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<th>Hemingway, Ernest</th>
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Dear Thornton,

Damned good to hear from you and pleased to see that... As a move toward higher things they illustrated the personal piece about old Hem in Scribners with a photo of you and the late Wm.L.Phillips in it. I'm awfully glad if you like the book but hate to have you read it in chunks and possibly bowdlerized. It will be out in the fall and I'll send you one then. It would be fine to see you. We'll be back in the fall probably though not in N.Y. Maybe we could get together somewhere Christ I can't write a letter but I wish we could talk.

The ex-pupil was fine. We took him out to lunch and tried to ease his hangover and later he sent a Christmas card. Send along any ex-pupils you want. Am always at your service.

I won't send you any former pupils on account of having none but take it out in telling people how I am a great friend of yours which has won me the respect of many a citizen. Were in America about 14 months and at no time encountered anyone who had read anything of mine but by judicious use of your name acquired quite a reputation as a literary gent.

All I did was work like a convict on this book for a year then laid off and fished and shot and took grand trips with Pauline and Dos and old Waldo Pierce. Now I can't write a damned thing. It always seems like that--either working and not speaking to anyone and afraid each day you will get out of it and living like a damned monk for it then a fine time after it's done then hellish depression until you get into it again. My father went in for leaving smoking himself and in a family and etc. on my handsto support. With this serialize they will support for quite a while.

If you ever hear I'm dead don't believe a word of it as will turn up in blackface having changed name or something to get rid of economic pressure. (Real line in personal writing next day. Real fine now and as always a second write! Floundering to put it to the young however.)
Paris is going to pot. Seems awfully lousy. More traffic than N.Y. Everybody has too much money and it's expensive as hell and after where we've been and what seen and how felt this last year there's no damn fun in drinking at a cafe with a lot of hard faced lesbians (converted ones not even real ones) and all the little fairies when you've been out day after day on the caribbean in a small boat with people you like and black as a nigger from the sun and never any shoes nor any underwear and champagne in the water butt poured over with a chunk of ice and a wet sack - dave for the champagne out on the reef where a rum boat went aground - flying fish instead of fairies - and with only so long to live why come back to cafes and all the little snivelling shit of literary politics.

What the hell does success get you? All it gets is that people treat you smottily because they think you must have a swelled head. That's the lousiest thing of all. I may quit the whole business and buy a boat with what dough I can get together and shove off. Then have a book every five years or ten years or whenever you have one not write them because they bring some bloody pressure on you.

On the other hand pictures may make more and as good. Write without knowing to be decent.

How are you? Can you write me now every day? Can't afford as young as this sounds. Shawnd it in reality - only in time many places. I would like to be to the coast of Mexico and you? Souther California. Someplace. Would you like to put two together? I have a couple of fine ones figured out. Take a hell of a crowd winter. Better come down the third and don't hit them hard. love you always.

End
Cousin take death and I wonder if when am too young and just tired of it to become any difference every regard for the writing

Feet too

A good today might even unde one sometime. We'll be back in U.S. in spring for a year or more. I hope I come down to

be with them. Care for you up a lecture note. If you have to take your other and rock box

conscience, I hope you'll get a boat. Can't promise rapids without boats. They'll go well. Can turn

the business and still give you time to

give a state of grace.

This is a crazy letter —

Andrew Hotel Some
Santiago de Compostella
Spain

until any day —

Quarranzico T. Co. of N.Y.
4 Place de la Concorde

I will always forward the

good papers; go to keep clear —

All the best...
July 18th [1929]

Dear Thain -

Darned good to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. You old Colbyuant! I hope you're fine. We are down here visiting (what a thing it is to do). Juan Nino has lived here in lovely county. Tamagoma is a fine town if you ever want a quiet place with good swimming and a cool breeze every day and night and pleasant people.

You probably know all the history of that - if you don't it has a swell history.

That damned book reads like tripe in the magazine - I couldn't read it. They've cut the guts out of it - but I hope you'll like it when it is all in one piece.

I da bet the lightning hit me yet because it will be too late or too early ever fine now. We know that the only way
But what the hell has become of you personally?
The last I heard you were going to Berlin and you said, sadly, that my present, then, attitude toward God did not sound like the religious viewpoint I thought you had.

