

# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 01**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

218 St Andrews St Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 1944

Dear Bill and Irene.

It must be jocular and  
I am very sick  
short this time, but I want to go  
fidelity into 1944 without either the answer  
up to my neck. I have really been very  
ill practically ever since Bill was out  
started with a cold. Thanks for the  
big shaggy joy balls of chrysanthemums

2/ you know they reminded me of my Bobtails  
with their crimped shagginess I am sorry you  
did not accept the Bobtail grandness of that  
breed I must look the M.S. over and  
find wherein I failed it must have been me  
I never saw the person you who could come into  
direct contact with a toby & not feel his warmth  
& grandness of his nature. as for between I failed,  
Dra wrote the day he finished for the M.S. "I want  
a Bobtail!" I kept in touch with most of them without  
exception they were loved and respected they taught me  
so much the Bobs. at a very difficult time. Do hope  
your fluffing is all finished. excuse this miserable

3/scratch. It's been a wretched day of groaning  
and gasping. + I wish all the food in the  
world. was over at the relief camps. My ~~the~~  
in my mouth is bitter as gall,

I thought so very little of 1943 I would  
not even wade to see the last way of  
her tail go round the corner but I am  
sure 1/4 looks worse so far I've felt so  
very ill + the weather <sup>was</sup> awful. I have not  
written one word since Bill was here. I asked  
Dr if I should push or rest. he said



4/ If I pushed thru whole  
works right collapse, &  
I am watched without  
writing to hoist myself  
over woe, perhaps it  
will come back who  
knows, if not I hope I  
hurry after it.

All hopes for happiness &  
health in 1944. and

Peace thank you ever so  
for the peace they have been  
the only joy <sup>every day</sup> except to sit  
Crept out to look at & work  
with my lovely flower table  
you know the one we sat at Bill  
It was just full of flowers some  
from Buddy some Xmas - still  
loads of love but clear of buddy

Dear Bill and Irene:

It must be <sup>point</sup> and short this time - I am very sick - but I want to go tidily into 1944, without letters to be answered up to my neck. I have really been very ill practically ever since Bill was out. Started with a cold. Thank you for the big shaggy joy balls of chrysanthemums. You know they remind me of my Bobtails, with their crimped shagginess. I am sorry you did not accept the Bobtail grandness of that breed. I must look the M.S. over and find wherein I failed. It must have been me. I never saw the person yet who could come into direct contact with a bobby and not feel his warmth and the grandeur of his nature. As go-between I failed. Ira wrote the day he finished going over the M.S. "I want a Bobtail!" I kept in touch with most of them and without exception they were loved and respected. They taught me so much, the Bobs, at a very difficult time.

Do hope your fluing is all finished. Excuse this miserable scratch. It's been a wretched day of groaning and gasping and I wish all the food in the world was over at the relief camps. Everything in my mouth is bitter as gall.

I thought so very little of 1943, I would not even watch to see the last wag of her tail go round the corner. But I am sure '44 looks worse. So far I've felt so very ill and the weather was awful. I have not written one word since Bill was here. I asked Dr. if I should push or rest. He said if I pushed the whole works might collapse and I am wretched without writing to myself over woes. Perhaps it will come back. Who knows. If not I hope I hurry after it.

All hopes for happiness and health in 1944, and Peace. Thank you ever so for the posey. They have been the only joy every day, except today. I've crept out to look at and work with my lovely flower table. You know the one we sat at, Bill? It was just full of flowers, some from Birthday, some Christmas.

Loads of love. Keep clear of

Lovingly,

EMILY.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 02**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

7 January, 1944.

Dear Miss Carr:

I have passed on your lovely letter of January  
1st to Miss Eleanor Harman, who sent you the candies.  
She was very pleased that you liked them.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrews Street,  
Victoria, B. C.

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**Letter 03**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

EC/JJ

10 January, 1944.

Dear Miss Carr:

Enclosed you will find copies of the first Book of  
Small reviews to be received from England. A letter from  
Mrs. Clarke will follow shortly, but in the meantime we  
were anxious for you to see these reviews.

Yours sincerely,

Secretary to Mrs. Clarke.

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrews St.,  
Victoria, B. C.

# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 04**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

67 Menzies St.  
Victoria B.C.

Jan. 22.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Clarke,

I write for Emily Carr who for the last two weeks has been in the Jubilee Hospital, though she was taken ill in the middle of December, & has been unable to write.

She hopes your flu is better. Her sickness prevented her acknowledging the English edition of "Book of Small" - she admires Small's wartime dress, thanks, also she sends for the English review of Small.

Mr. Dilworth has been ill also.

Miss Carr will be writing herself when she is able.

Sincerely  
 Sylvia Heale R. N.  
(Mrs. D.-a.).



**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 05**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

WIC/MW

27 January, 1944.

My dear Emily:

Irene and I have been thinking about you a very great deal in the last few weeks. As usual we have been here and there and everywhere, and I am just back again from a trip to the Middle West.

We want to make plans now for spring and summer, and the fall, of 1944, and I have written to Ira asking him if he would collect for us, and send to us, all the possible manuscript material which we ought to see and consider, both for immediate and for later publication. There is no reason for our holding manuscript material for any length of time, but we feel that we cannot do a satisfactory job of promoting and selling you in this market, and in Great Britain, without a clear impression of what is available to us, and what may be made available after revision for later publication. In other words, we want to be quite sure that we have a book by Emily Carr on our lists next summer. We want to be able to offer it to our principals in Britain, where, as you will have gathered, you are already well and truly launched. Your public there, as well as in Canada, will be expecting another book from you, and we must be in a position to give it to them as soon as we possibly can.

You may quite properly say to me - "You have had 'Bobtails' and 'Woo'. Publish them. When you have done so other material will be forthcoming." Somehow I do not think that that is the best method. It is certainly not from our point of view. I think we ought to see everything, in order that we may present to you a plan which will include as many of these manuscripts as possible, and provide for their publication on something like a reasonable schedule.

I do hope you are better. Mr. Lawson wrote to me some time ago and seemed very depressed. I hope that you have had your good days as well as your not-so-good ones.

- 2 -

Irene has written to you, and will, I know, be writing again. We both send our love and best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrew's Street,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 06**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

IC/EC  
Air Mail

31 January, 1944.

Dear Emily:

It was very strange, but I had a feeling a couple of weeks ago that you were not well, and have been quite concerned about you ever since. I know that Bill wrote you the other day, and I have been planning to write to you for some time now.

You remember in the Bible it talks about the whirlwind and the storm; well, in this case the measles followed our storm of 'flu, and Bill Henry has just recovered from what the doctor called a "perfect" case.

I am glad you liked the English reviews. I think the conservative English have quite taken Emily to their hearts, as I knew they would.

I was sorry to hear from my friend Mrs. Kilbourne what an unpleasant time Mefanny Spencer Campbell has been having with her hand. I hope that the doctors are able to do something for her. My friend was very anxious for her to go to a physio-therapist here in whom we have very great faith, but I think she felt she should let the New York surgeons see it first.

I shall write again soon. I am sending you out a copy of TOMORROW IS FOREVER, by Gwen Bristow. Do read it and tell me if you like it.

This is a very poor bit of a letter, but it sends you my constant affection.

As ever,

Miss Emily Carr,  
c/o Jubilee Hospital,  
Victoria, B. C.

*Jan 13/44*

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**Letter 07**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Dear Nene, Feb 8 Hospital - #4

Three days I've been going to write and tell you the joy it has been to see Mr Clarke. He always makes me think of a small niece of mine, who came to stay with me (aged 4) she was tall of her father and said "my nester made a good pick." Well I think she came of you & I think it is wonderful to see two people sharing life's woes & joys, like you do, working together and keeping a growing family on the develop. <sup>to</sup> well as I began to say I meant to write but was too indolent. Getting better seems all I can write with at the moment. I fight Pill Cooky much better than when out last time, and yesterday afternoon alone came that glorious angel flower a pure white cyclamen from you both, there she sits looking just holy when I lay awake last night I lay and look at her turned the light on on purpose she has such healthy green leaves and the white blooms bubble up over the top. Love you both tremendously for sending it & for all your kindness when you are both such busy people.



2/ Ira makes fun of my hospital note  
paper my list <sup>to him</sup> was written on the back  
of a weekly grocery specials.  
But when you are bound up at 16  
miles notice to perhaps die in hospital &  
have only a fool and a blind person to leave  
the package to it does it make it too easy  
collecting your things. Shanks is more  
impossible than ever this trip my  
sister insists on coming up every day it is  
a long way & most days I can't do  
much talking she being deaf & me whispering  
one to the other I am plain about Shanks can  
amuse herself out side while we have a little  
chat. she has such a nose into everything  
I expect there is not one box or bag of mine  
not reddled & investigated. ones soul is  
not their own with a nosy servant. about:

I heard something so nice & satisfactory  
about Clewyde yesterday a friend told me of  
a friend of hers who had lost a young son  
over seas she is absolutely crushed & they  
could not rouse her or catch her interest in  
any way. She went stay a week and with  
my friend who found her very difficult to, no, but  
was about all the response she gave by and  
bye. My friend began talking about early Victoria



3) Aunt picking up "Small" read some  
excerpts they seem to hold the woman intent  
she kept saying "don't stop read on" there is  
another book Klee Wyck about the coast & the Indians

I am not interested in job ~~and~~ the woman  
said. "This is not exactly job love" she  
read. Sophie. The woman was absorbed.  
she asked to take K.W. to her room that night  
and did not appear till 12:30 next day  
(Sunday) she had finished K.W. Saturday  
she went home Small under her arm  
she said she had lifted her into a different  
world. I was so happy about it. I, with don't  
know how the sisters & wives bear it.  
the strain must be awful. I am  
being "fomented" these days. I have  
been so pained with hyppos - I began to  
abscess. they helped my breathing, but how  
I am cut off stone. The Dr says I can  
be pushed into the garden in a wheel bed  
the air will be nice on my face. that was  
the only nice part of ambulancing to hospital  
in the big floor hearse (when you cross  
the garden & the cool air meets you while  
the "Park Butchers" were making sheer rough  
jockey way & the hearse all the strong sleek  
men are off to the war this pair are wrecks

4/ they wheeze + groan + bump + when  
they slung up into the conveyance it  
is just as if they were flung a pork corpse  
up into one of those gigantic hooks in the  
Butcher Shop. & you feel rather like a  
pig to have old weak legged weak  
bont you. when they are really  
eligible for their own stretcher  
Tried now goodbye. Bill will be  
home maybe before my letter.

Thank you again for the lovely flower.  
I shall enjoy every minute of its life. &  
think of you both plants become so  
intimate in a sick room

Affectionately yours  
Emily.

P.S. Thank you for Tomorrow is never  
I think I can read a little now. & it  
looks anything but a dull book

P.S.S. Please send me word  
I am joy to re-write her and it takes  
so long I'd like her on hand when  
I can do her

Dear Irene:

Three days I've been going to write and tell you the joy it has been to see Mr. Clarke. He always makes me think of a small niece of mine, who came to stay with me (aged four). She was talking of her father and said: "My mother made a good pick." Well, I think the same of you and I think it is wonderful to see two people sharing life's woes and joys like you do, working together and keeping a growing family on the developpe, too. Well, as I began to say I meant to write, but was too indolent. Getting better seems all I can wrestle with at the moment. I thought Bill looking much better than when out last time. And yesterday afternoon along came that glorious flower, a pure white cyclamen from you both. There she sits looking just holy. When I lay awake last night, I lay and looked at her. Turned the light on on purpose. She has such healthy green leaves and the white blooms bubble up over the top. I love you both tremendously for sending it and for all your kindness when you are both such busy people.

Ir<sup>a</sup> makes fun of my hospital note paper. My list to him was written on the back of a weekly grocery specials. But when you are bounced off at ten minutes notice to perhaps die in hospital, and have only a fool and a blind person to leave the packing to, it does not make it too easy collecting your things. Shanks is more impossible than ever this trip. My sister insists on coming up every day. It is a long way and most days I can't do much talking, she being deaf and me whispering. One thing I am plain about. Shanks can amuse herself outside while we have a little chat. She has such a nose into everything. I expect there is not one box or bag of mine not riddled and investigated. One's soul is not their own with a nosey servant about.

I heard something so nice and satisfactory about "Klee Wyck", yesterday. A friend told me of a friend of her's, who had lost a young son overseas. She is absolutely crushed. They could not rouse her or catch her interest in any way. She went to stay a weekend with my friend, who found her very difficult. Yes, no, that was about all the response she gave. Bye and bye, my friend began talking about early

Victoria, and picking up "Small" read some exerpts. They seemed to hold the woman's interest. She kept saying "Don't stop. Read on." "There is another book "Klee Wyok", about the coast and the Indians." "I am not interested in folk lore," the woman said. "This is not exactly folk fore." She read "Sophie". The woman was absorbed. She asked to take "Klee Wyok" to her room that night and did not appear till 12:30 next day. (Sunday) She had finished K.W. That day she went home, "Small" under her arm. She said they had lifted her into a different world. I was so happy about it. I just don't know how these mothers and wives bear it. The strain must be awful.

I am being "fomented" these days. I have been so pierced with hypos, I began to abcess. They helped my breathing, but now I am cut off those. The Doctor says I can be pushed into the garden in a wheel bed. The air will be nice on my face. That was the only nice part of ambulancing to hospital in the big glass hearse, when you crossed the garden and the cool air smote you while the "Pork Butchers" were making their rough, jerky way to the hearse. All the strong, decent men are off to the war. This pair are wrecks. They wheeze and groan and bump and when they sling you up into the conveyance, it is just as if they were flinging a pork corpse up onto one of those gigantic hooks in the butcher shop and you feel rather like a pig too, having old, weak-legged wrecks, boost you, when they are really eligible for their own stretcher.

Tired now. Goodbye. Bill will be home maybe before my letter. Thank you again for the lovely flower. I shall enjoy every minute of its life and think of you both. Plants become so intimate in a sick room.

Affectionately yours,

Emily.

P.S. Thank you for Tomorrow is Forever. I think I can read a little now and it looks anything but a dull book.

P.S.S. Please Irene send me Woo. I am going to re-write her and it takes so long, I'd like her on hand when I can do her.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 08**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

IC/EC  
Air Mail - Special Delivery

10 February, 1944.

Dear Emily:

I was going to send off to you Bobtail and Woo, as you asked me to do, but Bill is very anxious that I should not do so until he has had an opportunity to look it over again himself in conjunction with the other material that is coming to us from you. I have been over both manuscripts a great many times, as you know, and I find it very difficult to say where I would like changes made. So much of it should stand just as it is, but I felt that in some places there was an abruptness or a need for amplification, a sort of rounding off, as it were, of Accident or scene. Maybe I am wrong in this, and maybe if I read them both again after an interval, I should feel quite differently. Each one is like a vignette.

I shall write you again at greater length. I was so glad Bill had those two pleasant visits with you, and I am glad to know from your letter which arrived today that you are in less pain. Bill was greatly distressed to know how you had been suffering. He arrived back this morning with great stories of you and the good time he had with you. Your letter was a great joy to me this morning.

We are all well here. It has just occurred to me that I did not send you off the pictures I promised. They shall go forward without delay.

As ever, love

Miss Emily Carr,  
c/o Jubilee Hospital,  
Victoria, B. C.



