



1879-09-09

Letter from Louie Strentzel to John Muir, 1879 Sep 9.

Louie Strentzel

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Sept 9, 1879.

Dear John,

Sending a letter to you under present conditions seems little more certain than intrusting a message to a wild forest bird: yet I can only try, that you may know I still exist, and that I keep you ever in remembrance. You must think it strange to have heard no word from us during these two long months, but just now a letter came from the Postmaster at Port Townsend saying that my note directing him to remail my letter to Fort Wrangell, reached him one day too late for the steamer

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Louise & Mrs. & Mr. Stenlyel

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California. I cannot see why it should take so long but the time was six days each way. So that poor doleful letter is still at Port Townsend awaiting you.

The steamer Alaska leaves San Francisco tomorrow, so possibly this may be in time for you if you come down from the North this week - and if not, may be the birds or the winds will tell you after all; for surely Alaska must be the very first Eden of Berries, and the birds in it can not have forgotten the ancient lore of the first wild years.

Any way, since reading your Bulletin letter last Saturday, I have not fretted much about a poor lost starving wanderer, as it would seem that he has full command over the very nicest & most delicious fruit-

garden ever known!!

To mention Alhambra Chasselas' and Alexandrias would be utterly useless.

Indeed, I myself if I could have my own way, would feel awfully tempted to flee away from California drought, and waves of dust, dust, dust! but then the first October rain-storm would make me glad enough to come back home to the good old Land of Sunshine.

Like this I trust it will be with you also, if only the dear Lord guides you.

Ever your own,
Louie Strentzel.

September 9, 1879.
Post Office,
Martinez.