

CHARLES KELLOGG

THE
NATURE SINGER
HIS BOOK

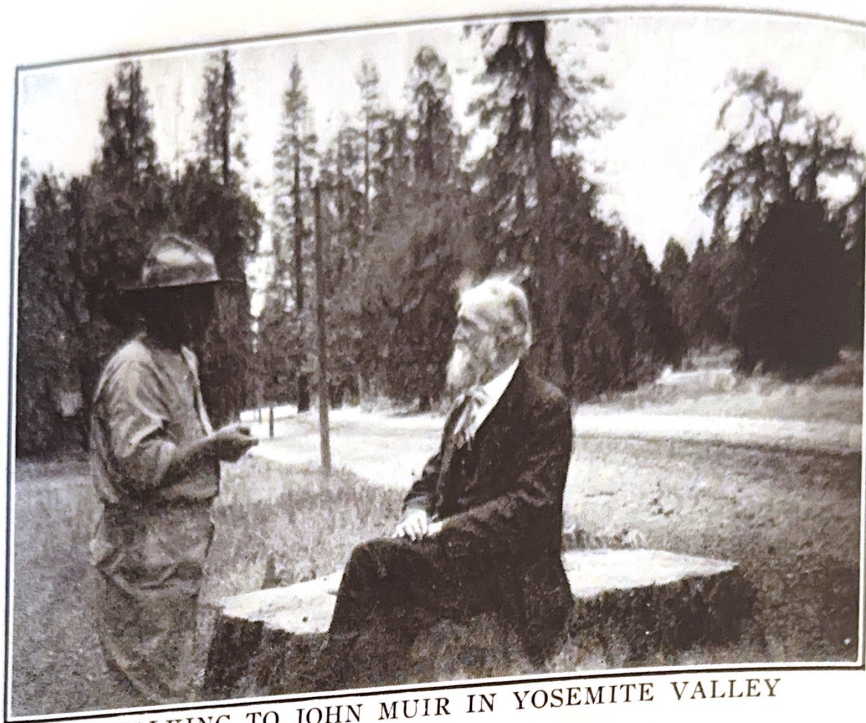
OVER ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



TILE: "THE FOREST SINGS"
DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR BY DR. HENRY C. MERCER

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TALKING TO JOHN MUIR IN YOSEMITE VALLEY



THE SAME SPOT IN 1929

WITH JOHN MUIR IN THE YOSEMITE.

WHEN I met that great Californian, John Muir, the first time, I felt he represented the crags and spaces of the mountains he so loved. I had spent some months with John Burroughs and the contrast was interesting. Burroughs was, to my mind, a gentler, more loving naturalist—Muir, rugged virile and fearless. It has been a great privilege to have known both wonderful men.

My last time with John Muir was in his beloved Yosemite, and the last nights around the Awahnee campfire we each took charge of an evening assembly. I had walked into the valley 111 miles from Sonora via Tuolumne, and had passed through the Hetch Hetchy. I was fired with enthusiasm for its beauty and expressed it. Muir answered with tears in his eyes that the political vandals were proposing to dam the entire valley and use the water for the "dear babies of San Francisco." "Yes," he said with vehe-

mence, "they would drown the valley and blot out all that beauty and the politicians would divide the plunder!" He knew it was the water-power they were after and not primarily drinking water for San Francisco.

At that time I was writing the story of "Peter Jump and Squatty," and in talking it over with Mr. Muir, I said for many days I had been trying to put into words how I induced Squatty to come across the trail and into my tent. I could not seem to do it satisfactorily so that the reader might get a picture of it. Muir stopped me and said, "Don't be in a hurry, it took me thirty years before I could get Stickeen across that narrow ice bridge." The next day I read "Stickeen" again and I felt sure it was worth thirty years to wait for such a masterpiece.

Around the fire that night, Mr. Muir asked me if a fire could be produced from two pieces of redwood off the same piece. I said I thought it could be done. Mr. Muir selected the stick of wood from the great pile of wood ready for the camp fire. He stood close to me and encouraged me while I rubbed with my bow—many minutes of vigorous work. Of course, I used no tinder or punk—the fire was created and blazed out from just the two sticks. My reward was a hearty hand-shake from Mr. Muir as the campfire assembly applauded.