

Transcriptions of letters to and from  
Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy found in the  
Henry Copley Greene Papers, housed in the  
Schlesinger Library at Harvard University.

*The following pages are transcriptions and notes taken from the **Henry Copley Greene Papers** at the Schlesinger Library at Harvard, during multiple visits between June 2009 and April 2010. My goal was solely to bring to light correspondence with, or relating to, **Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy**. Henry and Rosalind Huidekoper Greene were the essential and indispensable patrons of Eugen and Margrit and their son, Hans, when they arrived from Germany in Cambridge, Mass., in 1933. They provided assistance in many forms, including financial, for many years. Eugen and Margrit never failed to acknowledge their huge good fortune in having won the friendship of the Greenes from the beginning of their immigration.*

*The Greenes were highly intelligent, cultured and dedicatedly progressive people. Their "salon" in Cambridge, and that word is not inappropriate, included Alfred North Whitehead, Etienne Gilson, Gaetano Salvemini, and many others of distinction.*

*Norman Fiering*

*Here is the official description of the Greene Papers in the catalogue of the Schlesinger Library, with some bracketed information provided by N. F. **Use of my transcriptions in a publication should be with the permission of the Schlesinger Library.***

"The collection contains personal correspondence between Henry Copley Greene (1871-1951) and Rosalind Huidekoper Greene (1885-1975), their daughters Francesca Greene (1908-1957) [m. George A. Morgan, a figure of major importance in the U. S. career of ERH], Joy Greene (1909- ) [living at Joydon Farm in Conn., married to Gordon Sweet, with son Jonathan], Katrine Greene (1912-1966) and Ernesta Greene (1915-1939) [a tragic suicide at age 24], and friends and other relatives. HCG and Katrine were actively involved in war relief work and hence traveled widely. HCG volunteered with the Red Cross and Unitarian Service Committee in Europe during and after the First and Second World Wars respectively; Katrine worked with relief organizations in Italy, North Africa, and Asia during and after World War II. RHG, besides writing poetry, was active in war relief efforts in the Boston area and coordinated a newsletter for servicemen in WW II [in fact, specifically servicemen who were part of the Camp William James project, a unique alumni body]. The papers, which cover the years from 1835-1974, provide an insight into the lives of a Cambridge family interested in various social causes and acquainted with many members of the Harvard faculty."

---

[The HCG Greene papers at the Schlesinger Library at Harvard (on the old Radcliffe campus) are catalogued only to the folder level, as opposed to the item

level, and in any folder, with several dozen pieces, the correspondence is typically only roughly organized. In any one folder there can be letters dating from disparate years and on diverse topics, and many letters are not precisely dated. Thus, the researcher has sometimes to guess, from the content, what the date of any particular letter is. The folder titles are helpful —19<sup>th</sup> century material is not jumbled together with 20<sup>th</sup> century—but searching for letters specifically relating to ERH is a slow process. N.F. ]

### 1932-33

Correspondence of George Morgan to his mother-in-law R. H. Greene, written with unusual affection, perhaps, for a mother-in-law, with reference to the sisters of his wife, Francesca, etc. “Darling Mummy . . . You are the best of all possible mothers. . . .” ca. 1932-33. [folder 98]

### 1933

- George Morgan to Mrs. Henry Copley Greene in Mount Carmel, Conn., from Cambridge, MA, postcard, Mar. 8, 1933:

“Darling, Associate Professor Hamilton College \$3200. . . . Maddest love to all!! George” [ folder 97]

- George Morgan to Rosalind, probably in fall 1933: Clinton [New York], Monday, Dearest Mummy. . . . Indeed I am *most* eager to meet Prof. Rosenstock-Hüssy. Please do the best you can for me. I’ll make any time convenient. . . . What a joy to have a family that lives in the midst of civilization. . . .” [folder 98] [This letter, addressed from Clinton, N. Y., was written after Morgan moved to Hamilton College, located in Clinton. In Mar. 1933, see above, he announced to the family that he had gotten a job at Hamilton.]

### 1934

- Darling Ma from Francesca. Mon. pm (possibly 1933-1934): “Your letters to G. [George Morgan] and me I acquired just now. . . . Now as to vacation plans. G. and I are on our ears about your Rosenstock-Hüssy, and we wish to give you *carte blanche* as to dates and hours. . . . George stipulates only that it be possible for him to talk to R. H. ‘a long time’ —no tea party will do for him. It sounds too exciting for words, and I hope to heaven Altie [Alfred North Whitehead] and Pa will surround Conant at the Tavern [Club] and impress on him all their impressions. [ folder 97]. [The reference to James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard from 1933 to 1953, indicates the circles in which H. C. Greene moved.

Later, HCG will help Eugen to become a member of the Tavern Club. The idea, *probably*, was to get a *permanent* appointment at Harvard for Eugen.]

- ERH and Margrit to RHG, Christmas 1934

Dear Rosalind,

Since nobody can tell if and when this book is going to be printed, it may seem pardonable to present it to you so to speak, *avant la lettre*?

At least, it exists now. And feeling that, in every respect it owes its existence to you who gave shelter and leisure and hope to us, I wonder if you will kindly accept it to stay with you as a permanent representative of your grateful friends, Eugen and Margrit Huessy  
[A reference surely to *Out of Rev.* which did not appear in print until 1938, under the imprint of William Morrow.]

**[folder128]**

### 1932-1935

- Francesca writes to her mother on Dec. 24, 1932, regarding her wedding that just occurred and expressing love for family. Other correspondence about their new daughter, Evelyn, and problems in her marriage with George. George apparently teaches the history of education and philosophy. On Jan. 1935, Francesca, signing herself the "Eldest," talks about their new baby. **[folder 97]**

### 1939

- George Morgan to Ros and Henry, Durham, [NC], Jan 5<sup>th</sup> [1939??, before ERH's "Multiformity" Lowell lectures; Morgan is visiting prof. at Duke]

Beloved Parents

. . . The visit to Eugen was very worth while, as always. He read me the rough draft of the coming January Cabotian lectures. I liked them down to the ground and found little change to suggest. . . . The enclosed carbon of my letter to Eugen will show about where we got on my affairs. I am convinced that a change of occupation for one or two years is worth trying. . . . In this day of unemployment I am of course very dubious of simply throwing up my present post. . . . But this is the rub: I am beyond the age wanted for men who are to be trained for responsible positions in most affairs; I have no special skills, no administrative experience, no background of any likely to recommend me outside a university. Eugen thought all this would be very simple, but I can't see it.

**[Folder 109]**

- ERH to RHG. [Probably 1939, concerning the suicide of Ernesta Greene] Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont. ALS. Undated.

The next Saturday, alone, with two more boys arriving.

Dear Rosalind,

Underneath and besides all that can be said and has to be said—and I think we all know many true things about how, why and that — , my tears are still running freely, inwardly and outwardly. And instead of serving you any words, even of insight or comfort, I still think that the ineffability of the event gives more honour and dignity to the beloved heroine than any too fluent statement.

As soon as she is fully understood, she will have conquered completely, leaving no gap, to the contrary: pushing us all more deeply into the embrace of life. With which Ernesta shall we go at this moment: the one who shot or the one who was shot? The one who did act, was like we ourselves, perfectly fitted for a life of struggle, only concentrating in one moment what we distribute over decades. But the one who was destroyed, was not like ourselves, was a reminder of a flower garden and a harmony of the [spheres?] which we shout down incessantly. Before, then, giving in to our beloved sister Ernesta who marched and acted like a soldier, before her letting me have her victory of making room and clearing out and facilitating matters for us, I wish to demur and stay with the ineffable Ernesta who was exactly right as she was. Remember what you said of Ernesta and “Out”? Well, they both may not be of this world. And may not have any claim on it. But I love them both, ineffably Ernesta, very effably the other. But the ineffable stays more with me, stirs deeper, waits longer.

Dein, Eugen

**[Folder 128]**

## **1940**

[HCG sailed for France in late February, 1940]

- Ros to Harry. Thursday evening, Washington’s Birthday.

Belovedest,

I do hope the precious little book from Eugen arrived. I mailed it last night, parcel post, as soon as your telegram came. It ought to safeguard my dearest, in a world where there is no safety.

The delightful Sparrows have come—we’ve had tea, and they are settling into the two rooms that they find so luxurious. On the train to Boston Alan finished “Out”, and is duly, and enormously impressed. He could hardly believe it when I told him that, apart from Lindsay of Balliol, no letter has come to Eugen from a single large scale man, about the book. Alan is dumb-founded.

