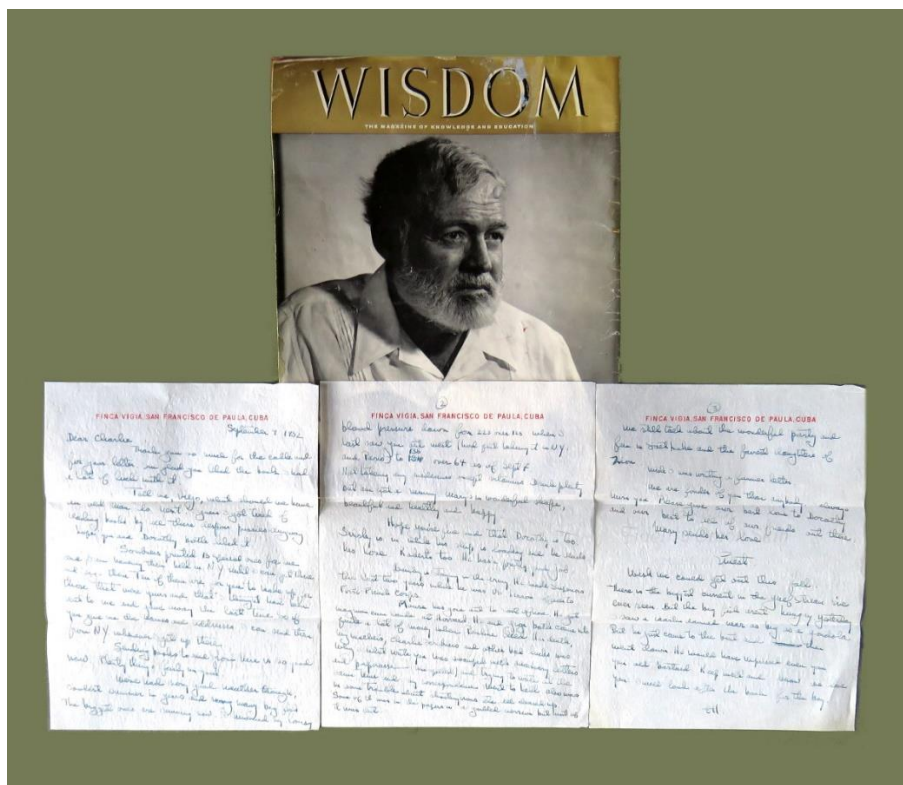
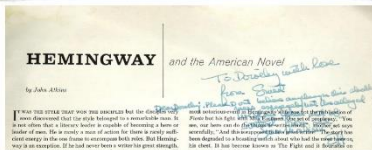
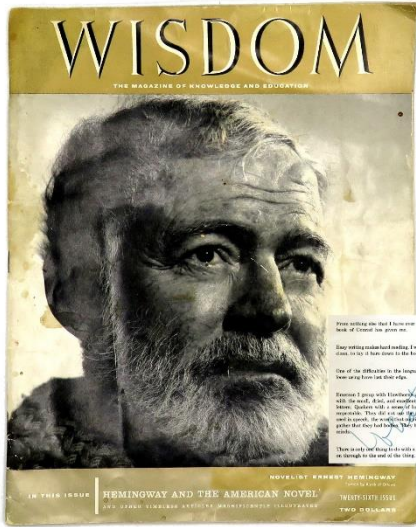


Archive of letters and signed material between **Ernest Hemingway**, his wife **Mary Welsh Hemingway** and **Charles Sweeny**. Consisting of [A] Hemingway 3 pp. ALS, [B] a copy of Wisdom magazine inscribed twice by EH, [C] A small book of poetry lovingly inscribed by Mary to Charles four years before she met Ernest, [D] three TLS and a Christmas Card from Mary (including mailing envelopes), [E] four cc: letters from Sweeny to the Hemingways, a book and 3 pamphlets written by Sweeny and a copy of his biography. *None of this primary material has ever come to market before now.* **\$20,000**



[A] The core piece of this collection is a 3-page manuscript letter from Hemingway to his good friend and fellow adventurer, Charles Sweeny. The letter is signed in the familiar with his first name and then initialed after a post script. Fine condition with two horizontal mailing folds and light fade to bottom right corner of 3rd page. It is written on letterhead from Hemingway's 15-acre Cuban estate, *Finca Vigia, San Francisco De Paula, Cuba*. Hemingway purchased it just before marrying his second wife, Martha Gellhorn. He referred to it as a "charming ruin". It was the refuge and the locale where he was productive in authorship, fishing, and drama.

