



F. R. Meisch Papers.

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Monuments

"Forsooth," thought I as I lingered before a shop window in Springfield, Ill. "Along these roadways Lincoln walked. Lincoln without a beard and walking the streets of Springfield."

A cold wind swept through the city and I cursed that wind. The earth of Springfield was as the winter trees in my city of St. Paul.

It was late morning, Sunday, and I walked to a large Catholic hospital which maintained a breadline.

Men and sometimes women make up a bread line but you may speak of a breadline as soup and bread.

Sometimes a gracious god allowed butter upon that bread and often times social decorum was not destroyed if one were able to make the rounds twice.

Here in the most highly industrialized and wealthiest nation in the world men and sometimes women dined with the barest rudiments associated with food. Spoons and chairs.

I care not what type of men and women these might be and my heart knew anger deep and resurgent.

As I waited at the breadline I chanced to meet an old man. He was clad in an old sweater and his trousers were ragged. His cheap shoes many times mended.

And before he had spoken my heart was filled with love, desolate and helpless.

Now, I believe not too deeply in that art of character reading.

I've known priests whose demeanor spoke of sin enjoyed and harlots whose only right to their title was their trade. My sorrow deepened as the old man told me of his work long ended.

How he ate at both the hospital and the nearby mission.

We finished our soup. The wind grew more cold and bitter.

A tear rolled down the old man's cheek.

I had \$.30 and I said, "Here, take this."

"No," he answered in a voice weak and afraid but sincere,
"I'm getting by," We separated.

The winds lessened and the sun grew warm.

And on the road that leads to Lincoln's grave.

I thought of the old man.

One man, One tear. A symbol of multi-millions on relief
and unemployment lists discredited.

My sorrow had not lessened.

In a small tomb, not alone, not gracious but somewhat
wretched as art goes you may see a black sarcophagus, the Creator
of the Gettysburg Address lies nil.

There in a brief moment I heard the soul cry of the ages.

The ever ascending rhythm of time and cry of all humanity
ascending ever ascending for one brief moment.

I turned away.

The gods cavorting in merriment brought before me the
symbol.

One man, One tear.

Anger and humiliation filled my heart as I walked the road
southward. These are the monuments we have builded to the great
men who have walked through our halls of legislation.

They who are weak afraid and getting by. They are our
monuments.

That was long ago. Oftentimes when I chance to hear a
plea for patriotism I become saddened and I remember the symbol
One man, One tear. The multi-millions on relief.

And I know that something has died in My America; or has
it yet to live?

June 27, 1940
132 Western Ave.
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Francis:

There's little news to come out of these parts since most everyone has left for parts unknown and known.

It has been a long time since I've seen any of the real fellows.

Wally, you know, is with the army and his wife Nona somewhere in Texas.

Maybe you have heard from Enos. He is still in Lake City and working there. Celia was up here and in a wistful mood

2.

She really is for Wally in
a great big way. She has
a lot that I could go for
in a big way.

Here I am getting by
in this end of town. It's
been tougher than all hell,
but it has been worth
it. Helen is a good kid
and after a fashion we
have gotten along fine.

We're in good health and
that you know compensates
for all the wild times
a fellow misses.

You surely must
be getting around in

3
- that part of the country.

Sometime why don't you
let me know how you
have fared in your
work and amusement
since you have been from
home.

Sincerely
Carl

8-9-40
132 Western Ave. N.
St. Paul, Minn.

Dear Francis:

Last week I saw Al Freeman. His company sent him up this way and to the Dakotas on a call to the office of doctors in this area. Surely I could look forward to be passing through the country in a like manner with some joy. As it is we fall into a group that may be overall that belongs to our manner and our liking.

There's not much room for looking backward in a wistful manner for being married is all too real. Then too with sly amusement and some conjecture we're looking forward to an heir in early September. Although

what him or her (nobody knows
how it will be equipped) will
inherit is beyond a lot of people
at the present time.

