



1912-07-30

Letter from John Muir to Katharine Hooker, 1912 Jul 30.

John Muir

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

Recommended Citation

Muir, John, "Letter from John Muir to Katharine Hooker, 1912 Jul 30." (1912). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 6314.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/6314>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the John Muir Correspondence 1856-1914 at 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.

Martinez, July 30, 1912

Dear Katharine Hooker. I don't believe you half know how glad good tidings from you make me. Your interesting excursion to the edge of Mexico is so full of good things it might easily be enlarged to a magazine article that would be more readable than anything I could write on Africa or South America. Motoring over oak-dotted valleys and little mountains with a crowd of admiring friends and a shovel and coffee pot, drowsing the engine in a small San Diego Amazon, scrambling down precipices etc must have been picturesque & exciting and not altogether dangerless. But it's well known nothing can stop you in love-work for friends.

I too have been on a crooked high & low gasoline trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco, by way of Santa Barbara, Paso Robles, the giant Forest of the Kaweah, and Yosemite, a long journey which accounts for delay in reply to your letter.

A trip to Alaska or anywhere with Ellie and Maude would be according to my own heart Fate however seldom allows hearts to have their own way. Just now from every direction

grim work is staring me hard in the
face crying "it will soon be dark," and
urging concentration and haste. And
alas the advice seems reasonable.

I'm in my little library den
looking over notes, plotting and
planning and trying to get the lonely
old house into something like order
though how long I'll stay in
it I dinna ken, or where I'll settle
and cease from wandering.
Good bye With love to all Your blessed clan

John Muir