Narrative Written by Emily Hale

Miss Emily Hale
35 School Street
Andover, Massachusetts

July 15, 1957.

Mr William Fix,
The Library - Princeton University.

Dear Mr Fix, You will be greatly surprised to hear from me so unexpectedly - but to-day in beginning to clear my desk drawer, preparatory to leaving Andover in September, I came upon the sheets of an introduction to the Eliot letters which I wrote while I was in Princeton so long ago, and which have been "lost" ever since! I must apologize for copying the original in pencil, but typing takes me a very

long time, and there is no one here naturally to whom I care to dictate the material. So, if your kindness will extend to reading it through and choosing volume you wish, to decipher and copy the sheets, I shall again be your debtor, and shall of course be glad to proof-read a copy. At this distance from the "tempest" which took place at the time I tried to shorten the length of time before publication, I have decided that for the "record's" sake I should also include the last letters from Eliot - knowing that you too will read their contents less personally than either I as might have done earlier.

My term of service at Abbot is over because of retirement age, and I do

not at the moment know where I shall be, or what I shall do, after September. I have not been able to find any sort of a position - all public declarations about shortage of teachers to the contrary. Any mail next year addressed care Mr Moses Williams, Minot, the Bliss and Maddison, will be attended to. If I should travel, I believe for Income Tax purposes I have to state each year the value of the letters, as broken up in the groups planned by the appraiser. Is there anything Mr Williams' office can do, or do you need my personal word?

I hope you and Mrs Fox are well and enjoying a real vacation.

Yours always very sincerely Emily Hale

In giving the letters between T. S. Eliot and myself - to Princeton University I feel it will be of interest to future generations of students, and perhaps the general public, to know the background behind the correspondence - a background so to speak for the human drama in these letters.

In 1911-12 T. S. E. was working at Harvard University towards a Doctorate in Philosophy. I met him during this period, or a little earlier, in his undergraduate and Master's working days, at the home of his cousin, Mrs Eleanor Hinkley, living in Cambridge with her mother, who was Eliot's mother's sister. I saw quite a little of him - taking part together once in modest theatricals at Mrs Hinkley's, in an original dramatization by her daughter, of Jane Austen's "Emma". Eliot played Mr

Woodhouse very delightfully, while I was a "rattled" for the part of Mrs Elton. I was overawed by the quiet, reserved very brilliant young man whose law work made all he said very difficult to follow, apart from the content of his already individual thinking. I was given to understand by others that "I was the only girl he paid any attention to".

In 1914 Eliot went to Germany to complete his doctorate study. Before leaving for Europe, he very much embarrassed me by telling me he loved me deeply; no mention of marriage was made, but I heard often from him; on certain anniversaries my favorite flower, mignonette, always arrived.

The outbreak of war caused Eliot to change his plans, and he transferred

to Merton College, Oxford, in order to study under the great teacher of philosophy ? - Joachim,

Between 1914 and the end of the war, Eliot decided to remain always in England, married an English girl whom he met at Oxford, and came suddenly and brilliantly into literary fame - light thro' the publication of The Waste Land. In 1922 and on later visits, when I went to England for a summer's holiday, we renewed acquaintance. The circumstances were difficult, he was very unhappy in his marriage, and he found himself once more in love with me. The correspondence of so many years began in 1930, when I was living with a friend in Boston - in an interval between teaching positions.

1932 - 1934 saw me at Scripps College, Claremont, California, teaching Spanish and

dramatic production, as well as living in residence as a "house mother". The year 1933 brought Eliot to America for the first time since 1914; he had become an English citizen, an Anglo-Catholic, and a coming literary figure of authority. He delivered the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard, then travelled to Scripps ostensibly as a guest in residence — the "that post had not been designated for popular visitors — but in reality to visit with me and try to straighten out his emotional life, as he was then separated from his wife. While at Scripps he occupied the home of a faculty admirer of his and friend of mine, met with a small group of the Seniors and delivered a public lecture on Edmund Lear and his humor, the nonsense verses claiming his especial affection. A public reading was given at U.C.L.A.

before hundreds of students - many there from curiosity rather than knowledge of the poet, this was repeated later at Berkeley.

