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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 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 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 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. We're 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 Doc and old Waldo Pierce. How 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 shooting himself and & 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. (All this in purple ink, but can't legible.)
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 snottily 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 d'ough I can get together and shvoo 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 make you and as good find - I have always had plenty of pressure to write without always in the balance.

How are you? Are you writing me how everything goes for best as glorious as this sounds ranked list in reality - only in other many places - in order to be off the coast of Mexico off the coast of California somewhere - would you like to go on the train up sometimes before we are both too sick? - have a couple of free ones beyond out.

I have a book or several written better how than they think and don't let them have you down.

Best wish always.

Emil
Mr. & Mrs. T. B. R. had a lovely time. Your folks are in the States now.

Announcement: Your Uncle is in Spain. He will be back in the States in the Spring.

This is a copy letter. I hope you will write to me soon.

Hotel Santo of Convento de la Cava.

change & course of my

Spain

get into a plane et goer up to Paris. See you soon.

Yours truly,

Ernest.
Dear Truman,

Damn good to hear from you. Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. You see, I'm a-bit of a fan. We're down here visiting (what a thing it is to do) Juan Mata. He lived here. It's lovely country. Tamayora is a fine town if you ever want a quiet view of the sea, good swimming, and a cool breeze every day and night and pleasant people. You probably know all the history of that town. If you don't, it has a swell history.

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

So far the lightning hasn't hit me yet, because it will be too late or too early.

Love now.

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 true religious viewpoint. (Reread)

But since then if you two are curious well say that had a couple of good hours with a stooled kidney, got perfectly well, had 3 1/2 good hours of work, then 3 or more fine ones — limited in the right wing

Then broke my upper right arm and all but got it was paralyzed in it 5 minutes, got all...
A. Leach

[Blurred text]

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Dear Thornton:—what the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital! Read nothing but assanets or any one's defenses of you, my client Dr. But you have impassioned admirers and defenders and listened to the radio. The spoken for you in corrosion a couple of thousand times and not defend you in print if your goddamned writings needed any defense. But you write pretty well, Dr. Pretty well.
all right and am working again — is really interesting.

It has been a 10 or 11 days to go to Madrid in this bloody boat — to go on working there —

Am writing a damned sight better than

before and know a couple of things now — hope so

What the hell are you doing?

Listen while I give you that most

burem to give and shut to decline —

Don't try to write exclusively,

great ones — write them good and then if they

shaped line, turn out to be great they'll be great

But if you start out to write —

...You were just so constipated that even Nigot won't

leave them — write if you can, keep ahead of Henry's notes

or get the gendry of this is of no use throw it and about dry things

eggs and —

Dad and Nigot waiting a play where

broke my arm — it 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 - will you
be in Europe n winter? I wish you
K.W est some winter?

Good luck to you...

Ernest
Dear Aunt —

I am glad to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American Letter is always welcome. Your and Colonel MacDowell’s letter is always welcome. We are down here visiting (what a thing that is to do) with Miss Mrs. — in this house — in lovely country — Tompkins is a fine town if you ever want a quiet spot. We have good swimming and a cool breeze every day and quiet and pleasant people.

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

That dance book sounds like a trip in the magazine — I couldn’t read it as it’s cut the guts out of it, but I hope you’ll like it when it is all in one piece.

I am not the slightest bit sure yet because it will be too late in two days. — can’t say now and know that the only way
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
ROTTERDAM.

Dear Thornton:-

What the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital, read nothing but gratis in your and defenses of you. They called Dr. but you have impassioned admirers, assistants, and defenders. I and listened to the radio. The spoken for you in congress a couple of thousand times and would defend you in print if your god damned writings needed a defense.

But your wife pretty well, Dr. Pretty weak.
But what the hell has become of you personally?

The last I heard you were going to Berlin and you said, sadly, that in your present, they, attitude toward God and not sound like true religious reasoning. I'm merely sarcastic.

But since then if you too are curious now say that had a couple of hard minutes with a stabbled kidney, got perfectly well, had 3, 8 hour nanometers of work, then 3 aligned five ones--nixed it.

A month, then broke my little right arm and all but took it. Was paralyzed in it 5 minutes, felt well.
all right and am working again — & another intensity it for a week 10 or 11 days to go to Madrid on this bloody boat — to go on working there — Am writing a damned joke better than before and flavour a couple of things more — hope so anyway —

What the hell are you doing?

Listen while I give you that most precious to give and what to decline —

Don't try to write exclusively good ones — write them as good as you can — and then if they shared my turn out to be great they'll be great — But if you about set out to write masterpieces you will get so constipated that Gen. Nejdim went lose them — ditto if you put your own genius against wits or get the greatest of this is of no use throw it and about any thing —

Dread — we're writing a play when broke my arm — it may have been a legs from the Weber —
Why don't you write me care of
Guaintry Trust - 4, Place de la Concorde - Paris -
They will forward to Spain - What are you
be in Europe or where? Why don't you come to
K.W. est in some winter?

Good luck to you -
Ernest
Dear Thornton,

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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.

New York 12/26/26

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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. (All this we'll write next day. We'll come round... )
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On the other hand - I wish I may make more and as good and - dear - too - I have always had plenty of money to be become.

How are you my way. Write me how very you go. But as long as this Perfect Sound but in reality - only in the merry place -perhaps able to be off the coast of Mexico... off the coast of California somewhere - would you like to go on a tramp trip somewhere before we are both too old? I have a couple of free ones figured out - that's a hell of a good value - better even than they think and don't hit them hard on less than the think.

Best luck always- Ernst
Letter from Ernest Hemingway to John Wheeler - Columnist in the World Telegraph. This column from the W.T., March 5, 1966.

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 Thoma (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 those I was happy about because nobody knew them.

On the anecdotes for the column thing: Bill Lengal 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.

Ned Weeks of Atlantic picked it up, and old Ellery Sedgeick 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 Higbie, 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.
Firma de Venancio Urrea
Embaló Heredia
Santero de Campostella
Spain.

Thornton Wilder Esq.
(Y. Dean of American Letters)

Hafta España Summer School
Bodggett's Handling
Hampshire
Estados Unidos.
Thornton Wilder Esq.
To Albertaut Charles Bouc, Publisher

To Deepwood Drive
Hamden,

Please Forward Copy.

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