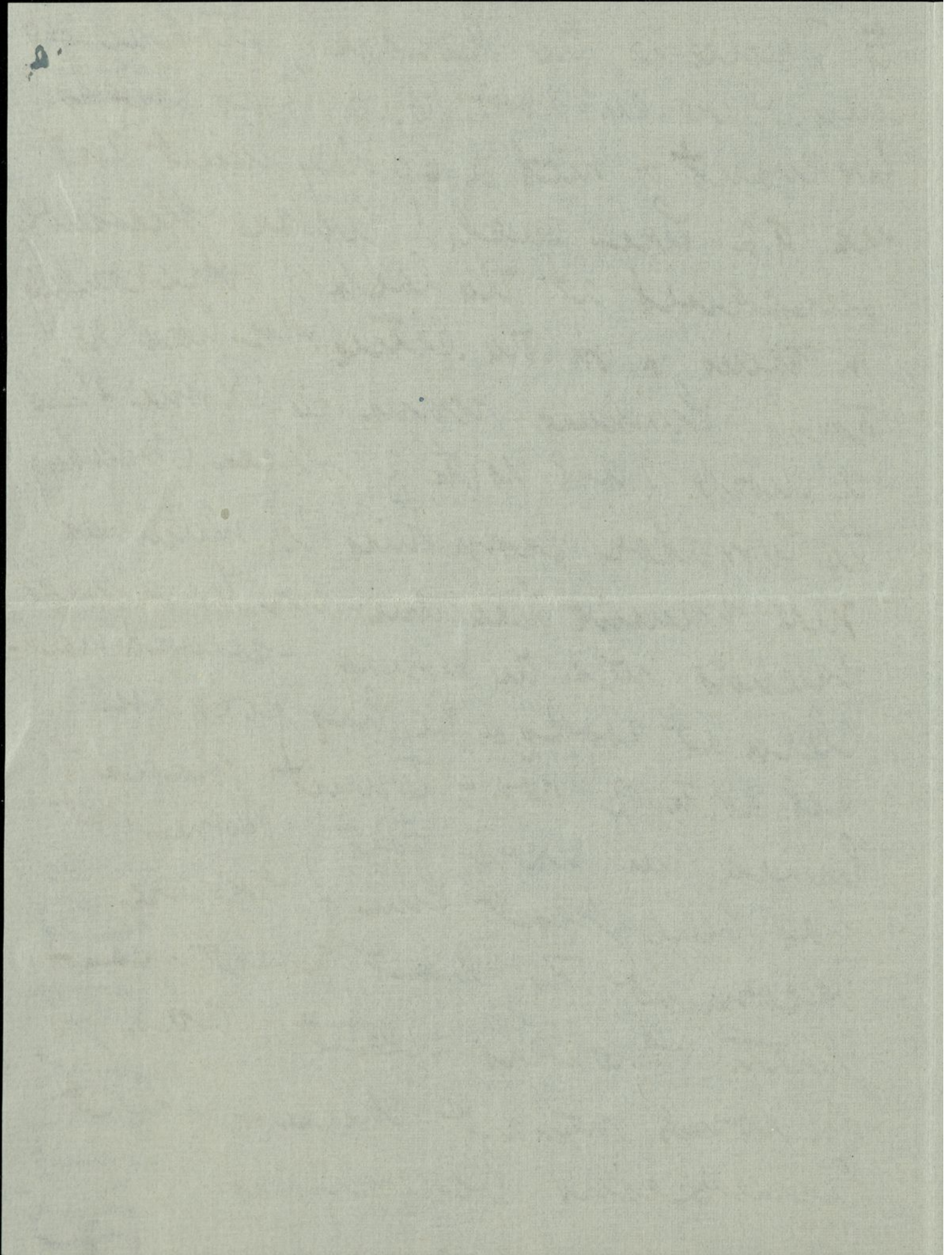
to have you to help in these last
trying days; and, of course, I know how
much you will want to see your dear
mother again. I only hope it will
not tire you too greatly. In T. S. E.
still in Boston too? I find myself
wondering whether his bringing this
armed make it harder or easier for
you. Anyhow, darling, when you do
get to health, rest! Drive over often
to Newbury with a book to read -
and lie in the sun on the beach.
Get sofas & put chairs & the
umbrella out for you, and miss
us lots! And after you're rested a
lot, write me. I think it will be
lovely for you to have the car; but
may I offer (strictly extra nous)
just one suggestion. We treat a sacred
vow from E. & J. each separately.

8 & essentially, that whatever happens they will not
say a word until after you are all out of the car.
Believe me, it is magic, for by then they will forget
it. They will not make you nervous, & after a little
they won't be anything they "I want to say!"
Did you know the lovely thing Miss Ware did? She
sent us a long letter with all sorts of suggestions &
advice in it and all unsolicited by us. Her P's
toes her, of course, we shined down having it. In
reality were thrilled over the mere fact of her doing
it as well as over the information. Unfortunately
we can't follow it all because we can't afford to
move but we find we can do almost everything
conveniently by train. The fares are absurd - a 70% re-
duction on these tickets from one part of entry to
another, always 3 cents including Rom.
An ticket from Naples to Rome & Home.

to Venice, to the border, stopping 9
anywhere en route for as long as
we want & with a 60 day limit cost
us 92 Lira each! We are pleasantly
surprised at the lack of overcrowding
on trains & in the cities. We had no
trouble finding rooms in Rome & had
a choice of all sorts of places (including
the Windsor from Miss W. which was
more expensive than this. We have made
friends with the young Spanish mail-
clerk at Cook's & he has given us
all sorts of non-tourist places for
lunch in every part of Rome. It
has been great fun & we are
becoming the most expert spa-
glutti throwers extant! and as
for soup without cheese - aren't
Americans barbarians!!