Interestingly enough, he thinks it was Lindsay of Balliol who thought well of the Land-Locked Lake! [the title of a book by Arthur Alan Hanbury-Sparrow, married to Amelie Sparrow. He was a specialist in British military history and a soldier himself. The Sparrows apparently lived in the Greene household shortly after Henry left for Europe in Feb. 1940]

- RHG to HCG. Friday evening, February 23.

Beloved, It is hard to believe, this clear, calm evening, that you are steaming away down the harbor. . . .

Frank Davidson came for supper; after FIVE days of close conspiracy with Eugen. He is headed for Washington, with a berth in the S. E. C. And a new plot is hatching, to train young men, chosen by Conant, Hopkins and Aydelotte, ten the first year, to go into the camps, and become a “corps” of educators, and consultants, whom he so desperately needs. What a modest, decent little number, TEN! Do you remember the earlier millions? Hanbury Sparrow was quite perfect with him, full of suggestions, and so happy to be going on in “partnership” with Eugen. . . .

. . . The Bill James came for tea; I am deputed to get permission from the James family to reprint “The Moral Equivalent book for War” in the Harvard Press’s forthcoming book, arranged by young Frank. Bill all for it. . . .  
[Aydelotte, I think, was president of Swarthmore?? The book is *American Youth* “An Enforced Reconnaissance”, ed. Thacher Winslow and Frank P. Davidson, 1940 ]  
**[folder 100]**

- Ros to Harry. Sunday Feb. 25. Eve’s birthday. Letter No 2 [ Eve is granddaughter, Francesca’s and George Morgan’s daughter] . . .  
. . . . SUCH a full Sunday. Young Frank Davidson, from 11 a.m. . . . Alan quite carried away by him, and a definite proposal worked out, to be taken by Kay Tay to Conant, or Mrs. Conant, for adding four more Harvard boys, 6 more from other colleges, as “scholarship fellows” to go into the camps and so be trained for further help in the C. C. C. [“Kay Tay” is Katharine Taylor, head of Shady Hill School]  
**[folder 100]**

- [Ros to Harry]. Letter No 4. Baker Memorial [a hospital?]. March 1 [1940]  
. . . . A tranquil day here—one visit from Frank Davidson, who had been breakfasting at Longfellow Park, with Alan [H-S], whom he “uses”, as he uses Eugen!

Alan found a name for the forthcoming volume of the Harvard Press—“Youth at the Cross Roads” had been the dull—cliché—title. “Enforced

Reconnaissance" is Sparrow's title. The volume begins with Eugen and William James "Moral Equivalent of War" —so the military title for this collection of "reports from the campaign" is perfect. And the volume ends with another essay of Eugen's! So —here the creature is back at Harvard again. Ironic, eh? [Despite what appears to be a derogatory comment about Davidson, in later letters Ros was very positive about him, and once remarked how much he had grown, after the war].

- Harvard Univ. Dept. of Philosophy, 15 March 1940. [Etienne Gilson to Ros.]

Chere Madame

. . . . J'ai lu le livre, et les articles, et le discours que vous venez de m'envoyer, de votre ami Rosenstock. Je suis consterné qu'il fasse tant de cas de ca que j'écris, car ce qu'il écrit me semble relever de la technique des prophètes d'Israël, et c'est une méthode qui dépasse absolument les moyens d'un petit cultivateur de l'Yonne. Je suis sûr que je l'aimerais si je le connaissais, mais chacun de ses paragraphes soulève pour moi plus de questions que je n'en pourrais résoudre en une vie, si bien que reste éberlué. Bien amicalement vôtre, Etienne Gilson

[NF's translation, checked by H. Majewski]: I have read the book, and the articles, and the essay that you sent me, by your friend Rosenstock. I am dismayed that he makes so much of what I wrote, because what he writes seems to me to revive the technique of the ancient Hebrew prophets, and it is a method that absolutely goes beyond the abilities of a humble farmer from Yonne. I am sure that I would like him if I knew him, but any one of his paragraphs raises more questions than I could answer in a lifetime, so it is well that I remain an amazed spectator.] [Gilson's family came from the Yonne area, and he maintained a residence there.]. **[folder 100]**

- March 5, 1940. Arlington, Vermont. Dorothy Canfield Fisher to "Mrs. Greene"

. . . . [mostly condolence about Ernesta]

. . . I am immensely eager to see the Rosenstock-Huessy proposal, and have a premonition that it is a crystallization of genius, his genius. Could you send it to me here? I'd be able to read it at once, and can hardly wait to see it.

**[folder 86]**

- [Ros to Harry] Letter VII March 15

. . . I am going to Four Wells tomorrow with the two batches of Eugenic manuscripts—revised—for approval and re-revision—Oh what labors thee labored! **[folder 100]**

- [Ros to Harry] Longfellow Park, Monday, March 18, 1940.  
 . . . . On Saturday I went to “Four Wells” for just 24 hours, to work with Eugen on two new articles!! Both seemed well—Margrit and Eugen, I mean [,] not the essays. Margrit has, somehow, accepted her fate—that she is now an American, and is happier than I ever saw her, certainly not because the news is so good. Eugen tormented, partly by neuritis, mainly because no-one ever listens to him. But I am hopeful about the article about to be published by a Harvard student magazine, which was started by Frank Davidson, and which takes itself seriously, as an organ of Public Opinion. Gilson, who has now read more of Eugen, says he is a prophet; and that—after the witty, earlier letter, is some solace to Eugen, in his fastness. **[folder 100]**
  
- [Ros. to Henry] March 24, 1940 . . . .  
 At Kay Tay’s [Katharine Taylor] for tea, I found Robert and Elsa Ulich. . . . Elsa and Robert think the U. S. should keep its hands, and thoughts, off Europe—too “unwise” says Robert, to help in any way. I am mailing you soon, an article of Eugene’s, asked for by the Harvard Guardian, and to be printed next month. Another essay on the same theme, by Alan H-S. “now” says Eugen, “we are bi-vocal”. **[folder 100]**
  
- [Ros. to Henry] Monday evening, April First; 1940  
 . . . . Tomorrow I go to Four Wells. Eugen thinks the worst mistake of the New Deal lately, has been Hull’s acceptance of defeat on the Argentina treaty, without ever fighting it. He could have signed an agreement with Argentina; then—if the farmers didn’t like it, that would have been an issue; but now no-one knows quite how serious the opposition to the treaty ever was. . . . “Compromise before a fight—like Munich.” **[folder 100]**
  
- [Continuing on the same sheet as the “April First” letter above]  
 Four Wells, April 3;  
 . . . . So good to be here! Sunlight drenching the fields; snow off the terrace; Margrit and I have been out this morning plucking up tufts of grass, between the stones, and counting the last year’s plants, little wild pansies, and red thyme, that we planted together, and will soon spread, and make a charming pattern between the vari-colored rock. **[folder 100]**
  
- [Ros. to Henry. Typescript on one side of “Four Wells/Norwich, Vermont” stationery, and ms on the other. I am assuming the typescript is written first, and was typed at Four Wells, since it is on the letterhead side of the note paper]  
 [Four Wells, April 5?, 1940?, typescript]



Eugen, is I think, writing to you today himself. He is fermenting with ideas, but that is a tautological expression. Eugen is IDEA! Students encourage him—but there are many dis-couragements in this bizarre sample of our “Great and Noble” country!

Yesterday I called a moment on Mrs. Schiffer. . . .

Margit delights me—she has really made a profound, inner choice. She has “left Europe”, and, though passing moods of discouragement will occur, the change is very deep. She is “here” now.

She and Eugen were amused by my account of lunch, the other day at the Ulich’s; Robert, Elsa, Amelie and Alan, a Dr. Von Mises, from Strasburg, Berlin, Dresden, Russia, Paris, and Constantinople. Some attacks on the U. S. came up—I more or less agreed. . . .

Two days later;

After gardening a bit on the terrace, the day I came, today I looked on a world all snow; —we are motoring to lunch with Mrs. Platt—in Windsor; deep ruts of mud below the snow-fall. . . .

Yesterday I read to Eugen and Margrit the “juicy” bits from the previous four letters, my only “capital” yet. How they laughed at the \*\*\*to-you-now-far-away\*\*\* account of H. C. G. as chambermaid. . . . Eugen’s seminar has apparently survived many deaths, to torment him with new, and difficult life.

Train to Boston. April 5 + 7 [194---].[Reverse side of the above, handwritten]

The visit at Norwich included a bad movie “Grapes of Wrath—I didn’t want to go. Eugen wouldn’t but I gave in to Margrit —a charming evening of music with passing neighbors—spendid really beautiful—Hindemith Sonata—and yesterday we lunched with larky Mrs. Platt.