**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 09**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Jablee Hospital Feb 10 1944  
Victoria

Dear Bill

The Cyclamen is glorious. When she came  
bright it in & screeched the house down with delight.  
Thank you for making such a lovely choice for  
you & Irene. I make <sup>my</sup> ~~exclamation~~ <sup>to</sup> me as with me and  
it a great help. I loathe my food these days  
they take lots of pains to get me nice things but I eat  
one enjoy the fruit like nothing & is horrid. so the

Cyclamen is extra lovely <sup>on my throat</sup>. Well I suppose you 'let'  
the a.m. news can keep track of how you  
manage your clocks in T. I enjoy your talks so much  
stress visit. I commence to see the terrible sessions  
you men are doing at these days, if each of us  
sprouted 8 legs instead of two and kept them all  
busy away on the 8 would have to run. we are  
heavy remarkably but walk for times of year with  
cold treacherous winds I am still being <sup>hot</sup> sprouted  
day & night and it almost unbearable. The  
absences caused by the cocaine pricks, are  
big as guns & my painful I had no idea one  
trip was so important you just can't slide  
your sitting lying walking your weight down  
down on them. worst of it is I miss my cocaine  
it does help ones breathy as also did that  
horrible drug ketens (I called it) I begged



to be let of that it made my head so dizzy  
I'm scared. so now there is with a heap of  
Morphine & one does not take that only, as a  
last resource when the pain can't be borne  
yesterday they put me into a wheeled made  
quicker and took me 15 miles into the open  
and, how poor the air was blowing on you from  
the corners and everywhere unobscured by walls.  
The Motion is Sakeration & are filled with horror  
Dr D Permetty said it was too cold, she is not  
used to the West's mount cold people about mountains  
I've been so much in books & you that warmly  
dressed & hotbed, beside these cardiac con-  
ditions keep on on the hill since she has the  
steam heat on in their room. Bill & I started  
four times & straight I'd like to have written of  
my camp places. I always loved them & was so happy  
since I began to write I made notes when out in  
camp. There are extreme bits of note in Dr's  
trunk I doubt anyone could make them out  
but me. There's nothing startling in them just  
the trees & the birds & me. but I don't think it  
could be other than a happy M.S. were I true  
to it. them & me. but there is so much to  
do Home of A.S. Pains etc tell me what  
appeal if any they make to you? if I can  
only scribble faster each strength & give

to my + parcel them, together  
Hope you found all well when you got home.  
I say here is the only place for me  
now sleep here as we at home: when I get back  
to the studio I shall search round to find  
illustrative material for my: & parcel likely  
subject up together. I had possible material  
for Bob's dolls done up in a parcel in case  
he don't know if he had it. & I am sure not  
He went to his & Aunt M.S. Eng &  
campyous today send the jubilee  
Hospital notice that "unless they get  
honey or acid for her throat & be good for  
the last three days & retain its parceling  
they could keep their bill just 116.00 (cents)  
I was unhappy to tell they got she required  
few spoonful of honey they were astounded  
she honey came up tickety-split when  
that diff't & they were available & was  
about & took the top fellows she managed  
of the place is shocking. She can't herself and  
not do much more & the prices they  
tall of "expert care" well, you know you've  
been ill. sometimes I am very far  
in praying "let me get out and see you  
let me stay a while longer & finished so  
think to have to be must be

What comes as we cant help it any how.  
it comes, silently I was sleep a teacher  
ever lovingly.  
Smily

Dear Bill:

The cyclamen is glorious. When the nurse brought it in I screeched the house down with delight. Thank you for making such a lovely choice for you and Irene. I cyclamen to meals with me and it's a great help, for I loathe my food these days they take lots of pains to get me nice trays, it's just me. Everything tastes like nothing and is horrid, so the cyclamen is extra lovely on my tray. Well I suppose you 'lit' this a. m. Never can keep track of how you manage your clocks in Toronto. I enjoyed our talks so much this visit. I commence to see the terrific tension you men are living at these days, if each of us sprouted 8 legs instead of two and kept them all busy every one of the 8 would have to run. We are having remarkably hot weather for time of year for with cold treacherous winds I am still very hot tormented day and night and it's almost unbearable. The abscesses caused by the prick are big as buns and very painful. I had no idea one's was so important you just can't elude them sitting lying walking your weight growls down on them. Worst of it is I miss my it does help one's breathing as also did that horrible dry Bitters (I called it) I begged to be let off that it made my head so woozey I was scared. So now there is nothing to help except Morphine and one does not take that only as a last resource when the pain can't be borne. Yesterday they put me into a wheelbed made of wicker and took me 15 minutes into the open and oh, how good the air was blowing on you from the corners and everywhere unbounded by walls. The Matron is Saskatoon and was filled with horror at Dr. permitting said it was too cold. She is not used to the West's moist cold. People don't understand I've been so much in woods and open that warmly dressed and besides these cardiac conditions keep you on the boil everyone else has the steam heat on in their room.

Bill, if there'd been time and strength I'd like to have written of my camp places. I always loved them and was so happy since I began to write I made notes when out in camp. There are exercise books of notes in Ira's trunk. I doubt anyone could make them out but me. There's nothing startling in them, just the trees and the beasts and me,

but I don't think it could be other than a happy ms. were I true to it and them and me, but there is so much to do. House of A. S. Pause etc. tell me what appeal if any they make to you? If I can only scrap together enough strength and vim to unify and put them together. Hope you found all well when you got home.

Dr. says here is the only place for me now things being as are at home: When I get back to the studio I shall search round to find illustrative material for biog: *and* parcels likely subjects up together. I had possible material for Bobtails done up in a parcel in Ira's box don't know if he took it to Vancouver or not. He went to box to hunt Ms. Emily is rampageous today served the Jubilee Hospital notice that "unless they got honey ordered for her throat and begged for the last three days to relieve its parching they could keep their bill for \$116.00 (2 weeks) I was not paying it till they got the required few spoonful of honey they were astounded the honey came up lickety-split whereas I had appealed to every nurse available and was about to tackle the top fellows. The management of the place is shocking. Shanks herself could not do much worse and top prices. They tell of "expert care" well, you know you've been ill Sometimes I am very torn in praying "Let me get out" and then again let me stay a little longer and finished so I think it's best to be and take what comes as we can't help it anyhow. It comes silently. I was always a kicker.

Ever lovingly,

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 10**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Jubilee Hospital Victoria  
Feb 15/44

Dear Mrs Clark

Your quick kind sympathy  
letter came 'heaps' bully up quick as  
the Indian's say thank you for it  
it helped a lot. I have been a long  
time away but not up to writing  
plenty of suffering the last 2 weeks  
but the very large abscess has been cancelled  
I think they've been pretty anxious  
about it - it was my deep seated  
because three long curvilinear needles  
are driven straight in to the inner  
muscle. Not just under the skin  
like insulin. I'd even screwed up  
my courage + done it 3 times  
myself. So I'd be able to do  
it when I went home and there!  
these goss (with exception of a very  
few graduates are dirty + lazy)  
they talk of expert care of a hospital!  
and the food is frightful on top  
of no appetite. But with an  
alteration of "thanks" at home



2/ is the situation so I must just  
grin, bear, & say it's war. and  
war is very unnice. Tell Bill. I  
am so glad he came here & the  
visits from Ira have helped me from  
being too despondent. The last  
2 days The Dr has had me  
wheeled out, into garden in a  
bed, made of basket the wind was  
very cold today but do you know I  
came in because I was too hot they

had bundled me up so I was sweating  
& afraid of throwing off my covers I  
dropped off to sleep still sea,  
out on the lawn 40 minutes and

On the debut of July the wind  
rushed from all directions at you  
& the sky above, & the garden

down up the garden beds, I  
left better but not than <sup>for</sup> ages.

Motion was scandalized she comes  
from clear cold & can't stand coast  
damp. Can't understand that I'll



3) Sat on a camp stool outdoors half  
my life & yet I've lain 18 months  
in an open air San. Snow, hail, rain  
& Blizzards beaten on me but Doctor  
knows, that it is the life of me  
(the open) I have to lug my fomentations  
along, but there! most cry they  
its bites! I'd the sweetest bank  
of daffodils cut me right from a  
small boy of 14 Peter Tull who does

Chorus for me after school sometimes  
I was touched a child of that age he  
with a letter soon as he heard I was  
in hospital, singing himself, Yours forever  
Dear little chap.

Alice comes nearly every day  
she is well & more cheerful now  
I am better. Shauna is bouncing  
& I sit on her heavily she has  
to bring Alice otherwise she would  
not be let in my room, at one  
thing have I been able to trust her to  
do. I wish she would see a

4) grows every day she tries to  
wryle out of it but that I insist on  
& her keep is easy learned. working out  
your I don't know if she cooks for her-  
self (she would not for me) & I don't  
care if she staves she buys what  
she wants & looks exceedy well hourished.

You don't know how glad I am  
Bill is joy to re-read Bobtails he  
may like her no better after doing so but  
I loved my Bobbie so. & I did feel  
that M. S. meant something to think  
I'd failed broke me up. I went into  
a different world, any one could follow  
Small or K.W. but the Bobs, stood  
up characters in their own right  
with that mankishness or sentimentality  
was something else something  
that prolicked through life. & was  
built for fun I want to re-write her  
I think I could angle her a little  
differently into her setting, I enjoyed  
her life so. but the Bobs: &  
she 6 short annual stories I

5) to those who don't love animals in  
the byer sense of loving they just hate  
little meany some wish a dog to talk  
& the best to the 200 rate humans it  
is their animalness that set them up  
in a place alone, I am so glad they  
are dumb! it gives them so  
much more dignity. Shoued Bill  
publish Bobbais I'd be dreadfully  
sorry if he lost out on her but  
money just doesn't count to me in  
Bobbais. if only 4 volumes sold  
and I made people see the  
Bobbais I'd be satisfied I re-  
member when I waited for Dr's  
letter. how I shook & when his  
letter came "Emily I want a Bobbais"  
That dog! I could have torn the  
phone from the wall in de-  
light. I think that "Pause" are  
my favourites of all my M.S.,  
of course Pause are Hours & A.S  
both need work but I love them  
deep, small just danced into

6  
life as the Wyck & just floated in  
my native element. but Bobtails  
I deep for I may be puffed up and all  
wrong in my estimate of Bobtails -  
biased - to many, many, she  
may make no appeal.

I wrote a fine story for "hundreds  
& thousands" the other day you know  
they are a collection of stips just a  
few sentences. <sup>about</sup> little stips that have  
helped over lots of years. I spare each  
one has taught something of life to me.  
I aimed to have them single stip stories  
well this one was 'the cyclamer  
and the fainters'. the woman who  
keeps the hospital floors just adores  
my white Cyclamer (so do I.) it is  
notly more than a passing note, a fit  
out tied fainters Cyclamer & me  
into a bundle but I have not started  
to write yet. This is almost the  
first letter. I've started your  
books & enjoy but can only do a  
circle at a time. somebody is  
always doing something to you. & I  
am weak & wretched in these

Hot fomentations, but when I  
am not being administered I  
just lie. Hope all is well  
with you.

Will write when I have  
more to write about, excuse  
stuffy, boggy & cloudy with no  
middle, Bill can tell you  
I've a nice window showing a  
green lawn, peopled with  
seagulls & mangled dogs, two  
perfectly round bushes, the  
shiny autocratic Doctor's cars  
parked on the high grade  
& below. The more dingy patients  
cars, & people rushing on foot  
with paperbays & cornucopias of  
flowers. The ceiling is plain white  
& I've turned the look glass to the  
wall

Love + Bill + yourself  
Yours affectionately  
Emily



Jubilee Hospital, Victoria

Feb. 15/44

Dear Mrs. Clarke:

Your quick kind sympathy letter came "heap hully up quick" as the Indians say. Thank you for it, it helped a lot. I have been slow answering but not up to writing. Plenty of suffering the last 2 weeks but the very large abscess has been lanced. I think they've been pretty anxious about it, it was very deep seated because those long needles are driven straight into the inner muscle not just under the skin like insulin. I'd even screwed up my courage and done it 3 times myself, so as I'd be able to do it when I went home and then! these girls (with exception of very few graduates are dirty and lazy) they talk of expert care of a hospital! and the food is frightful on top of no appetite with an alternative of "Shanks" at home is the situation so I must just grin, bear it and say it's war, and war is very unnice. Tell Bill I am so glad he came. His and the visits from Ira have helped me from being too despondent. The last 2 days the Dr. has had me wheeled out into garden in a bed made of basket. The wind was very cold today but do you know I came in because I was too hot; they had bundled me up so I was sweating and afraid of throwing off my covers if I dropped off to sleep. Still I lay out on the lawn 40 minutes and oh the delight of July, the wind rushing from all directions at you and the sky above and the gardeners doing up the garden beds. I slept better last night than for ages. Matron was scandalized, she comes from clear cold and can't stand coast damp. Can't understand that I've sat on a camp stove outdoors half my life and that I've lain 18 months in an open air san, snow, hail, rain and blizzards beating on me, but doctor knows. That it is the life of me (the open). I have to lug my fomentations along, but there! most everything has its blites! I'd the sweetest bunch of daffodils sent me tonight from a small boy of 14, Peter Tall, who does chores for me after school sometimes. I was touched, a child of that age. He wrote a letter soon as he heard I was in hospital, signing himself "Yours forever" -- dear little chap.

Alice comes nearly every day. She is well and more cheerful now I am better. Shanks

is bouncing and I sit on her heavily. She has to bring Alice, otherwise she would not be let in my room, not one thing have I been able to trust her to do. I insist she wash me a gown every day; she tries to wriggle out of it but that I insist on and her keep is easy earned, washing one gown. I don't know if she cooks for herself (she would not for me) and I don't care if she starves. She buys what she wants and looks exceedingly well nourished.

You don't know how glad I am Bill is going to re-read Bobtails. He may like her no better after doing so but I loved my Bobbies so, and I did feel that MS meant something; to think I'd failed broke me up. I went into a different world. Anyone could follow Small or K. W. but the Bobs stood up characters in their own right without swankishness or sentimentality. Woo was something else, something that frolicked through life and was built for fun. I want to re-write her. I think I could her a little differently with her setting. I enjoyed her life so, but the Bobs: and the 6 short animal stories I to those who don't love animals in the bigger sense of loving they might have little meaning. Some wish a dog to talk and the beasts to be rate humans it is their animalness that set them up in a place alone. I am so glad they are dumb! It gives them so much more dignity. Should Bill publish Bobtails I'd be dreadfully sorry if he lost out on her, but money just doesn't count to me in Bobtails, if only 4 volumes (??) sold and I made people see the Bobbies, I'd be satisfied. I remember when I waited for Dr's verdict. How I shook and then his letter came "Emily I want a Bobtail sheep dog". I could have torn the phone from the wall in delight. I think that and "Pause" are my favourites of all my MS. Of course Pause and House of A. S. both need work but I lived them deep. Small just danced into life and in Klee Wyck I just floated in my native element, but Bobtails I dug for. I may be puffed up and all wrong in my estimate of Bobtails -- biased -- to many, many she may make no appeal.

I wrote a tiny story for "hundreds and thousands" the other day. You know they are a collection of things, just a few sentences about little things that have ~~happened~~ happened over lots of years. I suppose each one has something of life to me. I to



have their single thought stories. Well this one was "The Cyclamen and the Janitress". The woman who keeps the hospital floors just adores my white cyclamen (so do I). It is nothing more than a passing note, a but tried janitress, cyclamen and me into a bundle, but I haven't started to write yet. This is almost the first letter. I've started your book and enjoy, but can only do a little at a time. Somebody is always doing something to you, and I am weak and wriggling in these hot fomentations, that when I am not being "administered" I just lie. Hope all is well with you.