There are thousands of things more to
to feel; but I really must stop.
Do write us soon. We so long for letters &
I especially want to know how you
are! Don't be discouraged over
your lack of adjustment at Mills.
Don't you remember that first
year at Milwaukee & all of the
unhappiness of adjustment. This
adjustment in many ways must
of necessity be more difficult
even. Wait until you return &
see how different you may find
it.

Arthur and I send you so
much, much love, my dear, so
deep, so increasingly close.
Love - P. P. P.



There are thousands of things that
I feel, but I rarely think about
to write in even the most distant
I usually want to know the
and don't be discouraged
your lack of acquaintance of this
But you remember the first
year of tuberculosis - all of the
disappointments & disappointments. The
adjustment in every way that
of necessity be our difficulty
But that will not be our
as far different from any other
t.
Arthur and I are both
must, must, must, my dear,
chief as unceremoniously
Pier. Arthur

From Mrs. Krauss



Miss Emily Hale
c/o J. C. Perkins

1418 East 63rd St.

Seattle, Washington
U. S. A.

Return to H. J. Krauss

4416 White Ridge

Natick, Washington

U.S.A.

San Gimignano

Emily dear-

This won't be a long letter, but at least it will bring you our thoughts which are much with you as we pass truly - four hours at San Gimignano. I had not told you of the delightful impression it has made upon us. As we approached by bus, we saw in the near distance a little town, attractive, with a tower or two, but much like many we had seen before. Both of us felt our disappointment mount, until way off in the sky there appeared what seemed a mirage of a modern city sky-line - great square sky-scrapers, the Empire State among them, and finally gathering our enraptured wits, we knew it must be "San Gimignano dalle belle torri". We saw it from many angles as we approached across hill & valley, always unbelievable; & still we feel that we have been wringed by a magic wand to some place unreal. I have been reading a delightful French book on these hill towns called "Deux la bien aimée" by Sauer, & I must quote from it to you.

"On a besoin de se faire un roman et un drame dans
une ville paisible, pour croire qu'elle n'est pas plantée
là en décor de théâtre: faute, ^{de} quoi, la scène est vide. Un
tel excès dans la pittoresque fait douter de la réalité.

We love the little hotel, L'Albergo della Cisterna with its
charming terrace dining-room which, I think, one
may safely say has as magnificent a prospect as
any in existence - Analfi & Capri notwithstanding.
At least to my eyes & to Art's, this wide stretch of
rolling, ever-changing landscape, the olives & grapes
and golden wheat, the black single cypresses, and
those massed on hillside or plain, the plateaus and
valley and mounts, cut into a thousand patterns
by the ploughs of centuries, the walled cities which
stand out like crowns on a checker-board - to my
eyes, it is fairy land with the beauty of reality
and unreality so mixed that they are indistinguish-
able.

We enjoyed the great privilege of going without
a guide-book last evening before after dinner - just
wandering to become a part of the medievalism
around us. Two narrow streets and out of
huge gates onto the fields around the walls where
in imagination we saw the borders of soldiers
trying vainly to climb them, where across

the fields we saw horsemen trooping, up the hills[?]
across the valley, to the gates. We sat on a
wide stone bench and let the enchantment become
a part of us, a part that cannot be lost. We took
our *pluma grande* cognac on the terrace outside
our room and our enjoyment of the distant scene
was not more keen than that under our wall -
a woman spinning before her door, children
playing strange games, bits of song drifting along
the trunk of a donkey's tail, booming gongs from
the towers near-by, little gardens, priests in narrow
streets, and tiled roofs hiding secrets of blood-shed
& of gaiety thru the ages! Does it bring it back
to you a little?

We have come from these lovely days in
Lima. We had hoped to go for the Palio but
gave it up for various reasons - first, the expense
seemed unwarranted, second, we felt we'd
not get any of the real old-world quietness &
beauty of the place in such a crowded time,
& third, because Don Teodilo of Peru was going
over for the week-end & we felt that would
add greatly to our appreciation & pleasure.

We feel repaid for going up the Palio, for all these reasons. The days at the little Pension Chiusarelli were delightful, the town was empty of tourists and our Saturdays & Sunday morning with Mr. J. filled with pleasure. He is a Florentine who calls himself a lecturer on art. I think he really is just a super-guide. At any rate he has a very fine knowledge on art subjects, covers every stroke of the brush on these famous canvases, and tells you about them in a most facile fashion. We heard him twice with a group in the Uffizzi (the "you-Fizzzy" as we heard someone call it!) and let our ears go with him while we tried to stand nonchalantly by, finally deciding to ask about his classes & joining them. He has them every morning & afternoon - all kinds, the galleries (in very small doses) the churches, works here & there, talks about surrounding places, & you pick your own choice. He arranges his programs from week to week & is always ready to put in anything you want & has never a very large group, usually old ladies who are as a whole an intelligent lot & sometimes very amusing, now & then an-

noisy, but always quiet & interested. There has been ⁽³⁾
a sprinkling of men so far, but I don't think
art would mind if there weren't. The week-end
at Leiria was just Mr. Tealdi's pleasure &
only a young Dr. & his wife (who I regard to say
slimed by named Stapelers instead) & ourselves
were with him, so it was delightful. (The Stapels
are pleasant but dumb). Leiria had Sunday
afternoon, Monday, & Tuesday alone & entirely
capitulated to the charms of that darling
town whose pride to day in its achievements
yesterday fill you with admiration. Was the
beautiful new gallery in shape when you were
there? I mean was the beautiful old palace
yet made into the gallery. It is marvelously
arranged & hung & would easily fill a year
of study, as you know from the collection wherever
you saw it.

