<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>Title</strong></th>
<th>Hemingway, Ernest</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Call Number</strong></td>
<td>YCAL MSS 108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Published/Created Date</strong></td>
<td>1929-31, n.d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Collection Title</strong></td>
<td>Thornton Wilder papers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rights</strong></td>
<td>The use of this image may be subject to the copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) or to site license or other rights management terms and conditions. The person using the image is liable for any infringement.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Extent of Digitization</strong></td>
<td>Complete folder digitized.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Container information</strong></td>
<td>Box 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Generated</strong></td>
<td>2021-11-14 16:54:41 UTC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Terms of Use</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access">https://guides.library.yale.edu/about/policies/access</a></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>View in DL</strong></td>
<td><a href="https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/17056649">https://collections.library.yale.edu/catalog/17056649</a></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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. Phelps 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 the 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 or two, then laid off and fished and shot and took grand trips with Pauline and Dos and old Waldo Pierce. Now 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—then a fine time after it's done then hellish depression until you get into it again. My father went in for leaving shooting himself and hanging a family and etc. on my hands to support. 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.

(Real line in journal written right when real four years almost through. meant 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 covered 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’s left I can get together and shove off. Then have a book every five years or ten years or whenever you have one and not write them because they bring some bloody pressure on you.

On the other hand picture me working more and as good. Write without always being serious.

How are you any way. Write me how every day goes in sort as long as this sounds formal but in reality – only in the most places – you might like to be in the cold of Mexico or some sunny California town place. Would you like to join me tomorrow some day before we are both too old? I have a couple of five ones figured out.

I have to both get and write better. Even though the third and don’t hit them. Have you seen

Beulah always, Emry
Cured take death have I wanted be when am too young and quick to know I know I need be any difference. 

Feel too

Acquired good today. Might even make again sometime. We'll be back in U.S. in spring for a year or more - House to come down to. May want them - Can see you up a lecture late. If you have to have your stamp and collect you some conscience, we're going to get a boot - Can't promise any thumb oats - but a good letter could do the business and still give you time to get into a state of grace.

This is a long letter -

Andrew Hotel Suizo
Santiago de Campostella, Spain
Until any 15 -

quanty Tract Co. of N.Y.
4 Place de la Concorde
Pay
will always forward. Please you're going to be in Chicago - Fine time. Money not at your disposal.

Walter to Chicago, as well. Your cheap Excel.
Dear Thourt —

Darned glad to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome your old Colony neighbor! I hope you're fine. We are down here visiting (what a thing it is to do). Joan lived here (it's lovely country). Tanopora is a fine town if you ever want a quiet sea 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 got all the facts out of it — but I hope you'd like it when it is all in one piece.

Don't let the lightning hit me yet because it will be too late or too early.
But what the hell has become of you personally?

The least I heard you were going to Berlin and your said, sadly, that my present, then, attitude toward God did not sound like the religious viewpoint. (I was neatly)

But since then if you too are curious need say that had a couple 6 bead minutes with a stabbed kidney; got perfectly well, had 3.

Also few minutes of work, then 3 damned fine ones — hunted in the high mists.

A month, then broke my upper right arm and all but God if was paralyzed in it 5 minutes. Got rid.
The text on the page is handwritten and appears to be a letter or a note. The handwriting is somewhat difficult to read, but it seems to contain a narrative or an explanation. Here is a transcription of the visible text:

Page 1:

"Dear Sir,

I hope this letter finds you well.

The reason for my writing to you is...

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]"

Page 2:

"Dear Sir,

I wanted to express my gratitude for...

I believe that it is important to...

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]"
Dear Thornton:

What the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital, I read nothing but assassins on your side. Defend yourselves! I'm not the only one. But you have impassioned admirers and defenders—listened to the radio. The spoken word for you in confinement a couple of thousand times and not defend you in print if your good name, writings needed any defense.

But your wife, pretty week, Dr. Pretty week.
all right and am working again - a letter unendingly
it for a week a 10 all days to go to Madrid on this
blurry boat - to go on working there -
I am writing a learned way better than
before and know a couple of things more - hope so
anyway -

What the hell are you doing?

Sister, while I give you that most

precious to give and shunt to receive -

Don't try to write exclusively,
good ones - write them good and then if they

shamed but turn out to be great they'll be great

But if you start out to write

you'll get so constipated that even Nigel would

give them - write if you just keep ahead getting any stars

got the greeley - if this is of no use throw it out about any thing.