During the summers of '34 - 1939, relatives of mine, He and Mrs John Carroll Perkins, rented a charming 18th century house, with beautiful garden, in the famous, Cotswold town of Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire. Each summer of this period, Eliot joined us at Stamford House for longer or shorter stays during his holiday. The charm of the town, the country's beauty, the comfort of living under Mrs Perkins' housekeeping, the very social engagements among people who were our own friends, added Eliot's release from the bondage of his marriage - (Mrs Eliot was ill enough to be confined in a sanitorium) made these five summers

the most truly happy, I believe, of his life - up to his second marriage. In the beautiful garden at the rear of the house, where he and I spent many hours, he proof-read "The Family Reunion," and lectured on a set of Shakespeare lectures. It was from Camden that we walked together to the ruined Georgian house, "Burnt Norton" - the inspiration of that visit producing the first of the "Four Quartets."

I taught for the first years of the '40s at Smith College and Concord Academy, Concord, Mass. Eliot visited me in both situations. At Concord my last year (46) he was persuaded to give the commencement address "The Meaning of Poetry"; the headmasters in appreciation printed it in the form known since to all collectors of Eliotiana.

Since 1946 I have taught at Abbot Academy for Girls - Andover, Mass., a very old and highly esteemed boarding school. Thro his friendship with me Eliot came three or four times to the school to speak informally with small groups or to address the whole school. His wife's death however did not bring finition to our relationship, altho the correspondence and his intimacy with me continued till his second marriage in the winter of 1957. (Insert here references to Woods Hole + Vt.)

Among the reasons for my choice of Princeton University as the guardian of these letters, is my life long friendship with Professor + Mrs Willard Thorp (- Margaret Farrand Thorp) of the University, also friends of Eliot, and because Eliot was resident at the Institute for Advanced

Studies when he received his Nobel prize award - and enjoyed life in the Terry and among his contemporaries

(Other very personal visits home were made at Woods Hole, Mass. and at Norset Vt. when for two summers I acted with a summer theatre group.)

Recognizing increasingly in this year of our Lord 1957 that Truth is a priceless heritage in the world of letters or mankind, to pass on to future generations, I bequeath this collection to a public perhaps yet unborn. The length of time before it is made available is crave, With Eliot's insistence, I have had much richness and happiness of experience in this friendship - as well as inevitable pain. May the record speak all this in itself.

signed - Emily Hale

(Insert earlier before the 1948 paragraph)

Cendover - July 15, 1957

I should like to add a very important word of gratitude to the great kindness, courtesy and understanding of the new current librarian, Mr William Fix, and his curator of Rare Manuscripts. Together, with Professor Thorp, made this rather delicate business, as easy for me as possible.

Emily Hale

Miss Emily Hale
9 Church Green
Concord, Massachusetts

March 1st
1965.

Dear Mr Fix.

Enclosed is the "revised" version. I am sorry it has Olee in my own writing, but to type it myself would have taken hours of my time and I wanted the account to go as quickly as possible. To dictate it to some a confidentially discreet typist seems not possible for me. I regret your trusted secretary will have to once again decipher as best she may. After you have

read it, will you share it with Willard and Margaret, please? For three and the friend who has undertaken to destroy the first record he was in his immaturity (a friend of many years who knows the story long ago) will be the only people to know of this revision.

I hope it seems made the wiser better account than the first. I am grateful to you and the Thorps for persuading me to persevere against my first aversion.

Always made in your debt -

Emily Hall

March, 1965.

1 - 3

at the urgent request of Mr William Fix, currently Librarian of the University Library, and my long time friends, Prof. & Mrs Willard Thorp of Princeton (Professor Thorp a prominent member of the English faculty of the University) I am writing this brief account of my years of friendship with T. S. Eliot. We knew each other first in Cambridge Massachusetts, where he was working on his graduate course preparatory to completing his doctorate in Philosophy. He left in 1913 for such preparation in Germany. Before leaving, to my great surprise, he told me how very much he cared for me; at the time I could return no such feeling. His subsequent life in Oxford and later citizenship in England is known by any and everyone who studies his work. At the close of the war he married an English girl whom he had met at Oxford. This marriage was a complete surprise to his family and friends and for me practically, as he had corresponded quite regularly with me, sent flowers for special occasions etc; I, meanwhile trying to decide whether I could learn to care for him. And he returned to the "States".