Eugen looks ill—neuritis better, but he has suffered—does suffer—cruelly. And they are maddeningly poor. The house was a folly —and is an unlimited joy. The best news of all, were the papers he read me by his students. No copying his terminology—but independent [,] vigorous original work. Heartening, indeed—Darling. I miss you – LOVE you! R. [folder 100]

• Saturday evening, April 6, Longfellow Park. “Beloved, It was wonderful, getting back yesterday from a three day visit at Four Wells, to find your air-mail letter, from Paris . . . . SUNDAY morning. 7<sup>th</sup>. Saturday afternoon tea, with Sparrows. . . . To come back to the American young who don’t go over-seas in flocks; there are two sets, whom I see. Those, nice ones, like the Little Darlings (who are always asking for you, by the way) who don’t know anything is really going on; they study their little sociology, and think the war is a sort of notion of the Greenes, not real, not like an M. A. !!!!! I leave out the too-crass, or cheaply

cynical young—they're not in our picture anyway. But, among the more generous, and hopeful boys and girls over here, who want to be 'in action' , many are waking up to the fact that the U. S. is not a paradise itself; that democracy needs saving from within! One of Eugen's very best students, a fellow who has written of which William James might have been proud, is going to a Quaker Work Camp in Mexico this summer. And next week Frank Davidson arrives. . . . He has a government job, inside the C. C. C.; terms of work all his own; good salary, and car. He is gathering some boys from Harvard, and older students of Eugen's, not at Yale, to meet with present Dartmouth boys, to do something as to getting into the camps of the unemployed here. . . ." [folder 100]

- [Ros. to Henry]

Tuesday, April Ninth. [at the end of two page letter about events, friends, etc. The letter has three dates, April 9, April 11, and April 12, i.e., Ros kept adding to it before it was mailed]

[April 12. . . Best of all, this evening, your Eugen, now a member of the Tavern Club—I hope his letter has reached you first—it is a great occurrence, and desperately needed after such a hard winter). has spent the evening here, after dining with Mofatt at Boylston Place! He and Alan had a four hour talk, about a new alignment of the British Empire, France, Canada; too much to try and tell. . . . Never have I seen him greater, wiser, more realistic. Alan sidere[?], and absolutely "in play" with Eugen. If, after reflection by Alan, he sees Eugen as right, in his vision, the latter will probably accept a plan to go up to the London Ontario, to address a Canadian Historical Society in May." [folder 100]

- [Ros. to Henry] April 18, 1940..

Answers to questions first. Four Wells: Bi-Vocal Essays: These two papers have had bad luck. Asked for by the Harvard Guardian, an undergraduate weekly, they have been returned, re-written, and are both hanging about, now, without 'a home.' —At last accounts, Eugen was perhaps even re-writing his. I will try to get a copy of each, and send; if you like them, will you send along, perhaps to Roger Faure?

[folder 100]

- [Ros. to Henry] Saturday, April 20<sup>th</sup>, Longfellow Park.

Eugen looked so worn, the last time I saw him—thy [their?] finances are such a struggle—I did send him, (meaning not to tell thee) a present, for help with the C. C. C. —or whatever sudden needs of travel, or getting a speaker to Dartmouth, seemed most urgent. I enclose a copy of his—rather unrhythmic, but wholly inimitable reply!

The lines, "Sometimes I ache from lack of power / With all my mind one bed of flowers"—are too [,] well—too utterly Eugenious!  
[See photo copy of entire poem included as an appendix to these notes and transcriptions.]

HOW he loved his last visit to the Tavern Club. Thy check he keeps strictly for that.

I hope you don't feel that any little saving, should go to thy needs—and I checked up on the children, before I did this. My last meeting with thy Trustees, was so unsatisfactory. **[folder 100]**

- [Ros. to Henry] Monday, April 22, [1940?]. Rosalind to Henry, in Europe., where HCG is a leader in an ambulance corps.

Eugen, and Frank Davidson—did I tell you? continue with their conspirations—in May there will be a meeting of all the educational advisers of the N. E. C.C.C. camps, at Dartmouth; I am glad for this outward sign, in his own community, of Eugen's leadership. Even gladder, of course, that he begins to be used, and needed, by some of the bureaucrats. . . .

**[folder 100]**

- [Ros. probably to Henry] Sunday, May 12, 1940.

Reference to procuring for "Eugen" membership in the Tavern Club in Boston, "putting him in with the Olympians." **[folder 100]**

- [Ros. to Henry] Sunday, May 19, 1940. Longfellow Park.

Beloved,

All this rainy Sunday I have been occupied with Frank Davidson, his campers. . . .

. . . Did I write to you that I had spent one night at Four Wells? Eugen addressed a meeting of the Education Advisers of the C. C. C. They trembled under the impact of his tremendous words, shot through and through with feeling that you can well imagine. But, Frank says, though the conventional heads of this organization, dread him, they cannot forget him. He is in anguish, as you know, and send you all his dearest, anxious affection. . . .

**[folder 86]**

- [Ros. to Henry] May 24 1940.

May Sarton drove me to Norwich yesterday. We heard a superb speech by E. R. H. to the advisers of the C. C. C. The latter very inert—they do not live in a real world. Many of our friends also do not. . . . E. R. H. asks for you. What can I

tell him? " [Many beautiful passionate letters to her "Harry" from Rosalind; Harry is in service Paris]

[folder 100]

### 1941

- Poem by ERH, 3 pp. holograph, and response in verse from Ros Greene, 2 typed pages. See photocopies accompanying this review of the holdings of the Greene Papers.

[Folder 190]

### 1943

- ERH to Ros. April 14, 1943, Four Wells. ALS

Dear Rosalind,

Your wrath gave me a simply wonderful document. You expressed the secret of our earthly existence with a clarity and warmth as I have never and [???? ] seen it. That I was relatively speaking innocent—whoever is innocent increased my readiness to listen, I suppose.

I did send your message to Bob O'Brien, and the copy of the Casablanca letter. I took, however, the liberty of suppressing your message as handwritten on the carbon copy since Bob might have blushed that you had read his letter to me. Now to blush 3000 miles away, may stop a man from ever writing again. There is no finding out. I knew well that it is improbable that he should have minded. But since I wish to receive more letters, I simply did not dare to take chances.

Is the preface better now? Shall I send it to Oldham through Niebuhr? Niebuhr preached [uninacculously?? miraculously?] well. He has no interest whatsoever in me or my ideas it seemed to us.

[Words in Greek, which I did not take the time to transcribe], Eugen

- From "Bob" [O'Brien?] to "Mrs. Greene." 2-page, typed. October 16, 1943. [From England, where Bob is recuperating from service as an airman. He describes the nature of these cross Channel flights.]

"The worst business is the loss of one's friends. You can imagine how we would have felt at William James if after each skirmish we would be back to find that Frank had been killed and then Enno, and Ross and so on and on. . . . Personally I think too much is made of the stories of the few that bail out of these planes. It would be better for the folks at home to know that it is war and that the fellows that go down really do go down. . . . I did get a chance to visit Eugen's

friend Rolf Gardiner for a day. He seems to be living a little too much with a Germany that is no more. . . . Please pray for all of us as I know you do for me, and send my best to K. T., Mr. Greene, Eugen and Margret, Nancy, etc.”

[folder 118]

- Offprint in this folder of Stuart Chase, “Young Men in Tunbridge” and Dorothy Thompson, “The Patriotism of Work,” from *Survey Graphic* (May 1942). Distributed by the Volunteer Land Corps, 8 West 40 Street, New York City

[folder 118]

### 1943-45

- **Folder 88** contains correspondence relating to Rosalind’s effort to sustain the spirit of Camp Wm James during the war, with the participants in the venture scattered across the globe. Alumni of the Camp sent her letters, which she then copied and distributed to the entire group. She started a CWJ “Newsletter Fund.” In Dec. 1945 she ordered from Blackwell’s bookstore in Oxford 39 copies of a pamphlet by Sansom on Japan and had a copy mailed to: P. H. Bagby; Lt. R. Bigelow; Miss Nancy Blaine; Mrs. Donald Burns; Andre du Bouchet; Richard Campbell; Chaplain Roy Chamberlain; Lt. Arnold Childs; Mrs. James Brooks; Lt. F. P. Davidson; Lt. Chas. K. Dell; Sgt. Albert J. DeVivo; Miss Gertrudis Feliu; Lt. G. W. Phillips; Pfc. S. D. Flint; Lt. Clinton C. Gardner; Pfc. D. H. Goldsmith; Miss K. R. C. Greene; Lt. Enno Hobbing; Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Sparrow; Miss Cynthia Harris; Mrs. Enno Hobbing; Lt. Edw. F. Little; Lt. G. A. Morgan, Jr.; Capt. Robert O’Brien; Irving Paul; Capt. Arthur S. Pier, Jr.; Richard P. Reid; Corp. Arthur Root; Prof. and Mrs. Rosenstock-Huessy; Miss May Sarton; Louis B. Schlivek; Major Norman Seagrave; Capt. Charles Page Smith; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Sweet; J. V. Tierney, Jr.; Pvt. and Mrs. B. Wedgwood; Mrs. John Wolff; Lt. Robert L. Young.

