



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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Letter from [Annie] Wanda [Muir] to [Louie S. Muir], [1901 Jul] 27.

Wanda Muir

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Sierra Club Camp

Friday evening 27

Dear Mama

As I am sending this letter out by the last party of the Club people I suppose will be the last one I can write you from up here we have not yet heard from you but I suppose we find several ^{letters} when we get to the Valley. We are all a perfectly beautiful time and are well and strong and always hungry, I have just finished a delicious of codfish, onions and camp bread. We are going to have trout-tonight. This morning we had a nice trip up Lamberts Dome, supposed to be rather hard climb but it seemed tame after the glorious ~~Tuolumne~~ ^{Tuolumne} Canyon, I can't possibly do in writing about that trip but I'll try and tell you some of the things I saw when I get home. I had the grandest time I have ever had and for all the walking I wanted and since I got back I have been treated here as if I had taken a trip to the top of the mountain rather than as one would expect to be who had simply taken a walk down a canyon, Mrs Price is the only other one who has been down there, she went even farther but took it much more slowly. The day before we made the hard trip a lot of us went to the bottom of the canyon about seven miles from here, intended camping there that night and going out in the morning but when they saw what the canyon looked like and the scarcity of blankets and gear all but four men and Papa and I backed out and went home, three of the ones who stayed left us went ~~down~~ as far as they could that night, then

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most of the way down the canyon the next day and then struck the Cathedral trail and got back to camp a day later than we did; a long, lank Kentuckian named Burkes, Papa and I stayed at the first camp that night and started down the canyon very early the next morning, tramped, slid or crawled as the case might be, all day over awful rocks and through fearful brush, saw the most wonderfully glorious views, had a grand storm in the afternoon got back to our night camp where the horses were at seven, and back here to the meadows about nine that same night, three tired but very happy mortals. All the people in camp at once tried to find things for us to eat, and built a big fire for us to get dry by, after I had had supper, I felt as well as ever and after having slept the sleep of the just that night would have been glad to do it again the next day, Papa and Mr Burkes were alright too although they stayed in camp and slept most of that day but the three others who went in did not know the way so well and were awfully tired, and scratched up by the rocks and brush.

Helen has gone on all the other trips and enjoys every minute she is here, we are going up on Unicorn Mountain tomorrow and she will tell you about that.

There are a great many pretty little squirrels and chipmunks all around camp, which are so gentle and full of curiosity that they will almost let you touch them, if you whisper to them they will listen with the greatest interest and enjoyment for half an hour or more at a time, their special