

Isabel Whiting Letters to Emily Hale

Copyright Not Evaluated

The copyright and related rights status of this Item has not been evaluated.

Please refer to the organization that has made the Item available for more information.

You are free to use this Item in any way that is permitted by the copyright and related rights legislation that applies to your use.

Princeton University Library Disclaimer

Princeton University Library claims no copyright governing this digital resource. It is provided for free, on a non-commercial, open-access basis, for fair-use academic and research purposes only. Anyone who claims copyright over any part of these resources and feels that they should not be presented in this manner is invited to contact Princeton University Library, who will in turn consider such concerns and make every effort to respond appropriately. We request that users reproducing this resource cite it according the guidelines described at <http://rbsc.princeton.edu/policies/forms-citation>.

Citation Information

Hale, Emily, 1891-1969
Eliot, T.S. (Thomas Stearns), 1888-1965
Isabel Whiting Letters to Emily Hale
1 folder

Contact Information

Download Information

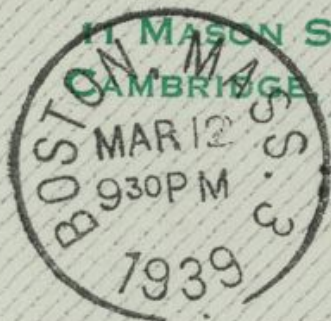
Date Rendered: 2019-12-18 09:58:16 PM UTC

Available Online at: <http://arks.princeton.edu/ark:/88435/3484zp35v>

From
Isabel Whiting



Miss Emily Hope
23 Paradise Road
Northampton
Mass



11 MASON STREET
CAMBRIDGE MASS.

BUY U. S. SAVINGS
BONDS
ASK YOUR POSTMASTER

Sunday

11 MASON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Emily Dooling,

Tickets and the hope of spring, and
the very possibility of the thought of you
were being my week clothes &
his full stature & a man! How
fresh they were, that earthy pungent
scent of lovely things coming out of
the ground of our being - only so
can the spirit become winged -

All this and more you write and
you can comfort me, because they
take me that out of a more, ^{or} "scaled"
cooker "of his soul" T.S. had some
words of understanding heart to you -