But since then, if you too are curious, well say that had a couple of bad minutes with a stubbed kidney, felt perfectly well, had 3, 6000000000 of work, then 3 damn fine ones - hunted in the high mists, broke my upper right arm, and all but got it. was paralyzed in 15 minutes. Got it.
Dear Thornton:

What the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital, read nothing but newspapers and defences of you, my client. Dr. [Name] has been impassioned admires—listened to the radio. I’ve spoken for you in congress in a couple of thousand times and not defended you in print if your good name had needed any defence. But you write pretty well, Dr.

Pretty sweet.
all right and am working again - it's weather improving. A week a 10 all days to go to Madrid on this bloody boat - to go on working there. Am writing a damned novel better than anyway. What the hell are you doing? Sister, while I give you that most precious to give and shut to receive. Don't try to write exclusively. Great ones - write them as good as you can. Share them turn out to be great they'll be great - if you start and to write Masterpieces you will get so constipated that even Nigel want to give them. Write if you just keep ahead getting anything. If this is of no use throw it out and shut anything. Dos and I were writing a play when broke my arm. It may have been a sign from the Nurbur.
Why don't you write me care of

Guaranty Trust - 4 Place de la Concorde - Paris

They will forward it to Spain. Would you

be in Spain or where? I hope you

went some winter.

Good luck to you.

Ernest
Dear Aunt -

How do you do? I hope you are well? We are doing well here.

What a lovely letter from you. I am delighted to hear the news of American Letters.

Lovingly,

E.H.
Court take place & make arrangements for when am
will come, send & make sure tests are done &
arranged. Will be back in U.S. in Spring
for a year or more. Have to come down to
For west then - can fix you up a lecture
Note if you have to back your strew &
conscience - have going to get a boat - can fix
any thing better - but a good from would
do the business & still give you time to
get into a state of grace.

This is a copy letter -

Andrew H. Sturgo
Santiago de Compostella
Spain

April 7th

Quartermaster Co. U.S.
Place de la Concorde
Paris

will always forward.

Please write soon & have your friend
forward it.
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
ROTTERDAM.

S.S. Volendam
May 6-

Dear Thornton:

What the devil has become of you? Forty minutes in the hospital! I read nothing but assaults on you and defenses of you by friends. But you have impassioned admirers, assaults and defenders. I listened on the radio. I've spoken for you in Congress a couple of thousand times and will defend you in print if your good nameal writings needed any defense.

But you write pretty well, Dr.
Pretty sweet.
But what the hell has become of you personally?

The last I heard you were going to Berlin, and you said, sadly, that my present, then, attitude toward God did not sound like true religious experience. (Perhaps her quote)

But since then, if you too are curious much say that had a couple 6 hours minutes with a stuffed kidney, got perfectly well, had 3
flown in bundles of work, then
3. planned some ones -- hunted
4. months -- then broke my
right, right arm, and all but lost it
was paralyzed in it 5 minutes, got all
all right and am working again - & feeling intensely it for a week or 10 or 11 days to go to Madrid on this bloody boat - to go on working there -

Am writing a damned gook better than before and know a couple of things now - hope so anyway -

What the hell are you doing?
Sister while I give you that most precious to give - and what to deceive -

Don't try to write exclusively -

great ones - write them good and then if they pleased then turn and to be great they'd be great -

But if you don't want to write -

you were get so constipated that I can't get out -

and if you are so much adored by some people -

get the goods of this is of no use throw it out about -

eggs out -

Do and I were writing a play when -

broke my arm - It may have been a sign from above
Nelly don't you write me care of
Guaranty Trust - 4, Place de la Concorde - Paris

They will forward it to Spain - think you be in Europe or where? Why don't you come to
K.West some winter?

Good luck to you -

Ernest
Dear Thornton,

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With this serialize they'll support for quite a while. If you ever hear I'm dead don't believe a word of it as will turn up in blackface having changed name or something to get rid of economic pressure.

