

2-16-1907

**San Francisco. Letter from W. Fitzhugh Turner ? (signature not legible). On letterhead: Southern Pacific Company, 1907-02-16**

W. Fitzhugh Turner

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### Recommended Citation

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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Office of

San Francisco  
February 16, 1907.

My dear Miss Fleming,

I am sending you under separate cover a complete volume of the poems. I don't do this in the same spirit which prompted a friend of mine to send a girl a dozen pictures of himself upon which she wrote them that her room did need papering and she thought five dozen more would do it, but because it is something of a labor to copy these various effusions as I would place in the midst of each and wonder why I am sending this one and so not send any at all. On the whole it is much easier just to bundle the whole thing up and send them. Keep them as long as you wish and do whatever you want with them. I send them registered only because this volume is the only one now extant and I rather value it as a monument to endeavor and much time trying to put the things I felt into rhyme. Anyway when you get them consider them yours until they have outlived their welcome. I have just been reading "Dr. McCue's Plain Talks" and it has set me in the mood of monologuing on paper and the question arises in my mind as to whether I shall inflict the results on you. It's an unsatisfactory way of talking to a person you would like to talk to freely much in the flesh but letters can't be choicest and there is some little satisfaction from spirit communications, that you will observe is poetical perhaps for letters. Dr. McCue is an old gentleman of seventy seven years of age, lives in a small town near here for which, he



Says God did, most and man less than  
when else in the world. I can't say I agree  
gather with the Doctor as to what God did but the  
the news had seen & Virginia. I have met the old gen-  
tlemen and he is most interesting. He has it for  
for ministers and corporations and pretty nearly every  
town else as far as I could make out and is a  
great lover of horses. Altogether above the native  
Californians and therefore a marked personage in  
my eyes. The native Californian is a peculiar ani-  
mal. It seems to stick in my memory that I have  
remarked this before, but repetition in small doses  
leads here. He goes to with pride to his now sunny  
sky and children that you forget in the now gloomy  
sunshine the rain of yesterday. He is always physically  
engaged in squeezing a little more out of his neigh-  
bor and is happy accordingly, though his surroundings  
are of the slow age of mankind. They may justify  
them hold up in San Francisco last week and  
in any of them a poor fellow couldn't get a ring  
off his finger quick enough to suit the ruffians

so they chopped his fingers off. The San Francisco  
police have just sported new uniforms and these  
being of an easily soiled color and their being much  
dust they generally stay indoors to keep them  
nice and clean and their any roughness might mar  
the creases of their trousers so they have made  
no arrests. A thing that has interested me very  
much is the constitution of trolley cars. Perhaps  
you didn't know that they were so susceptible  
as humans to extremes of wet and dryness.  
They didn't run in the wet weather because  
they were affected by the moisture. Now they don't  
run or at least only in spots and if you politely  
inquire the reason of the delay you will be informed  
it is because of the dryness and if you ask as  
to when they will run without delay you will  
be informed that this will occur when it rains  
again. The situation becomes alarming when you  
think that this may not occur until next  
October and visions flit through your mind of



## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Office of

know that I wholly agree with the gentleman who re-  
 marked: His letter to have loved and lost, etc.  
 It sounds well but I bet he didn't believe it  
 either. I am thrown in contact with people every  
 day who don't know what living really is. They  
 have lived in the same place all their lives, I guess  
 the same people and done the same things. They are  
 absolutely confident that this is the only place on  
 earth and that the people they favor are the finest  
 people on earth. At sixteen they choose a girl,  
 with whom they spend every evening until they are  
 perhaps twenty-five. Then they marry her and she  
 cooks and does the house work which he lord  
 and Master leans for his office in the morning and  
 comes back at night, never feeling the need or wanting  
 any change or variety. This is the average Californian's  
 life and what he has to look forward to and he  
 is perfectly happy and contented. Can't he better  
 off than those who know what life can really give  
 and are not able to have it. Who needs any the  
 face of the globe with knowledge to tell them how far  
 they are falling short of the mark. Happy on the  
 surface without with that underlying longing, born  
 sickness, call it what you will. Let's there in every  
 one of them and this country is full of just such  
 people. They all hate it out here and they all  
 cling to something at home until gradually they  
 are forgotten and they go down through the years  
 with their memories. They can't forget the old and  
 consequently they can't fit into the new with any  
 enthusiasm. This country is full of wanderers.  
 Here today and gone tomorrow. There are only two  
 fellows here whom I can say anything about. One  
 is a classmate of mine, who goes back this sum-  
 mer one winter being enough for him. The other



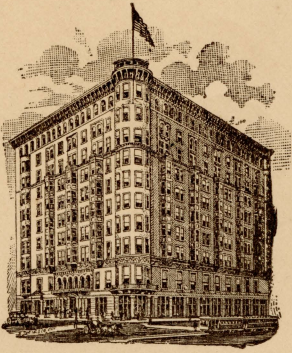
is a fellow from Chicago with whom I am going  
to room when I go back to the city next week.  
He will go eventually as he is manifesting the  
symptoms already but I am going to stick it  
out for at least two years as I dislike being  
called a quitter. I don't know why I dislike it  
so but I haven't found but one person from  
away who did like it. And yet the place is full of  
Easterners and all of them cursing it out whole  
heartedly and without reserve. It just seems to  
not enjoy one of their the wrong way. Probably, I  
think, because the nation is so blatantly confident  
you will run down and worship. You see they read  
in the magazine advertisements what a wonderful  
place they live in and they never go outside of  
the state to find out any thing else. I have had  
them refuse to believe me when I tell them Louisiana  
is not snow bound all winter. They think this is  
the only place that can last a winter day in Febru-

ary and they get it from the mass of false literature  
that is published by the railroads. I feel its comfort-  
ing, however, to know that somewhere there is a land  
where people know how to live and enjoy life and  
that sometime you are going back there and that  
when you do you have at least the promise of someone's  
company for one moonlight night in a cause, pro-  
vided the promise is not forgotten by that time.

All this is some comfort and the future will come  
faster by meeting the present in a pleasant frame  
of mind so that is what I am engaged in trying  
to do. In the meantime I hope I haven't tired  
you with these rambling remarks which should  
be sent by express, I think. Like mine of your paper,  
but it is all I have at hand. And amidst clouds  
of dust which yesterday were mires of mud I am  
as usual  
Always yours  
W. G. Hugh Turner



(5)



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howdy. It wouldn't seem right and  
proper. I think I will keep them  
so if I get in jail I can use them  
as a kind of reference. If you haven't  
sent that picture please send it.  
If you send it to Princeton it will  
be forwarded. I am awfully much  
obliged to you for it and I shall  
treasure it and keep it as one of  
the greatest treasures I have, which  
it will be. If you wish one of mine  
I will gladly send it as soon as I  
can get at my things. Well I'll say  
good-bye now. I hope you won't entirely  
forget me when I see you again, be-  
cause I shan't ever forget you, and  
if it isn't too much trouble I  
should love to hear from you every  
once in a while. Well here's luck  
and happiness  
always the same

W. Fitzhugh Turner





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