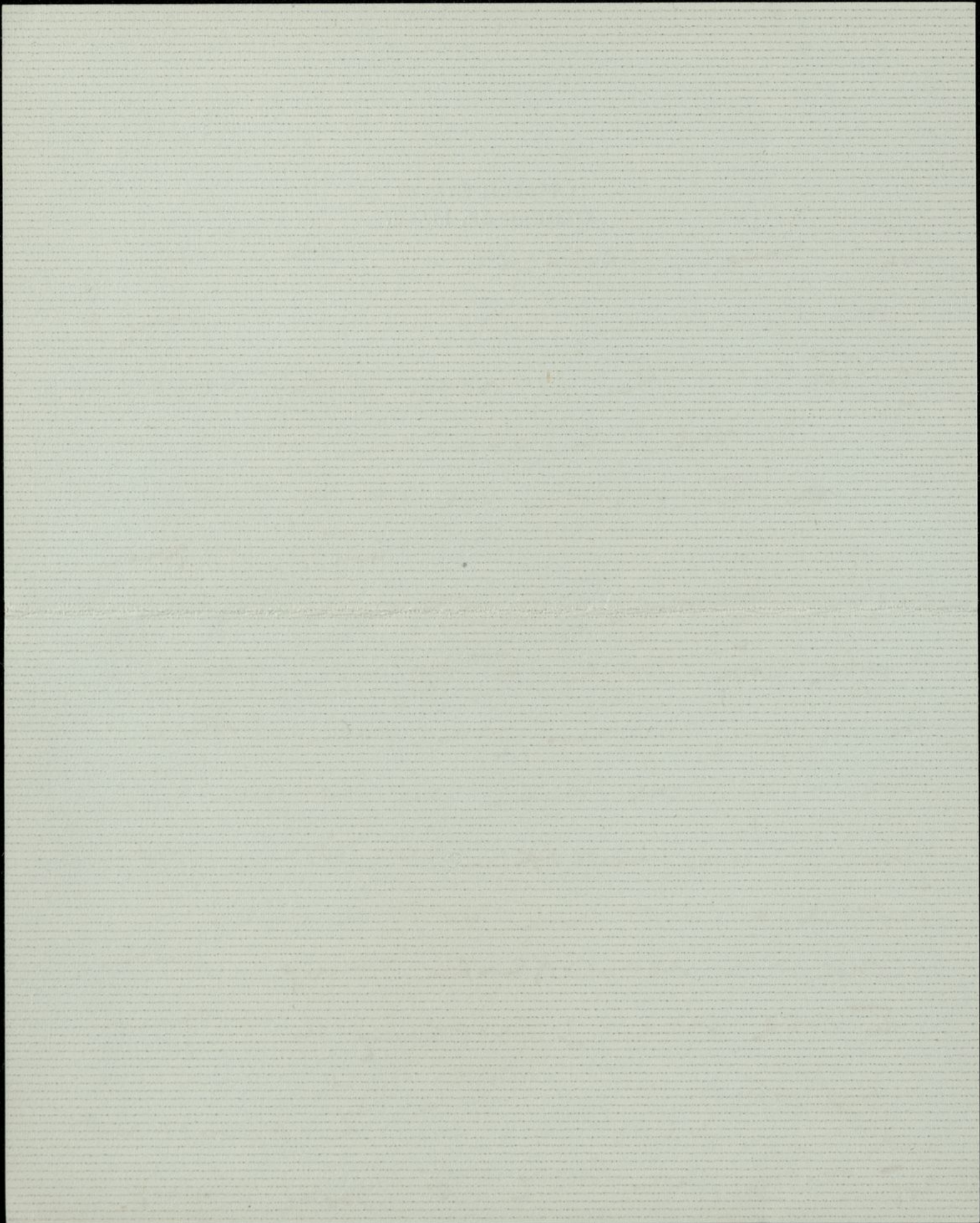
When, as the old story goes, Margaret
Fussell said "I accept the universe" and

Wright said "I would, I'd better" - so
I have around the universe a fine
exquisite gift of love to T.S. and
say, if he accepts it, I would be'd better!
and with ^{these} understandings of comprehensions -
I do not see how you can ever question
your sting to much of his comprehension
from him - just of all because the
quality of your spirit is so in comparative
and worthy of all poetic sustenance,
and then I believe his own renaissance
depends to a great extent upon the
purity of your love and the core
of it - He need not be asked to
"disturb the dust on the boat of good
loves" but he must look into
and be amazed into humility & awe
by the beauty of the new revelation
to work him - Perhaps the very
revelation of your and his words that

11 MASON STREET
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

There is something medicinal in your love,
"It is medicinal" (was that said?) brings
my thoughts to you "Down all the Road" —

So look to the violets — and my delight
to have this flower and see its spoke of
to me yesterday — I thought of your
sad journey to your mother, and how I
should have loved to receive you
on return, warm you and soften
you by my fire, and so reassure
you of how unbroken is love, and
out of a past and its memories
comes the new and fresh spring, and
the cold seed of suffering into new
life of beauty — So my loyal devotion
and my gratitude are my disappointment
not to see you, surely only your whisper



From Isabel Whiting

Miss Emily Hale

The Anchorage

Grand Manan

New Brunswick



.TT5

10 3
42
N. B.