We had the fortunate experience of going
thru the C. - Sans palace with Mr.
Tealdi & had spasm on its treasures mingled
with some of the ugliest things I have ever

sun in my life - but, at least it has lived in!

Now my dear, I must stop. His "short letter" has grown beyond bounds & Art is chafing to go out. He sits opposite deep in his study & I balance back.

I should like to fly in a postage stamp to you, with this if I were sure I could fly back! How my mind does dwell on you in Seattle with the Perkins! Do rest and build up your strength, my dear, & write me. Here are two very important things for the summer. I want a long letter about you. Love alone to you & the dear two alongside.

Love,
Sophie



MOSTRA RIVOLUZIONE
ROMA RIDUZIONI FERROVIE



From Mrs. Krauss & her husband

Miss Emily Hale

John John Carroll Perkins DD
1418 East 63rd Street
Seattle Washington
U.S.A.

MAZARA RIVIERA MARITIMA

18%



MAZARA RIVIERA MARITIMA

10 Via Giuseppe Giusti
Firenze
16 July 1933

Emily darling -

Your letter was as welcome as a
fresh spring day, & in the rather high
temperature & breeze in July, that is a com-
pulsion not to be sneezed at, I assure you.
We have not minded it overmuch, but it
does shorten your days and lessen your energy.
I find I am unable to do more than half a
day of sight-seeing and am not trying to
do more; so our morning take us to Gallery,
to church, to museum-home, and from noon
until four we stay quietly indoors, only emerging
then for a walk or a little shopping until
five-thirty when I take an Italian lesson.
I have found a grand teacher. And in school
studying with signorina Bernella more thorough-
ness he likes. It's learning grammar and vo-
cabulary & is working like a dog; & I am
learning to talk sometimes with grammar

+ vocabulary and sometimes without! Even
it was for my delightful living quarters. I am
sure we should love you by now on account
of the heat, but I cannot imagine being more
comfortable in the city unless in your own home.
Our rooms are never hot and always offer
quiet and seclusion, & the signora & signorina
are so eager for our comfort that they almost
embarrass us. The food continues to be splen-
did & whenever we shall think of signora usually
it will be with her hearty def. word "Prenderle,
no prenderle, signora", as art files up a plate
of spaghetti or gnoccoli at luncheon. It can
never take enough to please her.

We have had some delightful mornings
with a Professor Deledi here whom you may
know of. He takes groups about, not as a guide,
but as a lecturer and is decidedly worth while
in certain directions. We limit ourselves to his
gallery & some church trips; & since there
are very few travelers in Florence at present,

we have supplied the small groups. Mr. along (→
with Perkinson whose book has been my constant
Companion, has given us a very clear picture of
the progress of Italian Art and has helped us
in an extraordinary degree to understand and
appreciate much that, without him, would never
have penetrated our unaccustomed brains.

Besides the stimulation of the lectures, the
personnel of the class has been most interesting &
amusing. I wonder, if by any chance Mrs. + Miss
Perkins know a Mrs. Jeffrey de Fairville-Bell
in Boston. She is an elderly very fat and dumpy
lady with a husband (English) about forty years her
junior. In weeks we thought like her son until
they asked us for tea, in a villa which was
brilliant - taking in its contents + which boasted a
garden which I am sure you'd say they are the
most extraordinary pair I have ever met. And
then there is a delightful little Irish Mrs. Gilfoyle,
& a Professor + Mrs. Curtis from Wellesley
on a sabbatical, and lots of old ladies who

are often shocked by Professor Seedi's perfectly
frank explanations, - & this come back to Br. Hochel
again. Some of them are delicious. As a group, however,
(always changing) they are pretty intelligent even
though there is a "Jon - Figgie gallery" or two among
them.

Were I to go into any detail of what we are
doing & enjoying most, I should, I am afraid,
comprise indefinitely, you all know the things
we love - Perugini's Crucifixion, the equino
Del parto fresco in the Chiesa dell. Scalzo,
David; and that glorious Creagna altar
in Cer S. Michele. San Marco has now in
addition to its every day feast of Fra Angelico,
a very fine exhibition of sacred art from the
Florentine diocese and neighboring churches.
It seems impossible that mortal hands
wrought these exquisite reliquaries, the fabrics
and embroideries which are exhibited. I saw
several very like our beautiful embroidery,
and cut velvet which brought to mind
my lovely eagle.

In Syracuse we met a sweet pair who³
live here, a young Mr. & Mrs. Scrimitt and
we have had pleasant times with them. They
have been married about six years, have a darling
Caulonia, & three who raise up Italian and
English most delightfully, and needs neither to
write, with her exquisite red curls & skin
to match. They have been over here for three years
living quietly in the country near Poba
Romana; and Mr. Scrimitt has been writing.
They are going back now and will settle in
Boston, just because they like its atmosphere
and he will be seeking a job. He wants
very much, dramatic criticism, and I wondered
if by chance there might be a possibility of
his having an introduction to Phillips Hale.
Knowing the latter gentleman's temperament,
I realize that it may be the last thing you'd
want to do and if so, just forget all about
it; but, if you should feel you could do it

without effort & spirit, I'd be very glad to have
you do so. I'll add the Dimmitt's Boston
address when I finish writing.

