

in such a way that he never knew they were his benefactors
to that small pension. He acquired a studio room from the B. Rockwell
house when it was razed, moved it to a lot about two blocks from my home
and lived out his life there. He spent many hours at our house, but
as I said before, Stan never talked to him so much as once. Stan's
mother and maternal grandmother limited his associations ^{with us} as long as
they could.

Did you, by the way, see DARKSOME HOUSE, the book of poems
which was Stan's last completed book? I gave my copy to the Collection
at K U. That is, I intended it to go to the Collection. Arthur Townsend
was to place it there. I suspect he kept it, but he should let you see
it. I want K U to have it and will eventually manage to see that
Arthur delivers it, but I want to do it tactfully. You should read it,
however, to understand the tragic inner life that wrecked Stan, (as I see
~~it's~~ tragic end.)

I'm glad you are coming East for a visit. I look forward to
meeting you in more than letters.

Do you know Keith Hemenway? He knew Stan better than anyone
else still living in Junction, I think.

Stan never understood why J C resented him. I remember Thelma
Baker's remark once, that people who had never even met Stan hated him.
There's an early English expression that fits a phase of the situation:
he "set up the backs" of too many for his own good. In a town with
the unique nature of Junction it was a fatal thing to do.

Sincerely,

March 24, 1979

Benjamin Pennell

P.S. I'm sure the house where Stan grew up is still
there - It is on 4th Street, diagonally across from the
Church of the Covenant - It was the 3rd house from the
corner. Joe built three houses, a cottage and two
two-story houses. They lived in the middle one.

B P