



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

---

1908-03-28

**Letter from Cha[rle]s F. Lummis to John Muir, 1908 Mar 28.**

Charles F. Lummis

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

---

**Recommended Citation**

Lummis, Charles F., "Letter from Cha[rle]s F. Lummis to John Muir, 1908 Mar 28." (1908). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 5340.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/5340>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).



# The Southwest Society, Archaeological Institute of America

PRESIDENT, J. O. KOEPLI  
VICE-PRESIDENTS  
GEN. H. G. OTIS H. W. O'MELVENY DR. NORMAN BRIDGE  
TREASURER, W. C. PATTERSON CURATOR, DR. F. M. PALMER SECRETARY, CHAS. F. LUMMIS  
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE  
CHARLES CASSATT DAVIS JOSEPH SCOTT MARY E. FOY  
WM. H. BURNHAM JOHN D. BICKNELL J. A. FOSHAY  
BURT ESTES HOWARD J. A. MUNK J. H. MARTINDALE  
F. M. PALMER CHAS. F. LUMMIS  
JAMES SLAUSON

Los Angeles, Cal. March 28, 1908

Dear Muir:-

That is a gentle letter and very like you.

Thank you, all my sick folks are doing pretty well. Mrs. Lummis recovers slowly but steadily. Brave little Jordan who swam the seas for 9 minutes is none the worse for that, and has passed through his little job of mumps. I am glad of this, because I hate to have him out of my sight---I shall always carry like a scar that vision of the little white head bobbing among the whitecaps so hopelessly far away. Now that I have him alive again, I like to see him. I have taken him out of school and am carrying him around with me to make a man of him---meantime providing at home the little of letters that he needs.

Just to keep the hospital fresh, the baby has the mumps now---and is a pathetic little joke with his fat face chucked out on both sides. He is taking it harder than his elder brother, and is staying in bed, with Turbese watching over him like a hawk---or rather like a hen. I suppose she will have her turn next---there is quite an epidemic of this foolish disease.

My old troubadour is still in the hospital, but doing as well without a stomach as many of our friends do without

brains--- they having the advantage that there is no need of an amputation.

I am getting old enough to get tired---hut never Too Tired. My work always tastes good to me.

I am very glad that your little Helen has won out. Give her our love---and to Wanda also. You have had a long siege; I hope mine won't last as long.

I hope you will "make good" and <sup>that</sup> we shall see you before long. You always do me good. Try to make it so that you get here on a Saturday and have until Monday clear, and we will go down to the Jib-o-Jib and I will show you the burrow which is my retreat and safety at the week's end .

With love and good wishes to all of you,

Always,

Your Friend,

Chas. F. Sumner