Will write when I have more to write about. Excuse thing, beginning and ending with no middle. Bill can tell you I've a nice window showing a green lawn peopled with sea gulls and mongrel dogs, two perfectly round bushes, the shing autocratic Doctor's car parked on the high grade and below the more dingy patients' cars and people rushing on foot with paper bags and cormucopias of flowers. The celing is plain white and I've turned the looking glass to the wall.

Love to Bill and yourself.

Yours affectionately,

Emily

# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 11**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Hospital

Feb 25 / 44

Dear Bill

You is a bad, Bad, BAD correspondent and I know is only one off being as bad, she sends one line with the tantalizing information it is to be immediately followed by a mammoth letter telling you every thing and that is the end of that. The Sunday you were here was the begin of 3 feebish weeks for me on that Sunday terrible abscesses came one on each lip and one on the shoulder. They claim it was from the lippos (Covinine they ran in my heart) and that was the end of Covinine which had helped my breathing so much. Well, the lancing + cleaning out is over now (unless any more breaks out) The boiling fomentations night + day took a lot out of me. I has me tucked into a basket with nest on wheels (really a bed) and put out into the garden one or two hours each day. The winds are bitter cold but I am put under a bush or something + it is glorious + see sky + sea gulls overhead. + be on the grass with the wind tearing + ripping out of every corner. They said I was a brack over the abscesses but I was not made. I was rebellious + kicked + second + have enough without them. + I felt black right through, but I'm coming out of it now and am only dark gray. The hospital is awful + gets home understaffed overcrowded + such disgusting food. It is no good thing a hell there is no on the other end, the keep for many meals at last they have dogfish + fish of mine

2/ The awful dummies they have in the kitchen  
+ first <sup>things</sup> we know they are dead in a cap +  
wait on you <sup>(nurses & no pine)</sup>. The private room patient is no more  
private or privileged than the wards. The students learn  
on you anyone can stick a needle in you. I wonder  
sometimes if it was a dirty or inexperienced hyppo  
needle that did all my damages. I expect home

+ the Doctor today told him I might well get out of bed  
+ wait on myself there as here + not be charged. The awful  
price they charge here. but he says I must be a circle  
stronger first. so — I wonder if you took  
"home" of all sorts + "pause" home with you?  
have read them? I would be interested to know  
you see.

Ira was over on Tuesday he came  
in like Spring with daffodils + plum blossom he is  
full of the new house so happy + it will be nice  
because he'll be near quite a few friends. Arthur  
Benjamin, Lauren Harris + others. The house  
is not so very large. Ira is a spready person with  
his pianos, books + pictures. + he'll glory in having  
a home of his own. He's going to clear the garden  
wild which sounds nice to me. He's had to struggle  
on other all his life I rejoice to think he is going to  
have a place of his own at last. Phyllis seems to be  
turning out quite a decent housekeeper now she is in  
charge I am so glad + he's as proud of her as punch  
well I hope it is a very happy move for them!

and I'm glad Ira's son, + have a home of his own.  
 before in selecting there was always a dowstair sent for  
 the old lady, and there was his adopted daughters.  
 he never chose any thing for himself. Ira is not perfect  
 but, where his family is concerned he is most un-  
 selfish. in fact he spoils them.

Dr Baillie said today he sposed they'd  
 have to put up with me on earth a bit longer as I'm  
 on the mend, so I'll have to take hold again.  
 he says I must be some stronger before I can be home.  
 My stumby apparatus is rather dumb still.  
 + I'm rather ignoring it for a bit I've written to you  
 and to Ira this week. this a bagunny. I have  
 not even written letters last 6 weeks + only reced  
one book. now I begun + feel a little  
 stir. Please write + tell me whats  
 going on. but I know you are frightfully  
 busy + I try not to expect the impossible its  
 all so unfair me to much time you to little  
 + nothing to be done about it. Mr Lawson is in the  
 hospital, very ill.

Love + Irene + yourself.  
 from  
 Emily

Hospital Feb. 25/44

Dear Bill:

You're a bad, Bad, BAD correspondent and Irene is only one off being as bad. She send one line with the tantalizing information it is to be immediately followed by a mammoth letter telling you everything and that is the end of that. The Sunday you were here was the beginning of three fiendish weeks for me. On that Sunday terrible abscesses came, one on each hip and one on the shoulder. They claim it was from the hypos (codeine (?) they gave for my heart) and that was the end of codeine (?) which had helped my breathing so much. Well, the lancing and cleaning out is over now (unless any more break out). The boiling fomentations night and day took a lot out of me. Doctor has me tucked into a basketwork nest on wheels (really a bed) and put out into the garden one or two hours each day. The winds are bitter cold but I am put under a bush or something and it is glorious to see sky and sea gulls overhead, and be on the grass with the wind tearing and ripping out of every corner. They said I was a brick over the abscesses, but I was not inside. I was rebellious and wicked. I seemed to have enough without them and I felt black right through, but I am coming out of it now and am only dark gray. The hospital is Awful and gets worse. Understaffed, overcrowded and such disgusting food. It's no good rining a bell. There's no one on the other end. They keep forgetting meals. At least they have forgotten two of mine. The awful dummies they have in the kitchens and first thing you know, they are decked in a cap and waiting on you (nurses if you please). The private room patient is no more private or privileged than the wards. The students learn on you. Anyone can stick a needle in you. I wonder sometimes if it was a dirty or inexperienced hypo needle that did all my damages. I suggested home to the Doctor today. Told him I might as well get out of bed and wait on myself there as here and not be charged the awful prices they charge here. But he says I must be a little stronger first. So ----- I am wondering if you took "House of All Sorts" and "Pause" home with you? Have you read them? I would be interested to know, you see.

Ira was over on Tuesday. He came in like Spring with daffodils and plum blossom. He is full of the new house, so happy and it will be nice because he'll be near quite a few friends -- Arthur Benjamin, Lauren Harris and others. The house



is not so very large. Ira is a spready person with his pianos, books and pictures, and he'll glory in having a home of his own. He's going to leave the garden wild, which sounds nice to me. He's had to think for others all his life. I rejoice to think he is going to have a place of his own at last. Phyllis seems to be turning out quite a decent housekeeper now she is in charge. I am so glad and Ira is as proud of her as punch. Well I hope it is a very happy move for them, and I'm glad Ira's going to have a home of his own. Before, in selecting, there was always a downstairs suite for the old lady, and there were his adopted daughters. He never chose anything for himself. Ira is not perfect but, where his family is concerned, he is most unselfish. In fact he spoils them.

Dr. Baillie said today he sposed they'd have to put up with me on earth a bit longer as I'm on the mend, so I'll have to take hold again. He says I must be some stronger before I tackle home.

My thinking apparatus is rather dumb still and I'm rather ignoring it for a bit. I've written to you and to Ira this week. That's a beginning. I have not even written letters last six weeks and only received one book. Now I begin to feel a little stir. Please write and tell me what's going on. But I know you are frightfully busy and I try not to expect the impossible. It's all so unfair. Me too much time, you too little, and nothing to be done about it. Mr. Lawson is in the hospital, very ill.

Love to Irene and yourself.

from

Emily.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 12**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Toronto, 29 February, 1944.

Dear Emily:

This is just a note to say that I am thinking of you, and that Bill and I have been talking about you several times in the last few days. I hope that you are having respite from pain. I cannot say how disturbed I feel to hear about you actually suffering.

I am sure your ears must have been burning several times lately. I gave a full-length address all about you the other night in Lindsay at a joint meeting of two women's groups. It was an hour and a half of sheer unadulterated Emily Carr: what I knew about you, what I thought about you, what other more competent critics thought about your work in literature and in art. Then I read about ten of your sketches. The trouble with me is that when I once start to read from *KLEE WYCK* or *THE BOOK OF SMALL* I hate to leave anything out, and I go on and on. I read bits from Greenville, about Sophie, Sailing to Yan, Canceo, Sleep, Juice, Loyalties, Sunday, part of The Cow-Yard, White Currants, How Lizzie was Shamed Right Through, and some other bits I have forgotten. Next Monday I am speaking about you at the Heliconian Club dinner meeting, and once again I am going to read two or three sketches from *KLEE WYCK* and *THE BOOK OF SMALL*, because, as I always say, you speak for yourself very much better than anyone else can for you. Tomorrow night I am speaking to a group of twenty-five girls who have asked to come to my house to see your paintings. Bill is going to tell them about the paintings and I am going to read some of the sketches. In April, another group of young women whom I talked to about you last year have asked to come and see the pictures and to hear more of the sketches.

They are all eager for your next book, of course, so it behooves us to get busy and make up our minds soon what is to be next on the list. Mary Kilbourne tells me that Mefansy Spencer Campbell has been to see her on her way back from New York, where she was having her hand mended. I suppose you knew she had hurt it. She tells me that she is to go back to New York in November to study with some continental portrait painter.

By the way, I think you have the wrong idea about the books I send you. I do not expect you send them back. That is too much trouble and worry for you altogether. Keep them and dip into them when you want to. I am going to send you our new catalogue as soon as it is off the press in a few days, and then you must mark any things in it that you would particularly like to see, and I shall send them out to you.

My little English girl, Elizabeth Cumberlege, who has been with me almost four years, went away last Wednesday to New York en route

to her home in England. It was quite a little break in our family, seeing her go. We shall be greatly relieved when we hear that she is safe with her own people on the other side. She telephoned me long distance from New York last night. That was to let me know that her ship sails today. She is a great big girl now, five foot eight and a half. She wasn't five feet when she came to me, a little thing of eighty-four pounds. Now she weighs one hundred and forty. Her people are going to see a great change in her. I am sorry for these children a little bit, because I think the adjustment was hard when they came out to Canada, and I think it is going to be even harder when they go back. Elizabeth is very happy to get back to England, but she thoroughly revelled in Canadian life.

I shall write you again very soon. In the meantime, much love from both of us.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 13**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Jubilee Hospital March 1st

Dear Irene

Sometimes I think there is not a grain  
of sense divided between the whole inhabitants of  
the earth, today I am sure of it. (I don't exempt  
myself) I think Hitler contained indeed all the  
common sense. I'm skewing, have been lying  
in a wheeled out on the lawn they put me  
out most days unless do pouring, the hospital is  
too over driven in <sup>to find any one to take me out</sup> it is positively bestial they are  
understaffed and even what there are interns with  
little or no training. They ought to pay you for being  
practical on instead of charging you \$1.00 for 2  
weeks! what do you think? I have been here 6 weeks  
I spoke of home yesterday and Dr. said "we  
won't talk of it for a few days" though in some way  
you are better." In spite of my many short-  
comps I know I am a favorite with the nurses &  
staff & get my share of the very little attention  
<sup>there is to be</sup> patients got. heaven help those who are not. My  
appetite is bad, the taste in my mouth horrid, and  
the food filthy, & the cooking worse. in lots of ways  
I'd be better at home. Thanks is a rotten cook  
but I need not have the revolting means packed



at me without a choice. I put it up & she said  
she other day she must try & do better or get out  
she said "I like the place far too well to want to go. but  
goodness if there was anything to be got I'd fire her, she  
to her got & dislike the woman she will not let her  
lead her or help her on or off cars which is a worry to  
me. she can see a very little but needs help &  
guiding. My sister is a very obstinate woman.

I have been hoping for some weeks to hear  
from you & Bill re: M. S. I don't even know  
for certain if he got them from Ira when  
in Vancouver. I gave Ira the key & permission  
to go to my boxes & get <sup>them</sup> out. I know he did so  
whether Bill took them with him or not I don't  
know. Ira is poor at answering letters and very  
busy & I know Bill is too, but it would be a great  
satisfaction to me to know what is doing & if  
you & Bill have read "The O. S. please if you have  
any them can share "House of all Sots" and "Pauze"  
as soon as you can make it convenient I  
am hoping to be able to work on them before so  
very long & as I have told you I only have the  
one copy so please register the mails out  
here fit nose & worse I feel I could do quite  
a bit of work on those two once I get home  
with Ira's notes to keep me. only my health is  
very precarious and I must work while reasonably

3/ft - these break-downs come so often since  
middle of Dec. I have not done one bit of writing it  
made me physically sick at my stomach to exert  
myself over anything so you see, I am asking you  
to let me have M.S. at earliest possible also  
Woo which I <sup>hope</sup> to re-write. I have not  
said I <sup>wrote</sup> could not yet. but I can think a little.  
but with M.S. here there & everywhere unknown  
what you have I have & I have it makes  
my task more harassing & writing letters  
seem of no use. it was months & months  
before you gave me your reason for not  
returning Woo. If Bostwick & the 6 other  
animal stories do come out. Woo  
could go into something else if I work on  
her perhaps. so I like to get her in shape

I am very distressed that at  
present Mr. Dawson (my lamp & candle friend) is  
here in hospital very desperately ill.

Thank you for the book "Tomorrow is  
forever." I have not had time to enjoy it very  
much. for long I could not read and then only slowly  
you ask me to say what I thought. I am not a bit of  
a critic do not feel I know enough of literature. I  
can only say it held my interest at first I got a  
little impatient at the girl Elizabeth and her constant

re-herk of Arthur's soup and saquips. + I don't  
think the awful sufferings inflicted on Arthur  
to be buried alive were right. he wanted to die +  
why put him to that awful torture?

The character I liked best was 'sprat' he  
struck me as wholesome. Elizabeth somehow  
did not just fill her place with me. By the  
way do you want me to return the book? It has  
a slip "Contents of Open Unmily press" inside am I  
to keep it? I'd like to, thank you. <sup>not</sup> ready + not  
able to write has made this break down so  
long + tedious I was near a good waiter. The  
seagulls come to my window to be fed it is a way  
of getting away with the wretched food.

The hospital is full. it is toward the way  
new babies are crowding into this world of misery  
poor things. this trespassing round of the woman in-  
stead of keeping homes up + ready for the men to come back to  
makes me sick + conjecture everything. The hospital  
is full of war ambulances. soldiers sailors all  
putting on swank because they have a uniform  
but not having seen the vaguest reality of fighting  
all the letters from the boys in England are filled with  
the splendid times + entertainment they are having! <sup>well it makes me feel we are</sup> <sup>they</sup>  
love + Bill + do please one of you write to Auntie + your

P.S. I had a lovely letter from an old Victoria + above Fred + Emily  
she had read small read Kerr through few air raids + joy + excitement of our  
joy of being old Victoria her lilies lady slippers, she old place in  
old people whose names she had forgotten 2.

March 1st

Dear Irene:

Sometimes I think there is not a grain of sense divided between the whole inhabitants of the earth, today I am sure of it. (I don't exempt myself.) I think Hitler contaminated all the commonsense: I'm stewing, have been lying in a wheelbed out on the lawn. They put me out most days unless it's pouring and the hospital is too overdriven to find anyone to take me out. It is positively beastly, they are understaffed and even what there are nitwits with little or no training. They ought to pay you for being practiced on instead of charging you \$116. for 2 weeks! What do you think? I have been here 6 weeks. I spoke of home yesterday and Dr. said, "We won't talk of it for a few days, though in some ways you are better." In spite of my many shortcomings I know I am a favourite with the nurses and staff and get my share of the very little attention there is to be got, heaven help those who are not. My appetite is bad, the taste in my mouth horrid, and the food filthy and the cooking worse. In lots of ways I'd be better at home. Shanks is a rotten cook but I need not have the revolting (?) nurses poked at me without a choice. I put it up to Shanks the other day. She must try and do better or get out. She said, "I like the place far too well to want to go," but goodness, if there was anything to be got I'd fire her. Alice too has got to dislike the woman; she will not let her lead her or help her on and off cars, which is a worry to me. She can see a very little but needs help and guiding. My sister is a very obstinate woman.