Maybe you know that I haven't
earned a string of dollars for a long
long time. But all things whether
good or bad can't last forever,
so that this condition will in
itself be taken care of.

I would like to go to work,
now, that I might grasp some
of the ideas that surround me.
There have been some things
that I have been thinking of.

When you come back, here,
you will find the Coffman
Memorial Union finished. Some
day you may go there at
noon for your lunch. That's
a institution that is ever
moving forward.

3.
Maybe this is the era in
which public money will emerge
as the leader in creating a way
of life. And it will be the
most wholesome and rich
period that we shall know. As
you know industrialism, in its
time, was feared, fought and
misunderstood.

When your time is
over out East, we will
look forward to seeing you.
It is with regret that I
have been so careless as not to
have stopped over to visit
your mother and dad.
But like an overstayed
visit, one not made.
also creates a compulsion
of shall I or shall I ^{not} do

what I should ⁴do. Can you
understand that one?

I hope that from your
work and study at M.I.T.
you have derived a great deal
of satisfaction.

As for me I don't accept
what I have complacently-
But equally so I don't accept
it with bitterness and fear.

There is a time in our lives
that when most of all we
appear to be standing still.
And at another time that
period is answered.

Liza been carrying
around a poem. In this
letter Liza sent it along.
It is a sketch of some-
thing Liza thought of.

I

You may.—

Choose no road to war
Make quiet the drums
Silent and non-existent,
Make buried the Heraldry of war glory,
Falsifiers of the ways of man
For they have crucified these millions
Called peace a coward's shame.

It's late!

It's very late

For piled high are the araments
and full are the ranks with men
Bedecked with little medals.
Some are the emblems that say

"I've killed men.

In no man's land

I ripped the guts of one like me
for my medal of valor.

In a war to end war.

What heritage is this
That men before they die
Must hear the scream of planned
annihilation

II

Torn and demented
On countless battlefields
And see the right to mass murder
Defended
Glorified
Made Holy.

They are sons, lovers, brothers all
Wanting only to work, to love &
and to live.
Now pressed into the House of
war.

—
"Incinerate the documents"
Let fall

The paper edifices
That mortgage on your soul
The greed and fear
That other ages gave to you
As a holy heritage.

Black out!

Black out this right to kill
To plunder

To falsify the record
In the name of commerce and industry
By men
Skilled in legitimate thievery.

You may ~~choose~~
Choose no road to war
Make quiet the drums
Silent and non-existent.
Off the enemies the
children play,
With abandon
Joyous
Carefree.

Would you intrude
Into their playtime
With a Douglas
One hundred thousand dollar
bomber.
And in your wake
Leave a torn child

IV

Horrible to look upon.

Great heroes have done this.

And they knew not shame.

5.

If you enjoy it for some
worth that it might ring
of. Then in itself it has
been a not wasted effort.

Sincerely Carl

There are men among us who would
fain kick god in his ecclesiastical pants
Asking ever asking
Where there may be no asking.

Give to me a child a girl asks,
And that she may have,
First a wet babe
Then a damp child,
Then a dry gangling youth and
she no longer has a child.

Give to me the adventurer asks,
A sunset road at Bangkok and a
dawn to rise beyond Hindustan,
These he may have,
As his life passes by: so too,
his world scene.

Give to me the leader asks
People that I shall rule.
On a balcony he stands before
his crying mobs.
Yet, when the mob knows no laughter
May their leader know laughter.

Multi-millions cry,
Give to me; money.
It s money that shall set me free,
While whole thousands
know the grief of Midas
As they bask in luxury.

Give God, Please give to me.
Ah, me; Oh as for me
All that I ask is a cabin
Not far from men
And near someone whom I love,
With my books and my work,
"I'll make each day a revelation
An excuse for yesterday."

And yet when I meet God
I, too, shall kick him in his ecclesiastical pants.