We have had such a nice morning. (Of
course, this has been written in pieces!) Starting
out early to go to Centigali's where I wanted
a little piece for a garden stove for Grace Dowling
& when, of course, I bought one for Dorothy too! I
have an awful feeling that I'll just miss you
in Seattle, for we shall be arriving there about
September 20th or later - at least, no earlier.
We have our passage on the Vulcania, sailing
from Trieste on August 23rd arriving in
N. Y. on September 6th. I shall spend a week
with Mother before starting west, and we
want a few days in Chicago to see the Fair
which runs up the month fairly thoroughly.
I have just heard from Mother that she is
leaving for Charlevoix Michigan To-day, as
the heat in Memphis became too oppressive

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for her, so I do not know whether I'll meet her
in Charlevoix or in Chicago. I am just holding
my thumbs that you will still be in Seattle;
but, as I remember last year, you left before
the end of the month. Do let me know your
date of departure. You will hardly be able to reach
me in Italy in reply to this; but if you write
so that your letter will catch the Per, sailing
on the 19th of August, you can address me
c/o the Consulate, Licio; R.R. Vulcania, Gibraltar,
when the Per arrives in 24th, and we arrive in
the 29th. Licio should reach you by August 2nd.
Otherwise, address me c/o the Billboard, D.F.
I am looking forward to the two weeks
aboard ship which, objectively, seems impossible
for Sophie & Klaus! Before we sail we are
spending two weeks at Abbazia or Lau-
rana very near-by, & only a short distance from
Trieste. And has an idea that it will be good
for us, although I am feeling fine! But
with these four weeks of loafing, assuming

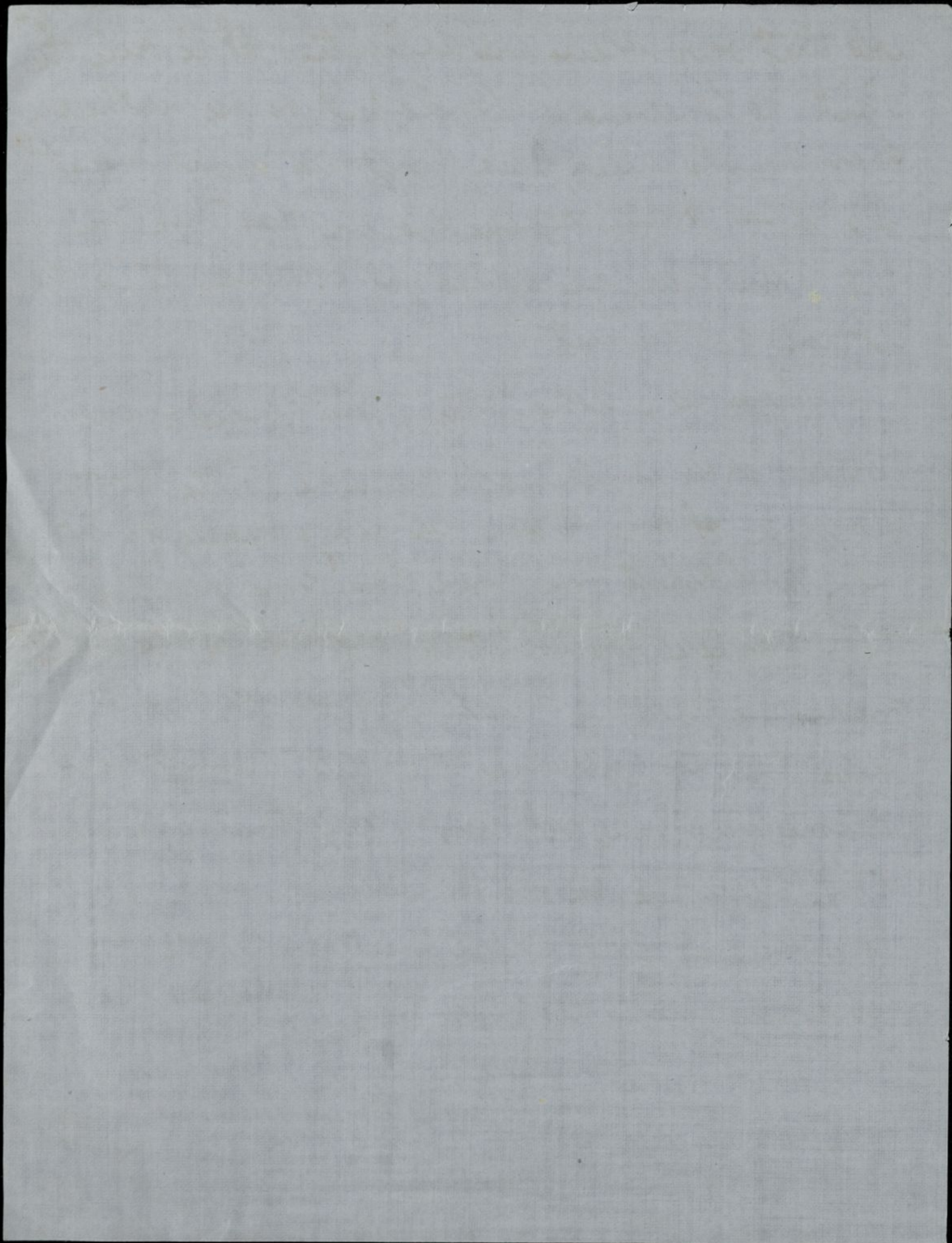
we shall have a good crossing, I ought to arrive
just as a butter-bell & as tranquil as a Feb
Angel's angel - rather terrible to imagine the
circumstances!

