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## Letter from Eudora Welty to Hubert Creekmore

Eudora Welty

Hubert Creekmore

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### Recommended Citation

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Dear Hubert, you lecturer,

You ought to lecture me, I am oh so late. It never will be that good time to write a long letter I dream about, so take a little one now and then--I don't know what it is I do. How are things since we were standing on the Liberte, me with your champagne in my hand? All I hear from home is that you are a lecturer (yes, that must be pronounced carefully) and bound soon for Yaddo. Don't be forgetting about my car. I'll be home I guess, suppose, sometime in June, and that doesn't necessarily mean I'll need it the moment I get back.

Shall first copy you a poem I cut out of the Cork paper down at Elizabeth's, rather it's a news item: Plea in Verse at Kerry Court.

At Listowel District Court, before Mr. C.S. Kenny, D.J., Patrick A. Boland, Farranstack, Lisselton, was summoned for not having a driving license in respect of his motor cycle at Inch, Listowel, on February 14th last (Valentine's Day! *italics mine*), (2) for having the white light and (3) the rear red light (it says "rere") unlit at the time.

Mr. D. Browne, B.A., LLB, Solr., defending, said that his client was unable to be present owing to illness. He read the following note which he had received from defendant:

With swollen tonsils (most severe),  
I do regret I can't appear  
To answer Garda's summons call  
Before your Honour in Listowel.  
While here in bed I convalesce,  
This ode my leaven my distress.  
It was through inadvertence  
I failed renewing my licence.  
One weakness mine--I must confess.  
I suffer from forgetfulness;  
And then, of course, these motor bikes,  
Are e'er inconstant with their lights;  
So badly sprung, hence vibrate more,  
And circuit short the wires galore.  
The "tail light" then that looks behind,  
Can in this way be most unkind;  
For to the driver there unknown,  
It could be shorted or be "blown."  
Good for the soul when one's confessed,  
The devious ways he has transgressed;  
Good too, in Court, I do uphold,  
When truth, the whole truth, has been told.  
Maybe your Honour now has wished  
To have this little case dismissed;  
For in the law (I know as fact)  
There is a First Offenders Act."

Nominal fines amounting to 5/ were imposed in the three summonses."



I like his "you know how I am" attitude, and how he wrote the ode to leaven his distress. Can you see poor Rufus or Wade having to read that to Judge Stricker or somebody?

It has been such a lovely time over here--Bowen's Court of course I already love, and this time to stay two weeks--It was beautiful changeable astonishing weather, and already the nights didn't get dark till around 9--so that we could work all day (which we mostly did, till 5) and still go out and have a good day's ride and visit and everything. Norah McGuinness, a painter from Dublin, was down part of the time too-- a wild story teller--greyhounds that ate children, a cat that smothered a child, almost herself getting decapitated in the Shelbourne elevator in Dublin (which is built on the lines of a S.F. cable car), being pushed by a ghost when she was painting a house where 2 mysterious murders had been, people trying to get into bed with her, etc. etc., also the wonderful Irish family stories she and Elizabeth would tell each other, so Southern in a way, I was carried away every meal.

Since then I went to Dublin where I missed Mary Lavin, and back to London. It's spring today for the first time--really nice and warm, and sunny all day (well, until now). I could never love England like Ireland, though I will get some country visits in to make me like it more. I did go to Sussex one weekend before Ireland, and we went down to Brighton (in the pouring rain) and I love the Pavilion no end. A remarkable chef from Germany named Weltje was the landlord of it and did the cooking. H'm,?

How I do despise Germans. I wrote you they were all over the boat, but I never let them get any of the champagne. It was shared by my nice tablemates, an English couple (he was German born) living in Ill., he a psychologist, she a horticulturalist, and Mrs. Abdullah, of the West Indies, going to Milan to join her husband on the G.I. bill, Mr. Abdullah. A beautiful girl like a Harlem dancer--it was the first champagne she ever tasted. Really, it was the only champagne on shipboard, and so good--it was just right for four, especially nice on the evening



we had it--the food was very nice. I seldom saw our friend Blanchard-- the poor thing was seasick for three days, then lost--I would see him in a corridor and say "Last day to get your boat train ticket from the purser and he would say, "Oh, I'm glad you told me." We did have a nice little chat the last evening--I hope he gets along all right. He does appeal somehow, I just feel "Oh, Blanchard."

Where I'm staying is the Montague Hotel, in Montague St., which is in Bloomsbury near Russel Square--a small hotel converted from a row of little 3 or four story houses, very simple and plain, nice, inexpensive, what Frank calls "in the shadow of the British Museum," but doesn't oppress me. Elizabeth leaves me the key of her house when she's gone <sup>(in Paris today)</sup> so I can go and stay when I like, and I've been working in her place today. Lovely, overlooking Regent's Park-- it was bombed five times. She has parties, and has me to dinner, she shouldn't do all this--it is a joy of course to me, to see her again. Listen, she's coming back to Mississippi in the fall, I hope--I wrote to Ella, because it's another lecture tour, and asked her if the Univ. would be interested, though her agency I suppose has already mapped the whole thing out--but I hate for her to come again and not get reimbursed along the way somehow. She's going to San Francisco this time, which is nice--I do want her to see all the West. I don't know what's possible at Ole Miss. Probably couldn't pay enough? I also wrote Frank, who says he'll see, but that the Eng. Dep't are the last to know who's on the ticket there. Do write me about the meetings in Jackson--I am fascinated by the list--I was hoping the Tates might be there to keep you company. Bertha Sumner is such a very nice person, whatever she may not be trying to do as a writer-- didn't you think so? Let me know all.

I've been working, as I said, right hard--had to. (Royalties: \$78 in U.S., £7 there (\$19)). I wrote a new story at Elizabeth's that I've been typing up today--and also today judged a contest for Converse College for \$100, glad to get. A little weary. Tomorrow Elizabeth is having



a little party--that will be my reward.

How is your mother? I hope all goes well. Is her garden giving her lots to do? I know it must look beautiful now.

This is wretched paper. I hope you hear good news from all the things at stake. What about Random House, what about the anthology, and did you really do anything about the Provencal poets? This is the season.

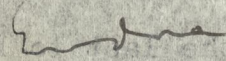
How is poor Mrs. Capers? I had a letter from Bessie saying things weren't well <sup>with Mrs. C.</sup> at all. Please give Charlotte my love, also Ruth and Jimmie and Major. I wish the basic were with me--this little room is about like my cabin on the Liberte, and we could all stand here drinking gin & lime with no ice.

I had a story in the March Harper's Pazaar, did you see it? Did you think it stood, because I have three other versions--and at that point just flung one as it, being so tired. I hope this new one is better. Title I like: "The Bride of the Innisfallen."

Love to you, and I will try to do better. Many wishes and thoughts for you to come over too, often, and I wonder if there is a good chance at the moment?

Happy Whitsun, or whatever it is coming up that is going to run me out of my little room.

Love,



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Tuesday