This list gives a pretty good idea of the circle of interest. There are letters in particular from Bagby, Davidson, “Nance” [probably Nancy Blaine?], Bigelow, Robert Young. Note that the ERH Archive at Dartmouth has a carton of material from Young.

**See also, folder 193**, regarding Camp W. James.

### 1944

- Eugen to K. T. [Katharine Taylor, head of Shady Hill] Jan. 14, ‘44. Four Wells.  
Dear K. T.,

George Phillips and [Ed Flint?] feel itchy about the War Bond for \$1000.00 and I have advised Mr. [Flint?] to turn it over to you. Any objections?

Also Jim Tierney is nearing graduation. They asked me to write a letter of recommendation. Whereupon I advised him that I had not seen him for years; so, would it not be wise to see me first. May I ask you to help him financially with the trip to Four Wells? I understand that you run a small account. Now, it would seem to be a worthy cause to do the best thing we can for getting him off to a good start. If you agree, will you let him or me know?

Sinkey [Cynthia Harris] is here and we have decided to send out the list of names immediately. Waiting for other material means delay again. The more separate mail, the more effective. George's letter is with Rosalind; but she is sick. Could you have it mimeographed and relayed? Or, if you think that the mailing should be done here, we shall do it. Only, I understand that some funds are available for this purpose.

Nancy wrote that Dorothy Crow now lived across the street. "Dorothy has hopes that we shall see more of each other; this can only happen if she is willing to come to our [CIO??] meetings in the evening." My worst apprehension then is surpassed by reality. For some years, she may have to lead this kind of life. But why must everybody live from one nervous breakdown to the next?

Sinkey and her friend Byart Avery are skiing with Margrit, at this moment.

Love, Eugen

**[folder 88]**

- A clean copy of ERH's "The Next Homer" Easter, 1944, inscribed: "For Harry and Rosalind after ten years, [with two Greek words]." This copy has some handwritten corrections by ERH, which should be incorporated if the work is ever reprinted.

**[folder 129]**

- Rosalind Greene to her daughter Kay, from Longfellow Park, Sunday, April 23, 1944. ALS, 2 pp.

. . . Last night Bob O'Brien, his mother, and other Camp William James-ers came for supper and the evening. Bob now a Captain, and sprinkled with decorations (two out of his original group of 35 aviators are alive) has finished his missions, has had a furlough, then will be thoroughly vetted by the Air Force at Atlantic City. . . .

**[folder 143]**

- Rosalind Greene to her daughter Kay, on “Four Wells” letterhead, Friday, May 26 [1944]. ALS, 6 pp.

Hello my best Gal,  
... Eugen and Margrit as dear as ever and much interested in “residents”  
—but even more in you.

Oodles of love, thy Ma  
[folder 143]

- Mensuel d’Eternité, I. Edition

Mois d’Octobre

1944

[This is a collection of 12 quotations, all favorites of ERH, from: Martin Luther; Ct. de Saint-Simon; St. Augustine (3); Ernest Hello, *Paroles de Dieu* (1877); Jonathan Edwards; Agobard of Lyon, 9th century, in Migne; Pindar; “Three Truths” [unattributed]; Jean Capart, *Thèbes* (1925); Baron F. von Hügel, *Selected Letters* (1928). I believe this was a gift to Harry Copley Greene, carefully copied by ERH by hand into a 3 x 6” loose leaf book, with a black leather cover]

[folder 175]

- Rosalind Green to Harry, from Westerly, RI, it seems, December 26, 1944, ALS, 2 pp. Ros recuperating from the mumps in a RI facility.

On the same sheet:

December 27

At that very moment who do you suppose walked—unannounced—into my room? Eugen! On Christmas morning he had heard I was still here. He leaped onto a train—(lame from lumbago, too!) spent Christmas night at Longfellow Park—and spent a long day here— So heartening. So just like himself. Two or three new books on hand (being written I mean)—Your cable about France had just come, your 2nd letter, November 11, with 3 little Tavern Cards for him. At the moment he doesn’t use the Tavern, but I’m hoping he will later. You know his funny sensitiveness—he doesn’t like to hand a guest card, even your guest card to a waiter, when he has been known as a member!\*

\* Perhaps after all I said he changed his mind.

But he is most grateful for all you have done and has written very civilly, I think [,] to Phil Allen—You have done all you can, and I fear won’t hear from Lewis Perry. Don’t worry precious. Your jobs in France are enough for you now.

‘Eugen seemed in splendid form. Very gay and he reports Margrit as well. He was enthusiastic about the photograph of you which Gordon sent me for Christmas—taken on the steps of the Church opposite the house in Stonington. . .

[folder 153]

## 1945

- Katharine [Taylor] to Rosalind December 10, 1945. Shady Hill School, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts..

Dear Rosalind,

Here comes Camp William James again! Could you gather what information you have and could we meet briefly before long to see what to do about this matter?

- Enclosed with the above note from Katharine is a letter from Eugen to Katharine [Taylor], Four Wells, Dec. 3, 1945

Dear Katharine,

You may remember that I pestered you sometime ago with a letter from Chicago on behalf of the Finances of CWJ. You were confident that you would be able to appease. Here, they have written again. Perhaps you'll find a way out.

Margrit is in Baltimore to see our grandchild Pamela! It is like yesterday that you took them into Shady Hill! And I read that Carmelita Hinton is going to speak at the [Charles?] Street Forum on Progressive Education. As her son Bill, the conscientious objector, now is a Major U S A in China, they certainly have progressed.

This reminds me that Benjamin Franklin severely reprimanded people who use progress as a verb. We read his delightful history of Thanksgiving—through probably fanciful—at our Thanksgiving Dinner, and Cynthia was present. Thus, we had special reason to be thankful. She after all, at least indirectly, came in our life through you. We shall miss her terribly. The people live backward, at this moment. If they could, they would squeeze people like myself out again, despite all our devotion and marvelous initiation into the deepest burrows of this country's soul. But I am giving now a course on "America's Contribution to Philosophy," which is most gratifying and heartwarming.

Hoping that you are well and that your worries over the school's future remain under control.

Gratefully and affectionately yours, Eugen

**[folder 88]**

- The correspondence above refers to a letter from the U. S. Treasury Dept., Fiscal Service, November 29, 1945. to ERH:

Dear Mr. Huessy:



Some time ago you advised us that Mr. Nathan Dodge, agent for Camp William James, is deceased. In our reply to you, we requested that you give us the name of the person who succeeded Mr. Dodge and has been collecting and negotiating the interest checks directed to the organization.

Enclosed is Form PD 1980 to be filled out by the person who has been receiving the interest checks. . . . [The balance refers to identifying the bonds, etc.]  
**[folder 88]**

### **1947**

- ERH to the Greenes, from Four Wells, July 21, 1947. ALS, 2 pp.

Welcome home on this un-finished, unending, ever-Beginning, loquacious and dead-silent Continent! Dear Harry and dear Rosalind, we are in love with this country, daily riding over the hills of numberless great sights, where “once” life was. Vershire being the most rundown township of Vermont was known to us in 1940 and the government had requested Camp WJ to build up Vershire. Here, of all places, do we spend the summer, being gloriously received by the few farmers and discovering that it also is of quite unknown and great beauty with glorious sights right next door to our “Roost”, the ramshackled remnants of a farm.

Hence, it is with true patriotism that we welcome you home. But we shall be most eager to have through you one strand at least tied to Klytaimnestra=Europe, [here?] in Iphigenia’s Country.

Rosalind, I worked a whole day translating for you three lengthy documents and mailed them June 20th Air Mail Place Vendôme. A letter from Rolf Gardiner also got lost, but this was from —Nyassaland, he says. Perhaps, Norwich = Paris is a bit like Nyassaland to America? Give us your news. We shall narrate details of this summer orally.

Affectionately and zealously, Eugen

**[folder 180]**

- ERH to Harry and Rosalind, from Four Wells, August 5, 1947. ALS, 4 pp.