Dad and I were writing a play where

broke my arm. It may have been a

fool from the Merbe -
Why don't you write me care of
Guinness Trust - 14 Place de la Concorde -Paris-
They will forward it to Spain - wish your
be in Europe or where? Why don't you come to
K. West some winter?

Good luck to you -

Ernest
Dear [Name],

It's always good to hear from you.

The communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. Your old college roommate! I hope you're well. We are doing fine here.

[Date]

EH (rest)

[Signature]

A. Welden Reid

[Date]
Count take only 1500 words. It's been a very long time since I last wrote an English letter. Let me tell you about the weather here. It's been very hot and humid. I feel too
delson good today. Might even write again sometime.

We'll be back in U.S. in spring,
for a year or more. How to come down to
keep contact. Can you give us a
date if you have to leave your
southern California
concerns - we're going to get a boat - can't promise
any time-lets - but a good weather could
do the business and still give you time
good a state of grace.

This is a copy letter

Andrew Halil Sugo
Anders de Compostella
Spain
until Aug 15.

Guarantee Trust Co. of N.Y.
4 Place de la Bourse
Paris
shall always forward.

Please try to be in Spain for a few
months tomorrow. Her future years
shall be very.

[Signature]
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
ROTTERDAM.

S.S. Volendam
May 6

Dear Thornton:—what the devil
has become of you? Forty
months in
the hospital! I read nothing but
assaults on you and defences of you
by almost Dr. but you have impassioned
admirers assaulter and defender—
I and listened to
the radio. She spoken for you
in consequence a couple of
thousand times and not defend
you in print if your goddamned
writings needed my defence.
But you write pretty well, Dr.
Pretty well.
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, their attitude toward God did not sound like true religious conviction.

But since then, if you too are curious, well say that had a couple of bad minutes with a stumped kidney, got perfectly well, had 3, 3 more bundles of wood, then another fine one, hunted 4 months of them broke my wrist, my right arm, and well, God it was paralyzed in 5 minutes, that all.
all right and am working again — a little intensively. it has been a 10 or 11 days to go to Madrid or this bloody boat — to go or working there —

Am writing a damned good better than before and know a couple of things I need — hope so anyway —

what the hell are you doing? —

Sorry while I give you that most precious to give and not to receive —

Don't try to write exclusively great ones — write them good and them if they planned be of them to be great they'll be great —

But if you want and to write masterpiece you were get so constipated that even Nigel cannot save them — write if you and the fewer, much and refining austerities or get the great — if this is of the true throw it out about They.

Do and I were writing a play when broke my arm — I may have been a sign from the maker.
Why 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,

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 Scribner's with a photo of you and the late Wm. L. Phelps.
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 them. It would be fine to see you. We'll be back
in the fall probably though not in N.Y.I. 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 acct 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 fish and and took grand trips with
Pauline and Dos and old Waldo Pierce. Now 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
dammed 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 shooting himself and a family and etc. on my hand to support
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.
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 café 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 snivelling shit of literary politics.

What the hell does success get you? All it gets is that people treat you smottielly 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 pressure may be more or as good

Pain I laugh I have always had plenty of pain and
to write without always to be happy.

How are you any way Write me how every thing goes Fine out
as glum as this sounds Sharpen bit in reality — only an out
very place — Messy like to be off the coast of less
come down California someplace — Would you like to go an

jumping sometime before we are both too old? I have a couple of
free ones beyond out.

name a hell of a good month — better even than they think
and don't let them wish you. —

Best luck always — Warren
Letter from Ernest Hemingway to J. H. Wheeler - Columnist in the World Telegraph. This column from the W.T. March 2, 1916.

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.

Herb Weeks of Atlantic picked it up, and old Ellery Sedgwick published it in Atlantic Monthly (without cutting nor woman interest) and paid me $300, 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 minor 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 James Raymond Frisbee
Emilio Zurita
Santoña de Campotello
Spain

Thornton Wilder, Esq.
(your Dean of American Actors)
Kaffe Swaha, Juarez
Blodget's hand
Y. H. Hampshire
Estados Unidos
Ernest Hemingway

Thornton Wilder Esq.

To Deepwood Drive, New York City

Please Forward Copy

Estada Lincoln