I have been hoping for some weeks to hear from you and Bill re ms. I don't even know for certain if he got them from Ira when in Vancouver. I gave Ira the key and permission to go to my boxes and get them out. I know he did so; whether Bill took them with him or not I do not know. Ira is poor at answering letters and very busy and I know Bill is too, but it would be a great satisfaction to me to know what is doing and if you and Bill have read the MS. Please if you have read them can I have "House of All Sorts" and "Pause" as soon as you can make it convenient? I am hoping to be able to work on them before so very long and as I have told you I

only have the one copy so please register; the mails out here get worse and worse. I feel I could do quite a lot of work on those two once I got home with Ira's notes to help me. Only my health is very precarious and I must work while reasonably fit and these break-downs come so often since middle of Dec. I have not done one bit of writing. It made me physically sick at my stomach to exert myself over anything so you see, I am asking you to let me have MS at earliest possible, also Woo which I hope to rewrite. Dr. has not said I could write yet, but I can think a little. But with MS here, there and everywhere, not knowing what you have, I have, or Ira has, it makes my task more harassing and writing letters seem of no use. It was months and months before you gave me your reason for not returning Woo. If Bobtails and the 6 other animal stories do come out, Woo could go into something else if I worked on her perhaps. So I like to get her in shape.

I am very distressed that at present Mr. Lawson (my lawyer and our old friend) is here in hospital very desperately ill.

Thank you for the book "Tomorrow is Forever". I have at last finished it and I enjoyed it very much. For long I couldn't read and then only slowly. You ask me to say what I thought of it. I am not a bit of a critic, do not feel I know enough of literature. I can only tell you it held my interest. At first I got a little impatient at the girl Elizabeth and her constant re-hash of Arthur's doings and sayings and I don't think the awful sufferings inflicted on Arthur to rebuild him were right. He wanted to die and why put him to that awful torture?

The character I liked best was "Sprat"; he struck me as wholesome. Elizabeth somehow did not just fill her place with me. By the way, do you want me to return the book? It has a slip "Compliments of Oxford University Press" inside. Am I to keep it? I'd like to, thank you. Not reading and not able to write has made this breakdown so long and tedious. I was never a good waiter. The seagulls come to my window to be fed. It is a way of getting away with the wretched food.



The hospital is full. It is horrid the way new babies are crowding into this world of misery, poor things. This traipsing round of the woman instead of keeping homes up and ready for the men to come back to makes one sick and congests everything. The hospital is full of war ambulances, soldiers, sailors, all putting on swank because they have a uniform but not having seen the vaguest reality of fighting. All the letters from the boys in England are filled with the splendid times and entertainment they are having! Well, it makes me feel we are weaklings.

My love to Bill and do please one of you write to

Affectionately your

Emily

P. S.: I had a lovely letter from an old Victoria school friend of mine. She had read Small, read her through two air raids and forgot everything in the joy of reliving old Victoria, her lilies, ladyslippers, the old places and old people whose names she had forgotten.

E.



# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 14**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Dear Bill

I am extremely sorry to hear how ill  
Dora has been. I have just had a letter from  
Dora. This filthy flu! why should it blight people?  
I have been home 3 weeks and re-pled. after 2  
days back from hospital, Dora was away & when  
he returned, he was very concerned, and sent me  
back to bed each time he comes he says "when I  
see you next <sup>perhaps get up out</sup> ankles are so badly swollen,  
the winds are very keen, and my wheel chair  
is eating its head off in the corner, only bent out in her  
once & then she tipped me onto the boulevard, she's  
as mean-spirited as a camel. but I really have  
not felt equal to wheel-chair gallivanting, not even  
to reading or writing either every now & then a nibble  
at a hundred or a thousand & fall asleep in the middle  
my steps seem to throb. I want to go out into big  
spaces, beds are so mean & narrow, & wheels so round  
but get you no where. I am sure you have been very  
worried altogether, I wish you were coming West instead  
of East bound. Bill & I forgive if you left me patient.  
Shanks & a heart are making me mean. I am  
so astonished that you like How & All Sots & that she  
will do better with the public for such than creatures  
you feed one people like nature stories & people ask  
me on & on when the Annual book is coming, you see my  
Dorinda had a large circle of friends people have upended

3/4 the feeling they would have more appeal than  
Small + K. W. Ira says the idea is to go ahead  
with H. of A.S. whichever it is I would like the  
dedication to be to you + Grace if you will accept it.  
(the next book whichever it is) "Pause" I should like  
to dedicate to 'Dodo David Baillie' He spent a week  
end in the same one + is intended tho' he has not read  
the M.S. I have only one signature in the H. of A.S.  
been published before I die. — I did avoid as much  
as I could those Temts who are still alive and  
Kirby round Victoria though all were given  
different names than their own. and a great  
many of the characters were transients here today +  
gone tomorrow you see even Small had a good  
many more years between the living of her <sup>and the</sup> writing of her  
of course I don't come across these strange creatures  
now <sup>for</sup> I am so stuck to the house. they would not  
have much opportunity to hit me they could shake  
their fists though Ira as you noticed, stressed the  
point of how blatantly I detested being a landlady he  
wanted me to modify that. when I slipped the English  
for being English etc. We've got spring lovely flowers  
but would hit better like mustard. I wish I could send you  
a bush of lilac from my bush Ira says soon as he gets  
it of A.S. he will come down + help me go on it. poor dear he is  
so busy + now to the garden + you mend out ground one 10<sup>th</sup>  
like we girls do Irene will fret at not being at the  
office Safe luckey very soon come back soon  
yours absolutely Emily.

Dear Bill:

I am extremely sorry to hear how ill Irene has been. I have just had a letter from Ira. This filthy flue! Why should it blight people? I have been home 3 weeks and re-flued after 2 days back from hospital. Dr. was away and when he returned, he was very concerned, and sent me back to bed each time he comes he says "When I see you next perhaps perhaps get up but ankles are so badly swollen, the winis are very keen, and my wheel chair is eating its head off in the corner, only been out in her once and then she tipped me onto the boulevard; she's as mean-spirited as a camel. But I really have not felt equal to wheelchair gallivanting, not even to reading or writing either. Every now and then a nibble at a hundred or a thousand to fall asleep in the middle. My thoughts seem tethered. I want to go out into big spaces, beds are so mean and narrow, and wheels go round but get you no where. I am sure you have been very worried altogether, I wish you were coming west instead of east bound. Bill, do forgive if you and me petulant. Shanks and a heart are making me mean. I am so astonished that you like 'House of All Sorts' and think she will do better with the public you think than creatures. You told me people liked nature stories and people ask me over and over when the 'Animal Book' is coming. You see my animals had a large circle of friends. People have expressed the feeling they would have more appeal than Small and K. W. Ira says the idea is to go ahead with H. of A. S. Whichever it is, I would like still dedication to be to you and Irene if you will accept it (the next book, whichever it is). 'Pause' I should like to dedicate to "Doctor David Baillis". He spent a week end in the San once and is interested though he has not read the MS. I have only one squirm in the H. of A. S. being published before I die -- I did avoid as much as I could those tenants who are still alive and kicking round Victoria, though all were given different names than their own and a great many of the characters were transients, here today and gone tomorrow. You see even Small had a good many more years between the living of her and the writing of her. Of course I don't come across these strange creatures now that I am so stuck to the

house. They would not have much opportunity to hit me; they could shake their fists though. Ira as you noticed, stressed the point of how blatantly I detested being a landlady; he wanted me to modify that, when I slapped the English for being English, etc. We've got spring lovely flowers but wind that bites like mustard. I wish I could send you a bush of lilac from my bush. Ira says soon as he gets H. of A. S. he will come down and help me go over it. Poor dear, he is so busy and now it's the garden and you men don't growl one tenth like we girls do. Irene will fret at not being at the office. Safe lucky voyaging. Come back soon.

Yours affectionately,

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 15**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**



Mrs Clarke

Dear Bill.

not enclosed

I suppose I forgot to enclose the voucher in  
Isleem's, it does not say I have to but I have  
always understood you must. I have just been employed  
& hurried writing two lectures one to an owner &  
Klee Wyck one to Post master in Victoria. Mr Danks of  
C. B. C. sent me his copies & the autograph book.  
Ira kept them one but I was too sick when I did  
write in them & put them a draw unopened in  
wrappers them for posting. Mr Shanks put them in  
our post office last Friday. Saw the man weigh  
& the other man stamp yesterday. Klee Wyck  
was flung up on my porch steps when we were  
all out half in half out her wrappers & small  
folios. Of course the return address was on  
the parcel. The theft was obviously among the  
P.O. staff. This week goes Ira sent me a special  
delivered stamped letter. it did not arrive he phoned  
Van. Nice I write ours the Hospital phoned ours  
no letter to be traced Goodland & she is a Sergeant  
oficer whom we have the right to expect service from  
makes one sick. just in time for post

Love Emma

Dear Bill

Stupidly I forgot to enclose this voucher in Isleen's. It does not say I have to but I have always understood you must. I have just been very worried and flurried writing two letters one to an owner of Klee Wyck one to Postmaster in Victoria. Mr. Dunlop of C.B.C. sent me his copies to be autographed. Ira brought them over but I was too sick. Then I did write on them and put them a drawer unequal to wrapping them for posting, but Shanks put them in our post office last Friday. Saw the man weigh and the other man stamp. Yesterday Klee Wyck was flung up on my porch steps when we were all out half in half out her wrappings and Small stolen. Of course the return address was on the parcel the theft was obviously among the P. O. staff. Two weeks ago Ira sent me a special delivery stamped letter. It did not arrive. He 'phoned Van. office I wrote ours the Hospital phoned ours no letter to be traced. Good land and that is a Government office whom we have the right to expect service from. Makes me sick. Just in time for post.

Love, Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 16**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Air Mail

3 March, 1944

Dear Emily:

I think your letter to Bill must have crossed mine to you, because in it you were complaining that my promised long letter had not arrived. I do hope mine reached you safely.

This is just a small note to pass on to you a piece of news which reached us today and which delighted us very much indeed. It was a few lines from Miss Peacock, Sir Humphrey Wilford's secretary, to tell us that they were going to have to print a second edition of THE BOOK OF SMALL for the English market because there was such a good demand for the book there. I am enclosing a typical Oxford advertisement for your book. This one was reproduced in the English Bookseller, which corresponds to the American trade magazine, Publishers' Weekly.

Bill and I are so pleased, but not the least bit surprised at this news.

I shall write you again shortly. Love from us both,

Miss Emily Carr,  
c/o Jubilee Hospital,  
Victoria, B. C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 17**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Hospital March/44

Dear Irene. yours of 3<sup>rd</sup> March arrived yesterday  
not to bed for these days really the mails are  
shockingly one from Toronto took 10 days com. to me  
Bill's letter will arrive in June & esp. and  
even if paper double postage & paid on air stamps  
it seems to make little difference. I got no judgment  
with the way our nation has bled the population  
down to cradle-babies. They'd us there if they could  
to goodness Heaven is raring babies! The hospital  
fews are ferocious because they were built during & used  
maternity wing  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the infants illegitimate & too  
& the other quarter's parents are only half-ignorant  
& the war babies of last war creating war babies for  
this when I think of the desperate wrestle some  
mothers left widowed in war no 1. have had penitence  
then Boy's High College just to be fed to the war  
will it makes one sick how can they stand it Irene?  
So small is among the war weary London caught to  
warrant a second edition I am very glad  
I seem such a useless side-tracked soul, now,  
neither dead nor alive. last 3 days had the  
weather heavy consequently my breathing likewise  
I did not go outside in my wheel bed today & have  
to resort to the dreary medicine put down me  
into a worm. a worm with chains & no sun.



2 We have been very troubled this week because  
Mr Lawson our lawyer & friend is the other has put  
putting up a prison fight with death. By what they say  
and what they don't we believe it is cancer he has been  
operated on and is kept pretty well under a pocket. He was  
in to see me, just a few days before it was discovered.  
he had a grim downy but kind & straight.

Isn't it grand about Eric's house? he  
is so happy he sent me a plan of house & garden  
very nice, will need some doing up but he is  
limky to get anything the house problem is so difficult  
and the wild garden sounds very attractive to me  
more so than a set garden that will need expert  
gardener attention these days when it is all the kind  
of jelly trees & cheap bush will be fine for me  
after C.B.C. Phyllis to seem interested & roused.  
A K awfully good of you to send me the books. I am  
at present reading "Random Harvest" by James Heaton  
I have no inclination to write yet. in fact very  
little inclination to do anything. Or work and  
on your home the Doctor is mule but I think  
is such an ass I asked her if she was prepared  
to do better for me. There hope I come to hospital

Hospital, Mar. 8/44

Dear Irene:

Yours of 3rd of March arrived yesterday but too bad for these days. Really the mails are shocking, one from Toronto took 10 days coming to me. Bill's letter will arrive in June I expect, and even if people double postage and put on air stamps it seems to make little difference. I got so indignant with the way our nation has bled the population down to cradle-babies, they'd

Heaven is raining babies! The hospital fees are tremendous because they are building a new maternity wing,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the infants illegitimates too and the other quarter's parents are only half acquainted and the war babies of last war creating war babies for this. When I think of the desperate wrestle some mothers left widdowed in War No. 1 have had putting their boys through college just to be fed to this war, well, it makes one sick. How can they stand it, Irene?

So Small is amusing the war weary London enough to warrant a second edition. I am very glad. I seem such a useless sidetracked soul, now. Neither dead nor alive. Last 3 days bad, the weather heavy, consequently my breathing likewise. I did not go outside in my wheelbed today and have to resort to the dreary medicine that turns me into a worm, a worm with shame and no smile.

We have been very troubled this week because Mr. Lawson, our lawyer and friend, is in this hospital putting up a grim fight with death. By what they say and what they don't we believe it is cancer. He has been operated on and is kept pretty well under opiates. He was in to see me just a few days before it was discovered. He had a grim dour way but kind and straight.

Isn't it grand about Ira's house? He is so happy, he sent me a plan of house and garden, very nice, will need some doing up but he is lucky to get anything, the house problem is so difficult and the wild garden sounds very attractive to me, more so than a set garden that will need expert gardener attention these days when it is not to be had and felling trees and clearing ~~the~~ bush will be fine for Ira after C.B.C. Phyllis too seems interested and roused. It is awfully good of you to send me the books. I am at present reading "Random Harvest" by James Hilton. I have no inclination to write yet, in fact very

little inclination to do anything. On work and on going home the Doctor is mute. Mrs. Shanks is such an ass. I asked her if she was prepared to do better for me than before I came to hospital or whether she was prepared to make room for some one else? (if I could get some one) She says "she thinks far too much of the place to leave me". I guess she knows no one else would keep her.