Friendship

There are so many things in friendship
That are sacred
As in the temples to the gods
Little idols, small images to love.
Destroy not a single image.
Come when you have defamed one idol
With a votive offering.
Cry that day when from you a friend has stolen,
Friendship never really ends
And yet.
As a candle to its end, a flame ended
So may you know
A veil before your lost small idols,
Little images to love.
Cry that day.

Flight

I want a stone framed twilight
In the canyons of Chicago.
And little children standing barefoot
In the springtime's cold waters.
Hurried men and hurried faces
And the both sexed crowd's graces
Harlots, panders, pimps and bawds
Fat palmed politicians.
Men on street corners crowds exhorting,
Wanton shrews, exhaltant, cavorting.
Sharp eyed traders in the pit
Dollar bound agents devoid of wit
School girls with faces clean
Glances that shame the past obscene
And when I weary of the
Stone framed twilight
In the canyons of Chicago
I want again a sun lighted road
And stars at night that blanket
Quiet places.

Shall I one day die
An acquaintance might lightly
remark
He passed away
Now He's a "pusher upper of daisies"
Or someone drop a flower upon a grave
And wish
When you are a "pusher upper"
Really you don't amount ot much
But you have escaped-----

ME

There are two of me.

I, now, love life.

That is me the child.

When over a soft green hill I wander

Filled with thought racing like the winds through

The trees nearby

I am the old man.

And I love both of me.

"FAREWELL FROM A PARK BENCH"

You have gone from me

You whom I love

I shall not cry

Now, I am as the bird at the end of day

Its flight ended.

And as the bird that flys at twilight

Between the high tank and the warehouse

To rest in a withered tree.

I, too, shall seek rest for a different tomorrow.

And may I know not thought often

Turned again to

You, whom I love and have no longer.

There is an escape from the
Ever ever always always
rhythm of time
And a life to live
A life:
Slow paced, and priestly aired
Or brave and aggressive
Military bent
In man hastens
Another loiters along this
road to heaven.
Some go out upon the busy avenue
Some choose a quiet street

And of women:
Some desire loneliness
Some snatch at love
endlessly.
The wise man and the Fool
In laughter or in tears,
Serene or angered
Weary or wanting
When they no longer know
a disappeared childhood

A Summer Day

Come with me,

To where the large soft flowers grow in the shade

To where the little flowers rise in the grasses,

And there lie

Far above we may see the clouds in their endless

drift and windspread

Delicious you

Adoring I

Shall be far from this anxious world

Come with me

To where the large soft flowers grow in the shade

To where the little flowers rise in the grasses

There we may see the little bird in its first flight

Come not in indecision

Come if only this last once.

A Different Angelus

I got on silk underwear
As I hearken to
A now present different angelus
A whistle calling me
As I plod this weary day's end
To my eight hours at the night time punch press
A multi-million repetitions
To create a multi-million bowls.
I got on silk underwear
As I listen to the steel on steel crying
While in the great vaults huge fortunes are piling.

A multi-million repetitions X
To create a multi-million wheels
That tomorrow may bring
Love to a far off wood
Dawn seen from behind a steering wheel
Love in divers places

And me whom this machine tenders
Has got on silk underwear
I know the way of pluto-crats ?
And see deferred payments mounting in a horror role,
I know the way of regementation X
Demanding its slave toll
Steel on steel a rhythm crying
In the great vaults huge fortunes piling.

Me its only me
Together with whole thousands
Lost in a maddening jeopardy
Of severed limbs and distorted physche

Me, it's only me
Valiantly
Erect and tortured
Together with whole thousands
With no way of escape
From this now present different angelus

Apr. 30, 1937
Co. 4776. C. C. C.
Monticello, Utah

Dear Francis:

We are high in the mountains here. In its way this is a very beautiful country.

Our camp life is fine although at present it is tough. Right now I am having a difficult time getting used to the high altitude.

How are you rolling along toward the end of your school year?