Dear Harry and Rosalind,

“Lucky” makes a terrific noise in the pasture as I have tied her to an old granite fence post. She is [pairing?], the old mare, because she will have to wait until Margrit has finished her hot compresses around her knees and can get ready to be lifted in the saddle, for a first attempt of massage.

It will be the first time after her accident ten days ago when the horse stumbled on a level road and threw her. Fortunately, nothing much happened except that the healing of a torn ligament and a cracked bone take time and are painful. The horse is a “founder” and I learned the dual sense of this word with

amazement, at this occasion. There obviously are founders and founders in American history.

Fortunately, George Phillips arrived [xxxx]ly after the fall of Eve, and he took—in his new car—excellent care of us. We had a very good time, also with Harold Berman who starts as a Professor of Russian Law at Stanford, on September 1, and on [whom?] the mantle of my legal-historical research and knowledge has appropriately fallen. Vershire is as I may have written a sub-marginal, [in?] fact the poorest, Vermont town (1870: 5000 [/] 1947: 350 people[]), and Camp William James was expected by the Government to do something for them. Hence we have been not unknown here and been most neighborly received. It has warmed our heart and made life more pleasant. The British edition of *The Christian Future* with a fine foreword by Oldham has appeared. It was printed in —Norwich, England! One can hardly expect that the English are interested in anything but their own plight. But obviously, this is a mistaken assumption. Mr. Hippolyte from Strasbourg-Paris has not replied so far to my letters. Have you heard from him?

How did you find the grandchildren? We had such a wonderful report on Eve's visit in Washington. Did you receive the short letter of welcome? Margrit's accident happened the same or next day and hence she did not write. She asks to be forgiven.

Hans and Lassie have taken up residence in Fort Worth, Texas, and with Hans' good luck, again have found a real little house to live in. Otherwise, it is 104° and they still have to discover of what the Texans are so proud.

Where is Katrine? For entertainment, I mailed you the description of British Columbia's invasion by us, in the *Alpine Journal of Canada*. At least, you may have a smile for crazy people. We, of course, steadfastly maintain that it was wonderful. [Now?], it is not much less wild, here, and we certainly have gone primitive once more. But [from?] the old times of civilization, we have kept our love and friendship for the Greenes.

[Aly and Oly?] , Eugen

**[folder 180]**

## **1949**

- Hans R. Huessy to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, 1607 Nicholas, Springfield, Mo [Missouri? or Mass?], Jan. 31, 1949. ALS, 1 p.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Greene-

The government Loyalty Investigating Committee has accused me of being a communist and also questions Papa's loyalty. Would you be willing to send me an affidavit covering Papa to submit with my case? It would help a great deal.

With all best wishes  
Sincerely yours  
Hans R. Huessy

**[Folder (between 180 and 190)]**

- Francesca to Harry and Ros, who may be in Cyprus.  
10-1/2 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, Sunday [perhaps in the spring],  
Dearest Parents,  
. . . . Eugen has been here since Thursday p.m. Such fun. I have heard the full and horrendous tale of the loyalty proceedings, and much gossip. There seems to be less of [a] houseful at Four Wells. I believe Margrit has been enjoying total solitude while Eugen is here. The visitors have ranged from Page Smith to Harvard-city-planning-school youth to a nuclear physicist who exists for Eugen as a mountaineer who had pictures of unexplored British Columbia mountains which Eugen wants to explore—perhaps this summer.  
. . . [Description of the Koussevitsky dinner, etc.]  
Well, I hear Eugen rising like an elephant in the living room, so perhaps, at last, we can have breakfast (9 a.m.).  
Best love, Francesca

P. S. Hans and Eugen appeared before the U. S. Public Health Service loyalty Board in Washington about 10 days ago. Not one government witness appeared. The case had grown out of an anonymous (the guy wouldn't sign his name to the thing when the investigators got it from him) letter to the effect that Hans had said Eugen was a Red. The board—3 decent, fair men, Eugen says—heard the case through 8 mortal hours, at the end of which they dismissed the case. One of the questions to Eugen, was—"Did you know Harlow Shapley?" At the end, Eugen asked, "What would happen if I should now ask for a passport: the case is dismissed, will it stand against me that it was brought?" And all he got for an answer was, "Well you know, don't you, that even known Communists have been given passports."

Throughout, Dickie (y? Pres. of Dartmouth) never lifted a finger. It cost Hans and Eugen (e.g. Eugen) \$3000 for the results.

"NOTE FOR OUR TIMES," I'd say.

**[folder 115]**

**1950**

•ERH to Rosalind, Göttingen, Weendstr. 44, n.d. but postmarked 20.5.50. ALS, 2 pp. on airmail stationery.

Dearest Rosalind,

May this lightweight carry to you the affectionate wishes of a soldier on his old front just as these forms had to do so often in wartime. May some of your frightful ordeals have receded. We were much depressed by your bad news and felt wretched in our ineptitude to help. Let us have a word to Aaran[?], 75 Laurenzenvorstadt about Harry and your self. God has made old age his most real representatives on this earth. For, the older we grow, the more real seems everything to become. Real with all its intrinsic mystery and unfathomable ambiguity and depth. And no authority stands between our mind and this strange universe. But demigods as we are for this short period of elders, we also are left most cruelly to our own devices, and our own dwindling resources. We become gods just when we begin to cease to be. Well, this sounds horribly sad, but I did not mean it this way. Quite the contrary: Savor the goodness of every day in this coming year and do not neglect [this?] birthday, but do celebrate!

This as hinted at above is a front, a front against all academic conceit and death. No parapet from to where to attack! I should not have come here. The young are excellent but completely overworked without an ounce of time or energy to spare. There are some outsiders, especially all the expellees, who are truly heroic. [Enno?] [*maybe Enno Hobbing*] who observed the reunion of the family of an old maid Anna and myself, after 17 years, in their little village (expellees from Silesia, [too?]) wrote that he never would forget this complete elimination of 17 years of separation, in one minute. Then, there is my beloved Dartmouth boy Richard McFalls to console me. Tomorrow, I once more shall spend the weekend with [Enno?] and Mary, in Frankfurt.

I am sending a series of articles commissioned by the Benedictines for your amusement.

Dear birthday child, believe me to be, thanks to you and Harry, your very  
Americanized Eugen

**[Folder 192]**

•ERH to Rosalind, Four Wells, Nov. 13, 1950. ALS 2 p.

Dear Rosalind,

Mr. de Vagüe is expected tomorrow and I am delighted to be the [bearer?] of your message. I intend to descend on you on Tuesday, the 21, for supper as you have so kindly allowed me to do. I expect to stay "somewhere" since I would like to prolong my visit til Thursday morning and I know that Jack will return to Francesca on the Wednesday. I conclude that there will be no room for me at 10-1/2.

However that may be, it is very necessary (“Dignum aequum et justum est,[“] the Missal says) that we should see each other. Tonight we had the first rather severe frost. This means six months of winter from now on. It gave us a slight shock as we were spared the winter last year. But what is winter except an audible and visible shift from ‘nature’ to ‘society’? And ‘who’ is our ‘society’? That’s why it is very good to be able to see you.

Love from Margrit and your trajected and prejected Eugen  
**[folder 180]**

- December 1950. Christmas Greetings, from ERH to HCG. [This verse appears on the back of a photo of Eugen working at his desk, pen in hand, books on shelves in the background.]

Christmas Greetings  
Dear Harry on the left hand shelf  
You find a Double of yourself.  
Pier d Francesca’s Virgin stands  
Below yourself, also left hand’s.  
The rest is papers, books and things;  
They would not give me any wings.  
Though I need you, I’ll give you leave  
To visit you on Christmas Eve:  
Say to yourself: “I am with this man.  
So joyous be we both well can.”  
December 1950

[There is also in this folder another photo of ERH, possibly in the 1940s]  
**[folder 128]**

## **1951**

- HCG died the morning of Dec. 29, 1951. Ros wrote the following letter that day to the undertaker. Nothing directly to do with ERH, although he was a great advocate for simple pine coffins, but tells the reader something about the kind of people the Greenes were.

December 29, 1951. To J. S. Waterman and Sons, Inc.

. . .

I wish to bring to your attention that, in 1920, at the time of the death of my mother . . . your then representative went exactly contrary to the order I had given him, and furnished for my mother, a most elaborate upholstered coffin, instead of the absolutely plain wooden coffin I had ordered.

Because of the stress of other matters at that time, this was not returned to you as it should have been.

My husband disliked all elaboration in relation to the disposal of the body. His heirs can afford to buy for him the most expensive coffin in your establishment. In keeping with his own taste, and with his record in two wars, a plain coffin, such as the poorest soldier might be laid in, is what I am ordering today.