Thursday - Nov. 5-

3 PHILLIPS PLACE CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Emily darling -

So much to say to you, I hardly know where
to begin: But first the precious letter of the clock -
Your words are so too much and as is your maternal gift -
Both are far out of proportion to my deservings and I
scarcely know how to accept either from your loving
out-reaching heart - Can't say of once I must not
accept the clock in full, then read your letter so
and wondered how we could return any - So
I accept it all, here, and then I expect from you
and a full promise of the month of May at Brookhaven.
The coming spring you are my guest in Mother's
little green house which she likes to think of
trig so freely by you and me - Will you
promise this, and set my quail's at rest?
Your words about me are most undeserved - I
you could such qualities of spirit in me, how
and all, it was you, Sister of Isaac Brown -
I am sensitive & compassionate, and you of course,
then nature seems to hold some strange mystic
charm for me, some sympathetic show seems to exist
between my flesh and the radiating currents within

physical phenomena - This is what I feel you will
sense, being clear, as the days pass - a current
of new life coming up through you from soil, wind
Sea, Sun - Stars - God's creativity is at
work every moment of our flesh is his love to,
his creative acts, of his redemption for, all
of it is in each flesh of our awareness - just
if our awareness is keen enough there is no
limit to his plenitude - and your awareness
grows by using, as all life grows in living -

So two days next day visit today to
Dr Lawrence - I gave him a picture of Grand
Marion, not quite so fully of your sense of
awareness in up its beauty - "Using your
words "I see it with my eyes but there is not
one answering chord in my spirit" - and also
your phrase "I have lived with the finite and
suddenly am stripped of that and have only the
infinite" - He understood perfectly your inner
struggle of your valor - he also feels he could
see the surroundings better than before, and now he
is going to write you and he thinks it all through -
He did not say just how he would see it finally -
of course he appreciates the independence of your
own decisions and actions and that they are yours to

makes, but he has at the moment no definite
 place that in his judgment is right. I had
 been sure Elsworth's visit was postponed and he
 was sure you would be strong to meet the delay -
 in fact he thinks you are strong for what has to be
 faced always. - So I hope his letter will
 comfort you as he puts his thoughts down for you -
 I try to believe you are finding more solace in the days,
 more sleep, rest and rebuilding in the nights, and
 that with Mrs Elsworth you will renew the
 delights of discovery with her new ways - She
 loves the idea of our perhaps companion you
 in more significant ways than I ever did -
 And I am always hoping that Sabra and you are
 uncovering possibilities just glimpsed before and
 that as you live with her day by day, she will
 become an ideal light house over the troubled
 waters - I have a book "Live with Sabra of Lake
 Umbagog" which I could paraphrase "Live with Sabra of Lake
 it"! I do pray this is becoming so -
 In fact I pray so many heart prayers for your love
 spirit, but your love heart - and I trust
 mightily of the Creative Life of God for you -

Imagined Mr Rhodes took to you yesterday as you
showed how it in the mail with this letter - and
with the same hope I send you this "proof" of
a ribbon for your soft brown hair - I hope it
is long enough to tie at back, and above -
I can quite see it above your delicate features
features - I was in yesterday at last a
visit with you and at length, giving them all
the best of your looks, and your gain in weight
and strength - and "more ahead for her daily I do
to love" - I looked at your lovely portrait
and thought, "lovely still but noticeably now too
aged" - Thus it is daily Emily, your
exquisite delicate makes up with noble courage
and fortitude of spirit grows on to it -
Everyone exclaims over my newness of being - God
father, sister with, friends as they see me, and
all thanks go to you, my generous friend, giving
so much time when I would give it all to you -
But if only one bit of your dear note is true of
them I shall be glad I could go to you -
Shall write soon again with more news of more
kinds - Thus is just my gratitude and about you -
Be thou Dieu sans doute et bon service" -
Devotedly
Isabel

VIA AIR MAIL



Miss Emily Hale

Thousand Pines Inn

Tryon

North Carolina

3 PHILLIPS PLACE CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

January 31st

Seth's 7th birthday!