I notice there is aversion between my sister and Mrs. Shanks now, my sister won't let her touch or help her. She has an old lady who comes once a week to help her and lead her forth. Shanks brings her to hospital every day except Sunday. I wish they would not come so often, but Alice insists. She hates being visited herself when sick but roots herself hour after hour and I get so tired and daren't hint she goes or she is very offended: how often we seem to want to do just what annoys us if another does it to us and to hear that Alice won't let Shanks help her on and off car or in any way touch her, worries me rather. Of course she can see a very little, tho sometimes she swears "I can't see a single thing". She's angry if you think her blind and angry if you think she is not. It's not going to be easy with the two of them when I go home and I'm no saint. I am sorry my bedroom is so near the kitchen. Shanks nose into all I do, if her nose gets too nosey I may migrate into Studio. She dare not over watch me there. She tried it out and I rose up. It would be one way of having a little privacy. The woman is not a halfwit or she would not look after her own interests. The Doctor says she's just too lazy minded to use her brain.

As you say it is going to be hard for the English children to re-settle. I think few of them will be content with England when they go back. Well, I suppose there is nothing to do but wait and see what happens.

Ever so much love. Thank you and Bill for loving and thinking of me. Let me know soon as you can about the MS. I feel all at sixes and sevens, you have some, Ira has some, me not knowing what I have, and I do want to get to work before it's too late on the half finished ones.

Always yours affectionately,

Emily

# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 18**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

WHC/MW

10 March, 1944.

Dear Emily:

I feel that I should send you another \$300.00 at this time. The situation with respect to royalties is as follows:

We have advanced on account of a third book the amount of \$600.00. KLEE WYCK and THE BOOK OF SMALL have earned royalties, up to the present, of \$310.61 over and above the amounts paid to you on account of the sales of these books, that is, with the cheque for \$300.00 going forward to you in this letter, you will have received royalties for practically all the sales to date of KLEE WYCK and THE BOOK OF SMALL, and you will have had \$600.00 by way of an advance on the third book. This, of course, does not take into consideration in royalties from the Old Country on THE BOOK OF SMALL, or from the U.S. on KLEE WYCK, since the last report from Farrar & Rinehart.

I do hope you are making progress. We have felt that you were having a rather bad time of it when you last wrote. Isn't it great news about THE BOOK OF SMALL in England.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
Jubilee Hospital,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 19**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**



Hospital March 12

Dear Bill.

Your note with enclosure (check for \$300.00) came today and I am touched and grateful for your kind thoughtfulness. I am on the mend again & the doctors will accelerate matters. I had a cold, which is annoying, & delaying, but in a day or two will have a talk with the Doctor. I am stronger & expect breathy & engine pains are a fixture and I may as well accept them and go ahead.

I think I see your idea Bill and it is a very kind one. You thought if I only had a short fund & live it would be helpful & meet half the royalty money while I was alive? as undoubtably it is. I have only about \$45.00 dollars coming in regularly every month. Apart from Royalties & the selling of an occasional picture which the war has pretty well stopped and there Hospital & Doctors bills must be met and the kitchen-folks wages \$30.00 per month. People (nurses from the East are charged at the prices of hospitals in the west. compared with hospitals in East.) My sister owns her house and I rent half of her. The parts at night are sharp which slows up spray. You'll be seeing her I expect. The voucher did not say what she bought as to be so I still hang midway I'm so glad and so surprised England like Small. I thought she'd be the Canadian problem

I think I'm a horridly hardy specimen of the  
weed variety that comes up no matter how ill treated.  
I think the time must be approaching for me to return  
to work when I had that big break down in England &  
was 18 wks in San I used to ask how soon how soon?  
& they always said when you don't want to work any  
more we'll drive you back to it well. I had had  
no desire to work for that I was in the  
hospital, I want to less and less so maybe the  
time to drive will begin soon. I have one thing  
here in hospital but she heat seems to have gone  
out of it & the M.S. jumbles. I rammed it into my  
suitcase the night I was hunted off here.

Hope you are all well & I am quite  
sure you are all busy.

Thank you again and I hope I know  
she is an active part of the firm.

Yours affectionately

Emily

Hospital March 12

Dear Bill

Your note with enclosure (check for \$300.00) came today and I am touched and grateful for your kind thoughtfulness. I am on the mend again & this doubtless will accelerate matters. I had a cold, which is annoying, & delaying, but in a day or two will have a talk with the Doctor. I am stronger & expect, breathing & engine pains are a fixture and I may as well accept them and go ahead.

I think I see your idea Bill and it is a very kind one. You thought if I only had a short time to live it would be helpful to me to have the royalty money while I was alive? as undoubtedly it is. I have only about \$45.00 dollars coming in regularly every month. Appart from Royalties & the selling of an occasional picture which the war has pretty well stopped, and these Hospital & Doctors bills must be met and the kitchen-fool's wages \$30.00 per month. People (nurses from the East are shocked at the prices of hospitals in the west, compared with hospitals in East.) My sister owns her house and I rent half off her. The frosts at night are sharp which slows up spring. You'll be seeing Ira I expect . the voucher did not say what the 3rd book was to be so I still hang midair I'm so glad and so surprised England likes Small. I thought she'd be too Canadian for them. I think I'm a horridly bardy perrenial of the weed variety that comes up no matter how illtreated. I think the time must be approaching for me to return to work when I had that big breakdown in England & was 18 mths in san I used to ask how soon how soon? & they always said when you don't want to work any more we'll drive you back to it - well - I have had no desire to work for these 8 weeks I've been in hospital. I want to less and less so maybe the time to drive will begin soon. I have one thing here in hospital but the

heart seems to have gone out of it & the M. S. Jumbles. I rammed it into my suitcase the night I was hustled off here.

Hope you are all well & I am quite shure you are all buisy.

Thanking you again and Irene for I know she is an active part of the firm.

Yours affectionately

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 20**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

14 March, 1944.

Dear Emily:

You will find enclosed another sheaf of reviews from the English papers. It is very pleasant to see how highly THE BOOK OF SMALL is regarded over there. We think the Compton MacKensie review particularly interesting. Sir Humphrey wrote yesterday to tell us that a publisher in Barcelona, Spain, was interested in getting the rights to do a translation of THE BOOK OF SMALL into Spanish. What do you think about that? I shouldn't be surprised if some day the Russians do a translation too.

Thank you for your last two letters, one to myself and one to Bill.

I understand that Ira is now in Ottawa and will be coming to Toronto for the week-end. I hope he brings us the manuscript material we have been waiting for. Needless to say, just as soon as we have it all together, I shall send back to you the material you have been asking for, unless we need it for immediate use here, and I shall give you an inventory of everything we have so that your mind will be at rest as far as we are concerned as to its whereabouts.

I hope Spring has come in good earnest at the Coast and that you are feeling a trifle better. If I could do "magic", as the children say, I would certainly try to perform some on Shanks, and try to turn her into the sort of person you would like to have running your house.

We were sorry to hear your news of Mr. Lawson. I can imagine how distressing it is to you.

We just had word this morning that Elizabeth has reached Lisbon safely. We shall be greatly relieved when the cable comes to say that she is right at home with her own people.

Much love,



# **MS-3484.7**

## **Letter 21**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Public Hospital. March 26/44

(1)

Dear Selma

I've been trying to tell you all week but it  
has been a <sup>sick</sup> bad week a bad 2 or 3 weeks in fact.  
Cardiac Asthma with a terrible and exhausting cough.  
They say the cough keeps up just the same when I'm  
asleep, & they stick those hypox nit <sup>you + the hospital</sup> ~~quilt~~ & I don't even  
wake. I'm doped of course. I am afraid the patients  
on the corridor hate me these choboy and  
coughs & she would be so bitter you can't stand the  
window pane & my heart roars p oregon & fresh  
air so she door into corridor has to be open they  
organ's seem to do every mean thing they can think  
of & convert one excuse after the other to prevent going <sup>my</sup>  
home. 6 months in the Clark's nurse's home was  
bed enough. but nearly 3 months in a real  
hospital. goes a good many worse they  
really are good to me but conditions are very, very  
difficult for them & their visitors.

Thank you for the reviews it is rather  
fun comparing them with ones I've sent it & think  
of a possibility of <sup>small</sup> joining Spanish. I'd rather she went  
Puritan wouldn't you? Don't you think she belongs  
more to hard Puritan Earth was than to fancy  
lacy Spanish ones? I am glad to tell you that  
is improving very very slowly but his wife's letter to me  
was helpful 2 days ago. I did not know if he was unwell  
or able to listen to anything but I wrote him a little

(2)  
letter enclosure, it in his wife's & told him all  
my little news, one was the check from the  
Oxford University press, & another that Small was creeping  
round London, more successfully than the original  
Small crept round it in the Begs: I wish I  
knew what Ira had done about sheep. you say you  
are waiting for my M.S. I understood Ira let  
Mr Clarke have them when he was out west. I  
have not seen or had a letter from him since  
his return. I did have a wire this a.m. said he  
was writing tomorrow. They move this week, & I  
expect it will be very difficult, the inability to  
get help April will be an absorbed month,  
still I would like to hear from some of  
you. I know Ira found he had all the  
M.S. that were lost. He thought they were in my  
studio. to go & to hand you, home straight  
out after other have been looking high & low  
states & writing  
your spring has come in a few fine  
days & a few flowers but the sun is fierce like  
birds, blackbirds & cruel. I have not been  
purchasing into the garden for 2 weeks.  
I have felt so interested in your Elizabeth  
you must miss her & Elizabeth feels must be very  
mixed between her own parents & her Canadian ones.  
not much of a letter but I feel the sympathy that has lain  
all winter in a stunk cabbage swamp, love Emily.

3) Thank you so much for the  
Oxford University Press Catalogue  
I had no idea you would put out  
so many books in one year & that  
I felt it does not include the  
English Press? Since it came I have  
been too sick to study it seriously though  
there do seem some fine ones. Only  
read three books since I came to  
hospital. 2 libraries (rather indifferent ones)  
& tomorrow in prison.

I have marked "High Tide at Noon"  
and The Monkey bird is singing,  
Do you know either of them?

I see you have a Mary Jane can  
among your writers for juveniles but  
I really expect your picks would be  
better than mine. Titles are so vague  
& you know the authors & what they have  
written.

Pa spent his Birthday last  
Saturday working at his new house

If he is fearfully interested in it  
in making his wild gardens.

I am enclosing the voucher for  
the check Bill saw me as you  
are part of the firm & though it  
would be O.K. I'm edgy to know  
if you've read & selected yet.

Hope everyone is very well and  
happy. Loving remembrances.

to you both

Emily.

P.S. I don't know how to bear it  
sometimes people write or say it "Oh our  
20 + 30 was such a marvell of patience  
during their long illness I got so  
sick & death of that trail of ~~sanctimonious~~  
near-deaths. They work all the rebellion  
in me to the coil. The memory of their <sup>meanness</sup>  
seems to seep through the coffin bottom while  
the flowers of meek patience burst out the  
top. I held a steady stream of the meek saint-  
pushed in front of my nose lately I just long for  
hearing of someone really mean

Jubilee Hospital, March 26/44

Dear Irene:

I've been trying to write you all week but it has been a bad (sick) week, a bad 2 or 3 weeks in fact, cardiac asthma with a terrible and exhausting cough. They say the cough keeps up just the same when I'm asleep, and they stick those hypos in to quiet you and the hospital and I don't even wake. I'm doped of course. I am afraid the patients on the corridor hate me these chokings and coughs and the wind is so bitter you can't stand the window open and my heart roaring for oxygen and fresh air so the door into corridor has to be open. My organs seem to do every mean thing they can think of and concoct one excuse after the other to prevent my going home. 6 months in the Clarks nursing home was bad enough, but nearly 3 months in a real honest to good hospital goes a good many worse. They really are good to me, but conditions are very, very difficult for them and their victims.

Thank you for the reviews. It is rather fun comparing them with ours isn't it? And think of a possibility of "Small" going Spanish. I'd rather she went Russian, wouldn't you? Don't you think she belongs more to hard Russian Earth ways than to fancy lacy Spanish ones? I am glad to tell you Mr. Lawson is improving very very slowly but his wife's letter to me was hopeful 2 days ago. I did not know if he was interested or able to listen to anything, but I wrote him a little letter enclosing it in his wife's and told him all my little newses, one was the check from the Oxford University Press and another that Small was creeping round London, more successfully than the original Small crept round it in the Biog. I wish I knew what Ira had done about things. You say you are waiting for my MS. I understood Ira let Mr. Clarke have them when he was out west. I haven't seen or had a letter from him since his return. I did have a wire this A. M. Said he was writing tomorrow. They move this week, and I expect it will be very difficult, the inability to get help. April will be an absorbed month. Still I would like to hear from some of you. I know Ira found he had all the MS that were lost. He thought they were in my studio. It's going to be hard going home straightening out after others have been looking through the studio and sorting.

Yes, Spring has come in a few fine days and a few flowers, but the knifelike winds, treacherous and cruel. I haven't been pushed into the garden for 2 weeks.



I have felt so interested in your Elizabeth. You must miss her and Elizabeth's feelings must be very mixed between her own parents and her Canadian ones.

Not much of a letter but I feel like something that has lain all winter in a skunk cabbage swamp. Love, Emily.

Thank you so much for the Oxford University Press catalogue. I had no idea you would put out so many books in one year, and this, I take it, does not include the English Press? Since it came I have been too sick to study it seriously though there do seem some fine ones. Only read three books since I came to hospital, 2 library (rather indifferent ones) and Tomorrow is Forever.

I have marked "High Tide at Noon" and "The Mocking Bird is Singing". Do you know either of them? I see you have a Mary Jane Carr among your writers for juveniles but I really expect your picks would be better than mine. Titles are so vague and you know the authors and what they have written.

Ira spent his birthday last Saturday working at his new house. He is fearfully interested in it and in making his wild garden. I am enclosing the voucher for the check Bill sent me as you are part of the firm and thought it would be O. K. I'm on edges to know if you've read and selected yet.

Hope everyone is very well and happy. Loving remembrances to you both,

Emily

P.S.: I don't know how to bear it, sometimes, people write or say it "Oh our so and so was such a marvel of patience during their long illness I get so sick to death of that trail of sanctimonious near-deads. They work all the rebellion in me to the boil. The memory of their meanness seems to seep through the coffin's bottom while the flowers of meek patience burst out the top. I've had a steady stream of the meek saints pushed in front of me more lately I just long for hearing of someone really mean



**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 22**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Jubilee Hospital April 4<sup>th</sup>/<sub>44</sub>

Dear Irene

Oh why don't you or Bill or both write?

I've been so horrible ill. I got terrible little  
promises of letters to come <sup>from you</sup> but they don't come. I  
know you're busy. But a letter would help the

Time is so long I've been in here 3 months now.  
One thing on top of another you should know what that  
means! I had just got over those terrible abscesses when  
I took place with severe Bronchitis the awful  
spasms of coughing have taken it out of me, again.

I have been looking for the books. seems as if the  
only stuff kept here is this awful English  
twaddle. Lords, Dukes, Duchesses & disgusting  
little prigs of children. There is a certain type of  
English & their books I just can't stand. & there  
is an English lady who will buy copies of it - Doctor  
& I each know what the other is thinking of but won't  
mention it (going home) we are having frightfully hot  
muggy weather & then bitter winds all of a sudden &  
it's horrible weather for taking cold. Of course I am anxious  
to hear about "Creatures" Our post is so bad letters  
are days overdue & they are stolen all the time

<sup>a parcel containing</sup>  
I believe I told you, Book of Small & Klee was  
spent on Small stolen K.W. fly on my patch  
Small was later sent on to the original address  
in Vancouver. Ma has moved I shall never see  
him now - too busy gardening but, I am very  
glad he got it, it seems to please him so. Of course  
it will mean lots of work. Mr Sanson seems  
to be out of danger for the present. but improvement  
slow. I write him a letter occasionally. I send  
them to his wife & she reads them to him some  
times I think you are too sick to read for yourself  
but little addits of news in a letter give her  
heavy mind something to travel off on. I miss my  
writing more than I can say.