...

My husband's attorney will be instructed to pay for this plain coffin, and for nothing else.

Other people doubtless have other ideas as to what is fitting for their dead. I think I have made it plain as to what this family wish. . . .

**[folder 74]**

[Condolence letters re Henry's death, one from Margrit and one from Eugen]

- Dec. 29, 1951. Margrit Huessy to Dearest Rosalind, Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont.

We had so many months to learn the parting, yet the final end still tears the heart apart. . . . He was true to his mission to the last, he fulfilled it as any saint did it—modern saints won't wear halos after death. The indelible mark he left on all of us is like a refining ingredient, culling the gold from the ore. I was always aware what a great blessing it was to enter these shores on his gallant arm, he implanted that unfailing trust in an American way of an [sic] life which stood up against all odds. In his presence and with hardly noticeable little prodding the way ahead lit up and there was no question. . . . I know his blessing will stay with me as long as I live. . . . Dearest Rosalind, I am with you in deep sorrow, I am with you going on loving him as long as I live.

Yours, Margrit.

- ERH to Ros. December 29, 1951. Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont

Epoch and Generation. Alas, Rosalind, yesterday Boston, represented by the Beacon Press, sent me a contract on a book Epoch and Generation. And today, we are condemned to live it, epoch indeed, generation indeed which we are called to give up in the flesh and which we are asked to permit now to enter the empyreum. Is it the wisdom of our maker that he sent these unsupportable pains for such a long time that in this way Harry's ties with this earth should be loosened and that we might more readily consent? All these things we shall never know since an immense part of our own most real, most realized existence is departing with Harry. We shall never recover it as it is the whole miracle or the

whole miraculous element of our life in America which we owe to the Greenes. But as Harry takes away part of our life, so he is so much part and parcel of our existence that we hold him clasped firmly, as our part also.

What he has been to his friends in this country and in France, others will tell you and, I hope, will say at the Memorial Service. What he has been to me, to Margrit and to many people without a country, after they had lost their European home, while they immigrated into this country, I must declare. His powers of blending the most clairvoyant and witty criticism with the most enduring and compassionate loyalty—I never before had met with, and probably never shall again. I hold myself at your disposal and simply shall reside next week [a'll??] Cambridge, on the 1st and 2d at Mary Henderson's, on the 3'd and days following at C. J. Friedrich's, 17 Buckingham [tr? st?] It was Friedrich, by the way, who introduced me to Harry in 1933. I have not seen Friedrich for quite a number of years. It seems noteworthy, that his home now shall be my waiting room for your calling me to greet Harry at his last station. A true station it is as we call points that are more than accidental, places that are marked out on a meaningful trail. How could this last depot be meaningless of Harry's pilgrimage of chivalry, sans peur et sans reproche.

Dearest Rosalind, Harry's fight over the last years has been more real to me than all the busy lives of my neighbors here taken together. Not for a moment did my feelings flag as though these people here were more alive, or as though he now receded into the sickroom. I have no explanation of his complete "presentness". You know how the word: He is incurably ill, may remove a friend to a distance as though your own life now was more real. Not so in Harry's case. Despite the deplorable fact that I was not inventive enough to discover how I could share his life despite his suffering, he never was removed to a plane that seemed a bit less vital than our own. His fight, in an unexpected manner, was under=standable and under=stood and just as much our own fight as in those "[?Barmelkidan?]" days when we did fight as one in the glorious thirties.

"Epoch and Generation": Harry's passing consecrates the terms of the title. As soon as you can give it a thought, let me narrate. You will not mistake my mentioning this mental product. The mind is afterthought, a gravedigger, and the glorious life precedes thought, feeds it, and makes it appear negligible. However, although a wreath on a coffin is negligible compared to the glorious life inside, still don't deny the wreath. For at least, this wreath has grown out of our real life with Harry and you. If it should be green and alive at all, it will be because it has "arosed" by your love to your miraculously Immigreés.

Dein Eugen.

[folder 103]

## 1952

•[ERH to Ros] February 1, '52 Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont

Dear Rosalind,

The thirtieth day in ancient tradition was considered the first day in which the mind was free, after a funeral, to turn towards the future and to make the inevitable external changes. Because, after one month, the permanent and the changeable can be distinguished. We simply wish to take advantage of this passing of the 30th to send you our greetings.

Harry always thought I should preach the gospel to the ministers. Hence, it gives me pleasure to send you the enclosed. To him, it would have brought the satisfaction that some segment of American Society was willing to listen to me. Little as one can expect from such occasions, I at least shall try. And if I may and if you at all can turn your mind to this, I would like very much to debate the which {*NF copying may have garbled this*} I am obliged to make out of these lectures. I am more than doubtful and need some enthusiasm quite badly. We do expect Katherine for Washington's birthday. Lotti today wrote feelingly of the irreplaceable loss of Harry's passing. Yes, we were made extra young, in our late immigration, by your great affection. And now, we are made extra old because in this second home, all the bereavements occur, on top of the first ones in Germany.

But good things are here, too. The son and daughter and the 4 grandchildren are flourishing, and in ever growing affection for us. We are [?—deling] the onslaught of this [?g'---] [?—i ter] with the escapes of skiing and riding so as not to be overawed.

Whenever you feel like it, let us know of your intentions. Perhaps, it is even wrong to mention them as they are so completely your own, easily hurt by outside curiosity. Well, you will take these lines understandingly as saying that we love you and therefore are not curious.

Affectionately, Eugen

**[folder 104]**

• [NF: It is significant that Rosalind received scores of letters from Alfred North Whitehead and Etienne Gilson—the Greenes were dear friends of both—as well as from ERH. They were discriminating people, who attracted the finest]

• Eugen to Ros. Four Wells, May 28, 1952

Dear Rosalind,

Tomorrow is our Memorial Day. We shall be thinking of you in great affection. Suspended as you have to live this Day, after life's fullness and yet in



full life, you will treasure every ray of sun with the wise understanding and sense of wonder which is the fruit of having the sense of the unique, of the irretrievable [,] sharpened, in the presence of a new spring, with buds in every tree, and new life around us.

Having been spared ourselves, we yet feel or begin to feel this standing behind, with our highest times behind the ones now in battle. The grandchildren contribute to this; we are expecting two of them. Then, von Trotha is here; the boy who signed the first Work Camp book with me, Helmuth James von Moltke's cousin, now is head of Wolfe's former Institute of Politics in Berlin, President of Europe-Union, etc. etc. He, after 3 hectic months in U. S. is catching his breath, at Four Wells, and it is rewarding to see how this delicate tree is recovering his resilience. In 19 years, the first complete relaxation. We talk very little. If only many Europeans, instead of being sent on feverish missions, could experience such a creative rest.

Then, we have with us a splendid boy, Harold Stahmer, prospective Methodist minister, [from?] one year in Europe, in work camps with our friends and with the Benedictines in Maria Laach, has [lifted?] out of all organised Churchism. We rode four hours yesterday, came to an abandoned cemetery, no road leading to it any longer, yet 20 this year's flags commemorating the civil war veterans in it. Arabia Deserta I have read this writer. Yesterday, it was Viridimontes Deserti. And even though I knew it ever since 1941 that Vermont is beyond repair, the riddle involved in this Hasty Pudding fate of America's lands remains completely unsolved, in the light of the hungry crowds elsewhere.

The government speaks of sending me to Bavaria for 3 months. But they decline to say this with finality. A friend went to [??????] on similar mission, last year and the State Department authorized his trip—id est his authorization came through—8 ½ months after his return to U. S.

Have we been able to show you Mike Gish's murals in the Coolidge Hotel in White River Junction? He now is in Paris, but his equally rare sister, specializing in Russian, now is visiting here; the thought of these two exceptional people may gladden anybody's heart. So, miracles still do occur. And you have preserved this readiness of the soul on which they rest and depend. Dieu protégé Rosalind. This French exclamation brings up a side remark: Have you read Gilbert [Naval's?] play on Etienne Gilson: Rome n'est plus Rome?

Devotedly, Eugen

[Folder 112]

## 1954

- Four Wells Norwich Vermont. IX/16, 1954. ERH to RHG  
Dear Rosalind,

In the business section of the Sunday Times, I read a lengthy article on dishwashers. Their fate in American households was described as a drama of mistaken identity. They did not sell in appreciable numbers because the advertising appealed to the ladies of the house who stonefaced showed no interest as the males do the dishes anyway.

You and Harry have known differently from the start and that is why we have the dishwasher and why I am as free as the lark ever since. You now see how exceptional you are.

