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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. 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 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 Doc 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 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 in 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 partial warning lest you fall for some such as above. I cannot write. Not able to put it to the pen, 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 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 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 was made here and as good too. I have always had plenty of pressure to write without always in the American way. How are you any way. Write me how everything goes. Let's meet as soon as this sounds. I am still at it in reality - only in other very places. I must be able to be off the coast of Mexico or Half Moon Bay sometime. Would you like to go some time? Sometimes before we are both two old. I have a couple of free ones beyond out.

I have a week or spend winter better. Never them they think and don't let them think you.

Send back always.

Yours always,

Em.
Course take another one - and now be when -

too many can't - you need for it to make any difference -

now - things to be a good read - no - I can go back shorter.

Feel too

drowned good today - might lean more -

done - will be back in U.S. in spring

for a year or more - hours to come down to

Kersten then - can you up a lecture

date - if you have to leave your steward back here

convenience - we're going to get a boat - can promise

any human - but a good weather could
do the business - and will give you time to

get into a state of grace -

This is a copy letter -

Andrew Hotel Suizo

Santiago de Compostela

Spain

until any 15 -

quarant, Trust Co. of N.Y.

4 Place de la Concorde

Paris

will always forward

please sure you - be in charge of Eusebio -

Frye town -

and - get church -

7th Thursday - - 14th year - please - love - fix it up.
July 18—1929

Dear Thurt—

Damn good to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. You see Colonial dancers! I hope you’re fine. We are down here visiting (what a thing that is to do) Jean Hinc in town (as lonely country—Tamagora is a fine town if you ever want a quiet hill one with good swimming and a cool breeze every day and bright and pleasant people. You probably know all the history of that. If you don’t it has a swell history.

That damned book sounds like a trip in the Magazine—could I read it they’ve cut the guts out of it—But I hope you’d like it when it is all in one piece.

I’ll let the lightning hit me yet because it will be late or two early—

am fine now—will know that the only way
But what the hell has become of you personally?

The least I heard you were going to Berlin and that, sadly, that my present, they, attitude toward death did not sound like the religious viewpoint. — Is merely

But since then if you too are curious will say that had a couple of bad minutes with a stabbed kidney, got perfectly well, had 3, those four hundred of work, then 3 damned fine ones — limited in the single night. — They broke my upper right arm and all but got it. Was paralyzed in 15 minutes, got all...
Dear Mrs. Smith,

I am writing to inquire about the availability of the book mentioned in your previous letter. I understand that it was a gift from Mr. Jones and that you had it in your possession until recently. I would be very grateful if you could send me a copy as soon as possible.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Dear Thornton:—what the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital (Nov. Dec.) on account of severe illness. Dr. but you have impassioned admirers, and listened to the radio. Have spoken for you in congress, and have defended you in print if your god damned writings needed any defence. But you write pretty well, Dr. Pretty well.
all right and am working away - it's been extremely bloody hard - to go on working there -

am writing a damned sight better than before and knew a couple of things were - hope so

what the hell are you doing?

listen while i give you that most

blessed to give and shut to receive

Don't try to write exclusively.

Great ones - write them good and then if they

haven't turned out to be great they'll be great -

But if you shut out to write - Masterpieces

you were get so constipated that even Nijol won't

love them - write if you feel ahead doing anything or get the guests

of this is of no use throw it and shut it down. dry thing

eggs and -

Do and I were writing a play when

broke my arm. It may have been a

sign from the Master.
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 or where? Why don't you come to
K.West some winter?

Good luck to you

Ernest
Dear Thurtt,

Dear good to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American settlers is always welcome. Your red color is well.

I hope you're well. We are down here visiting (about a thing I think is to do) Juan and Carita, lives here. He's lovely country. There's a fine house if you ever want a quiet place to get away and good swimming and a cool breeze every day and quiet and pleasant people.

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

That dammed book ruined like a trip in the magazine. I couldn't read it. They've cut the goes out of it. I hope you'll like it when it is all in one piece.

I'll let the department know yet because it will be two late in two early some time now. And knowing that the only way
Count take death many I cannot be taken an
too long and you must feel the heavy arm. The arm feel the weight of the

Feel too
drunk today. Might even write again
someday.

Well be back in U.S. in spring
for a year or more - home to come down to
key west then - can I get you up a chance

Note if you have to leave your table and

conscience - have going to get a boat - can do no as many

thousands - but a good brother could
do the business and still give you time to

got into a state of grace.

This is a copy letter -

Andrew Hotel Singo
Santiago de Compostella
Spain

untill any 18 -

quarant-tee co. of N.Y.
4 place de la Concorde
Paris
will always forward

Glad youre gone to learn Spain - France -

Glad you are by the bring your friend and

fup.
Dear Thornton:—what the devil has become of you? Forty-two months in the hospital, I read nothing but extracts on you and defences of you by clients Dr. but you have impassioned admirers and defenders, and listened to the radio. The apologist for your inconstant and a couple of thousand times and need defend you in print if your goddamned writings needed any defence. But you write 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 my present, then, attitude toward God and man, sound like true

Theophrastus (myself)

But since then if you too were curious, well, say that had a couple 6 band minutes with a stuffed kidney, got perfectly well, had 3

After four hours of work, then 3 pleasant five ones — hunted in the sky with 3 hours — then broke my

Upper right arm and all but got it was paralyzed in 2.5 minutes, got act.
all right and am working again - another intensive it's been 10 or 11 days to go to Madrid on this bloody boat - to go on working there. Am writing a damned gigol 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 decline.

Don't try to write exclusively great ones - write them as good as you can. But if you want to write masterpieces, you will get so constipated that even Verdi won't have them. Write them if you can't have already anything worthy or get the gentry of this to do the use then throw it about about day they.

Don't write a play when broke my arm. It may have been a keg from the macker.

(Handwritten notes on the page.)
Why don't you write me care of

Graduate Trust – 4. Place de la Concorde – Paris –

They will forward to Spain – Would you
be in Europe or elsewhere? Why don't you come to
K.West since winter?

Good luck to you –

Ernest
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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 in jail with a little letter to say that.)
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On the other hand,iggins may make more and as good food - instead I have always had plenty of money enough to be serious.

How are you any way. Write me how everything goes. I don't as long as this sounds damn well in reality - only in the money - needed like to be off the coast of Mexico off the coast of California somewhere. Would you like to go on a tennis trip sometime before we are both too old? I have a couple of free ones figured out - have a hell of a good time - better than the think and don't hit them. Hope you. ---

Best luck always. ---

[Signature] ---
Letter from Ernest Hemingway to John Wheeler - Columnist in the World Telegraph.
This column from the W.T., March 2, 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 things 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 Sedgwick 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 Hightie, 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.
Ernest Hemingway

Thornton Wilder Esq.
To Albertaut Charles Bont, Publisher

50 Deepwood Drive, New York City

Hamden, Please Forward copio.

Ernest Hemingway