(Marked this in January next day. 1917"

[Signature]

May 26
Paris is going to pot. Seems awfully lousy. More traffic than N.Y. Everybody has too much money and it's expensive as hell and after where we've been and what seen and how felt this last year there's no damn fun in drinking at a cafe with a lot of hard faced lesbians (converted ones not even real ones) and all the little fairies when you've been out day after day on the carribean in a small boat with people you like and black as a nigger from the sun and never any shoes nor any underwear and champagne in the water butt covered over with a chunk of ice and a wet sack - dove for the champagne out on the reef where a rum boat went aground - flying fish instead of fairies - and with only so long to live why come back to cafes and all the little smilling shit of literary politics.

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On the other hand pressure may be worse and as good and I have always had plenty of pressure to write without always to be sacriified. How ever you can way write me how every thing goes. It isn't as grunny as this sounds. I mean (but in reality - only in another place - never want to be off the coast of less California somewhere) - Would you like to go on a trip together sometime before we are both too old? Have a couple of free ones beyond out. Have a hell of a good winter better newer than they think and don't let them wish you. -

Real love always.

Emitt
Letter from Ernest Hemingway to J. un Wheeler – Columnist in the World Telegraph. 
This column from the W.T. March 5, 1926.

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway — or (Miss Mary) as he called her — came to see this writer not long ago. It was a social call, but naturally she got talking about her distinguished husband.

"You know," she said, "Ernest put in his will that none of his letters should be published after his death."

"I had already printed one in my book before he died," I volunteered. "He gave me permission to use it."

"Oh, I know that," she said. "You had asked him for some anecdotes for your column."

Here is the Hemingway letter, which is published with his permission — with some deletions he requested:

Villa Aprile
Cortina D'Ampezzo
(Prov. Belluno)
Italy
February 15 1949

Dear Jack:

It made me very happy to get your letter and know you are fine and being a columnist.

Maybe it was a good idea for Billy Rose to lay off for a while as he will get a lot of stuff moving around. Being a columnist is like having (sic) to pitch every day. Don't you do too much of it.

I was embarrassed by the (Malcolm) Cowley piece ("The Portable Hemingway"). He got $4,000 for it, and had to work like hell on it, because I only gave him the last two paragraphs and referred him to people (I) had served under or with and told him to print whatever they said; whether I was a jerk or not. Should have referred him to you but did not want to molest you.

You and I both got a bad break on the Catholic night desk on the Times that were fighting the Spanish war for good old Fordham or Loyola and refused to admit Italian intervention in Spain nor that the then fascists were using (sic) it as General Thomas (Kraut Gen Staff) said as an Aldershot (sort of combination of studies of tactics and application of same and a combined Aberdeen Proving (sic) Grounds against live targets).

Still I do not go for publicity and the Cowley piece made me feel bad to lose things I was happy about because nobody knew them.

On the anecdotes for the column thing: Bill Lengel sent "Fifty Grand" to Ray Long editor of Cosmopolitan magazine (who turned it down for the reasons you stated. He offered to publish it if I would put some woman interest in it. I told him I thought the woman interest was present but off stage.

Had Weeks of Atlantic picked it up, and old Ellery Sedgewick published it in Atlantic Monthly (without cutting nor woman interest) and paid me $500, I think. (This is rated as one of the two best fight short stories of recent years, the other being "Champion" by Ring Lardner. — Ed. Note).

Do you know Hugh Casey, or Kirby Highie, or Larry French, or Augie Galan? If you see any of them, ask them about the old days in Havana. We used to have a lot of fun. These gents were all major league ballplayers).

Anyway good luck, Jack, and if you are really stuck for anecdotes, will knock off writing novel and bang some out for you.

My very best to your wife and lovely daughter.

Ernest Hemingway.
From Fr. James Raymond, Fray.
Fratelli Hammond,
Santoña de Campostella
Spain.

Thornton Wilder, S.J.
(4th Dean of American Behind)
Kaffe Seven in Summer School
B. O. Jeffers, Master
Handing
M. Hampshire
Estados Unidos.
Ernest Hemingway

Thurston Wilder Esq.
Gale, Sackett and Charles Burt, Publishers

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New York City

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