



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1913-01-07

Letter from Charlotte [H. Kellogg] to [John Muir], [1913 ?] Jan 7.

Charlotte H. Kellogg

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think that will haunt me
that picture of the well.

What to send Jean?

How absurd! You've sent
her a beautiful little white
bed to sleep in all through
the years in her little room.
It is all set aside in the city
ready to be shipped as soon as
the room is finished. And besides
that she has a nice little sum
put in the bank with "Christmas
from "Uncle John" Muir" written
at the side of it - so she will
know how it came when she
grows up. I wrote you how she asked
for you on the train - well, when we
got inside the cabin, she looked around
and then said, "Now, where's Uncle John?"
You are very often in her baby thoughts

and is sure to believe that he will
be with you
Dear friend
I don't ever dread of
building anything! You said
something about a bungalow
with the South. Perhaps the
South is different from the
North. But is it not
the coward? I
The dear letters I've thought
to you since getting that
lovely one of yours at
Carmel couldn't get written
just because of that wretched
house by here to move

205 7 Raymond Street
Pal Alto, 7th January

05348

He is searched by Huxley's trials in building - you remember them.

C 23

into this week, and which he shall probably inhabit some time later in March! Can you believe it?

Vernon has a more determined spirit than I have and can throw off all worry about these lesser things;

I almost get swamped in the wretched business.

This was a bad morning to write because with the cold and rain everything has quite stopped.

But I am Christian enough to be thankful for this rain.

C 23

What a sad time the poor South has had - all its lovely golden fruit spirits killed. I am so glad Helen's lamb was not there, and in oranges.

Have you suffered from the cold? Have you had a big fire, as I told you to? Jean and I climb the hill to try to build the house every day, except it rains.

I have just read to hurriedly but with great pleasure your article in this month's Atlantic.

Your experience in the well almost finished me. How cold

you go down day after day after day, chipping, and chipping and chipping!?