Hope you are all well and will have  
a nice Easter. I enclose one of our wild  
lillies my nurse brought me some.

Much love  
Emily.

Jubilee Hospital April 4th/44

Dear Irene:

Oh why don't you or Bill or both write? I've been so horrible ill. I get tantalizing little promises of letters to come from you but they don't come. I know you're busy, but a letter would help the time is so long. I've been in here 3 months now, one on top of another you should know what that means! I had just got over those terrible abscesses when I took flue with severe Bronchitis. The awful spasms of coughing have taken it out of me again. I have been looking for the books. Seems as if the only stuff brought to me here is this awful English twaddle. Lords, Dukes, Duchesses & disgusting little prigs of children. There is a certain type of English & their books I just can't stand, & there is an English lady who will buy cargoes of it -- Doctor & I each know what the other is thinking of but won't mention it (going home). We are having frightfully hot muggy weather & then bitter winds all of a sudden & it's horrible weather for taking cold. Of course I am anxious to hear about "creatures". Our post is so bad letters are days overdue & things lost & stolen all the time. I believe I told you a parcel containing Book of Small & Klee was opened & Small stolen K. W. flung on my porch Small was later sent on to the original address in Vancouver. Ira has moved. I shall never see him now -- too buisy gardening but, I am very glad he got it, it seems to please him so. Of course it will mean lots of work. Mr. Lawson seems to be out of danger for the present, but improvement slow. I write him a letter occasionally. I send them to his wife & she reads them to him some times I think you are too sick to read for yourself but little of news in a letter give the weary mind something to travel off on. I miss my writing more than I can say.

Hope you are all well and will have a nice Easter. I enclose one of our wild lillies my nurse brought me some.

Much love

Emily.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 23**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

218 St Andrews St of 4/14

Dear Irene

I am so sorry you have been so ill, isn't  
been with just loathsome! and the hospitals are  
just Beastly every nurse + doctor that is not a  
complete idiot they have probed for overseas +  
the stuff they have gathered in from the high  
ways + by ways, ought to be Butcher assistants. a few  
of the old hands for ones were fine + putty up a terrific  
fight against odds there seemed no organization at all.  
I was better off than most - they were good to me in  
spite of the privs, I executed, I am there 3 months  
I had so many set-backs, some the hospitals fault too  
+ I did not forget to remind them with wild roars.  
The supervisor wrote me when I left and said  
"The 1st floor did not seem the same without  
one in 202 + they meant it complimentary not  
in wrath. It is nice to be home again but I  
went + relapsed plus + my heart properly + my  
feet swelled so I was chased back + bed. we have  
had bitter winds, yet + they say we are far  
behind in rainfall. + will be hard on the crops

I am coming + snort - the back to work! for  
months I felt unable, to even think work for  
long. I can't for long <sup>even</sup> now; that has made  
this last bout of illness extra hard not

2 being able to take my mind sailey happily  
away from the pangs of my body. do you know  
those lines

"Never the spirit was born The spirit shall  
cease to be"

Never was true it was not end and beginning  
are dreams.

Birthless and deathless & changeless  
remains the spirit for ever.

Death hath not changed it at all dead  
though the house of it seems."

Now I feel no sleep & truly my peepers & I  
absorb if you put him off he takes mean retellations  
I do hope you feel very much better and will  
make a quic recovery dont work too soon nor  
too hard wow! how they have pumped it into  
me!! so I'll soup a little out for you. I do  
hope dear Bruce you and Bill did not get to that  
me I would not have been so insistant if I had  
known you were ill. I feel such a beast. I think  
I'd nearly struck bottom and I've had so many botoms  
lost 8 years, deep ones, hope you had nice nurses  
I rather have a mangy dog than a mean nurse hurrying  
up & get well. Our flowers are lovely right now  
any kind of lovely wish for robustness wouldn't a trip  
West be good for you? at least in



Dear Irene:

I am so sorry you have been so ill, isn't being sick just loathsome! and the hospitals are just Beastly every nurse & Doctor that isn't a complete idiot they have grabbed for overseas & the stuff they have gathered in from the highways & byways ought to be Butchers assistants. A few of the old trained top ones were fine & putting up a terrific fight against odds. There seemed no organization at all. I was better off than most they were good to me in spite of the kicks I executed. I was there 3 mths & had so many set-backs, some the hospitals fault too -- & I did not forget to remind them with wild roars. The supervisor wrote me when I left and said "The 1st floor didn't seem the same without me in 202 & they meant it complimentary not in wrath. It is nice to be home again but I went & relapsed flue & my heart got ugly & my feet swelled so I was chased back to bed. We have had bitter winds yet & they say we are far behind in rainfall & will be hard on the crops.

I am commencing to snort to be back to work! for months I felt unable to even stick work for long. I can't for long even now. That has made this last bout of illness extra hard not being able to take my mind sailing happily away from the of my body. Do you know those lines

"Never the spirit was born The spirit shall cease to be never  
Never was it was not end and beginning are dreams.  
Birthless and deathless & changeless remaineth the spirit for ever,  
Death hath not changed it at all the house of it seems."

Now I feel Mr. Sleep tickling my peepers & I observe if you put him off he takes mean retaliations. I do hope you feel very much better and will make a quick recovery don't work too soon nor too hard. Wow! how they have pumped that into me!! So I'll soup a little out for you. I do hope dear Irene you and Bill did not get to hate me. I wouldn't have been so insistant if I'd known you were ill. I felt such a beast. I think I'd nearly struck bottom and I've had so many bottoms last

8 years, deep ones. Hope you had nice nurses. I rather have a  
a mean nurse hurry up & get well. Our flowers are lovely right now.  
Every kind of loving wish for robustness. Wouldn't a trip West be good for  
you?

Affectionately,

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 24**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

April 5<sup>th</sup> Hospital

Dear Bill

I'm not writing you a letter  
you don't deserve it. (unless to the post  
Office fault & you never can feel three days  
of chimpanzees ran the Government of free  
they'd do better!) but anyway I can't say much  
because I forgot about enclosing the evidence  
about 10 times running didn't I? I expected to get  
home for Easter & he just told me "Towards the  
end of next week." (that is Easter all over) "we  
will begin to commence to consider." so there's  
nothing but to lie down with a grant. but alive  
is going to be disappointed she'd banked on it. poor  
dear she's had 3 months free of the torment  
of me. she doesn't mind being alone, she's it.  
but since her blindness, she's cut from so  
many things even I am a little variety in the  
black monkey.

Hope you'll all have a delicious Easter  
somewhere beautiful & no matter where if you are  
all together.

It is so hot - one hardly knows how to  
stand it at night because one must hang air about the body  
toward the window wide. one must have pillows which are not

I wish she had chosen a cooler part  
for birds, but feathers are delicious. I  
love the feel of them the birds seem to have  
a part of themselves among the feathers, a pillar  
is much more companionable than capot.  
goodbye love Emily.

April 5th Hospital

Dear Bill

I'm not writing you a letter you don't deserve it (unless it's the post office fault and you never can tell these days if chimpanzees ran the Government offices they'd do better!) but anyhow I can't say much because I forgot about enclosing the endorse about 10 times running didn't I? I expected to get home for Easter Dr. has just told me "towards the end of next week" (that is Easter all over). "We will begin to commence to consider". So there's nothing but to lie down with a grunt. But Alice is going to be disappointed she'd banked on it. Poor dear, she's had 3 months free of the torment of me. She doesn't mind being alone, likes it, but since her blindness she's cut from so many things even I am a little variety in the black monotony.

Hope you'll all have a delicious Easter somewhere beautiful and no matter where if you are all together.

It is so hot one hardly knows how to stand it at night because one must have air and it's too cold wind to have the window wide. Home must have <sup>pillows</sup> all hot. I wish the Lord had chosen a cooler part for birds, but feathers are delicious. I love the feel of them. The birds seem to leave a part of themselves among the feathers, a pillow is much more companionable than capox.

Goodbye. Love, Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 25**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**



Hospital April 12 /44

Dear Bill + Irene

I cannot but feel sore  
hurt at your repeated ignoring of my  
letters. you know why I am anxious  
for the return, particularly of 'Home of all Sats'  
& 'pauze'. I expect to go home almost any  
day I am far from well but as well as I  
expect one to be, any day I may finish, or any  
day my capacity for work may stop dead short. It  
has worried me considerably & the time on 3.  
are not kept up to scratch filled out & the  
Suggestions and notes made by Ira months  
ago. I hate being step in a mess when I  
feel I could do them better & if you are  
not interested in the script could you not  
glance it thru & return? the mails are  
terrible, stop but all the time, Victoria is  
particularly bad the book of Small was stowed  
out of a parcel going on to Vancouver &  
it obviously was by one of the staff I wrote to the  
Post Master got no reply but the book re-wrapped  
sublime (it had been done up with & Lee Wyeck)  
was sent on to the party in Vancouver it was

2 addressed to after several days.

I have not spoken + I'm about my worry  
at not getting my scripts back from you he's  
enough on his mind with his own authority his  
new house + C.B.C. there is no one else except  
yourself I talk my work over with, + she puts  
up prettily is not helping my condition. the  
hospital is indiscribable, every indiscribable  
meals forgotten, and one night nurse on deck  
+ send 40 people no food any where there  
is no one to my for 20, I get up + do for myself  
I should not but what else can one do?  
The D<sup>r</sup> can't bear me to go home to Shanks  
but tho' she would not stir for me at  
night at least I'd have the independence of  
my own home + not be shut up in one hospital  
room + not find D<sup>r</sup> comes I shall tell him  
so. the hospital can't altogether help it, but  
there is certainly shocking management and  
wretchedly cooked food. gone on 4 months of it  
has got me very down. added to the real anxiety  
that I shall get the scripts back in time to  
work them over - perhaps you have sent them  
+ they are lost in the mailing. if so

3) they should be traced soon as possible  
as I have told you before they are the only  
copies. I suppose you intend publishing 'Creatures'?  
or you would not have sent me an advance?  
If I cannot get to work at them when I  
get home (in a few days time I hope now)  
then I feel they will never be done, perhaps  
it does not matter. I wish I'd kept them  
in my own hands. I thought Ira was interested  
& his advice was most helpful but his interest  
lately seems gone fast as he's too busy  
& I'm too proud to show how I care. My  
writing has meant so much to me. I am  
writing a circle but I just lay it by now not  
care much what happens to it. I don't  
suppose in anyth more than writing a helpful  
critic <sup>you</sup> giving a boost. I just want to tidy my  
already written scripts. & them like my paintings  
I can be finished. I have written plainly  
I thought I had made it plain in former  
letters I'm just hurt & sore. The repeated  
retrocks I have had the last 4 months have  
lowered my resistance I think I only hurry on

4) with the intense long <sup>to</sup> formal & ~~dead~~ steep  
straight, soon I'm not going to care about  
that. You can't butt your head against a  
stone wall forever. Sometime will give  
way, you may, just as well give up.  
I hope neither of you are ill. I know you  
are busy, but it would not take many  
moments for you to have some helper in  
the office post the parcel.

Yours affectionately

Emily.

P.S. I suppose you'll hate me now but  
you can't write up forever, + I stick  
to it within my limit. Busy, busy, (all  
except me) & having no strength is the  
hardest business of all, to battle with

Hospital April 12/44

Dear Bill & Irene:

I cannot but feel sore hurt at your repeated ignoring of my letters. You know only I am anxious for the return particularly of "House of All Sorts" & "Pause". I expect to go home almost any day. I am far from well but as well as I expect ever to be, any day I might finish, or any day my capacity for work may stop dead short. It has worried me considerably to feel those M. S. are not brought up to scratch filled out & the suggestions and notes made by Ira months ago. I hate having things in a mess when I feel I could do them better -- If you are not interested in the script could you not glance it through & return? The mails are terrible, things lost all the time, Victoria is particularly bad. The book of Small was stolen out of a parcel going only to Vancouver & it obviously was by one of the staff. I wrote to the Post Master got no reply but the book re-wrapped alone (it had been done up with Klee Wyck) was sent on to the party in Vancouver it was addressed to after several days.

I have not spoken to Ira about my worry at not getting my scripts back from you he has enough on his mind with his own anthology his new house & C.B.C. There is no one else except yourself I talk my work over with & the pent up fretting is not helping my condition. The hospital is indescribable, everything indescribable meals forgotten, and one night nurse on deck to tend 40 people no good ringing when there is no one to ring for so, I get up & do for myself. I shouldn't but what else can one do? The Dr. can't bear me to go home to Shanks but tho' she would not stir, for me at night at least I'd have the independence of my own home & not be shut up in one hospital room & next time Dr. comes I shall tell him so. The hospital can't altogether help it, but there is certainly shocking management and wretchedly cooked food. Going on 4 months of it has got me very down. Added to the real anxiety that I shall get the scripts back in time to work them over -- perhaps you have sent them & they are lost in the mailing. If so they should be traced soon as possible. As I have told you before they are the only copies. I suppose you intend publicity'creatures'? or you



would not have sent me an advance? If I cannot get to work at them when I get home (in a few days' time I hope now) then I feel they will never be done, perhaps it doesn't matter. I wish I'd kept them in my own hands. I thought Ira was interested & his advice was most helpfull but his interest lately seems gone fact is he's too buisy & I'm too proud to show how I care. My writing has meant so much to me. I am writing a little but I just lay it by now not caring much what happens to it. I don't suppose in anything more than writing a helpful critic gives you a boost. I just want to tidy my already written scripts & then like my painting it can be finished. I have written plainly. I thought I had made it plain in former letters I'm just hurt & sore. The repeated setbacks I have had the last 4 months have lowered my resistance. I think I only  
on with the intense longing to finish & leave things straight. Soon  
I'm not going to care even about that. You can't butt your head against a stone wall forever. Something will give way. You may just as well give up. I hope neither of you are ill. I know you are buisy, but it wouldn't take many moments for you to have some helper in the office post the parcel.

Yours affectionately

Emily

P. S. I spose you'll hate me now but you can't bottle up forever & I think I've reached my limit. buisy, buisy, (all except me & having no strength is the hardest business of all to battle with.



**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 26**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

WHC/MW

14 April, 1944.

My dear Emily:

Two or three letters have arrived from you in the last two weeks which have not been answered, for which I am naturally very sorry. In the first place I myself was ill with flu three weeks ago, and two weeks ago tomorrow, that is at the end of March, Irene was taken suddenly very seriously ill, with a severe attack of flu, with an acute throat infection. We have had nurses at the house day and night, and as you can well imagine, it has been a very anxious time for all of us. It is not likely that she will be able to do anything for two or three weeks longer, as she is still barely able to sit up in bed, and has had very little nourishment.

She has been worrying about you and about your manuscripts, knowing, I think, that you were disturbed not to have had word before this about them, but her illness and mine were very largely due to overwork, and we have certainly been up to the peak of our capacity for a good many months.

I am sure you are no different from every other author, in that you feel, and rightly so, that your work presents the only problem on your publisher's desk. I have always regarded you as one of the least of my worries, except in one particular - that I don't mind keeping anyone else waiting as long as necessary, but I do hate to keep you in any state of uncertainty, knowing how ill you have been.

