



1912-05-17

Letter from Katharine Hooker to [John Muir], [1912 ?] May 17.

Katharine Hooker

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Alpine Parrot

Mt. Lane, May 17

My dear friend

I expected to have
been in San Francisco
before now, getting that
little shelter we call the
"Woodshed" into order for
occupation, but instead
a bandit has me
imprisoned in this
fastness of the mountains!
Last Friday Ogden and his
wife arrived in Los
Angeles, on their way to
find a little altitude

and a measure of warmth,
 for a week's stay. Alfred
 has been ill, running down
 fast lately and having
 almost continuous head-
 aches, such as he is always
 subject to. A little respite
 was necessary. I accom-
 panied them up here
 meaning to go back
 with affairs in L.A. and
 go north promptly - but
 I was laid violent hands
 on and compelled to
 remain! So here I am
 and the Bandit does
 not say when I am
 to be released. Bring

kind of the said Bandit
 I succumb, yet I will
 make my own plans to
 proceed with follows
 down below.

Just as I came away,
 my book from you
 arrived, and the two
 illustrations look very
 nice, if I do say it, as
~~obvious as the sun~~ When I
 read the inscription on
 the fly leaf I say to
 myself, says I - "Very
 nice but not as
 affectionate as it might

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re. ^{CH}Primity house, I
discovered that little V
upon which I smiled.

Broadly and was satisfied.

Yes - as you imply, this
is a bewildering world
and friends are always
getting scattered - losing
the trail, being turned
aside, torn apart,
emphatically divided
duties. How are we to
mend it!

I do trust your erud
is better. You have to
pursue too much
among dusty things
Affectionately
Katharine