In a few days I'll write a letter telling you of the country and our camp life. The brevity of this letter and also its stationery

may give to you an insight as to how I am finding it here.

In a short while everything shall be grand.

Good health and good luck! Carl

CCC Co. 4776

Camp 741

Monticello, Utah

Francis R. Meisch
2704 Bayless Ave.
St. Paul, Minnesota:

Dear Francis

Here is a copy of our new
Camp paper. You have had
a great deal of experience in
design. I would appreciate
it very much if you would
critique this paper and let
us know how it can be
improved.

Now that the spring
quarter is nearing an end

2

I know that you are very busy
and a request that I shall
make of you may go un-
answered. Here it is-----

The copy of the Indian Creek Ripples
that I have enclosed is dated
May 15. On June 15th we
are going to issue the July
number and from then on our
paper shall be dated 15 days
ahead. We want the July
issue to be a patriotic
issue celebrating July 4 -
For that reason I would

like to have you find the
cost of 250 pictures
that would be fitting for such
an issue. The "Penny Pictures"
is an example.

Some time when you stop
at Nash - Connely or the Bureau
of engraving, get a quotation.

The pictures ought to be
approximately one fourth the
size of this sheet.

If you could do this soon,
for we must make a layout
and be certain of our material,
I would appreciate it ever
so much.

4.

And on second thought you
may go to my home and
get the cost of the pictures
and mailing costs for I know
that it shall total about \$2.90.
or less and mother will receive
\$2.5 the first of the month.

Sincerely
Carl E. Matson

May 16

Dear Francis:

You have received or shall receive a number of our camp papers, give one to Enos, one to my mother, one to Carroll.

The letter that is enclosed with them is more or less official for I do not want to take advantage of the government purchase.

I received your letter and enjoyed it. I am glad that you are going along fine. It won't be long now that you shall be on your way. I hope you come through the finals in a big way for what could be

2

a more better send off.

If you are swamped
don't go to any length about
the pictures I mentioned, though
as I said it will mean a great
deal to me.

Write soon:

Sincerely Carl

U.S. CCC 4776
Camp 741
Monticello, Utah

Dear Francis:

Saturday
August 14

I am glad that you will soon be O.K. If the days around Minnesota city are like the ones that we are enjoying there's an angry man convalescing. Just the same there's a lot of charm when one is in that position. Sometimes.

Thanks for sending those clippings. Most enjoyable is the one titled - "Man best at 35, Study of 1,264 shows."

You have me worried. Rabelais is Satire, - humor, - unexpurgated, - masculine. It has given us two adjectives. Rabelais and ^{gargantuan} gargantuan? -

Through the whole story rings the quality of Boyer and those 10,000 stalls and their 10,000 pots and the bell. Right quality in the right place.

2 All in all it's an admirable thing.

Somehow you be the diplomat. Say the book you were to read during your stay on the farm was "Tender is the Night," by Scott-Fitzgerald. Somehow through the nerve racking pace of modern life the story of a psychiatrist unfolds. Traditionally it is a thing of beauty. — There's a whole list of books that have come to us to be read. Some of the fiction is very fine.

The boys have not changed. Desperate as ever. Wally has not been around and Earl is off of women.

Enos came to town with a head of hair that should have made him

3 proud. He got a hair cut. First he asked the barber if he knew how to cut hair not too short. You know the rest. The barber cut it very short. As usual. Making one more angry man.

I got an issue of the "New Masses". If this copy is an example of the strength and sincerity of the radical workers, then Communism is a powerful force that grasps the very soul of humanity and this force shall not die. In this issue they pay tribute to one of the leaders, now gone, Henri Barbusse,

This is the time of year when "knocker arrounders" are most happy.

4

It is a time for the quickening of our pace.

The bike races are a knockout. Around the track the racers go in murderous rhythm. I like the moxie of it. They are not so much a contest—more so they are a production.