Before Irene was taken ill we about reached the conclusion that we would publish "The House of All Sorts" next. I have been trying desperately hard to get time to go through it myself again, before giving a final decision, but I have many reasons for inclining to that view, notwithstanding my earlier preference for "Bobtails" and other sketches. It seems to me that "The House of All Sorts" has a much closer affinity to "The Book of Small", and that it would follow it better, both in this market

and in Britain. I do not think, either, that there will be quite as much for you to do before publication, as a good deal of work has already been done, and on a first reading it struck both of us as being well on the way toward final shape.

As you know, I am supposed to be going to the Old Country some time this spring, although dear only knows when we shall get away. For weeks I have been working every spare moment of my time on a lengthy report for the British publishers, and as I have had to work against time, it has been no easy task to fit it in. I am glad to say that this report is now being typed, and this week will see the end of it so far as I am concerned. Over the week-end I shall have another bout with "All Sorts" and write to you and to Ira about it.

I am sorry you have found the hospital so frightfully boring. Please take care of yourself if you do decide to leave.

Irene and I both send love and good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
Jubilee Hospital,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 27**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Home

April 19/44

Dear Bill

I am so sorry you have had so much sickness  
and sincerely hope you are better now, and I sleep too.  
I hope you are not angry at my persistence. I feel  
the tug bit of writing I am now doing is poor.  
I feel that like my painting, it must soon be laid  
aside for good. Let the women twiddle your  
3 men Lauren. Ira, & you understand I don't want  
to peter out. My painting, I say at it and  
I want the writing to end. quiet & strong, it is  
difficult to concentrate now. I love to write letters  
before I love to just let myself go with over  
my few rules, as if I was talking to you. Ira says he  
often writes letters in his mind that are never worded. I  
spoke one does, and so I said to him I stick our  
heads are more honest than our tongues. perhaps some  
wordless mind letters get straight in some blunt way  
I don't know. I came home last Friday, got  
fresh cold, & have been very busy but its good to be home  
anyhow. There were several little improvements about  
the place that had done for me. I can't do much  
it is sort of dawdling in the twilight.

I am surprised you should show 'House  
of all writings I write it in fear & trembling feeling  
perhaps I did not know human as enough to  
write about them it was my first close-up observing  
their living ways but after Ira's notes I want  
to do some alterations also it was written many

space book I have learned more about people since  
than a few of the people are pretty clearly  
characterized even though I did not give their  
own names. I used most of the Transients  
who disappeared to nowhere or they came, now  
the animals I did know and so on any people  
ask for and want the stories of my animals are  
woman write. "The creatures were so much a part  
of your life. I feel they will be better than small  
of K.W. In the script Pause too. I had such  
ample time to study the people & the life in  
House of A.S. I doubtless learned a lot but it  
was cruel leaving a lot of it. I saw says I showed  
the plainly how I loathed being a land lady  
will I leave it to you, to me it can matter little now  
Yes Bill I know how pressed with you and Irene  
are forgive me if I have seemed impatient, I wanted to  
junk up those scripts while my head was clear.  
In reality over hundreds + thousands I find them rambling  
whereas my objective was to have each article one  
sharp clear slight or memory, with neither  
beginning or end, to the series. Bill when I start  
to write to you 3 men. My thoughts + fingers run away  
& I fear get tiresome. I used to write Harry in hospital just  
to give him weary suffering something to wander away on.  
his wife would read them then just chat about the story. My small  
hospital + he wanted to know about Small + K.W. he had an  
operation the other day I doubt he is even his old self. He is dependent  
from me, very patient old Gal. Sure Irene my best love I love see  
picks up quickly. I renewed my coat + cough since I came home



also had two nasty falls. these spray coats are so  
hard to shake hope your own has gone. I realized  
when Irene sent my your catalogue the amount of books  
you were putting out I had no idea they would be so many  
in Canada, and then all your writing for that winter  
report to appart from illness, I must have been  
very busy indeed. it is the cry everywhere busy, busy,  
busy. life was not meant to be like that, what  
can we do? we must fall in with the rest.

Ira Parris over his new house I'd a long letter  
from him yesterday Pyleis loves it to & has worked  
getting it in shape. Don't think I am a  
growler, worm & go back on me Bill & Irene



Hope you will pick up soon, can't you  
get inoculated against flu? you seem to get it  
so often. it is not a deadly kind but bad enough  
and so relapsing, & leaves one weak & ill  
but my bronchial on top of the asthma, & exhausts  
me with cough

Love to you both.

Emily.

Dear Bill

I am so sorry you have had so much sickness and sincerely hope you are better now and Isleen too. I hope you are not angry at my persistence. I feel the tiny bit of writing I am now doing is poor. I feel that like my painting it must soon be laid aside for good. Let the women twaddle. You 3 men Lauren, Ira, & you understand I don't want to peter out. My painting they say did not and I want the writing to quiet & strong. It is difficult to concentrate now. I love to write letters to those I love to just let myself go without my few rules. As if I was talking to you. Ira says he often writes letters in his mind that are never worded. I spose one does and as I said to him I think our minds are more honest than our tongues. Perhaps those wordless mind letters get through in some blind way I don't know. I came home last Friday, got fresh cold, & have been very tottery but its good to be home anyhow. There were several little improvements about the place they had done for me. I con't do much it is sort of dawdling in the twilight.

I am surprised you should choose 'House of all sorts. I wrote it in fear & trembling feeling perhaps I did not know humans enough to write about them. It waw my first close-up observing their ways but after Irá's notes I want to do some alteration also it was written many years back. I have learned more about people since then a few of the people are pretty clearly characterized even though I did not give their own names I used most of the transients who disappeared to nowhere as they came. Now the animals I did know and so many people ask for and want the stories of my animals. One woman wrote, "The creatures were so much a part of your life. I feel they will be better than Small & K. W. In the script Pause too, I had such ample time to study the people & the life in House of A. S. I doubtless learned a lot but it was cruel learning a lot of it & Ira says I showed too plainly how I loathed being a landlady well I leave it to you. To me it can matter little now. Yes Bill I know how pressed both you and Irene are

forgive me if I have seemed impatient. I wanted to finish up those scripts while my head was clear. In reading over 'Hundreds & Thousands' I find them rambley whereas my objective was to have each article one sharp clear or memory with neither beginning or end to the series. Bill when I start to write to you I men my thoughts and fingers run away & I fear get boresome. I used to write Harry in hospital just to give his weary suffering something to wander away on. His wife would read them to him just chat about the of hospital & he wanted to know about Small & K. W. He had another operation the other day. I doubt he is ever his old self. He is different from me, very patient they say. Give Irene my best love. I hope she picks up quickly. I renewed my cold & cough since I came home. Also had two nasty falls. These spring colds are so hard to shake hope your own has gone. I realized when Irene sent me your catalogue the amount of books you were putting out. I had no idea they would be so many in Canada, and then all your writings for that writers report too appart from illness you must have been very buisy indeed. It is the cry everywhere buisy buisy buisy. Life was not meant to be like that. What can we do? We must fall in with the rest.

Ira Purrs over his new house. I'd a long letter from him yesterday. Phyllis loves it too & has worked getting it in shape. Don't think I am a growling worm to go back on me Bill & Irene. Hope you will pick up soon. Can't you get inoculated against flus? You seem to get it so often. It is not a deadly kind but bad enough and so relapsing, & leaves one weak but my broncheal on top of the asthma & exhausts me with cough

Love to you both,

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 28**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

WMC/MW

9 May, 1944.

My dear Emily:

Many thanks indeed for your letter received yesterday. Irene is very grateful to you for hers. She has been up for several days, for part of the day, and is gradually getting stronger. It will be several weeks yet before she is quite herself again.

We are sorry indeed that you have had a dose of flu yourself, and that your ankles are giving you so much pain. You must look forward to mounting your camel again, although I shudder to think of you taking a header even on a boulevard. I hope the weather improves, so that you can get out in the sun. The fresh air will give you a feeling of release that you cannot possibly get indoors.

The first nine galleys of "The House Of All Sorts" are going forward to Ira today, and more will follow in a day or two. They should all be in his hands by the end of the week, at any rate as far as we feel we can go with the typesetting at this time.

I know that you will be very much interested to learn that we have just had a request, through Sir Humphrey Milford, for the rights on "The Book of Small" in German. This is very surprising, and comes to us through a neutral source in Switzerland. We have not yet heard from the Spanish publishers, but should be hearing from them any day now.

Much love from both of us.

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrew's Street,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 29**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**



WHC/MW

30 May, 1944.

My dear Emily:

I have a request from the London "Studio" for permission to reproduce "D'Sonoqua", in full colour, in an autumn issue of the magazine. We have a duplicate set of plates, which we are quite willing to lend. May I have your permission to do so?

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrew's Street,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 30**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

Wed 218 St Andrews St June 2

Back  
Dear Bill

Your brieflet just received re:  
"Studio + D'Zonogna" Shure you may have  
my permission though I s'pose its not really  
mine to give <sup>d'Zonogna</sup> a copy to the Trust. doesnt she?

You did not mention Irene so I sent she  
is well on the mend. I wonder if I answered  
the amazing news about K. W. dancing into German  
my breath is hardly back yet from that letter.

House of A. S. is pretty near done I  
imagine - Ira came over twice + between  
times I went over some part had to re-write  
he was to come over + finish up last Tuesday but  
Phyllis had to go + get measles! however I  
went over the 2<sup>nd</sup> part of the Galley + sent it  
back to him. maybe he will pass it at that - I  
dont know you know he will never alter a  
word. he suggests leavy southy out or carrying  
something further. ~~Still~~ I am never happy over a  
M. S. till it has his approval - because, I never  
even finished high school, + so often dont know  
good from bad. neither have I been a very prolific  
reader. I am stronger and doing a little work

2/ but. — Have been returned to bed for a week  
twice since my return from hospital, it has  
been such a horrid cold spring keen winds  
I had a few rides in a wheel chair in the  
park they were lovely but for severe heart pain  
& was sent to bed. hope I may get out soon again  
K. W. and Small have made me several good  
new friends.

Ira does love his new house, and  
it seems to have waked Phyllis up, to an interest  
in life, that was not there in her Granmie's days  
& Ira loves his wild garden — is growing his  
own vegetables.

I wish I could have "Pause" back  
My doctor is very interested in that M. S. he  
asked what I was writing, in bed just then &  
I told him & he knew the Sam. had spent  
the week end there a guest of the London  
speculist who was head of the place. I thought  
of dedicating it to him but isn't it polite to let  
them read it first? he has expressed the desire  
to read it several times but so far I have not asked  
him if he cares to accept the dedication, don't  
forget House of A. S. is dedicated to you & Irene, you  
have never told me personally how you like it <sup>#9 a.p.</sup> but  
Ira says you do. I had given the dedication of Pause to  
Ira, but I talked to him last time over suggesting he  
forth the one I am on now & he thought he'd like it better  
because some of the incidents are familiar

3) to him - suspense was before I knew him.  
"Suspense" hit hard on my life. Did you like  
it?

Give my love to Irene & the hopes she  
feels somewhat like herself again, and  
give yourself my love too. I suppose you are  
hideously busy. I keep wondering where  
you are but evidently in Toronto, still.

Love to you both

Ernie.

218 St. Andrews St. June 2

Dear Bill

Your breiflett just received re: Studio & "D'Sonoqua" Shure you may have my permission though I spose its not really mine to give d'Zonoqua belongs to the Trust, doesn't she?

You did not mention Irene so I trust she is well on the mend. I wonder if I answered the amazing news about K. W. into German my breath is hardly back yet from letter.

House of A. S. is pretty near done I immagain -- Ira came over twice & between times I went over some that had to be re-written he was to come over & finish up last Teusday but Phyliss had to go & get measels! however I went over the 2nd part of the galley & sent it back to him. Maybe he will pas it at that I dont know you know he will never alter a word. he suggests leaving something out or carrying something further. Still I am never happy over a M. S. till it has his approval -- because, I never even finished high school, & so often dont know good from bad, neither have I been a very prolific reader. I am stronger and doing a little work but -- Have been returned to bed for a week twice since my return from hospital. It has been such a horrid cold spring keen winds I had a few rides in a wheel chair in the park they were lovely but got severe heart pain & was sent to bed. hope I may get out soon again K. W. and Small have made me several good new friends.

Ira does love his new house, and it seems to have waked Phyliss up to an interest in life. that was not there in her Grannie's days & Ira loves his wild garden -- is growing his own vegetables.

I wish I could have "Pause" back My doctor is very interested in that

M. S. he asked what I was writing in bed just then & I told him & he knew the San. had spent the week end there a guest of the London specialist who was head of the place. I thought of dedicating it to him but isn't it polite to let them read it first? he has expressed the desire to read it several times but so far I have not asked him if he cares to accept the dedication. dont forget House of A. S. is dedicated to you & Irene you have never told me personely how you like H of A. S. but Ira says you do. I had given the dedication of Pause to Ira. but I talked to him last time over suggesting he took the one I am on now & he thought he'd like it better because some of the incidents are familiar to him -- suspense was before I knew him. "Suspense" hit hard on my life Did you like it?

Give my love to Irene & the hopes she feels somewhat like herself again and give yourself my love too. I suppose you are hideously buisy. I keep wondering where you are but evidently in Toronto. still.

Love to you both

Emily.



**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 31**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

WRC/MW

8 June, 1944.

My dear Emily:

I was very much pleased indeed to have your letter of 2nd June. I have wired to D. W. Buchanan, in Ottawa, granting permission once more to the London Studio to reproduce D'Sonoqua in their all-Canadian issue next fall.

I am sure that the Trust would have no objection, if you had none. We shall lend a set of plates already in our possession, so that you can be reasonably certain of a faithful reproduction of the original.

I have been away for a few days, and on my return find that Irene has caught a slight cold, but she is making steady progress, and is back in the office every day, and practically all day, at the moment.

We are still working on the matter of a German translation of THE BOOK OF SMALL - not KLEE WYCK, as you suggest. I shall keep you posted, of course. No more word has come in from our friends in Spain who wanted to do the same book in Spanish.

I am very much pleased to know that you have been able to do a good deal of work yourself on THE HOUSE OF ALL SORTS. I know exactly how Ira feels, and how you feel too about making revisions. You each want the other to be satisfied that the manuscript is as perfect as it can be, and I know that you will never be satisfied with what you have done, because you are not that sort of person. On the other hand, books have to be set in type and published some time, so there is nothing for it but to content yourself with what you are able to do and leave the rest undone.

The best news of all is that you are feeling stronger. I am sorry that you have been kept indoors because of the weather. Surely it will improve soon enough to let you out.

I am so afraid of manuscripts going astray, or being lost in the mails, that I hesitate to trust any of them to the usual channels, under present conditions. We took the trouble

here to make copies of everything which has gone to you or to Ira, and I should feel that perhaps we ought to do the same thing if we send the original manuscript of "Pause" back to you. I shall look into the situation and see whether or not it is possible to have a copy made. We are all terribly crowded, and holidays are upon us.

Of course I have passed on your love to Irene, and taken my own portion, which is warmly reciprocated from both of us. We have both been hideously busy, and I have been on tenterhooks for several weeks, not knowing when I was likely to take my departure. I hope that I do not have to leave now until August, but we are literally on twenty-four hours' notice, and might have to go any day.