We did not meet until the summer of 1922 when I was in London with my aunt and uncle. His marriage was already known to be a very unhappy affair which was affecting both his creative work and his health; only his closest friends at the time knew fully of the miserable relationships between his wife and him; knowing this, I was dismayed when he confessed, after seeing me again, that his affection for me was strange there was, that he had assumed years of separation from his home in America and old friends, would have changed his attitude towards me. From this meeting in London until the early '30s I was the confidante by letters of all which was pent up in this gifted, emotional, groping personality. He was finally legally separated from his mentally ill wife; that they were never divorced was due to his very strong adherence to his conversion to the Anglo-Catholic church, up to 1935, between trips to America, and correspondence; we saw each other and knew about each other's life – that I had no feeling except of difficult but loyal friendship.

I taught during these years at private schools or girls' colleges; he was becoming more and more acclaimed in the world of letters, everywhere. His wife was finally committed to an institution - leaving him emotionally free, at least, then in many years. From 1935 - 1939, under this changing life, he came each summer to stay in Campden Gloucestershire, for a week or so, with my married uncle who rented a charming 15th century house in the town - and to which I came for the whole summer, to help my aunt in her entertaining, and greatly enjoy the days in the lovely Cotswold village. My relations with the circumstances of T.S.E.'s life, and perhaps regretted that I had become so close to each other, under conditions so abnormal, for I found by now that I had in turn grown very fond of him, the centre concerned in so many of our interests, reactions, and emotionally responsive to each other's needs -; the happiness, the great deep bonds between us made our lives very rich, and

the more so because we kept the relationship on as honorable, to be respected, plane, as we could. Only a few - a very few - of his friends & family, and my circle of friends knew of our love for each other; and marriage - if, and when, his wife died - could not keep but become desired, rightly fulfilment. To the general public, and our friends in England and America, I was only "his very good friend". Vivian Eliot died in the mid 40's - at the close of the war - but instead of the anticipated life together which could now be rightfully ours - something too personal, too obscurely emotional for me to understand, decided T. S. E. against his marrying me. This was both a shock and a sorrow - tho' looking back on the story - perhaps I could not have been the companion in marriage I hoped I'd be - perhaps the decision saved us both from great unhappiness - I cannot ever know. We met under these new difficult circumstances on each of the visits he continued to make to this country

for personal or professional reasons. The question of his changed attitude was discussed, but nothing was generally any further conversation. However in these years before his second marriage, he always came to see me, was gentle, and still shared with me what was happening to him — or took a generous interest in speaking of the at school where I then taught.

The second marriage in 1947, I believe took unexpectedly surprised; he wrote of it to two persons in this country, his sister Marion and me. I replied to this letter, also writing to Valerie. I never saw T.S.E. nor ever met her, after this marriage, altho' they came to Cambridge two or three times to be with his family and friends, as well as to deliver lectures, or give readings.

I can truthfully say that I am both glad and thankful his second marriage brought him the great comfort and remarkable devotion of Valerie; a woman who knew her testified to her tireless care of him, as his health grew worse — his family were delighted with her. The memory of the years when we

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mine always and I am grateful that this
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conclusions I am glad. After all, I accepted
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I will not be surprised to learn the
truth about us. About the biographers
of the future will not see "thro' a glass darkly" -
but like all of life - "face to face".

signed Cecily Hale.

May 5, 1965

Dear Miss Hale:

I enclose for any revision which you find necessary a typed transcript of your autograph memoir of T. S. Eliot. If you will make any revision which you now find necessary and return this copy to me, I shall place it with the letters under the restrictions which we have discussed.

Margaret Thorp tells me that she has discussed this version with you and has made one or two suggestions. She and Willard think it an admirable statement, as do I!

I hope that spring has reached you. It finally came to Princeton several days ago, and everything is lovely.

Cordially yours,

Miss Emily Hale
9 Church Green
Concord
Massachusetts

Gibraltar Onion Skin

MILLERS FALLS

March 1 - 3, 1965

At the urgent request of Mr. William S. Dix, currently Librarian of Princeton University Library, and my long-time friends, Professor and Mrs. Willard Thorp of Princeton (Professor Thorp is a prominent member of the English Department of the University), I am writing this brief review of my years of friendship with T. S. Eliot.