Script in blue fountain pen touches on many of the themes associated with Hemingway's life; The publishing of one of his most famous novels, "Old Man and the Sea"; Commentary about big game fishing in the Gulf Stream; Confiscation of his guns as a result of a turbulent relationship with his wife Mary; His prodigious drinking; Struggles with his health and blood pressure; and updates on friends and family members. There is even a hint at humor when he scolds himself for misspelling "paparazzi". This letter is quoted in the book, *"Charles Sweeney, the Man Who Inspired Hemingway"*, (Roberts, Charley, 2017, McFarland & Co, NC).



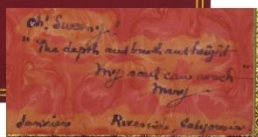
Wisdom: The Magazine Of Knowledge And Education, June 1958, Vol. 3, No. 26. 13.25" x 10.5", 3 – 61 pp. followed by 3 pp. of advertisements. Light wear to cover, curl to top right corner, spotting to cover, light tide mark on top left corner, adhesive residue on rear cover.

Inscribed on p. 5, *"To Dorothy with love from Ernest / Dear Dorothy: Please Don't believe anything in this shabby mess especially not the alleged wisdom taken out of context from old Journalism EH"*. On p. 19, Hemingway pronounces *"What Shit / EH."*

Dorothy Bamberger Allen was the long-time companion and widely acknowledged paramour of Charles Sweeney. The Sweeney and Bamberger families were known to each other dating back to the turn of the 20th century. At that time the patriarchs of both families created their family wealth in the mining industry in WA, ID, and UT and did business together.

The pair first met in 1910 when their families were vacationing in Paris. An attraction developed early in their

introduction. However, in 1925 Dorothy married LTC Charles J. Allen, though the marriage seemed to be more for his career and her convenience. Charles and Dorothy were known to have traveled in the same International cities at the same time in the same hotels. After Dorothy's husband died in 1944, Charles was invited to help her through the grief by moving into her manse near Salt Lake City. He lived there through the end of his life, though his wife, whom he never divorced, lived in France. (It was complicated!) It was at Dorothy's home that they entertained the literati, including Charles' friend Ernest and his wife Mary. The A-list guest list, freely flowing fountains of imbibement, shared braggadocio of war time exploits and the flirtatious atmosphere at these events were Gatsbyesque.



Inscribed on the flyleaf by **Mary Welsh**, *"Oh Sweeney! The Depth and breadth and height My soul can reach. Mary / Janvier / Riverside, California"* from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnet 43, "How Do I Love Thee". This is followed by the notation on the blank title page, "Mary (in pencil), Charles Sweeney / Riverside, 1940". Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, *"Sonnets From The Portuguese"*, 1936, London, Robt. Riviere & Son, Ltd. Red leather over boards with five raised bands, titling blocked in black on the spine with gilt rule, borders and decorative edging on inside cover.

This book was found in Charles Sweeney's safety deposit box after his death. Of itself, this is inconclusive, however it merely adds the body of circumstantial communication between the two. Sweeney and Welsh first met in Paris in 1939. Mary was married to journalist Noel Monks at the time. Perhaps the book was stowed away to protect

Mary's reputation or himself from Dorothy's wrath. Later in life, Mary wrote that she hoped to meet up with Sweeney in Paris so that they could again stroll through Louvre together. Regardless, it certainly enhances the theory that the two had a brief but white-hot relationship when the two met in Paris in 1939. Mary was in Paris at that time filing her bylines for The Daily Express. She joined Time Magazine in June 1940 for the rest of

the war. Sweeney was in France at the time in the early phases of organizing a volunteer Air Corps of American pilots to oppose the Germans.