You can't know how enthusiastic I was about the book—Myznisky. You know my enthusiasm—slow-murderous, erratic—but enthusiasm just the same. I am glad that your cousin enjoyed it. I want many things to be a thing of life as that book was.

So many individuals are small and ordinary and sometimes I grow sad that I must

5 turn to books. I know that there is so much to forgive in life. And there is a splendor in the canerns of a soul of everyone but that splendor is sometimes veiled and far away. After all there is but two poverty I want to escape and after that the dark.

This letter is going into Joyce night town sequences or it perhaps started there and

so: Good health and a snappy recovery.

Sincerely Carl.

Dear Francis:

In St. Paul

It is nice here in St. Paul. And the fair shall open soon. Old Duce has loaned an exhibit of paintings in order that we may see what his artists, in Italy, are capable of doing. Chirico, he who paints the cockeyed horses, will be represented.

When you are in town and you've got your studies by the tail try to find time to read the book by Ramala Wyjinsky. The book "Wyjinsky" is a corker. And I believe your cousin, Miss Wilmersley would enjoy it very much.

The days have gone by swiftly. And I am glad to

2 be able to say that now more
than ever I want to really
knock off some good work.
To do that, though, I will have
to go into partial seclusion. That
shall be easy however.

As I ride through the campus
I notice that already the students
are beginning to make it an
acting place. Someday they
shall be "holder downers of diplomas."

Desperate as ever:

Sincerely Carl

P.S. That summer has yet to
come when I may sit under
a tree (with no birds in it) and watch
the world go by.



SEVENTH AVENUE
FIFTY-FIFTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Monday mte.
July 27.
Dear Francis.

We finally arrived in
the big town after a great
deal of anxious waiting and search
for cash. The trip was
grand.

Life plays some strange
angles. There is a sad-
ness in being away from
Helen and Tommy, but
by this separation they too
may one day enjoy these



CIRCLE 7-3900

SEVENTH AVENUE
FIFTY-FIFTH AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREETS
NEW YORK, N.Y.

2

Same experiences of fine
trains and a delightful
place to stay.

Tomorrow I go to
the office to get my
job address. Then off to
the eskimos.

I hope that this note
finds you busy and happy
with your work.

Good luck

Sincerely
Carl

Dear Francis:

November 12, 1941

I hope that this note finds you in the best of health and also getting along fine with your work. It was good news to hear that you are busy out there in the Rockies. Time has passed so quickly and I have been careless in answering your letter.

It is quite difficult to get used to being away from Helen and Jan. But at last I do feel good about so many things and I enjoy being here.

This is a very interesting and picturesque place. It is Briton's oldest Crown Colony. I would like so much for Helen to share my experience here and I am trying to make it so.

It is difficult to write an interesting letter for my being away from Helen has dimmed my enthusiasm for many things.

When I finally finish with this job I'll pick up the sets of stamps for you. Come to think of it I will start now to get them for you for

the Newfoundland government also issues special sets as our government also does.

There is much to see and enjoy here. And there is a beauty in this island and the way of its people. To me ^{the} weather

has also been not so bad for after all no one has ever done anything about it. One's attitude of mind has much to making much ado about adverse conditions when they exist.

It has meant even so much to me that I was fortunate enough to come here.

Later I'll write a more interesting letter.

I am sincere when I say that it is good news to know that you are busy at work on such an engineering job.

Good luck.

Carl

A.P.O. 801
ST. JOHNS, NFLD.
% NFLD BASE CONTRS.
AUGUST 26.-41

Dear Francis:

A month has gone by and at last a lot of the routine of camp life and of my job is becoming familiar.

This camp is a grand place. Contrary to information back home, Conditions here, at camp are remarkably good. Newfoundland is an island in the North Atlantic and it does rain here. Even so it is not so bad. The landscape here is beautiful, much like newsreels of Norway. We are one mile from St. Johns.

The city is very old and rises from the harbor up into the surrounding vast hills.

