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Dear Thornton,

Damned good to hear from you and pleased to see that, and 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 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 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. (Ask this in person unless next you call from now until as above—can't write! How to put it to the young hommes.)
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 - dive 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 may make one and as good
find fault. I have always had plenty of pressure to
write without difficulty. The leisure.

How are you any way. Write me how every thing goes. In fact as long as this sounds I am sort of sick of reality - only in other strange places - suppose able to be 76 the head of Mexico official foster California Sawellhoo - would you like to go there
tomorrow? sometime before we are both too old? I have a couple of free ones beyond out.

I am a little off sound mind better keep them think and Don't let them think you... Dear... always...
I said take a little more time to write a
few more lines to help your health and to make a little diffe-
rence every day, I always think of you.

I hope we will see you soon. Feel too
awful good today. Might even write ap-
proximately sometime.

We'll be back in U.S. in Spring
in a year or more. Have to come down to
Key West then. Can fix you up a lecturer
date if you have to raise your standard.

Convenience - we're going to get a boat - can't promise
any thunderstorms - 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 -

Andres Hotel Sisio
Santiago de Campanello
Spain
until any 15 -

quarant. Trust Co. of N.Y.
4 Place de la Concorde
Paris
will always forward.

Get ready to be in Spain, perhaps your friend will fix it up.
Dear Thurst -

Darned good to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. You see Colby nanter! I hope you're fine. We are down here visiting (what a thing it is to do) Joan Miro — he lives here — in lovely country — Tamazospa is a fine town if you ever want a quiet visit with good burning and a cool breeze every day and night and pleasant people.

You probably know all the history of it but if you don't it has a swell history. That damned book reads like a trip in the Magazine. I couldn't read it they've cut out the guts out of it. I hope you'd like it when it is all in one piece.

I've had the lightening hit me yet because it will be too late or too early.

A fine town — I 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 true
religious viewpoint. — [Markov
Marguerite]

But since then I'm sure you
Curious mind say that had a couple
of bad minutes with a stabled
kidney, got perfectly well, had 3,
New hauntings of work, then
3 claimed fine ones — limited
4 months — then broke my
upper right arm and all but got it
was paralyzed in 15 minutes, got all.
J. R. TENENBAUM

Dear Mr. Smith,

I am pleased to hear from you and look forward to our future correspondence.

Best regards,

J. R. Tenenbaum
Dear Thornton:—

What the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital, I read nothing but newspapers, and listened to the radio. I've spoken for you in court many a time, and defended you in print if your goddamned writings needed any defense.

But you write pretty well, Dr. Pretty well.
all right and am working again - a rather unpleasant it over a month a 10 all day to go to Madrid in this bloody boot - to go on working there -

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

What the hell are you doing ?

Listen while I give you that most generous to give and shut to decline -

Don't try to write exclusively great ones - write them good and then if they pleased don't turn out to be great they'll be great -

But if you start out to write masterpieces you'll get so constipated that you'll never want to write if your fight keeps ahead getting masters or get the genius - if this is of no use throw it out aboutry thing -

D'oh and I were writing a play when I broke my arm - it may have been a

Segn from the Nubes -
Dear [Name],

I hope this letter finds you well. I have been thinking about you a lot lately and wanted to reach out.

I heard that you went on a trip to [location] recently. I have always been interested in travel and would love to hear about your experiences. Have you had the chance to try any local cuisine or visit any historical sites?

As for me, I have been working on some new projects and feeling quite busy. The weather here has been quite nice, perfect for outdoor activities.

I hope you are doing well and that life is treating you kindly. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Best,
[Your Name]
Dear Thoreau,

Dear good to hear from you.

Any communication from the Dean of American letters is always welcome. You and Colby are always welcome. I hope you're fine. We are down here visiting. (What a thing that is to do.) Juan lives here. It's lovely country. Tompkins is a fine farm. If you ever want a quiet day and sort of good swimming and a cool breeze every day and good friends and pleasant people, you probably know all the history of it but if you don't it has a swell history.

That damned book ends like a trip in the magazine. I couldn't read it the way out of it. I hope you'd like it when it is all in one piece.

I've not the letter from Tom yet because it will be too late in two days. Are you warm? We know that the only way
Court take deal be ready sometime to when -
and good time to give to you your own -

\[\text{Handwritten text cut off}\]

... feel too -

... around good today, might come write again some time -

... for a year or more. How to come down to -

... next then. Can you fix up a medicine -

... if you have to ease you stomach -

... we're going to get a boat - can't promise any -

... but a good friend could do the business and will give you time to get into a state of grace.

This is a long letter -

Andrew Hotel Sago
Santiago de Compostella
Spain

Until any 18 -

Quarantine, Half Co, of N.Y.
4 Place de la Concorde
Paris

Will always forward.

Just wrote a line to King, saying -

... read your friend with good up.
Dear Thornton:

what the devil has become of you? For two months in the hospital! I read nothing but appeals on your and defences of you. My client Dr. but you have impassioned admirers, assailants and defencers—; and I listened to the radio. She spoken for you in council in a couple of thousand times and most defamed you in print if your good name and writings needed any defence. But you write pretty well, Dr.

Pretty well.
But what the hell has become of you personally?

The least I heard you were going to Berlin and you said, sadly, that my present, then, attitude toward God did not sound like true religious experiences. I'm sorry,

But since then if you too are curious need say that had a couple of bad minutes with a stabbled kidney, got perfectly well, had 3, 2000 four hundred of work, then 3 planned five ones—lumbered in the upper left

A month then broke my wish, right arm and all but for it was paralyzed in 15 minutes. No act.
all right and am working again — I’ll write intensively
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 sight better than
before and I know a couple of things now — hope so
anyway —

What the hell are you doing?

Sister, while I give you that most

Don't try to write exclusively

great ones — write them good and then if they

But if you start out to write — if you

you will get so constipated that you’ll write

leave them — if you put your alms and keeping nights

got the point — if this is of too use throw it and about give

Don and I were writing a play when

broke my arm — it may have been a

days from the other.
Why don't you write me care of
Grantsy Trust - 4, Place de la Concorde - Paris -

They will forward to Spain - where are you
be in Europe or whereas? Why don't you come to
K.W. in 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 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.

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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. That a fine time after it! done then hellish depression until you get into it again. My father went in for leaving shooting himself and drinking 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 secret with lots of love)
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.

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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 boat 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 I might buy a boat here and as grand a boat as I want and have all the fun of being a lout.

Write about it later.

Have you any way. Write me how things go and how it is and as long as this touches Vannard but in reality only it the story.

I heard they're to be 600.000 the coast of Mexico...

Write me some California somewhite - would you like to go to a trip? Sometimes before we go both two sick? I have a couple of free ones figured out.

And don't hit on me a good mutual - better ever than they think.

Best luck always. E.
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 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.

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 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.
Firmage's叩门的贼。
恩典
圣地亚哥 de Compostella
Spain.

Thornton Wilder Esq.
(Chief Dean of American Letters)
Hafte Sunapee Summer School
Bodge's Handing
H. Hampshire
Estados Unidos.
Ernest Hemingway

Thornton Wilder Esq.

90 Albert St.

New York City

Hamden

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Ernest Hemingway