



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1900-09-04

Letter from Helen Muir to [John Muir], 1900 Sep 4.

Helen Muir

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Martinez, California.

September 4, 1900.

Dear Papa,

We have not heard from you for such a long time, I wonder where you can be, up in the beautiful mountains, I suppose in the snow storms and hoar frost, a long way from any P.O.

The weather has changed here, and we think maybe we will have some rain soon, the sky is dark and threatening, and wind howls out side, there is a fine mist too.

Last Saturday Wanda brought Gae Watson, one of the girls from School home with her, and we had a lovely little picnic in the afternoon over at Bear Creek fall in Briones hills, Hal and Eva Griffin, Mimmie Overfield, and Mrs. Hal Holman also went with us. It was a beautiful day, and we enjoyed it so

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much, there is not much water there now, but the banks looked green and cool.

Yesterday morning which was Monday, Wanda had to wait up at Muir till 7:30 for the 6:15 train, we sat on the ties and wondered why it did not come, and when it did come I had to flag it, it was lots of fun.

The reason the train was late, was because there is a bridge of the Santa Fe's that is broken, some where along the line, and they have to run their trains over the S.P. track from Bay Point to Stockton.

We are all well as usual except Aunt Margaret who has not been nearly so well lately.

Tom goes out hunting every day, but seems lonely, and still keeps coming in the house trying to find you.

Stickeen is well and lively, and races after sticks as well as ever.

The bridge over by Aunt Margaret's is being built over, and every one has to come around through here, we did not know before so many people lived in this part of the country and went driving every day, they sprinkled the road through here, so there is no dust.

The trestle is being painted the second time, it looks fine now.

Which Rail Road are you coming home on? Write and tell us when you are coming, and where you are, it has been about three weeks now that you have been gone.

Don't forget my crystals.

With love from all, your loving little girl,

Helen Muir.