3 PHILLIPS PLACE CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Dearest Emily,

It was hoped to have your letter at the Cape
a glimpse of the hills, woods, and seclusion of
another lovely world - I am glad so much of
your surroundings are happy for you and sorry
some human ways inflict difficulties upon our
otherwise lovely setting - But you see as the
days pass you are recasting the human frailties
to every situation required - The special
difficult moods of which a person seems to
be exhibiting have so many explanations in our
time - not acceptance but explanations -
I think there are independent habits which really
only inhibit real self development arise from hidden
suppressions - Suppressive society offers, on
familiar mistakes - the old proverb "moli
mores sunt moli animos" is so true -
If desires, emotions are not good customs are
not, and after the best war our desires were so
disrupted and insecure that manners followed
in life manners - One young wise children

also suggested there once when I felt youth was
releasing its energies destructively instead of
creatively. But another visit to the source when
one becomes angry or over critical, isn't that
the same kind of destructive energy — of
then I fear to see someone lack of self control,
different from over drinking or other social
inappropriateness, but give all something
definitely of molotovs — Probably the
daughter could help her own crude selfish
ways if she could discover why she follows
the explosion and the bad social indulgences —
what are her desires, her compulsions, and
how could she release them creatively —
just my hardest lesson is to learn what another
thinks, feels, desires, before I begin to wish
I could show her mine — As this I can
tear about but really I am so quick of
seton safe with my own indulgences that I seem
my to fail in the actual following through —

I have just been reading Professor Ulrich's
"Fundamentals of Democratic Education" and
how I wish I had had that to guide me earlier —
The spiritual implications are made so clear —

No news from Son and the long silence is only
 the dense not-knowing of millions of mothers
 sweethearts and wives - I remember I belong
 to a great fellowship of young and that as I see
 this fellowship it included my country's enemies
 also - In behavior I distinguish good from bad,
 as well as my feelings allow, but in the
 spiritual suffering I cannot say there are my
 allies, there my foes - I wonder if it is not
 because we fail always to reach below what
 we see down, to the compulsive emotional course
 that we have worn out destruction - But
 I begin to feel a long pilgrimage ahead of us
 before we can rebuild - I think the depth of
 ideological tyranny is so wide spread that great
 destruction and agony will come before now is
 the capacity of seeing a communal basis of
 orientation - You are not a pessimist or cynic.
 But I believe forces have ~~not~~ pushed themselves
 through our former work of society with such
 violence and such prophetic power that mankind
 is in the midst of a terrific upheaval of former
 beliefs and behaviors which a long period of time

will be required to reconcile — Something is being
born that is snowed out and only the inner
spirit of man can survive to be created —

While reading and thinking I also join some friends
in tea with refugees who are thinkers and who share
the thoughts — I have the symphony each Saturday
night, sharing our ticket with Carl a friend
you know — that is my best hour of personalization —

Then this past week I have been sunbathing
I'm sick — Sister, at times so well, again so
uncertain — Alice's household with grip
and now Carl is fed with it — This winter
continued with snow feet deep — cold within
and without — and courage every where!

I have tried to reach your Aunt and Uncle on the
telephone but they must have been out — I shall
try soon again, and when I go in town shall try to
call on them — I hope the book reached