Robert O'Brien brought such warm report of your Korean Night. And now, his visit promises to have [formed?] the herald of your own. We shall have space and time "in October," no grandchildren, New Yorkers, Europeans or former Students pouring in. Take your choice. Middle of the week is even better than Saturday-Sunday. I am totally free on Monday, and not really too busy on the other days. Take your pick.

Affectionately, Eugen

[folder 128]

- ERH to RHG, Four Wells, October 1, 54.

Dearest Rosalind,

This is the first of the month of October during which we do hope for your visit. And I do no longer wish to let this letter lie around. We have been kept on our toes because Hans and Lassie frequently are here. She is not well at all. As an old pellagra case yourself, you will sympathize with her plight of having sprue, i.e., being unable to retain any fats. Hence, she is in languishing condition and sustained only by very strong medicines. They'll be back tonight as, in this manner only, can she have a full rest, outside the nursery of six vital youngsters, over the weekends.

From this worry, we are out of any sedate order (of which there never has been too much here anyway) or control on our house guests who of course come on just the same.

This just goes to explain the uncertainties for the next ten days again.

Devotedly, Eugen

[folder 128]

## 1956

- Gaetano Salvemini to Eugen, Sorrento, Jan. 28, 1956

Dearest Rosenstock-Huessy,

[discussion of an Olschky theory about Dante]

. . . You cannot figure how much happy have I been read[ing] by your letter. You are one of the happiest recollections I have of those happy years I spend in the

States. I was then still young, and everything was full of hope, though everything went wrong. Now 83 years have begun to tell. . . . There is any hope that you will ever visit Italy? If you promise me a visit, I promise you not to die before you come. . . .

**[Folder 112]**

- Margrit R-H to Ros. Four Wells, May 6, 1956

Dearest Roslind

. . . The twenty-second anniversary of my American landing in the port of the Greenes has come around again. Everybody bewailing the late appearance of this year's spring reminds me of the bareness of the approaching shoreline even two weeks later in Dublin, while in Cambridge spring had almost outlived its flashy lifespan. But how miraculous that not only living in the sphere of a Nordic star has not changed, but the much more sustaining yet delicate orb of friendship still encircles us. Thank God for that. And Harry's death has not diminished its radiant power. . . . I do not know how much store you would put into a nutrition as advocated by Adele Davis (Adele Davis: Let's eat right to keep fit. Harcourt Brace, N.Y.) It helped me overcoming some old age –symptoms, gives Eugen a better resilience against fatigue, etc..

Eugen is to fly on June 3, return July 18, one day before Lotti. It would [be] wonderful if you would include us in your summer calendar. At the moment Eugen is submerged by student papers. Having these huge classes is not a blessing—he gets almost despondent reading them and it takes a horse besides me to pull him out. . . .

**[Folder 112]**

- Eugen to Ros. Four Wells, Nov. 14, '56

Dear, Dear Rosalind,

When returning home to Four Wells, we usually are so absorbed by the goings on around us in our domestic affairs, that the visit to Cambridge stands out clearly as a far away interlude.

It is different this time. Our hearts are still very much in 10 Longfellow Park. There are so many ineffable things which we share and which hardly need to be said, but which are very deeply at work in us and weaken our hearts with their pain. This keeps us un-separated from you and Francesca. We are most grateful that you have taken us in just the same, and the gaiety of the big splash and the charming pictures of Candide serve as a colorful background to these two [weights?] at your house.

Four Wells, after all, is not quite out of this world: Monday, a girl stayed here, who works at Shady Hill with [foe?!] Last night, I moderated a panel on the

Near East, composed of a Persian, a Tunisian, a Cuban, an Hungarian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Israelite, an American. It was very funny, perfectly useless, but I enjoyed myself greatly as a moderator. These are the surface affairs. But below the deep affair of living is lived in concatenation and constellation by your devoted Eugen and Margrit.

**[Folder 112]**

## 1959

- Four Wells, Sept. 22, 59. ERH to RHG.

Dear Rosalind,

The enclosed you may care to read. In any case, be so kind to return it occasionally. I derive comfort from it[,] childish as it must seem to anybody. But co-mourning is the mourner's only help, I do find out.

My German student is a real bore, but has manners. He exploded the pressure cooker which hurt his hands sufficiently to put him out of combat (nothing serious). I think my interest in the [group?] definitely has been overstated. I am flagging and don't quite know where to draw the line in the future, perhaps above 85? Nobody younger admitted.

As to the "right" of the cancellation of the mortgage—I already have spoken my mind. It has made a deep impression on Margrit. She was so relieved that all her illness etc. would or should not break me. But besides to her as well as myself it was like the finale in the wonderful music of our American twenty five years. To[?][ In?] this light of one fairy tale or Romantic symphony, our life from 1934 to now recommends itself to me. We have carried into this allegedly "materialistic" land for all these five lustra despite all their destructive heartaches [?] this sense of a Hans-and- Gretel venture into the woods of New England. The heart of a fairy tale is its r[h]ythm, a r[h]ythm of laughter and tears. And when I now cannot find peace except through the latter, I may through them at last still participate in this indescribable r[h]ythm of life's dance since Hans and Gritli landed in Boston Harbor and were brought to Kirkland Place by Harry. This r[h]ythm is broken; alas, it is broken. Inge Kugelmann has come, Lydia Behrendt and Pat do more than their utmost. Count Helmuth James v. Moltke's widow plans to come. I put all my effort in the last [????] into mending Four Wells from top to bottom, in a kind of savage fear that any crack or blemish might spread and force me out of this Sacred Grove. And true, I hope, you may be willing to attach [only?/any?] profound significance to your generosity. It has lifted Four Wells out of the realm of my possession into the realm of an heirloom. For, thanks to you, now it is her heirloom when before I might have mistaken it as my natural property. The case of the widower, and not the widow, in my case

then differs, it would seem, widely from the case in which the husband led his professional life outside his home. I now will have to ponder how I can enter upon the succession into Margrit's inheritance, aye if I can. I shall consider the cancellation as a bond because it has given this deep meaning to my future relation to Four Wells, and let me say, to America. It will only be through Four Wells that I shall be able to last here.

Hans undergoes a three disk operation, Pamela her fourth leg operation, both tomorrow, both in Burlington. I am [sholked?] beyond [measure?] He will be laid up and not earn a cent for three months. But of this, care can be taken. However, I am told that the latest school of medicine rejects the disc operations as ineffectual and Pamela is far too often in the hospital. I can only keep silent on these matters, but cannot share them with Margrit who would have been equally concerned. I still think that worry [here?] crippled her last decade—and broken off 15 years from her health. Her pictures and her letters as late as 1952 are of an unparalleled joie de vivre.

Devotedly, Eugen

**[Folder 128]**

## **1960**

- Letterhead from the Hotel Steinbock, Chur, Switzerland. July 27, 1960. Following a note from "Mary" to Rosalind, on the same sheet there is a letter from ERH to Rosalind.

Dearest Rosalind, Here in Chur, Margrit, Hans and I used to arrive every Christmas in the days of the Weimar Republic and go on to Lenzerheide, for a ski season which usually lasted three months for Margrit and Hans. Nearly thirty years have passed since the last such fairy land winter which give us an indescribable resilience and joy. It seems unbelievable that I should be the only trustee of this great fund. However, it was irresistible, this occasion to accompany Mary from Zinal across the most beautiful railroads in the world from Zinal via Lierre?, Brig?, Gletsch?, Furka?, Andermatt, Wisentis, to this noble Roman city. Tomorrow I shall return to Cynthia and Lotti in Zinal once more. On August 4, I shall speak over the Zurich Radio and then, perhaps, fly to Danilo Dolci, of whose great work in Sicily ("Inquista in Palermo") you will have heard. By the middle of August I shall be back in Four Wells. Pat Paine wrote in great bliss, genuine bliss, over the birth of a son. May she never be disillusioned! The O'Briens, by now, should have their second child. Hans and Mariot have called their baby Eugen Rosenstock Huessy. And the cable read: "To Eugen Rosenstock Huessy. Patten Holland. Eugen Rosenstock Huessy arrived Sunday." I suppose that is a sign that I, too, now may leave this strange world, without a loss.

Devotedly and gratefully, Eugen  
[Folder 128]

- . ERH to RHG. Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont, IX/18, 1960

Dear Rosalind, Just when my own namesake Eugen has arrived in the third generation, a charming Rosalind also appears on this scene and I am hoping that you may be willing to see this daughter of my old friends. Also, I thought their wedding announcement a little masterpiece. You have been so good to Vreni [Verena] Chase and her sister Ursula. Thank you.

