

14 August 1945

Dear :

Tonight twelve years ago we were sharing a room in a little Ferragosto-packed village in the hills above VERONA, both primed to rise before sun-up the next morning to make the ascent of Monte Baldo. I'm sure you remember as vividly as I do the details of the remainder of the trip and hold also (as I do) many another clear-cut memory of the weeks we both worked in VERONA that summer of 1933. I cannot recall when or how the correspondence which followed between us broke off: it was probably I who failed to answer. I do remember some years later that I all but wrote again when I looked up (and found) in the Harvard University Library the doctoral dissertation you were preparing in '33. (Mine, still unprinted, was accepted by Harvard in 1940.)

These are happy thoughts. Far other (for the most part) are those which have come to me whenever in these past two months my mind has turned to your present situation, one which I now believe myself powerless to alter. Possibly you will learn my present address; as soon as I may do so I'll send my home address, in the hope that you will write when and what and as soon as you can. If there is something I can do for you, I shall try my best to accomplish it--in deference to our onetime close acquaintanceship, to the respect which I hold for you as a scholar and as one who has worked with such zeal to preserve for ourselves and our children the cultural heritage of Italy (*), and, finally, in most willing compliance with the petition of our common friend, Don Giuseppe Turrini of the Biblioteca Capitolare of VERONA, with whom I am now in correspondence. Later (as things have been I have rarely budged from ROME) I'm hoping to get to VERONA, where, conceivably, either from Don Turrini himself or from a young lady of your acquaintance who, I understand, is in close communication with him there, I may, somehow, hear more closely of your situation and the possibilities for your future. In the months and years that are before you I hope that opportunity will be granted you to make from your now youthful-ripe powers that contribution in scholarship and in that plain, hard straight-thinking (in whatever field applied) which alone can make of scholarship a thing of lasting value, that contribution to your country and your people and to the related good-estate of a justly operated family of nations in which she and they must play a proper part and which I pray God I ~~may~~ myself may see, that contribution, I say, which it has been, and still is, yours to make, whatever the odds, and which it will be a real satisfaction for me to hear of, or observe, or in some way or other assist.

Tomorrow, at Mass, I shall ask our Blessed Lady to make my prayers for you her own. She aiding you, your hopes should be high indeed, as I know your courage to be.

Very faithfully yours,

Prob trans + trans
of letter from Haymann
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