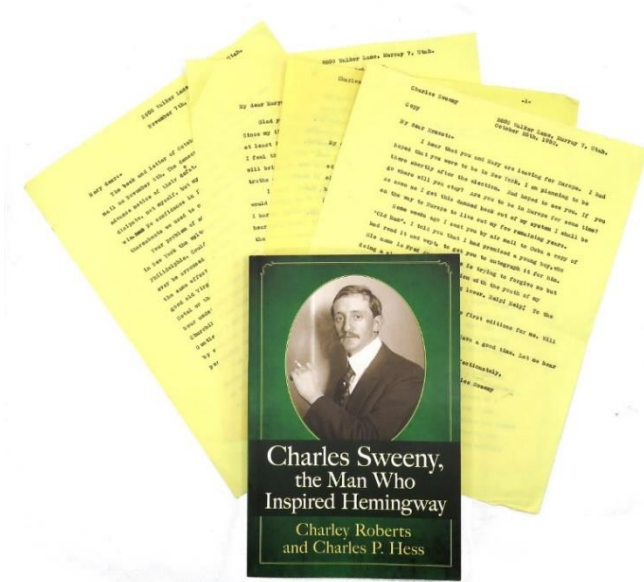
The location of the inscription corresponds to Sweeney's biographer (Roberts, p 169), "By January 3, 1940, he slipped away from government agents watching him, crossed the U.S.-Canadian border and quietly taken a room at the Hotel Carmel in the west Los Angeles suburb of Santa Monica, to begin recruiting". The date in this book matches the time when Sweeney had the opportunity to meet up again with Mary in the States.



Mary was Hemingway's fourth wife. Her second marriage to a fellow journalist, Noel Monks, in 1938 ended in divorce in 1945, after she began an affair with Hemingway. Mary met Hemingway in 1944 in London. According to Meyers (*Hemingway*, p 394), "During the heightened sexual atmosphere of wartime London, where women reporters were rare, Mary openly used her attractions to obtain information from high ranking officers." Hemingway later accused her of having sex with generals to get a story. Mary's other wartime lovers included Hemingway's brother, Leicester, and journalist / author Irwin Shaw. Biographer Kenneth Lynn wrote that Mary's

life, in the words of Bill Walton, was 'full of lovers'. The marriage of Ernest and Mary was by all accounts, a turbulent one, and whether she had liaisons during their marriage, the swashbuckling Sweeney may have been one before.

Included in this collection are three **Signed** typed letters from Mary to Charles, more than 15 years after this book of Poems. It is clear in the tone of these letters there is more than a passing affinity between the two. Two letters are on *Finca Vigia* letterhead, the third was sent from Ketchum, ID. Also included is an unsigned Christmas card from Mary with a note encouraging his recent book review.



Charles Michael Sweeney (1892 – 1963) was an intellectual American Soldier of Fortune. Included in this archive are four cc: letters from Sweeney to the Hemingways between Sept. 14 – Nov 7, 1952. Two pamphlets of Strategic International consequence, an inscribed copy of his book and several photos.

Despite being expelled from the West Point Military Academy, twice, he went on to have an international career as a military Commander. He fought in six wars and was an officer in four: A highly decorated WWI Captain in the French Foreign Legion; A Brigadier General in the Polish-Russian war of 1920; A Group Captain in the British RAF at the beginning of WWII; and finally, a Colonel in the U. S. Army serving in Wild Bill Donovan's Office of Strategic

Services (OSS). His other campaigns include Mexico and Nicaragua in 1911/12 and in Turkish-Greek War of 1922, where he first met Ernest Hemingway.

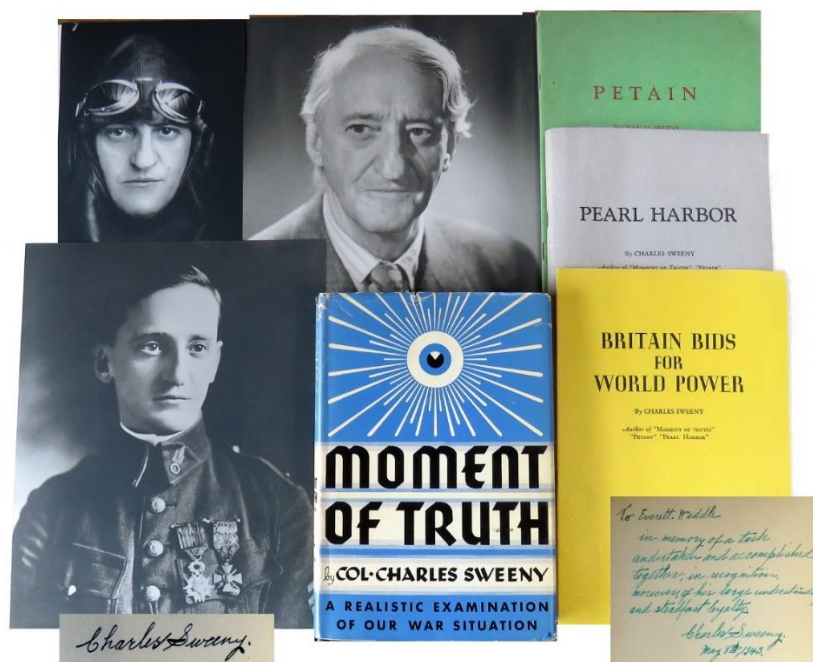
Though Hemingway was only in the Turkish theater for three weeks, his meeting up with Sweeny left an impression for the rest of his life. The two crossed paths often from the mid 20's until the start of WWII. Both men were on the ground in Spain during their Civil War and caroused together in Paris whenever possible.