We knew each other first in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was working on his graduate course preparatory to completing his doctorate in philosophy. He left in 1913 for such preparation in Germany. Before leaving, to my great surprise, he told me how very much he cared for me; at the time I could return no such feeling. His subsequent life in Oxford and later citizenship in England is known by any and everyone who studies his work. At the close of the war he married an English girl whom he had met at Oxford. This marriage was a complete surprise to his family and friends and for me particularly, as he had corresponded quite regularly with me, sent flowers for special occasions, etc., I meanwhile trying to decide whether I could learn to care for him had he returned to the "States".

We did not meet again until the summer of 1922, when I was in London with my aunt and uncle. His marriage was already known to be a very unhappy affair which was affecting both his creative work and his health. Only his closest friends at the time knew fully of the miserable relationship between his wife and him. Knowing this, I was discouraged when he confessed after seeing me again that his affection for me was stronger than ever , then he had assumed years of separation from his home in America and old friends could have changed his attitude toward me. From this meeting in until the early 30's I was the confidante by letters of all which was pent up in this gifted, emotional, grasping personality.

He was finally legally separated from his mentally ill wife -- that they were never divorced was due to his very strong alliance to his conversion to the Anglo-Catholic Church.

Up to 1935, between trips to America, and correspondence, we saw each other and knew about each other's life - though I had no feeling except of difficult but loyal friendship. I taught during these years at private schools or girls' colleges and he was becoming more and more acclaimed in the world of letters everywhere.

His wife was finally committed to an institution, leaving him emotionally freer at least than in many years. From 1935 - 1939, under this change in his life, he came each summer to stay in Campden, Gloucestershire, for a week or so, with my aunt and uncle who rented a charming 15th century house in the town - and to which I came for the whole summer to help my aunt in her entertaining and greatly enjoyed the days in the lovely cathedral village. My relatives knew the circumstances of T.S.E.'s life, and perhaps regretted that he and I became so close to each other under conditions so abnormal, for I found by now that I had in turn grown very fond of him. We were congenial in so many of our interests, our reactions, and emotionally responsive to each other's needs - the happiness the quiet deep bonds between us made our lives very rich, and the more because we kept the relationship on as honorable, to be respected plane, as we could. Only a few - a very few - of his friends and family, and my circle of friends knew of our care for each other; and marriage - if and when his wife died - could not help but become a desired right of fulfilment. To the general public and our friends in England and America, I was only "his very good friend".

Eliot died in the mid 40's at the close of the war - but instead of the anticipated life together which could now be rightfully ours - something too personal -- too de emotional for me to understand decided T.S.E. against his marrying me. This was both a shock and a sorrow - this looking back on the story - perhaps I could not have been the companion in marriage I hoped to be - perhaps the decision saved us both from great unhappiness - I cannot ever know.

We met under these new difficult circumstances on each of the visits he continued to make to this country for personal or professional reasons, the queation of his changed attitude was discussed, but nothing was gained by any further conversation. However in these years before his second marriage, he always came to see me, was gentle, and still shared with me what was happening to him - or took generous interest in speaking at the school where I then taught.

The second marriage in 1947 I believe took everyone by surprise. He wrote of it to two persons in this country, his sister Marian, and me. I replied to this letter, also writing to Valerie. I never saw T.S.E. nor ever met her after this marriage, although they came to Cambridge two or three times to be with his family and friends, as well as to deliver lectures or give readings.

I can truthfully say that I am both glad and thankful his second marriage brought him the great comfort and remarkable devotion of Valerie; everyone who knew her testified to her tireless care of him, as his health grew worse, his family were delighted with her. The memory of the years when we were most together and so happy are mine always and I am grateful that this period brought some of his best writing, and an charming personality which perhaps I helped to stabilize.

A strange story in many ways but found in many another life - public and less public than his. If the account will keep the prying and curiosity of future students from drawing false or sensational conclusions I am glad. After all, I accepted conditions as they were offered under the unnatural code which surrounded us, so that perhaps more sophisticated persons than I will not be surprised to learn the truth about us. , the biographers of the future will not see this "a glass darkly" but like all of life "face to face."

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Cotswold

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(s) Emily Hale

E·H

Concord
Massachusetts
May 13, 1965.

