

**GUSTAF FALK'S LETTERS AND ARTWORK**



1. Undated Dove with caption in Swedish
2. 1884 birthday letter to Mathilda
3. 1893 monogram "M.F." in floral motif
4. 1893 Branch and banner with caption in Swedish
5. 1893 Christmas letter detail, flowers and windmill
6. 1898 Dove with caption in English
7. 1907 Post card
8. 1912 October letter to Mathilda



**Undated**

Dove with caption in Swedish. "To the memory of bygone moments"



**Translation of 1884 birthday letter:**

Translation courtesy of Gun-Britt Nyhlen

Right side (front with original drawing), translated:

Kullagunnarstorp the eighth of March 1884

To my beloved sister Mathilda

What memories can this day give? An answer to that question here I write. You were born, to your parents' joy and delight, nineteen years ago today.

May relatives and friends amuse you today, and be happy for you and raise your joy with friendly talk and joyful singing. Your birth is celebrated only once a year.

St. Paul, the eighth of March 1884

From your devoted brother  
Gustaf

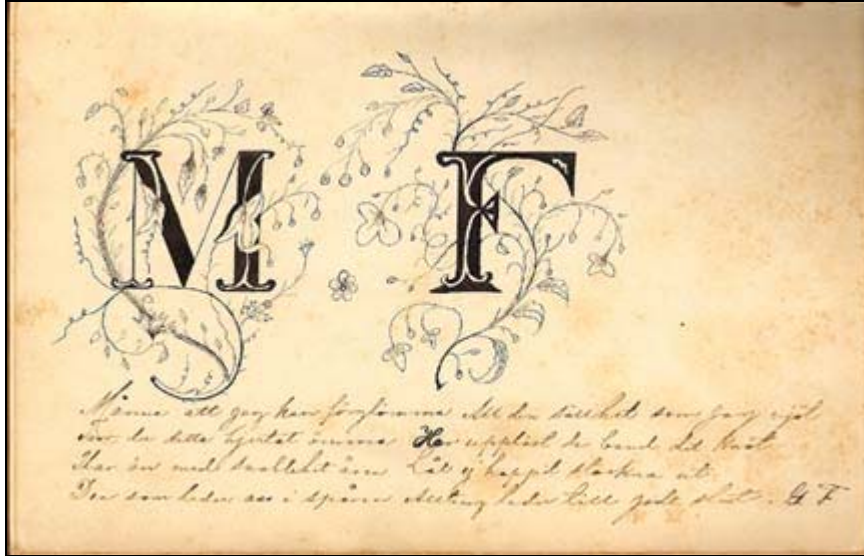
Inside page (not shown) of birthday letter translated:

The cause and the purpose of this my writing is Congratulations and a reminder of an autumn nineteen years ago. It really is a moment of joy or rather a day of happiness when the memories of the day you were born, comes to me. Nineteen years ago a sister named Mathilda came to this world, and she is my only sister. How much more [illegible] all my life. Yes, the source of my heart and its pure contents. My love seethes like an expanding vein and like a volcanic force when I think of my very beloved sister Mathilda. She, the rose in Paradise that came out nineteen years ago. She has been in bloom ever since, and what is sweeter to think and know than that she still today blooms like an innocent rose in Paradise. To joy for me as well as for our parents and our brother and those closest to you. You stand like a sun among twinkling and sparkling stars.

Left side (back), translated:

My words on this paper are very simple, but I hope you may understand, that these my words are an echo from the depth of my soul. My wish is now at last, that you may, with help from the Lord, live and reach the Meridians of life, bringing joy to your parents and brothers.