Do take care of yourself. With much love,

Yours sincerely,

Miss Emily Carr,  
218 St. Andrew's Street,  
Victoria, B.C.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 32**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

IC/EC

12 June, 1944.

Dear Emily:

I am sending you under separate cover a book entitled THE ASARIA, by Verrier Elwin. I thought you might be interested in looking over this rather curious book. Please keep it; when we send you books we don't expect you to return them.

As ever,

Miss Emily Carr,  
213 St. Andrews Street,  
Victoria, B. C.

P.S.: This seems a very curt little note, and I did not mean it to sound that way. As you know, I have not been back in the office long, and have had to conserve my strength very carefully. You have been in my thoughts almost every day for the past many weeks. I shall write to you at such greater length just as soon as I am able. I am so glad that plans are going forward rapidly for your next book. I wonder did I tell you that I spoke to the Heliconian Club about you and read a great deal from KLEE WYCK and THE BOOK OF SMALL just before I took ill.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 33**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

218 St Andrews St Victoria B.C.

June 12 1944

My dear Irene.

I was going to give myself the pleasure of writing to you yesterday instead I turned my head & resolutely wrote business letters that had been been nearly cracking my chest in. You see Mr Lawson our lawyer and business friend has been fearfully ill (cancer) he went to hospital a week or two after I did he is home again but not able for any business. it appears doubtful if he ever will be. his secretary write me advising that I have the bank take over my little bit of business. & it meant several letters & I just hate to go woozy over business well I did what I could. I expect ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> will find me a fool at business letters. Jimmy Father who was such a business like business man never taught us even my older sisters any business. he left us guarded by Mr Lawson Senior who was the Mr Lawsons father - since dead, & since we have gone to Harry. Alice & I are the last of the Carr tribe. there are a few nieces & grand neeces but they don't count anyway with me.

Well Irene, I got a splendid letter from Bill this morning. 2 pays mind you, and very nice I am glad to hear you are well enough to be back at the office but I judge not



feeling exactly robust. I hope you have  
not 'back-slid' since being sick is beastly  
isn't it? and for all <sup>our</sup> five doctors there  
seem as much sickness <sup>as ever</sup>, but of course there are  
more people to cope with, I think its a scandal  
the way they robbed the earth of Doctors & Nurses  
for the war, many, many sitting round kicking their  
heels & civilians sick & can't get help for even  
money! it has not happened to me but I know  
heavens it has. It has been a late bad cold.

Spring but a very pretty one. I was surprised  
to see from Bill's letter that the Spanish &  
the German <sup>were</sup> nibbling at Small's translation were  
two different parties I thought it was a Spanish  
firm wanted to translate into German.

I am glad to hear from Ira that  
the House of A. S. has been sent off. Ira was to  
have come over for a funeral go over the last  
bit of Bally, <sup>with me</sup> just as the Division started so he  
could not. He had left me a galley so I worked  
myself, being disappointed tho he was not here to  
advise & help. He has been hideously busy at  
C.B.C. with all this war stuff. Goodbye dear Islaun  
I do hope you feel better & will soon be yourself. Tell  
Bill I'll answer him soon & thank him for letter  
Love to you both.

Smiley.

218 St. Andrews St., Victoria, B. C.  
June 12 1944

My dear Irene

I was going to give myself the pleasure of writing to you yesterday instead I turned my (heart? head?) & resolutely wrote business letters that had been nearly cracking my chest in. You see Mr. Lawson our lawyer and business friend has been fearfully ill (cancer) he went to hospital a week or two after I did he is home again but not able for any business. It appears doubtful if he ever will be. His secretary wrote me advising that I have the bank take over my little bit of business, & it meant several letters & I just hate & go woozy over business well I did what I could & expect Bank Manager will think me a fool at business letters. Funny (?) Father who was such a business like business man never taught us even my older sisters any business. He left us Guardianed by Mr. Lawson Senior who was this Mr. Lawson's father - since dead, & since we have gone to Harry, Alice & I are the last of the Carr tribe. There are a few neices & grand neices but they don't count anyway with me.

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It has been a late bad cold spring but a very pretty one. I was surprised to see from Bill's letter that the Spanish & the German were nibbling at Small's translation were two different parties I thought it was a Spanish firm wanting to translate into German.

I am glad to hear from Ira that the House of A. S. has been sent off. Ira was to have come over for a final go over the last bit of Gally with me just as the Invasion started so he could not. He had left me a galley so I worked myself, being dissapointed tho he was not here to advise & help. He has been hideously buisy at C. B. C. with all this war stuff. Goodbye dear Isleen I do hope you feel better & will soon be yourself. Tell Bill I'll answear him soon & thank him for letter

love to you both

Emily.

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 34**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

*Oxford University Press*  
*Canadian Branch*  
*Toronto*

DETACH BEFORE DEPOSITING CHEQUE

ACCEPTANCE AND  
ENDORSEMENT OF  
ATTACHED CHEQUE  
WILL ACKNOWLEDGE  
PAYMENT IN FULL  
OF INVOICES LISTED

Royalties on "KLEE WYCK" and "BOOK OF SMALL"  
from March 31, 1943 to March 31, 1944. \$517.36  
less advance of 351.58  
165.78

CORRECT

APPROVED

*Smiley Carr*

218 St Andrews St Victoria BC

June 17

Dear Bill.

Thank you 1st for your nice letter it  
was a record, 2 pages no less! and all nice and  
next day the O.V.P. check for \$165.48 must  
welcome did not expect as much had advance &  
still owed on K.W. & Small. but Bless my  
children and my children's kind pushers. I am  
lucky to have you & Bra. Oh I hate business I got all  
muddled and riled. I have been having misery lately  
too. Mr Lawson is out of hospital 2 or 3 weeks but  
he is still a very sick man and they don't seem to  
think he will ever be able to do much again. he writes  
me advising me to change my little affairs make  
arrangements at the bank. I have come to a temporary  
arrangement, with the manager who is kindly but  
it has meant writing a billion business letters and  
I'd rather go to jail and be beaten than attend to  
business & my head all goes woozy. and the  
victory loans, hawkers, community chest outfit and  
income tax collectors make life a complex as for  
dying & its preliminary sickness & hospital expenses  
that's too expensive too. It is a pity to have turned  
what could be pleasant on a pretty earth into such a  
mess.

I wish you could see the exquisite roses in  
the Park. I never saw more beautiful my chair  
can go in and out on the grass ~~to~~ walks between  
the beds. They are in lovely shape such clean grand  
jobase. I take great pleasure from my chair



2) and so far Shaub has not tipped one into  
the lake. This I still look upon the young signet  
as a probable fellow lodger & fear he will put  
me to shame in smartness, he has Pa & ma to fight  
his battles too. It is still cold and wet.

now to answer your letter. I do hope Irene's  
cold moved off quickly & comfortably.

It is good of you to lend your plates to Studio.

I wonder if any of those foreign languages would  
do "Small"? I thought it was a Spanish firm  
Contemptibly putting it in German.

I note what you say about printing & I know it  
is risky though not so bad across the continent  
as one the ocean. It is disheartening to find that  
just a month or two M. S. seem to have sprouted  
such millions of things you have not done right and  
want to change. & more disheartening still. be scared of  
your head not getting things clear. I can only  
do a little work & not every day. Some days  
I sail ahead other days I slump & it is a heavy  
effort. much stuff I want to do it. The "House of  
all Sots" went pretty easily because of Ira's  
notes, & works on, but this horrid war gives  
him so much extra I don't feel I ought to  
worry him too much. He's always willing but just  
cant, like yourself, they are so strenuous if it  
is not his holiday for your workers. and being un-  
certain as to your movement dates makes it doubly  
hard. I wish you were very west instead.



3) I have 13 sections of "Hundreds & Thousands"  
ready for final typing, but will go over them  
probably 2000 times again & corrections each time  
till its the perfect. for ~~me~~ having skipped out of school  
before I finished and went out & believe instead.

Love to you both, hope both are feeling better  
& will have a good rest of Summer, just like  
it is pay back our grumbles by some scorchers  
end of Summer. personally I really do not  
mind the cool. except one feels 94°/72°  
when she demands has promised us heat.

Always affectionately

Emily

218 St Andrews St Victoria B. C.

June 17

Dear Bill.

Thank you 1st for your nice letter it was a record. 2 page no less!  
and all nice and next day the O. U. P. check for \$165.78 most welcome did not  
expect so much had advance & still owed on K. W. & Small. but Bless my children  
and my children's kind pushers. I am lucky to have you & Ira. Oh I hate  
business I get all muddled and riled. I have been having misery lately too.  
Mr. Lawson is out of hospital 2 or 3 weeks but he is still a very sick man  
and they don't seem to think he will ever be able to do much again. he wrote  
me advising me to change my little affairs make arrangements at the bank. I  
have come to a temporary arrangement. with the manager who is kindly but it  
has meant writing a billion business letters and I'd rather go to jail and  
be beaten than attend to business & my head all goes woozey. and the victory  
loan hawks, community chest outfit and income tax collectors make life a  
complex as for dying & its preliminary sickness & hospital expenses that's  
too expensive too. It is a pity to have turned what could be pleasant on a  
pretty earth into such a mess.

I wish you could see the exquisite roses in the Park. I never saw  
more beautiful my chair can go in and out on the grass walks between the beds.  
they are in lovely shape such clean grand foliage. I take great pleasure from  
my chair and so far Shanks has not tipped me into the lake. Tho' I still look  
upon the young signet as a probable fellow lodger & fear he will put me to  
shame in smartness, he has Pa & Ma to fight his battles too. It is still cold  
and wet. now to answer your letter. I do hope Irene's cold moved off quickly  
& comfortably.

It is good of you to lend your plates to Studio I wonder if any of those foreign languages will do "Small?" I thought it was a Spanish firm contemplating putting it in German.

I note what you say about posting & I know it is risky though not so bad across the continent as over the ocean. It is disheartening to find after just a month or two M. S. seem to have sprouted such millions of things you have not done right and want to change. & more disheartening still, be scared of your head not getting things clear. I can only do a little work & not every day. Some days I sail ahead other days I slump & it is a heavy effort, much though I want to do it. The "House of All Sorts" went pretty easily because of Ira's notes to work on, but this horrid war gives him so much extra I do'n't feel I ought to worry him too much. he's always willing but just ca'nt, like yourself, things are so strenuous if it is not war its holidays for your workers, and being uncertain as to your movement dates makes it doubly hard. I wish you were coming west instead.

I have 13 sections of "Hundreds & Thousands" ready for final typing, but will go over them probably 2000 times again & corrections lack time that the forfeit, for having skipped out of school befor I finished and gone to Art School instead.

Love to you both, hope both are feeling better & will have a good last of summer, just like it to pay back our grumbles by some scorchers end of summer. personally I really do not mind the cool, except one feels gypped, when the almanack has promised us heat.

Always affectionately

Emily

**MS-3484.7**

**Letter 35**

**BC Archives PR-2408  
MS-3484.7**

**Clarke, Irwin & Company collection relating to Emily Carr  
Correspondence between Emily Carr and William and Irene Clarke**

218 St Andrews St June 24

My dear Irene

Thank you for your letter I know how hoarily slow getting better is makes one grouchy but well there you are all hurry seems in the wrong direction hurry down seems so much quicker than hurrying up. What horrid storms you have been having around Toronto I hope they did not damage you.

Thank you for the book it is good of you I have begun it but not far. I have been busy (don't laugh) but when you have to slow down and get so tired at nothing it takes so long to accomplish anything.

I am only just up for the day (3.30 P.M.) and will away to bed round to my (I've been working in bed these mornings) - try to tidy up some M.S. I have today finished "Indefinitely" written about a year ago (when I came to help on the Nursing Home) I re-wrote it & am anything but satisfied. It is too straddled. I get so easily tired & cannot concentrate & have to keep going back to see I am not repeating. A friend a Vinese refugee is going to type it for me but I know when I see it I want to re-write it all again the subject is Mrs. Charles Old people on the operation of the Nursing Home who

2) I never saw but built them up on what I heard, smelled, imagined, and so forth & what I saw reflected on the nurses faces when they came out of their rooms, also at the end of my find I saw into their empty rooms when they were out & I saw from their windows what they had looked out on for years & years, some of them had been there 7, 8 even 10 years when I asked the Doctor "How long shall I be here?" he replied "indefinitely" and I pictured being patterned by the home into what these poor prisoners were, my whole soul rebelled, I only saw one other patient in the six months I was there. Three of the 4 on the top floor were up & about but they never mixed even with each other. Wow! It was a living death.

You did not say whether you had Bill how you liked the bundle of M.S. I sent over? but of course you were too ill to be bothered with anything. Don't go and on do. It does not pay. Oh, how rich I got of that advice given me. But, I see it is right, only 'be careful' is poisonous heavy for energetic souls. For you there are so many ripe years left, your head & ones body only keep step, that is good. To have a body & no head to speak of that is bad.

I have just got through a very treasured visitor Mrs. Johonathan Rogers of Vancouver she splashed in the Vancouver Art gallery she raked my brain for dates re: the old Art Club there. I said "I never kept a date in my life, don't believe in them," I was engaged by the Ladies Art Club of Vancouver to



3) Teach + criticize their club life class when I returned from England and they were beastly to me after sending for me, & having me give up my Victoria Studies & move to Vancouver they insisted on me for one month. & then dismissed me. One of their members who had been the one to succumb to me "so just back from study 3 years abroad" & who had been away from Vancouver the month I was under torture at their club came home & sent for me. "Millie, Millie, she laughed I hear they have dismissed you?"

"And I'm glad of it vulgar old cats, I hate society women anyhow."

"Every one had the same complaint against you" "What was it?"

"That you wanted to make them work serious and would not understand that they were society ladies wishing to kill time & have artistic teaparties. Millie, Millie, how could you?" and how she laughed so, Mr Johnathan Rogers. (Pats of money) did not get much of complimentary information out of me about the club. <sup>the club</sup> she kept me <sup>and she spread with too. She also wanted to know about other things she</sup> hazy over a picture 2½ hours limited she wanted to buy it, & then put it back in the rack and said "will do let me come again!" — only a father: like the women's art of Toronto were when they stirred up a fuss about buying a me. And yesterday I gave away



4/ a perfect and what a pleasure to a Vienna  
refugee. she was so genuinely pleased & took her  
husband (a professor of music & languages) along  
me up. So genuinely delighted it did me good.  
Mrs Kriegl is working in one of the hospitals here  
and comes every Sunday afternoon to take me out  
in my wheel chair and its such a happy out. we go  
into the park and revel in the new duckpond & the  
magnificent rose beds full of superb roses, & the  
gorgeous peacocks. I am lucky to be so near  
and able to get into it. She was one I gave the picture to,

Dea was over last week. he is  
one busy man, and very happy in his new home  
I am so glad he has it, vegetable garden and  
all. & it wont do Phyllis any harm to have  
a bit of housework. She cant get help no one can.

I am sure you will be  
on your toes about Bills going to the other country  
and anxious & lonely, but maybe the total  
change will be good for him it will be interesting  
but more interesting to you when you have him  
back. Thank Bill for his nice letter I am  
most interested about the idea of translation. I  
wonder if it will come off. if it does I wish I'd  
put something in 'Small' about 'Hitler' well, then  
it never would have been done! Perhaps its best not.  
Much love to yourself and Bill and I hope you are  
all well. Love, Grinley.

My dear Irene.

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Lovingly

Emily