I enjoy it here but I long for Helen and Cam.

2

With your education and ability you would get along fine with the engineering department. As it is though, probably you will step into a more desirable position. I hope you have that good fortune.

Later I'll write a more interesting letter. There are censorship rules, but you can take it from me that as living conditions go our government and the contractors are doing right by us.

I am tending to my job with the will to make good. But what the company sets as a standard of doing a job well is passed on by the U.S. engineers. Both ways this has been good fortune for me for if I stay for the duration of the contract I will in a way be glad, then again to be released would bring me near to the ones I love. And so I must please write and let me know how you are getting along.

OVER

Say hello to your mother and dad
for me. I hope that all of you
are enjoying good health.

It is strange, the pathways we
travel upon as we go through life.
I've always wanted to straighten
up the debts I owe and that is
one job I will finish. Then, too,
Helen has been grand and in
a small way I can repay her for
the things she has done.

you.

Sincerely Carl

February 18 - 42
Quidi Vidi, Nfld

Dear Francis:

I hope that this note finds you well and happy with your work.

As you know, I am a glorified shipping clerk on this job here. The days pass so quickly by. One has hardly time to think.

After all maybe such a condition is one of good fortune, for so much that was fine and the dreams and wishes of what each day becomes a more distant past fade away. Somewhere, though, we find again what we most of all want.

There is much to enjoy here, only I have been what I might say all to thoughtful toward Jimmy and Helen. Maybe not. I wish almost that it could have been different and Helen could have been here with me. I'd have enjoyed the good luck of seeing much of this part of the world.

with Helen as a companion. But it is too late for that because of restrictions. There is so much that I don't understand. It isn't easy or fair for a girl to be alone too long. But then, too, such a separation can answer for so many things that

years together ² never would.

There is little of interest that I may write for in this way censorship restrictions are quite severe.

I have gotten along fine. But even so it will be a great day when as far as I am concerned John - Mansville can shove the last bale of Rockwood we don't need up their ass.

That goes for a hell of a lot of other concerns and for a hell of a lot of other materials. Really though, that isn't quite sincere. For each day has been one of interest.

I hope, Francis, that you are getting along fine. Were your work to end you could try some foreign technical service.

Often such a step leads to much good fortune. But as you know there are many avenues open not of escape but of work to be done.

As for me I'd surely like a leave of absence and to go home for just a while. It would be most enjoyable to have some hours together again but that may be far far off.

Goodluck Francis.

Sincerely Carly

C.C.C. 4776
Monticello, Utah
Aug 5-37

Dear Francis.

You're right there about
my sitting on my pratt, for this
week I am in charge of the
educational building. The ad-
visor and his assistant are
in Pocatello, Idaho. I'm
writing this letter under
difficult conditions for I
was in a gold bracker's paradise
(sleep to you) during noon mess.

Just a few days ago
I skidded off the shut list.
Aforementioned shut list made
up of victims of free speech
during mess strike period.

C.C.C. 4776

Monticello, Utah

Friday June 25

Dear Francis:

Thanks a lot for the copy of
"the Literary Review and the
art catalogue. What one thing
has gotten too much of my
time since that for the last
few weeks I have been work-
ing in Dry valley (DEATH
VALLEY TO US) building fences.

As Camps go this is one
hell of a place. In the July
issue of our camp paper there
is a listing of members who
have left. I believe that is
a partial list. Around July
4th to 15th there is going to
be a general episode out of
Indian Creek Camp that will
make Moses trip out of
Egypt small time stuff.

2

However, there are some fine things about this camp.

The thing that I like best is working on the paper, with out that I'd high ball from this concentration camp. Some new equipment has arrived and I am going to work on the August issue with a lot more enthusiasm.

How are the farmers around Winona finding prospects for a good crop this year? You speak of riding around the country - have you made some water colors of late?

The beer out here is to expensive. Once in a while I go out for some gin.

