



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1902-11-25

Letter from Geo[rge] Hansen to [John Muir], 1902 Nov 25.

George Hansen

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Feb. Black 953.

ADVICE, SKETCHES, DESIGNS, OR FULL
WORKING PLANS FOR PRIVATE OR
PUBLIC GROUNDS, SQUARES,
CEMETERIES AND PARK SYSTEMS
CONTRACTS UNDERTAKEN IN ANY
PART OF THE COUNTRY

Geo. Hansen

Landscape Architect

Scenic Tract Berkeley Cal.

Novb. 25th., 1902.

My dear Sir

My last installment of "Baby Roland Booklets" printed and original leaves by even mail, I trust that you consider the entire lot the equivalent of your very kind order. I wish that more were being printed, and that you could receive a wider range of effects of my work. But if you are a man who fraternizes with the Sequoia, it is not the bulk that overawes you, it is the majesty. And so it shall be the sweetness of my booklets that assesses their worth.

I delight in the thought that my little bundle shall reach you on Thanksgiving day. I love to associate circumstances with feeling. When first away from mother and home, I used to open my family album at the sunrise of every Sunday, and other keepsakes were spread along with it on the fresh tablelinen of my room. May this package arrive in good time, and add to your feeling of Thanksgiving the mite of religiosity which I have instilled in the work.

Look over the booklet "In Company" where I invoke the spirit of my only sister to also guard him if my time down here should be up ere my father's duty could find full satisfaction. I had a fair day when I scribbled those lines, and I think they are as true as the hand, then, was steady. But the tight grip around the handles of my crutches makes them drawn out of shape, and the fingers, once able to draw and paint as

near to nature as men dare immitate God's handiwork, they now refuse, many a day, to sign the name beneath my typewriting. - I have a dear wish. I see by the papers that you are to be in Berkeley on Arberday. You know where Mr. Keeler lives. We are in the block next to him. Make a little circuit, and let me, once, see you face to face and let the warmth of your hand's touch stroke the face of the child " that God gave me to raise me when I was about to fall" .

Nov 18 1900

I am unfortunate in always seeing the shortcomings of others. Perhaps that it is no more than a mere difference in opinion, and that my self-opiniatedness prevents me from appreciating fully the efforts of others. I allude to the memorial for Joe Lecente, to be erected by our Sierra Club. Memorial. It seems to me that the people cannot get over the idea of combining something " churchy" with the thought of " memorial". The design looks to me like a chapel. Just think of the idea of men, men, the conceited men, attempting to erect a chapel inside of God's grand church that he built with such master stroke in the Yosemite. It would sound to me like a goat-bell around the neck of the quencew of the choicest band of stock. Is not in the smile of a face as much of prayer as in the long drawn mystery of a sister of mercy? - If you cannot agree with me, you, surely, will sympathize with me, in my sensitiveness.

I know you will be glad to know that the first piece of work has come to me after six months idleness. I have to be carried into the carriage, but I can " get there " and do what is required of me. I am to design and contract into choice residence lots for the Oakland Realty Syndicate. They promised me this four years ago, and they stick to me in spite of debility (in my nether parts). I shall start the work at New Years, when their contour survey is done. Mother will have flour, and the boy shall have jelly right along, and the salt I can gain when I hurry my face in the pillow where once the most noble hope rose to God's throne when the dreams of the night set in.

With a blessing " Thanksgiving " for your Home

Yours truly
John Hanson