Hemingway saw in Sweeny the kind of man he wished to be, a battle-scarred man of action, a war hero, a romantic soldier of fortune who enjoyed life and could hold his own with women. (McCormack) Hemingway had longed to be a military commander like Sweeny, even to the point of imposing himself leading a team of resistance fighters into Paris the D-Day landing at Normandy as a journalist.

Sweeny was, "one of three influential males in Hemingway's life, and the only man he ever knew who was able to handle women" (Prof. Rose Marie Burrel).

In his 1950 novel "Across the River and Into the Woods", Hemingway's main character, COL Richard Cantwell, is a composite of three men: Sweeny, Army Colonel Charlie "Buck" Lanham, and himself.

In 1963, Sally Belfrage visited Finca Vigia and wrote an article for Esquire Magazine. Two years after his death, she describes the scene at Hemingway's desk, where he wrote three of his novels. "...Photographs of two other sons, a grand child, and of Colonel Charles Sweeny, a hero of Heminway's, are nearby, and drawers are topped with prints of various wives, Cary Cooper...and African safari scenes."



The following books and pamphlets accompany this archive. They are written by or are about Sweeny:

1. Belfrage, Sally. Esquire, February 1963.
2. Roberts, Charley. Charles Sweeny, The Man Who Inspired Hemingway, McFarland, 2017.
3. Sweeny, Charles. Britain Bids For World Power. Privately Printed, 1948
4. Sweeny, Charles. Moment of Truth. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943. Signed and Inscribed.
5. Sweeny, Charles. Pearl Harbor. Privately Printed, 1946. Inscribed.
6. Sweeny, Charles. Petain. Privately Printed, 1945. Inscribed to Dorothy's sister-in-law.
7. 3 Period photographic reproductions of Charles Sweeny in his prime and his later time.

Hemingway Letter Transcription:

September 9, 1952.

Dear Charlie thank you so much for the cable and for your letter. I'm glad you like the book [Old Man and the Sea] I've had a lot of luck with it.

Tell me, Viejo. what should we have an old man do next. I guess I got tired of reading books by all these despair pussies. Anyway I hope you and Dorothy both liked it.

Scribners printed 15 special ones for me and I am having them held in New York until I can get there and sign them. Ten of them are for you to make up for those that were yours and that I thought had been sent to me and gave away the last time. So if you give me the names and addresses I can send them from New York whenever I get there.

Sending books to and from here is no good now. Plenty things fairly un-good.

We've had very good weather though, coolest summer in years and ~~many~~ many big fish. The biggest ones are running now. I measured my lousy blood pressure down from 225 over 125 when I last saw you out west (had quite taking it in N.Y. and Paris) to 135 over 64 as of Sept 7. Not taking any medicines except the vitamins. Drink plenty but am not a rummy. Mary's in wonderful shape, beautiful and healthy and happy.

Hope you're fine and that Dorothy is too. Sinsky is in while his ship is loading and he sends his love. Roberto too. He has a pretty good job.

Bumby is staying in the army. He made superiors the last two years while he was US liaison officer to First French Corps.

Mouse has gone out to East Africa. He got magnum cum laude at Harvard. He and Gigi both came into quite a lot of money when Pauline died. Her death, my mother's, Charlie Scribners and other bad lucks was why I didn't write you. Was swamped with necessary letters and papaerasse (misspelled) and trying to write at the same time and my correspondence went to hell. Also was in some trouble about shooting irons etc. All cleared up. Some of it I was in the papers in a garbled version but most of it was out.

We still talk about the wonderful party and fun in South Lake and the fairest daughters of Zion. Wish I was writing a funnier letter.

We are fonder of you than anybody. I always miss you. Please give our best love to Dorothy and our best to all our friends out there Mary sends her love. /s/ Ernest

Wish we could get out this fall. There is the biggest current in the gulf stream I've ever seen. But the big fish aren't hungry. Yesterday I saw a marlin damned near as big as a gondola. But he just came to the boat and ~~said~~ then went down. He would have impressed even you old bastard. Keep well and know we love you. I will look after the book for the boy

/s/ EH