you dear, and that you find further illumination —

Do not feel you have to "re-make" yourself,

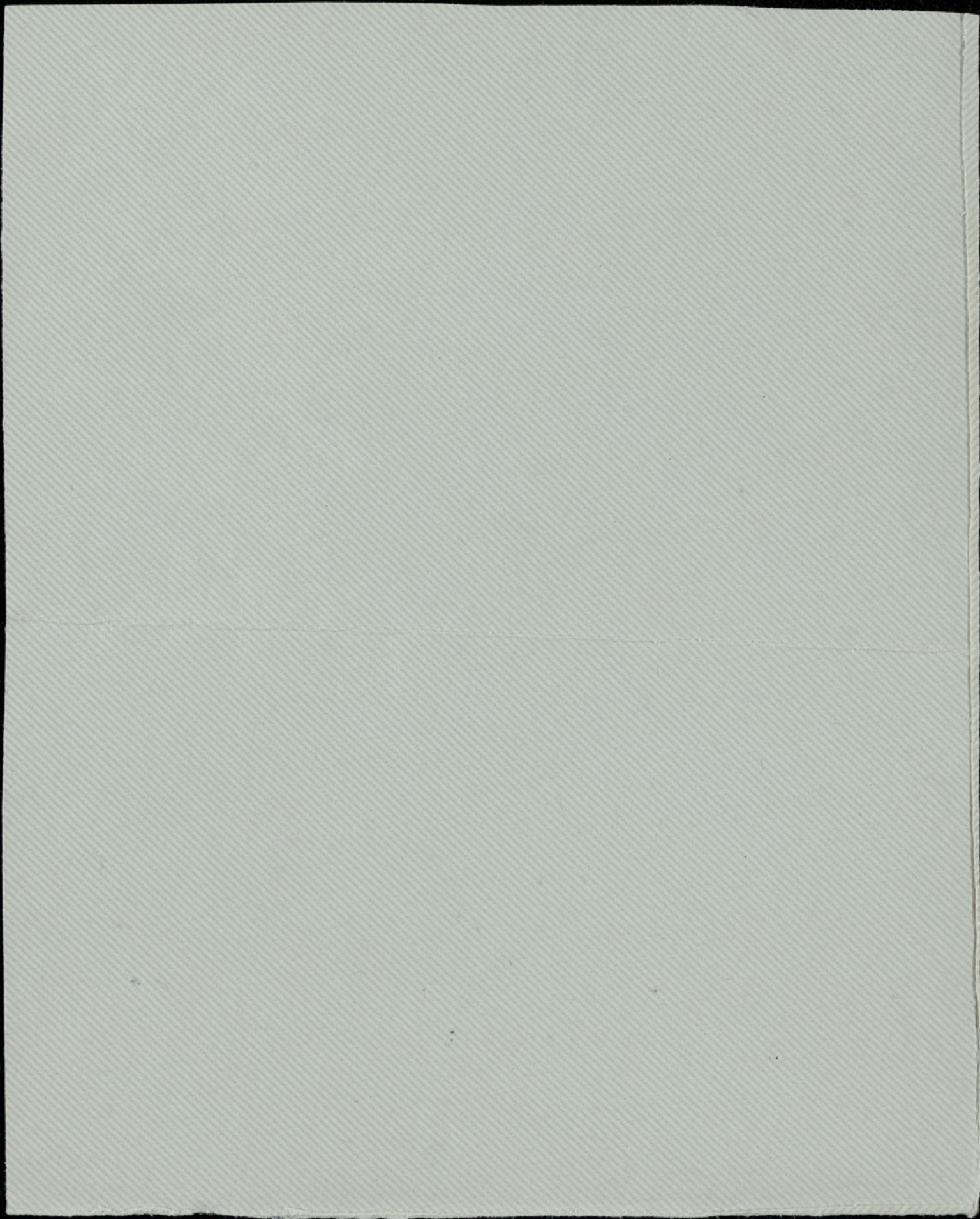
yourself is you, and all you need do is to
discover it — encourage it — and believe in
it — I wish I could see your lovely self in
the sunshine — in thine or gray — how glad I
am God chose the flesh to inhabit!

Ever your devoted and loving
Teacher

Emily darling

Only some heavenly visitants like
these can see you ~~young~~ sensitive ~~lay~~ in
your poem - You have caught and held
such "pleasants" in your own treatment -
You are ever aware of these beauties
about and about you, and it seems
to me you move very much in this
supernatural of his love - and to wish
that his world be fair - I like that, if
only we could keep it so, as usually
the meek do in their blessedness -
Deep thanks to you for those lovely lines -
Keep on, create in words these deep
beauties of your soul and your
true heart -
Some but I must send my recognition
to be as it is of your poem's loveliness.

Ben Love to you
Dorothy



POST

LUDWIG MESTLER, b. 1891
Winter Loneliness (Etching)

Fogg Museum of Art, Harvard University

"myself it speaks and spells,
Crying what do I do to me; for that
I came.

— for Christ plays in ten
thousand places,
lovely in limbs, and lovely in eyes
not his

To the Father through features of
men's faces" —

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

J. M. Hopkins

Printed by THE MERIDEN GRAVURE COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

