



1879-06-27

Letter from Louie [Strentzel] to [John Muir], 1879 Jun 27.

Louie Strentzel

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sight must be always everything that is yours.

So I persuaded Papa to go with me to San Francisco, Monday morning, and Mr. Upham said he was "very glad of our coming for those plants on account of the mice being troublesome in that closet." He also sent out a large box for keeping the books and magazines that were left.

While moving the pamphlets from the bureau, the first thing I found was that veritable Sequoia letter, which I promptly confiscated; and deeming it undesirable for strangers to read them, I made search for all letters and scraps of writing about the room and locked them away in the trunk.

Your Wooden Block! I wanted that so, but could not carry it off then without danger of breaking,

When I go to see Mrs. Upham, and return directly to the boat, I will wrap it up carefully and bring it home with me - unless you wish otherwise.

Mary said that Clara Dalselle had been quite sick, and the family would all return in a few days.

While at the store, Mr. Swett came in, said all were well, "Little Helen dancing and singing like a bird, and telling everybody that she intends to visit up at Dr. Strentzel's in peach-time this summer."

I keep all your note-books, papers, plants, and pictures in a centennial trunk by the door of my little room opening out on the veranda, so in case of fire the whole could be easily drawn out beyond reach of the flames.

Father sent this afternoon per

and forgive me that I was so weak and foolish the last day. You would if only you could see and understand how hard I strive to learn patience.

This has been a hurried week and I have had little time for looking over either Yosemite notes or flowers, but yesterday I found for help and for remembrance,

"These stormy days are instruments by which work of cheerful hopeful immortal beauty is accomplished."

For this I am thankful.

Faithfully Yours,
Louie.