



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1913-03-13

Letter from Florence Willard to John Muir, 1913 Mar 13.

Florence Willard

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March 13, 1913.

Dear Mr Muir:

Ever since I came East, in the fall, I have intended to write you, but so many things have come up that must be done, and time has been so short that this is the first opportunity.

I wanted to tell you how very much beloved you are here. When I first came East I was ill and someone brought me a book to read, it was your 'Mountains of California'. When I mentioned that I knew the author I found myself quite the center of attraction. Everyone wanted to know what you were like, how you looked, what you did, and a thousand and one questions were fired at me. Of course I swelled 'wisibly', and tried not to look too proud. I've told them all about the delightful way your nose crinkles when you laugh, and about your woolly scotch rug that you used to wrap around you at Aunt Katharine's house, and about how you and John Burroughs tried to out-do each other at the banquet, and they always want to know more. So--- you see, they love you in the East, even if you belong to us in the West.

I enjoyed your 'life' in the Atlantic, because I remembered your telling me many of the things when I visited Aunt Katharine. I wish we might all be together again, it seems very hard to realize that Father will never be with us again. He enjoyed those weeks with you so much that I have always remembered you as one of our friends, even though we have lived so far apart.

Believe me, your loving friend,

Thomas Willard

10 Garden St.,

Cambridge, Mass.

05395