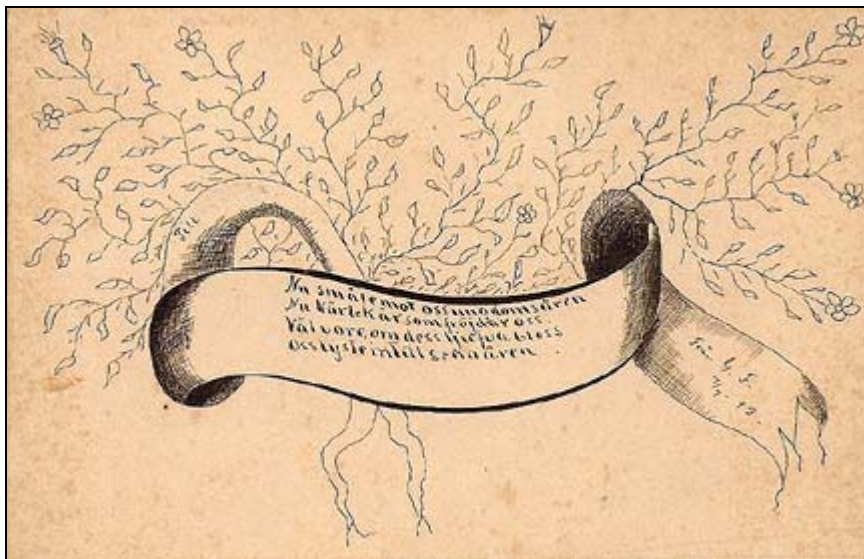
Sincerely your brother  
Gustaf



1893

Monogram "M.F." (Mathilda Falk) in floral motif  
Written in Mathilda's autograph book

"Maybe I can forget the felicity I enjoyed.  
Do you think this tender heart has loosened the strings it tied.  
Though years pass quickly, don't let hope fade away.  
Someone's showing us our way and leads us to a happy end. G.F."  
Translation courtesy of Gun-Britt Nyhlen.



1893

Branch and banner with caption in Swedish

"Now the youth smiles at us, now love enjoys us.  
Good were if those lovely touches shone until old age.  
From G.F. 7/7/93"



1893

**Christmas letter detail and poem**

Translation courtesy of Gun-Britt Nyhlen

A Good Start and a Happy Ending

Oh, how fast time goes by  
Here during our walk of life  
The struggle for existence  
The fight for hope.

The hope that when better times come  
We will achieve what we have dreamed  
of  
So we wait, pray and bide  
With a will strong as steel.

Oh, how wisely everything is formed  
By the strong hand of the Almighty  
Well, the road He set for us is unknown  
At sea and on land.

So many years have passed  
Since we spent Christmas together,  
Then I have tried new roads to go,  
And maybe with you, I will more.

This question we must not answer  
It is hidden in the hope of future.  
What was, and is, we tenderly keep,  
Like a rose surrounded by its bud.

Father, Mother, Sister, dear friends,  
Oh, forgive the simple gift I give.  
As you know that the strings on my lyre  
are easily damaged,  
The gift is, as you see, from my heart.

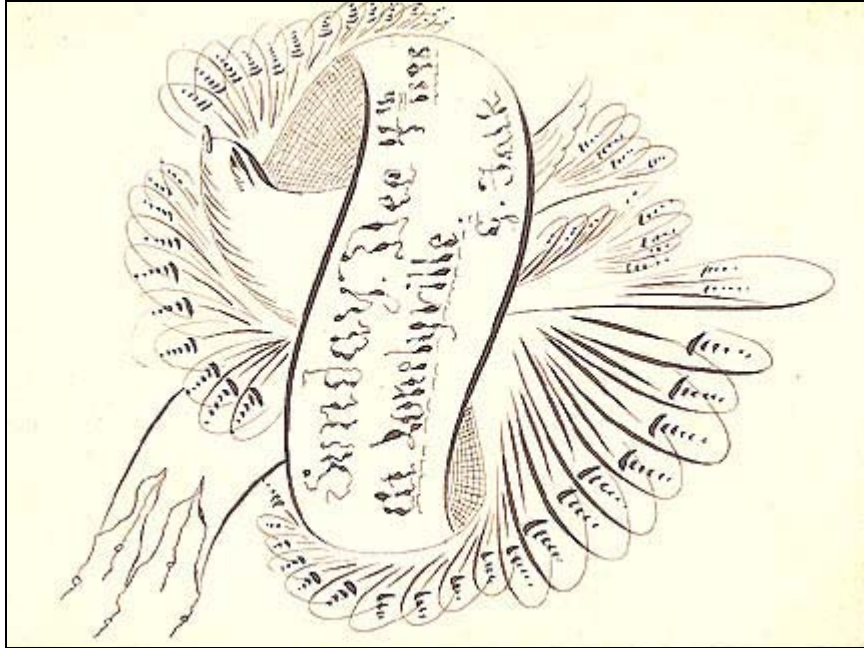
With a hope that summertime  
Will bring us another spring,  
So when winter is gone,  
Tracks of happiness shall be visible.