I love to imagine your riding around in
the Ford & I do hope you and the dear Perkins's
are enjoying it. What can they have thought of
all of my advice in my letter to you? Tell
them please to forgive me if they feel I was
harsh, but it did seem important to me
that you both should enjoy having the car
and I knew you couldn't if there were
nerves on either side. You will, of course,
let them share this secret with you. I want
very much to answer the letter I have just
had from Mrs. Perkins; but shan't be able
to for a day or two. I may make the same boat,
however, as this one will. We leave Wednesday
for Venice for five days, then Vienna, Buda-
pest, Abbazia, New York, & Home! We are
both becoming eager for Seattle & the dear
friends there, a little impatient even,

now that our plans are definite. It is only the
visit to Cremona & Budapest to see Arthur's
dear aunts which has kept us until August
23rd. I am really glad we feel this way
but I am sure we should not be ready to go were
it not for the heat.

This is a long letter, & I am afraid a dull
one which is inexcusable when we write from
Florence. Oh my! I can see you & regale you with
all of the delights we have had. Your mention of
the Perkins & possibility of England for the winter
makes me hold my breath for fear we might
miss them, too. Tell them they just cannot leave
Rome until we get there; & give them love un-
toed from us in which, darling Emily & Hal,
you cannot but share since our hearts are
so much filled with the three of you.

Ever,
Sophie



Truly dear - An Private Consumption!

I am putting in this separate sheet be-
cause somehow I can say what I want
to better than in the body of the letter which
I know you will share with the darling P. I
no doubt, this too; but at least it gives you
your choice. you do not know how much
it means to me to have you write, "you are
the only one with whom I can be completely
free of expression". I really felt quite struck
dead when I read that; for although of course,
I do know you are very open with me, you are al-
ways so restrained in whatever you say that I
simply have not realized ^{the depth of} this wonderful
privilege you give me, of sharing so fully with you.
Thank you, my dear - an inadequate four words
for that is in my heart.

You say so much in such small space
of your relationship with D. S. E., and you recognize
so courageously just what it does mean that

these reasons little for me to say. The most
barbaric trick of fate seems to be the inevitable
rule that what we love most in a person is
what makes it most difficult to establish
our relationship with him. His very exquisite
sensitivity and moral fibre which must for you
form so splendid a part of your love for your
friend is the thing which makes the ^{relationship} impossible
of fruition. How many thousands of times Mrs
Art has impatiently criticised me for certain
negative qualities. Have I pointed out to him
in self-defence how completely they are a part
of the positive qualities which call forth his sweetest
expressions of love and praise & affection!

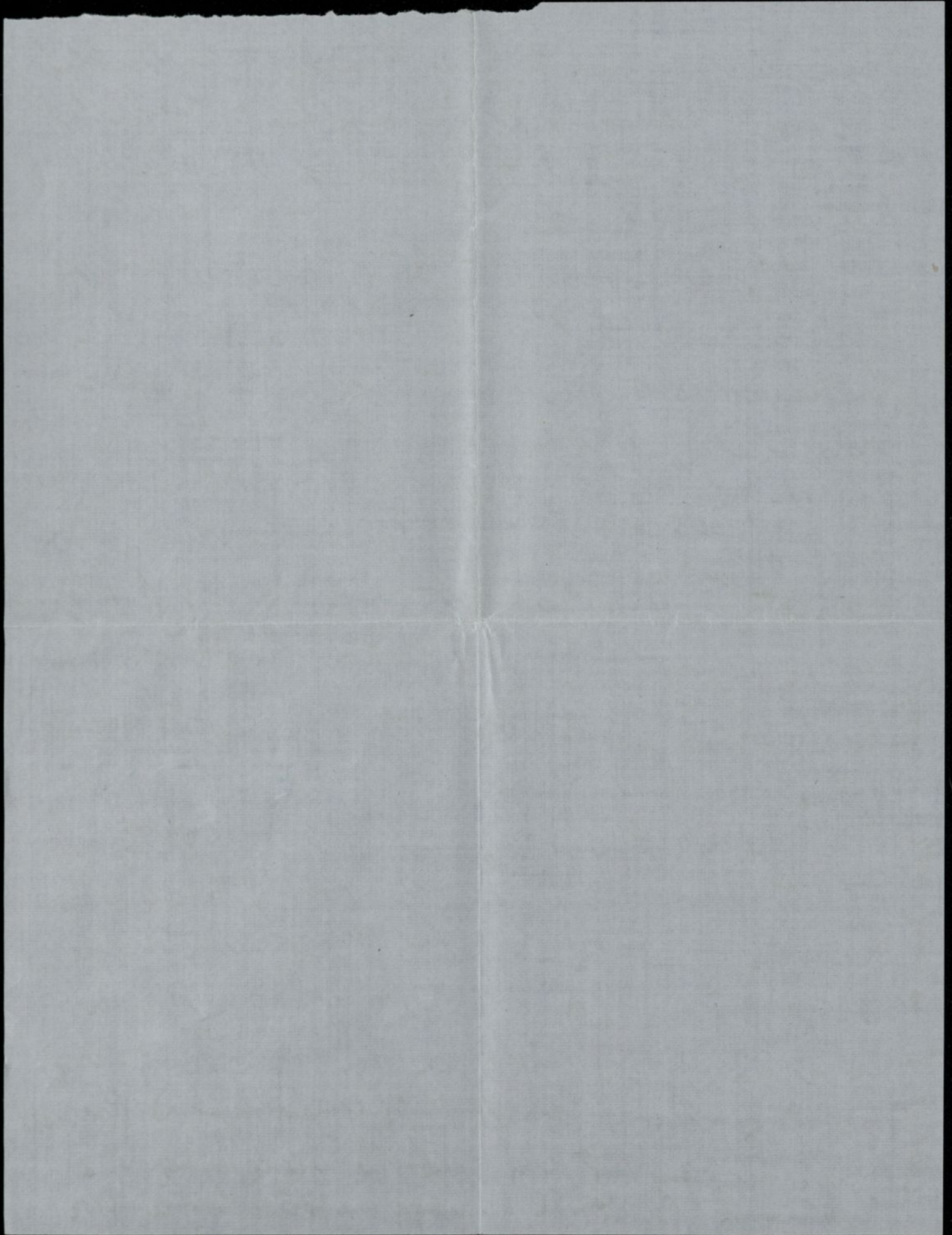
It is small comfort - all this; nor does it
carry far to realize what tremendous growth
it has brought you. There is always that
sense of frustration which I know must
make your life steep and dark often. I still
hope that things may turn that they may
develop differently for you. Surely this

