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Letter from John Muir to Helen [Muir Funk], 1911 Mar 31.

John Muir

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Los Angeles, Cal., March 31, 1911.

325 West Adams Street;

Darling Helen:-

I was so glad to get your postal and letter telegram, and your letters of March 29th^{& 28th}, all of them assuring me that you were well and growing stronger in the blessed desert air.

One thing I want to warn you about, and that is against the baby taking cold. You know that he has been breathing air of a regular temperature ever since he was born, until you suddenly ~~take~~^{took} him up to an elevation of 2000 feet and into a house, which, unless you exert extreme care, you cannot keep anywhere near an even temperature, making it all the more necessary that you guard against having him too thinly covered, [✓] ~~or~~ against draughts. Your house, with its thin walls, is easily heated by the sun, and chilled by the wind at night. You cannot therefore be too careful. And again, remember what I told you about boiling all the water that you drink. If these things are watched and attended to with eternal vigilance I have not the slightest doubt but what you will all thrive.

As for myself, I am all right, but already feeling lonesome in not having you where I could walk to you in your room at the hospital, and also feeling that in a week or two I must be on my way east. You know I never like to travel, and somehow I feel less and less inclined to leave home than ever. Still, I must do the best I can. I will have an easy trip to New York anyhow. Do not know when I will get back.

I gave Mrs. Jones your message. Also Mrs. Thompson; and soon I will see Mrs. Sellers. All who know you send love.

Don't forget to write. I will send you word when I leave here, so you may direct your letters to the old home.

Ever your devoted father,

John Muir

*Hope Tom will come
round by & by*