Also enclosed you find a little monument to Chapman, composed by the editor of the Greenwich Village Voice, who told me that she had much more up her sleeve on John Jay! Konrad Moltke who stands 6'10", and his mother have arrived and he will be an unclassified student at Dartmouth. I cracked two ribs when driving in sudden impenetrable fog, but am coming along fine.

Look into "Out" on page 642 as the motto for September 20 and following days.

Devotedly, Eugen  
[Folder 128]

## 1961

- ERH to Rosalind, Heidelberg, Bergstr. 161, Dec. 27, 1961. ALS, 4 pp.  
27.12.61

Dearest Rosalind,  
Your miraculous message, 1. the Sheppard, the poem of 1941, your letter of 1951  
1961, have opened the sluice behind which my tenderness and admiration and closeness to you have been tied up. I now must write and say or sing how you and Harry are engraved in my heart and sharing Margrit's and my existence, in the "Carmen humanarum" as Augustine calls mankind's great plaintive and jubilant march through the ages, we mystically—I otherwise never use the word—have been composed into one line. Nothing therefore is void of meaning and as Today your good news about the young Morgans coincided with the last instalment-notification of the "Larousse", I rest assured that some little spark from [our?one?] sacred flame may jump over to the young.

The Ministry of Cologne has asked me to be in charge of their "Amerika Institut" for one term and Harry's Reference Council papers have done me good service in preparing my lectures [from?] Tuesday to Thursday. The rest of the week I am spending in Heidelberg. Two widows of Hitler victims, Frau von Haeften and Freya von Moltke—whom you know—inhabit this house which

overlooks the wide plain of the Rhine valley and the eye can see even across the river, towards its left bank, 20 miles away. There, the oldest son of the Moltkes works in the huge "Badische Anilin," the biggest German firm as to capital, and the younger son who lived at Four Wells during the last year, visits his mother now during vacation, as he is a student of history at Munich. But he wants to return to Dartmouth and Four Wells. The German universities are as dead as I prophecied them to be in 1920! It is a horrible spectacle. In Cologne, they wished to give me an honorary degree but I have declined to attend their celebration in [memory?] of 150 years of Breslau University, five weeks ago. To me, it has died in 1933; no jubilee for me this year's celebration.

I shall, however, for friendship's sake, travel to Freiburg where my parents' graves are and where friends at the university want me to speak on the "diseases and the recovery of society," on January 8. I do go with some palpitation. It probably will settle any future relations between the German academic world and my own remaining years and I do not expect any positive outcome.

This lecture which tries to [harangue?] the medical and the legal profession in one breath, may be a grave mistake in spiritual diet. As I do it for friendship's sake, I hope not to be too heavily penalized by fate. To George Morgan I have sent an article of mine on Stalin's degradation and the future. You could do me a favor if you found out, from him, if it makes a dent, with George. I very much should like to gauge thee range of this article which continues "Out"! [i.e. ERH's book, *Out of Revolution*]. Perhaps, George is willing to write to you about it. As it is in German—a Swiss magazine has printed it—I did not send it to you, but I did so with regret, as it really belongs to you very much.

Thank you again for the wonderful Christmas Triad. I am planning to return in March.

Lovingly and faithfully, Eugen  
**[Folder 192]**

### **1963**

Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont. X/5, 1963. ERH to RHG.

Dear Rosalind,

We went home through the splendor of the fall, before the eyes all the glory, and in our hearts deep joy over our visit to TEN LONGFELLOW PARK. The Capital Letters spell out better than words how precious this restitution is. It so happens that I am just writing a chapter "Letters to Kairo" (read: Cynthia Harris) in which the Egyptian Letters, the hieroglyphs, are explained as the tattooing of the body politic. And is not the honor of belonging, in some measure, to 10 Longfellow Park, a cosmic tattooing? Exactly this way, an old

Nilote may have felt when he entered the Pharaoh's house, the Pharaoh's who wrote of himself on the walls of his pyramid: "I am the scribe of the script and I tell what is, and I bring into being what is not!" The magic formula, "10 Longfellow Park" is still operative and it brings into being that which otherwise would not and could not be.

I think you soon may have to extend the hieroglyph "10 Longfellow Park" to cover Konrad von Moltke. He very much liked to hear of your invitation. May we not have placed too much of a burden on you by our visit!

Gratefully as ever, Eugen

**[Folder 128]**

### **1964**

- Postcard, postmarked Heidelberg, undated, ERH to RHG. [The image on the card is, "Speyer a. Rhein/ Dom (Luftaufnahme)" showing a great Romanesque church. The 1964 date has been supplied by Gottfried Hofmann, based on the reference in the postcard to work on "Magna Carta Latina" and to the founding of the ERH Gesellschaft in 1963]

Dearest Rosalind,

To this heart of Romanesque I marched during one night in February '08 from Heidelberg. Now we showed it to 2 Americans (he Yugoslav, she Russian, by birth) and to Lotti Huessy.

Please do not work nor worry over Magna Carta. It can wait. And I trust that you have caught the spirit of the "Society": You have been made an honorary member for life. What can you do against that, Princess Nausikaa? Spring is here in overwhelming power. Devotedly, Eugen.

P. S. There is no other honorary member but you.

**[Folder 128]**

### **1966**

- ERH to RHG, Santa Cruz, Cal, 340 Highland Ave. March [13?], 1966. ALS, 4 pp.

III/[13?], 66

Dearest Rosalind,

A letter from Abidjan by George Morgan was waiting to be sent on to you and to be commented upon when Veronica von Moltke called an hour ago.

Since Christmas, I was prepared for this news, and, in fact, much longer, that our dear Katrine would leave our planet. The day before, in my closing lecture, a long hour was dedicated to the sentence by Anaxagoras and Goethe,



“Non ignoravi me mortalen gennisse.” “Well did I know that I had given life to a mortal.”

Nothing is meant to be left as merely “natural”. Everything is transported into the realm of the Spirit. Why must we attend to so many un-natural woes? As though, in a faithless world, we were challenged to supersede anything merely natural?? We shall never know, but we are allowed to overcome.

Margrit and Harry by now may know. Freya Moltke spent 4 days in Berlin to open the Helmuth James von Moltke School in a poor district of the city. Today, she came back, a living witness to the truth that neither life nor death as such “contains” the meaning of our mysterious procession.

And we may [love?] better and better and how much do I want to greet you and to see you again. Around May 1, we plan to return East. And imagine, of all places, the Alabama University Press has decided to publish in English my whole German oeuvre. Probably, you and I will not see the end of their beginning. Alone that they should undertake it, is a mysterious act. O Katrine—how I hear Harry exclaim and intone this beloved name! And let me exclaim it, too.

Eugen

[folder 154]

\* George Morgan to Ros. Greene, Abidjan, Dec. 20, 1966. TLS

Dearest Mummy:

Your lovely long Thanksgiving letter . . . .

I’m so pleased that you still find the Nietzsche book worth dipping into—and that the Coop now displays it, as it never used to. . . .

Even if Eugen’s following is like other followings, I’m happy that he’s having his vogue at last, on both sides of the Atlantic. It means that the bread will be cast widely on the waters, with better chance of nourishing in the long run. Even the “Christian Future,” that I worked on, has turned up in paper back with a new introduction. Now it will be read. . . .

[folder 191]

## 1968

• ERH to RHG. Four Wells, Norwich, Vermont, , IX 28 1968.

Inscribed at the top, probably by RHG: “Re JSC Morgan’s wedding[,] son of Francesca Greene Morgan & Grandson of RHG”

Dearest Rosalind,

From Jack’s wedding, I still owe him the continuation of his “Larousse.” A supplement is to published in October. See enclosure. [Now?] I don’t have Jack’s

address and I am taking the liberty of charging you with the labor of 1. providing Jack with the news as contained in the enclosed letter from Stechert-Hafner so that he can write them.

2 of handing over to him the enclosed check.

Please [*illegible words from paper damage*] if am causing you this effort. I had to bother you in any case, not knowing how to reach Jack.

I have been quite sick for several months, but the doctors have found ways and means of restoring me remarkably well. Hence, I shall not be able to sleep through the elections which I would like to do. And I am dedicating our forest, once acquired by Margrit in a lucky strike, 72 beautifully wild acres, to Masaryk's memory. —I once served under him on an international Board. This Tragedy continues the Tragedy of Europe. If you have any suggestion for the text of the dedication, of the grove, please help.

Affectionately Eugen

Our check enclosed. P. S. Jack will have to notify Stechert immediately!  
[folder 128]

**Folder 193 has good letters from CWJ alumni, written in the 1940s, Phil Bagby, Frank Davidson, Bob Bigelow**