separation seemed a thing far from probable
a year or so ago. I do not ask you to hope, but
to face the possibility of good as well as the
facts of unhappiness.

Life does seem to have been cruel to you.
Sorrowfully, yet when I think of your dear
mother, & then of this great experience of your
relationship with a man of the height and
depth of Tom Hart, I wonder if there is no
relationship ^{between the two experiences} I wonder if you ever could have
had the ^{one} if you had not had the grief of the
other; if, after all, your mother has ^{not} given you
a gift which in its very bitterness, is the essence
of this beauty you have touched.

Do what you can, dear, not to let its in-
tensity undermine your health. I think your
nervitis must be a part of it all, and repose,
what tranquillity of spirit you can muster,
exercise which will leave you physically tired,
all these will I believe help you — say Dr. Kraus!!
I am happy that you had the week with the
honnans. Can't you manage another before you

leave, if it was comfortable & happy?





June 9, 1933.

Dear Mr. Perkins:

Your letter to Sophie advising of your appointment as Minister Emeritus at King's Chapel made us so happy and rather proud too of this fine recognition of your services, and I am quite sure that no matter where you are or what you may do it will be the source

of greatest satisfaction to
you and Mrs. Perkins, as
well as your host of
friends and admirers.
I wish I could see
you to now fully
express to you my
great pleasure.

And wishing to
see you is a daily
habit of mine, more
pronounced here in Rome
than during the earlier
stages of our trip. I
think it is because I
recall so vividly those

few days with you wandering
about London, when you gave
so freely from your vast
store of knowledge and made
clear so many many things
that I would otherwise have
remained in ignorance of.

Out of our oft repeated
remark: "If only we had
the Perkins here with us",

I think there is a combination
of longings. On Sophie's part
a need for an understanding

companion for frequent
garden visits, and my
hunger to see with your
eyes and to drink, the
beauty, history, tradition
and fact of this panorama
of antiquity, thru your
guidance and companionship.

Here too we can punctuate
our wanderings with occasional
stops for refreshment, tho
I fear not in the same
atmosphere as some of
those London "pubs".



I believe Sophie's last letter to you was written from Sorrento covering the outstanding events of our trip up to that time. Our stay at Sorrento lengthened than our being so comfortable and happy in the atmosphere of Hotel Cocumella. Do you know it? It is an old monastery converted into a hotel in 1822 and in the same family ever since. We made the

lovely drive to Amalfi
and Ravello by horse
and carriage from there,
and the same conveyance
to Pompeii. It is a
delightful mode of
transportation that seems
to satisfy us both, not
only on long scenic drives
but also in the cities.

Pompeii fascinated
and excited us, a living
community for the moment.
I presume it is the favorite
pastime of every traveler
to reconstruct in his own
feeble way the life that
went on nearly two

thousand years ago on the
very spot we ~~then~~ occupied.
Those old Roman patricians loved
beauty and art, and seemingly
had ample resources to satisfy
every desire. The newer
excavations in Herculaneum
call for less resourcefulness
as some homes are quite
complete, with furniture, food
and equipment in place; but
of course you have seen all
this, and so much more
than my eyes take in. After
our visits to these cities we
found much to interest us
in the Museum at Naples
where nearly all the treasure
found have been carried.

Instead of staying in
Naples we commuted by
boat from Sorrento, leaving
early in the morning and
returning in the late afternoon.
This proved most satisfactory
to us, even tho we did miss
some of Naples, as our
hotel provided quiet and
was so peaceful after a
strenuous day in the city.



We have almost completed our two weeks stay in Rome, every hour of which in retrospect has been pleasant and so full of interest, as well as being a beautiful city. The combination of the ancient and modern does not offend my possibly dulled sensibilities. At every stage of human development

* Please correct this terrible grammar for me. I can't without rewriting the page

humanity is ever groping,
experimenting, building, and
while I might wish that
certain ancient structures
were here instead of the
newer things, it probably
is all as it should be,
at least for the new
Italia under Mussolini's
guidance.

Were it not that
there was so much ahead
of us, we would surely
remain here another two
weeks, probably spending
most of the time seeing
over and over again
the places we have visited.

Saint Peter's, The Vatican with its endless treasures of painting and sculpture, The Museums, Colosseum, Forum, Palatine, The Borghese, and of course the lovely vistas from the several hills, now is this nearly all. St Peter's was a disappointment, too vivid, too decorated and too huge. But return calls seemed to soften all this, so possibly if we remained long enough we might learn to love it.