Mr William S. Fox.
The Pierpont Morgan Library.

Dear Mr Fox,

I return the typed copy of my revised account to go with the T.S.E. letters. I have put asterisks against the suggestions Margaret Thorp made: the first (spelling of Coventry) should be added something like this. "On one of his visits, she walked to nearby Burnt Norton. the ruins of an 18th century

ruins

house and garden, ~~with~~ ~~being added in which there were living quarters~~. Burnt Cottar, so I am always sorry, was his "last power" for me.

The second change should result against marrying again "not" marrying me.

I have to confess I like this decision very much, and am thankful for the Theosophs for persuading me to attempt it.

Always most sincerely

Enid Wale

At the urgent request of Mr. William S. Dix, currently Librarian of Princeton University Library, and my long-time friends, Professor and Mrs. Willard Thorp of Princeton (Professor Thorp is a prominent member of the English Department of the University), I am writing this brief review of my years of friendship with T. S. Eliot.

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4/19/65

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He was finally legally separated from his mentally ill wife. That they were never divorced was due to his very strong adherence to his conversion to the Anglo-Catholic Church.

Up to 1935, between trips to America and correspondence, we saw each other and knew about each other's life - though I had no feeling except of difficult but loyal friendship. I taught during these years at private schools or girls' colleges; he was becoming more and more acclaimed in the world of letters, everywhere.

Hiw wife was finally committed to an institution, leaving him emotionally freer, at least, than in many years. From 1935 - 1939, under this change in his life, he came each summer to stay in Compden, Gloucestershire, for a week or so, with my aunt and uncle who rented a charming 18th century house in the town - and to which I came for the whole summer to help my aunt in her entertaining and greatly enjoy the days in the lovely Cotswold village. On one of his visits, we walked to nearby "Burnt Norton" - the ruins of an 18th century house and garden. "Burnt Norton", as Tom always said, was his "love poem" for me. My relatives knew the circumstances of T.S.E.'s life, and perhaps regretted that he and I became so close to each other, under conditions so abnormal, for I found by now that I had in turn grown very fond of him. We were congenial in so many of our interests, our reactions, and emotionally responsive to each other's needs; the happiness, the quiet deep bonds between us made our lives very rich, and the more because we kept the relationship on as honorable, to be respected plane, as we could. Only a few - a very few - of his friends and family, and my circle of friends knew of our love for each other; and marriage - if and when his wife died - could not help but become a desired, right fulfillment. To the general public, and our friends in England and America, I was only "his very good friend".

Vivian Eliot died in the mid 40's, at the close of the war, but instead of the anticipated life together which could now be rightfully ours, something too personal, too obscurely emotional for me to understand, decided T.S.E. against his marrying again. This was both a shock and a sorrow, though, looking back on the story, perhaps I could not have been the companion in marriage I hoped to be, perhaps the decision saved us both from great unhappiness I cannot ever know.

We met under these new difficult circumstances on each of the visits he continued to make to this country for personal or professional reasons. The question of his changed attitude was discussed, but nothing was gained by anyffurther conversation. However, in these years before his second marriage, he always came to see me, was gentle, and still shared with me what was happening to him, or took generous interest in speaking at the school where I then taught.

The second marriage in 1947 I believe took everyone by surprise. He wrote of it to two persons in this country, his sister Marian, and me. I replied to this letter, also writing to Valerie. I never saw T.S.E. nor ever met her after this marriage, although they came to Cambridge two or three times to be with his family and friends, as well as to deliver lectures or give readings.

I can truthfully say that I am both glad and thankful his second marriage brought him the great comfort and remarkable devotion of Valerie; everyone who knew her testified to her tireless care of him, as his health grew worse; his family were delighted with her. The memory of the years when we were most together and so happy are mine always and I am grateful that this period brought some of his best writing, and an assured charming personality which perhaps I helped to stabilize.

A strange story in many ways but found in many another life, public and less public than his. If this account will keep the prying and curiosity of future students from drawing false or sensational conclusions I am glad. After all, I accepted conditions as they were offered under the unnatural code which surrounded us, so that perhaps more sophisticated persons than I will not be surprised to learn the truth about us. At least, the biographers of the future will not see "through a glass darkly," but like all of life, "face to face."

(s) Emily Hale

4/19/65