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1905-04-18

Letter from Geo[reg] Hansen to [Louie] Muir et al., 1905 Apr 18.

Georeg Hansen

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GEO. HANSEN
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT
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ADVISORY ARCHITECT TO PARK COMMISSIONS,
MUNICIPALITIES AND CEMETERY ASSOCIATIONS.

April 18th., 1905.

Dear Mrs. Muir, dear dwellers in Alhambra,

I hear the voice of our
Vesper-Bell, the hundred-years-and-more cowbell, in our belfry as I grate-
fully repeat the words

"Be ye all of one mind, have compassion one of another
love of brethern, be pityfull, be courteous"
and then, honestly, proclaim, like the good wife "they are too good to
us". For I no longer believe in "luck" and "happenings". I know it
was decreed that you packed these golden fruit when we eat the very last
of your former lot, that you should arrive with them here when the calen-
der reg-istred one more of my birthdays, and when another friend, like-
wise informed by Him, arrived in the mail with a precious book of Robert
Louis Stevenso-n's Wisdom.

This is the ^{Muir} second time of our lives that we have oranges "to eat".
Well do I remember my childhood days (ere the St. Gotthardt tunnel was
bored, and oranges were rarities) when a better-off n'ighbor now and again
sent a few oranges to our table; I do not recollect that "we" ever bought
any. I got to feel that oranges were the devil's fruit, too good to indul-
ge in, made only to tempt, to lure the man from the north/land to the
effeminating fields of a sunland. -- But times have changed, and I have
learned to bless the bough even of an orange. Blessed are you who can give
to such appreciative givers. And blessed are we who can pass on such gol-
den showers. NoB that we wish to report whose smiles have reflected in the
mirrors of gold; dream about it, and know not all. - But if you gene-
rous people wish to have a "golden" text, then turn to the ideal of hospita-
lity as given in second Kings 4, 8 & 10. And supplement it with the rea-
ding of a man who wrote about the Sequoias and, "turning in thither" tells
how the ranch-hand and hermit invited him to "chaw" apples while he had
the nightmeal under way. You then have my picture of hospitality and friend-
ship.

To tell you h-ow we are getting along, is done with three words: The
good wife is again making herself a dress. If I am well enough to give her
time and peace of mind for that, let us all say with the Shunammite wife
"It is all well". The thrush, today, sings her first note hereabouts

Love from

06222

Robert Muir