There were other smaller churches we liked more, tho none gave us the same spiritual reaction as the Gothic Cathedrals we have seen before. We had a happy day at Tivoli, stopping on the way at Hadrian's Villa. What a grand palace that must have been, - tho I might better term it a city rather than palace. Villa d'Este is still beautiful and full of charm. We both loved wandering thru the garden, with its fine old cypresses, and numerous fountains.



Here I have been writing page after page, saying so little when there is so much to be told.

My pen seems to wander without aim, just as our days and weeks are slipping by, easily and so happily.

We tried to connect with the chauffeur Miss Ware so thoughtfully recommended to drive us from here to Florence. His price was probably very reasonable,

but it exceeded our budget,
which we are watching
carefully. Then there is
the additional burden
of our declining dollar.
Fortunately one can live
well here in Italy for
comparatively little.

We go from here
tomorrow by train to Arezzo,
then by bus to Pienza,
Assisi and Chiusi, - then
train to Florence. We are
coming back to Siena
early in July for the
Palio festival.

With this message goes
my love and special

wishes for your anniversary that should be close at hand when this reaches you. This milestone does mark a very special point in your careers, and now that you are free, my hope is that a newer and fuller realization of all that is beautiful in life will be yours and Mrs Perkins for years and years to come.

Thinking of you both in Seattle soon with Emily gives me my first touch of homesickness. We would love being there to urge you to spend all the time possible at Firworthy. Please do so anyway.

Yours in genuine affection,

Arthur.

Dearest - Arthur says I may not mutilate his magazine so I must stay within this space, as I am only to add a word to send you our special love and greeting for your Day Day. I wonder where we - all four - will be next year at this time. Let us hope it will be together, along with dear Emily, & I should not mind were it on this side of the water! I shall write you a long letter soon. It is so hard to find time. I have thousands of things that I want to tell you, and after Corvito and Perugia & Casini it will probably be two thousand! We are starting off to-morrow early with one bag so we can go wherever Mr. Dancy dictates en route; but we expect to be in Florence by next Sunday and then settle in there.

So soon after this reaches you, you will be starting west. I wonder how it will seem to you to be back in the little home again with no plans for the fall. It makes me a little homesick to think of you being there. Please have David give you anything I have which you can use in your garden. Give dear dear love to you, Precious Friends, Fred & Sophie

~~Via
S.S. Queen Mary
Sailing Southampton
Aug. 5th~~

LONDON W.I.
11 15AM
4 AUG
1936



Miss Emily Hale
5 Clement Circle
Cambridge
Massachusetts
U. S. A.

Return to: Mrs. Arthur Jeffrey Krauss
of the National City Bank N.Y.
60 Avenue des Champs Elysees
Paris France

MOSTYN HOTEL, LONDON, W.1A

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(10 lines)
✠ Mostkumfy, London
also Mostyn & Kenilworth
Hotels at Eastbourne.

Mostyn Hotel

Portman Square

London, W. 1.

Emily dear -

It is almost eleven o'clock but I promised myself I would not go to bed to-night without a word to you which will go via the Queen Mary on Wednesday. Thursday we leave London for Dover where we embark for Belgium. We decided to take a little beach holiday there instead of on the French coast as we had previously planned because we have been hearing from everyone of the very great economy & the attractiveness of those resorts. Fortunately Mr. d'Konte the manager here in Belgium and is giving us excellent suggestions for our time there. How long it will be we can't say, anywhere from two to four weeks, probably the former for we plan to be in Paris on September

first and will probably want to stop
a few places on our way there. We really
hate to leave London. It has been another
very short stay, and but I look forward
to the time when we come again, alone, &
can stay on & putter around as we love
to. With Elizabeth & Susan, it has of
necessity been mostly sight-seeing, we
have "done" London for them. We don't like
it that way as you so well know, but
yet it has been fun showing them our
favorite pictures & churches & what-
not. We have been to the twice
with Susan, once to de Basil's Russian
Ballet which you no doubt saw in the
states this last winter; and once to see
Edith Evans in Tchekov's "Seagull".
The ballet was lovely, our first time in
Covent Garden which we enjoyed very
much. I do love these tiered & red
velveted old opera houses! They gave
"L'après midi d'un faune" with
Nijinsky's choreography & I think I
have never so perceived anything

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more deeply moving and exquisite in
interpretation, movement, line. The
sequel was a disappointment. I don't
like Russian via English actors any
more than I liked English (Shirley,
La Femme Sans Homme) via French
actors, and Edith Evans was disappoint-
ing. The young girl whose name I have
stupidly forgot (I sent Shirley the
program) was much better I felt
than E. E. But it is a fine play, isn't
it? And it all seems so fundamen-
tal & real to me after knowing my
Russian friends as I have.

