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1908-11-18

Letter from J. E. Calkins to John Muir, 1908 Nov 18 .

J. E. Calkins

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[Calhoun]

Lordsburg Calif.

Nov. 18. 1908

My dear Mr. Muir:—

Your charming letter has too long awaited an answer.

I might have had the good manners to tell you how genuinely glad I am that you are at work on some of those things we talked about

when we had the honor of meeting you in your home. Oh,

I'm glad too that you have had a good restful summer, and good health, and that the dear girl is making progress toward better health.

May the kindly Providence that watches over the invalid have her in special keeping!

Good for "Stickeen"! How I

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E

shall rejoice to greet him in his new dress. I am confident that he will safely cross the crevasse that always yawns between a book and its public, and find a warm welcome on the other side.

But you must not let those journals lag or fail to come to completion.

I am certain that the people who read such tales are legion, and eager for your story to appear.

But whether you or Mr. Harrieman had most fun out of this summer's vacation I can't guess, not knowing Mr. Harrieman; only I can be persuaded, with no great difficulty, that he got the worth of his money.

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x

you can find a private  
article here, and you may  
rest firmly assured your  
welcome will be as warm  
as we shall know how to  
make it. It will feel to you  
a good deal like living in a  
bureau drawer, after the long  
freedom of the big old house  
at Martinez, but what we  
lack in roominess we should  
hope to make up to you in  
warm-heartedness. At your  
convenience. If you feel like  
coming to a poor place like  
this, among folk too simple  
and obscure to either help  
you or harm you, after  
rising in opulence in the  
palaces of the Caesars, why

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I am meeting with some  
success in coaxing my little  
bunch of orange and lemon  
trees to burgeon and bear,  
and I have shaken away  
the last of the old brain  
paralysis, I believe, that used  
to possess me, tending them.  
It is great medicine to get  
one's feet in the dirt, and come  
in to every meal covered  
with the grime and dust of toil.  
The country here is beautiful,  
the climate, especially in the  
winter, is delightful, the water  
is pure and soft, and the  
neighbors — some of them — are  
the finest folk on earth. If  
you want a sunny, summery,  
calm retreat from the fog  
and rain and mud of Martinez,

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then in Heaven's name come  
on when you please. Sometime  
in the Early winter we shall  
have (4) or (5) frost bitten Idians  
here for a week or so, but  
we can manage to miss their  
dates, in case it suits your  
Convenience to honor us  
with a bit of a stay, and  
the longer it is the happier we.

I hope you will let  
us hear what you are  
about this winter; what your  
work is, and what your  
itinerary. What are your  
plans for escaping the  
grip? If you ascend up  
to Heaven it is there, and if you

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make your bed in Hell it is  
there, and Hell is anywhere  
you happen to be when you  
have that miserable disease,  
but up here, they claim, it  
never ventures more than  
most briefly. I offer the  
suggestion. I am too wise  
to guarantee anything except  
gladness at our house to  
have you with us.

Mrs. C. sends her love  
to you, and she very hopes  
some day to know you.  
I desire to see you for much, but  
I hope and pray that this may  
be one of your best winters

Sincerely yours,

J. B. Cochrane

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