Make the most of your vacation from school work.

Carl the
Utah Kid.

2350 Den. Rd

Sept. 12

Dear Francis,

There is work to be done. Today's method of living shall soon be obsolete. Are you going to take part in the task of giving to the world new things they demand? A new architecture.

There is work to be done;
There is something humorous in the why and way we work so hard.

Charles Freeman came to town for a brief stay.
Discussion of art.

Get the true angle from Enos
as concerns the vehemence that
a mess sergeant is capable of.

You bet I came damned
close to grabbing the G.I.
rattler for home. Since the
district educational advisor
from Fort Douglas wished
that I stay and make a
try at some mimeographed
covers for their text books,
I decided to do the best
that I could on the seven
trial copies. I'm running
them off and by the 15th
I'll know how they rate.

He also liked³ our last paper.
Today I find that it dropped
from a 3 stars to $2\frac{1}{2}$ stars
rating by "Happy Days", a national
C.C.C. paper. Remember this
when you look over this
last copy.

and I have no prospects
of becoming the owner of some
gun.

Now that you're rolling
around the country side and
seducing women, what kind
of cor is it that you drink?

Up until a few weeks
ago this was a ragged,
bitch of a camp. The old
general rolled out of the
Fort and gave us a once
over and things are begin-

ing to run around here. It's a
lot pleasanter place than it once
was. The scenery always was
grand. The army overhead
couldn't let that go to hell.

I'm interested to know
what capacity Wally will fill
with the Cs.

It won't be long before
I roll into St. Paul. Some
thought of educational training fills my
mind at present, but one never
knows what angles there are
to play.

Tell Eros that I'll
not be so late with lettering
writing now that I'm
not on duty more than
26 days a month.

Sincerely
Carl

2

There is no change. This town is ~~out~~ my nerves,

The Fair art was good but — not great. I saw no vital work, there. All clever work.

Ruskin talks too much. I have stopped listening, after all, he must have lost something.

Oh damn, I got to do something with a rare swing. Or chase an idea to get back the definite urge to work.

Come back to town.

Good health to you.

Sincerely Carl

P.S. We are young yet. Forget the first paragraph.

2350 Terr. Rd.
In September

Dear Francis,

I am in bed. It has been raining for a long time now.

Wally is back. Quite the same. Which is fine for him and everyone in general.

I have been reading of Behaviourism. I can't go on, however, my brain is a little too weak right now.

So I shall retire to earning some money by hard labor if any labor and money still exist.

Cities are supposed to be the road of civilization. A lot of other things find their birth in the city.

With life becoming so damn complex, we would like to know the limits of man's seeking into the why-how-and why-not of life. I once thought one was ignorant to turn to a task that earned money alone. Now I see the error.

There have been too many debunkers of debunking. After all one ought to get down to some real living.

What is it like out there?

How are the out-house philosophers
in that cockeyed country?

I hope that you are knocking
around and having a great
time.

Life is like a grapefruit at break-
fast — there is a little more
to it than meets the eye.

Why not bring some wood
home if you can find some
with exceptional grain. Don't
make it a task.

Carry on and carry out!

Sincerely Carl.

In St. Paul
August 27

Dear Francis

Over the weekend I was out to Wooding's farm. It is autumn there, and soon they will be through with their work in the fields.

This has been one cockeyed summer, and I hope that when winter comes we shall have real snows, for then we may go in for skiing and hiking. If you don't stay on the farm through the winter, we got to make it a great one.

On the farm we got to talking about architecture, drunkenness, and ways of making a living. Mr. Wooding told us about

2350 Den. Rd.

September 22

Dear Francis:

News that Wally is headed for St. Paul.

This has been a great day. Now everything is going to be great. When you are so glad that it makes you cry you will know what I mean by a great day.

I made a grave error. Here in writing I let you know that the hell I knew for several years was my own creation. Not that I have joined the optimist club. They areummies.