Edith's letter a few days ago told
me of your being laid up with much
rest prescribed. I am so sorry, my
dear. I don't see how anyone lived
through the awful heat you've had &
I imagine that along with your

worrying about next year's work, & with
all the thoughts & feelings that have
been racing through heart & mind.
This last night a few months ^{it was} ~~was~~ quite
enough to tire you out. Edith said
however, she that you were responding
to the treatment they were giving you so
maybe by now you are quite on your
feet again. I do hope you were well
enough to go to Dr. Jates with the Per-
kins's. Dr.'s lovely spirit and depth
of understanding & present busy-
but happiness would be good for
anyone. I how happy it would be if
you & T.A.E. could be there together!
And if only the miracle would hap-
pen! There is always a prayer in
my heart for it, Emily dear. To-day
it found expression in the Evensong
service in St. George's Chapel at
Windeor. Do you remember our
frantic efforts to see it that day

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when I tried to run down one of the
Palace guards? We had a worse time
getting in to-day. We were foolish enough
to go on a Bank Holiday. Imagine the
mob! And when at 3:45 we went to
the chapel which we had just discov-
ered, closed at 4:00, they had elected to
close it at 3:45 to clear out the crowd
& get ready for the service; so we had
no choice but to go to the service were
we to see it at all. What a boon it
was! To sit in that lovely place &
listen to the choir voices fill it with
music instead of milling around with
thousands! Of course, you were there
by my side, & of course, our hearts
poured out a prayer together.

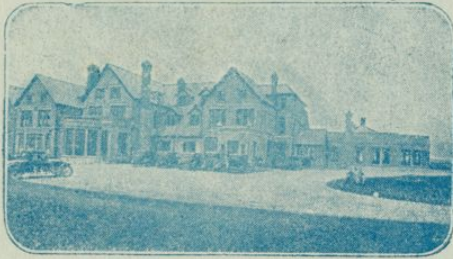
I've been a fearfully busy person
between sight-seeing. The good for-
tune which heaven on me saw to it
that my suit (which saw me through

my last trip abroad, two years in
between, & hasn't been of my back since
I sailed this time) wore through, literally,
at elbow & knee, just the day before I
reached London! And I've had a
grand one made to replace it - at
a wonderful tailor who is taking all
my allowance for the nonce, £15 at
the full swoop; but it is a great satis-
faction & I don't care if I never have
another thing for the rest of my life!

Also I got a permanent! Imagine
the agony this has given me, but
it came out fine & cost time as much.
London has ruined me financially
and left me very beautiful!! ????

Beer time here was so short
& the six days included the Aug 3
Bank Holiday when everyone is
away, that I did not say to get
in touch with J. D. & again as I felt
it was an imposition after his
having to make such an effort last

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"NORTHERN, BUNDORAN"
TELEPHONE No. 24.



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL,

BUNDORAN,

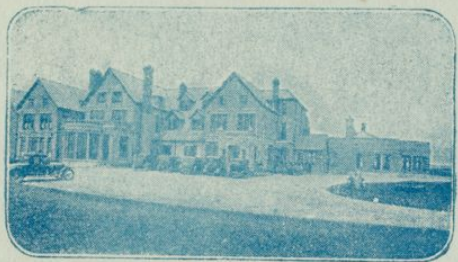
CO. DONEGAL.

time, but I sincerely hope to have
real opportunity again. In so short
a time he will be sailing for Boston.
I'll hope to hear from you before
he comes, but, if not, surely after-
wards.

Since I wrote you last we have
been flying around - Scotland
which we adored! and Ireland
which we didn't! of course, there were
spots of beauty & great interest in
Ireland. I loved Dublin and
our visit at Bangor near Belfast
& Davies's family was too delightful;
but by & large, Ireland is the dirtiest
place I have ever experienced & I

use that word thoughtfully, so we
won't dwell on the Emerald Isle. I must
tell you though that David's mother &
father are ~~two~~ handsome, attractive
people & they live in a sweet little
home with a riotous garden. His father
was superintendent of the Botanical
Gardens in Belfast for 20 years & is
retired now. I completely lost my heart
& him. We had the grandest tea
with cold tongue and salad and
all the delicious breads & cakes that
belonged. Of course, we had learned
by then the thrifty Scotch habit of
high tea instead of dinner. We
ate fried fish & lamb chops &
pancake scones in Scotland until
the sight of a green pea created a
riot in the family. It really was a
fine way for us, however, as we
habitually had high tea at 5:45
~ 6:00 & then drove for two hours in

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GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL,

BUNDORAN,

CO. DONEGAL.

more in the long twilight, through
the highland woods which I think
must be the most beautiful in the
world. Did I write all this to
you or Edith? I think I must have
for I remember writing her about the
heath & the haken & birch trees.
Forgive me. It is the late hour
now. I'll write again from
Belguin & mean time do send
me a word. Tell Edith I shall write
to her soon in answer to her dear
letter & give her and Mr. Perkins my
dearest love. So you, always a very
special quality & quantity of my
thoughts and my affection go. Ever
dearly - Sophie

P. S. I had this all sealed up when I
reread your last letter & tear it up -
space necessity, I regret to say! And
find I must open up again to comment
on a few things in it & add a word or two
just random thoughts. You spoke of that
land in it; & I must tell you that we went
back, only for a day & night with Susan
& found a sweet place inside it & stay
which you all probably know - Edstone
& fall at Wootton Bassett. I advised
the name of the barn so that I persuaded
Art & Jo in to it to see what it was
like & there we found this curious place.

I forgot to tell you an interesting
piece of news. Our tenants the Langs
at Frowthly have a baby daughter.
Isn't that nice? I am having a good
time wondering where & how, etc.
I like the idea, somehow.

So return & Stratford again,
you'll be interested to know that
the season is a great success. We could
not get any seats for the performance

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GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL,

BUNDORAN,

CO. DONEGAL.

I fear the night are well there & they
have been staying to full houses all
season.

I guess those were really the only
issues but I just sent a letter to say
good-night to you. Consider yourself
wrapped up in my love as I am in
the eiderdown puff to ward off
the London chill (?!). Good-night,
honey.

Over,
Sophie

