



1909-07-30

## Letter from Katharine Hooker to John Muir, [1909 ?] Jul 30.

Katharine Hooker

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243  
I went out into the  
forest, by its light, away  
from the sound of the  
camp. There is but a  
shelf between the lake  
and the cliffs and peaks  
in this place and the  
trees are nobly tall and  
straight as they climb  
from the water's edge  
upward. But at night  
they become great, majestic  
pillars that support the  
silent, sparkling sky  
overhead. I lay a  
long time among the  
ferns at the foot of  
one of these mighty columns

243  
Emerald Bay,  
Lake Tahoe, Cal  
July 30<sup>th</sup>.

My dear Mr. Linn  
I wonder if you  
are still in these mountains  
or whether you have  
left them to return  
home and brood those  
manuscripts that need  
to be made ready for  
the printer.

Marion and I are  
here, in a region that  
you must know,  
enjoying the loveliness  
of it, but in a less



active way <sup>C23</sup> than usual;  
not taking my tramps  
for she is not yet  
up to her usual energy  
and must save her  
strength for the coming  
hardest year of college  
work. My brother and  
his family are with us  
and he is one of the  
true lovers of mountains,  
coming to them every  
year for his vacation.

You also are frequently  
with us both in thought  
and in something more  
nearer, for we carry  
"The Mountains of California"

with us, and refresh our  
minds with your descrip-  
tions of the trees as  
we renew our acquaintance  
with them. Yesterday  
my brother came back  
to camp from the  
top of a nine thousand  
foot mountain, bringing  
the most exquisite branch  
of your hemlock spruce  
I ever saw - covered  
with ~~purple~~ cones of the  
richest purple.

Just now we have the  
added splendor of  
a full moon, and last  
night about ten o'clock



[83]

Affectionately yours  
Katharine Hooker

2 [53]

following it with my  
eyes above the height  
of a cathedral, where  
it disappeared into the  
shadow of its crown.  
There was such quiet  
everywhere, not even the  
note of an insect, only  
the sound of a distant  
waterfall which came  
to my ears like the  
sea or the murmur  
of the wind in the  
tree tops. But there  
was no wind and  
the moon shadows  
never moved - everything

04551



stood with the fixedness<sup>(6)</sup>  
of a picture in the clear  
atmosphere of these  
nights. If it had been  
less deeply solemn, its  
beauty would have  
brought the tears.

I wish you were  
with us, or that we  
could have gone with  
you, but this year  
your wanderings  
would have been too  
much for Marion.  
We shall be here a  
week longer and then

go back to<sup>(7)</sup> San Francisco  
for a while, to my  
brother's house. Let  
me hear from you,  
whether you had a  
successful trip, how  
you are, and if  
Helen keeps well and  
happy upon the  
beloved desert.

My address here will  
be % Osgood Putnam,  
3633 Jackson St.  
San Francisco.

Marion sends you  
her love.