The song of the lyre is beginning to fade.  
A Merry Christmas to my dear home.  
May '94 bring happiness and that all your  
needs will be fulfilled,  
A wish that even the soul will be  
stimulated.

And now at last I beg you all  
Not to judge the simplicity of my song.  
It is the feelings of my heart that leads  
me,  
Though I have acted weakly this time.

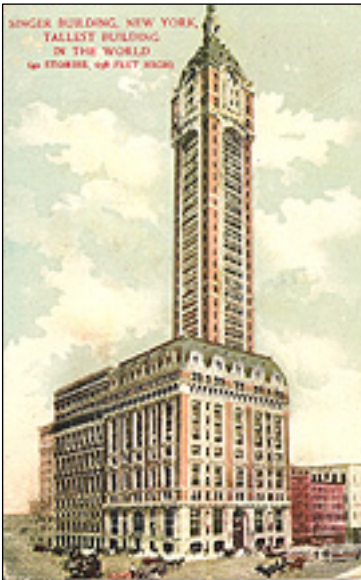
Gust. Falk

## The Falks of Sweden



**1898**

Drawing with shaky writing in English:  
“Sunday Dec 4<sup>th</sup>, 1898 at Lonelyville. G. Falk”



**1907 post card**

This was a postcard from New York, from Gust to Mathilda in Domsten.

The translation is, "Dear Friends, Father and Sister, I will soon write more about how it is.  
Your son and brother, Gust"

## The Falks of Sweden

### October 1912 letter

“Oct. 2, 1912

Canarsie Shore, L.I., N.Y.

“Dear Sister,

It’s so hard to believe that you are in America. It’s like a dream. It’s odd how things happen in this world. Everything that was so much worth and beloved for us as children, that is now gone and is just a memory of what is left on the first world.

This evening, I’ve too much on my mind to write what is bothering my heart. But maybe, later on, when the storm silences and I’m feeling better, I’ll write you more. In one way, I’m really happy that you are here and that we are closer to each other than before. Probably you will be happy to live in Wisconsin. The climate is kind of the same as in Sweden. I guess it will be better for you to be together with relatives and friends.

I’ve been thinking a lot about Uncle Bengt and the children and how they are doing.

Think, how fast the years go by. I just celebrated my 50<sup>th</sup> birthday in July.

I really hope that you’ll be pleased and happy in the new world. I think you’ll have a better life here than in old Sweden.

“Dear Sister, I will now tell you about a thing that I’ve been keeping to myself before.

I’ve been married for the last five years. My wife was born in Christiania in Norway.

We don’t have any children yet. But we’ve been living very happily after.

About five years ago I was really secretive about my business. It has been going backwards (bad) for me. You remember that man I was with when I was at your home in Sweden, C.N. Grant. He went bankrupt and I lost big money because of him. After that I met another person here in New York and I lost about 5,000 dollars on my latest business deal. Lately on, I’m getting “back on track” and I really hope it will be better soon. It has been so hard for me to have been deceived on all that money.

“Dear Sister, Please write to me again and tell me about your life and also about Uncle Bengt, Oskar and Hanna. Hopefully after all hard times and sadness it will turn into peace and happiness. One beloved regard to you and also to Uncle Bengt and the cousins.

Gust. Falk  
Asta. Falk”

(Translation courtesy of Cecilia Stahl)