Oaherity. It seems that they had to lock him up when they wanted him to work. He found his peace in the saloons along West Seventh Street.

When you are out to Maple Plain ask Mr. Wooding about Oaherity.

The house by Wright is fast nearing completion. Enos got his look at it, and gave the job his stamp of approval.

You saw the big lock on the foundry door.

Again the shop was robbed, and Rieser's typewriter was stolen.

I shall mark time, and the manuscript has gone—to know a rebirth, if the hour comes when I shall feel its worth.

You will surely discover that you are making a good start by being on the farm, and near people whose ways you admire.

Sincerely Carl

The longer you stay on the
farm the more you enjoy
it. Don't let it get you,
but have a great time.

We are grown up now. I
don't want to give advice.
But this I will say—again
meet some gal there.
And get the right idea. It
shall make a great difference.
When we think of the solitary
life, we should think of Wright
and his way. After all, I sincerely
think he is a great one, for
his work spells sincerity in
an age of bluffers.

3.

Thanks a lot for the clipping.

balanced
compliment

{ Cockeyed as you are, you're missed.

Events of this week: made four dollars, 85¢ left, decided to do some work, drank a lot of beer, read two books, got the right idea, drank more beer. got the right idea not from a book.

Tonight there is a unit in the low places.

A great time to you.

Sincerely

Carl

CCC 4776

Monticello, Utah

July 18, 31

Dear Francis:

Thanks a lot for your last letter. These last few weeks have been a litch. And a lot of fun. We had a strike here at Camp. I had a grand time.

In our Camp
language I have

been ² shut listed. That
isn't so bad; sure,
that through all the
extra duty (reward) I
had to find time to
bat out the Camp
paper.

I'm sending you
some issues, and
I hope that you may
find some enjoyment
in our Sophomore
Publication.

I envy you for all
 the things you have
 back in the cities,
 together with all
 the knocking around.

And will I
 enjoy the two towns
 when

I bunk there again.

As you already know
 Monticello is just a
 wide place in the
 road. To enjoy life
 out here to the full
 I'd have to shoot
 the whole \$30 and
 when I hear smells
 for the last time
 I'd ^{right} ~~be~~ where I started

5

from, save, for a lot
of life lived. I
have a different idea
however, and one
thing I know that
is most essential to
me is a great
deal of activity. And
boy! that is what

I ~~am~~ ^{got} here. ^{at}
home & in going out father's same.
Please excuse so

6
much of this reference
to the first person
pronoun. I wish to
give you an idea
as to how I've found
Camp.

Most all the time
it is delightfully cool,
although the sun
shines brilliantly all
day long.

7.

back home it is
probably far from being
so cool.

I'll be seeing
you soon.

Sincerely,
Carl,

Wednesday 26

Dear Francis:

By now you ought to have received the letter and the camp papers that I sent you.

Are you all set for your trip? Here, for the last several days rain clouds have covered the nearby mountains and yesterday the Blue mountains were deep purple as torrents of rain fell.

I told you in the last letter that I sent you that if you would you may get the small pictures for me. If you haven't made the contact in attempting to get them

then please dont buy them.

The damn fools around here
dont rate to that extent, and
yesterday our educational
advisor shot a lead stencil
that I made. In typewrite-
ing the second copy of the same
form he did as badly. There is
so much heat from the cops
members in regard to the paper
that one thing I wish it is
that after the layout is created
the typing ought to be as
thoughtfully done. I hope
you understand this:

I am damn close to tell-
ing them to go to hell.

a lot of grand fellows
have left and are leaving
this camp and the lastity
in regard to several things
or rules

that make a camp a liveable place is quite exasperating. For dogs along this line talk to Enos.

We have very good meals and there are some pleasant diversions.

By June 12th I'll know how my life here shall fare and maybe I shall fall out of this camp.

Good luck in your cramming and may the next few weeks be not too difficult to live through.

Sincerely Carl.