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1905-05-01

Letter from Wanda [Muir] to [Louie Strentzel Muir], [1905 May].

Wanda Muir

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Somewhere in Nevada
Saturday Morning [May, 1905]

Dear Mama:

We got started safely last night and are having just the very best possible time. The weather is perfect and as there are only two other people in the car besides us four, we have lots of room, and everything just our own way. We have been enjoying the most beautiful views all morning. I hadn;t the least idea that we would see so much really truly mountain country. When I woke up this morning we were still in the snow sheds and the car was stuffy and headachy. I couldn't see much, but as soon as I got the window open (much to the porter and conductor's horror), I knew that we were in the mountains for the air had a delicious, snowy snap about it that I never felt anywhere else. I forgot all about the stuffiness in my head and have been in a constant state of healthy rejoicing ever since even though we are down in the sagebrush country now.

I didn't expect the trip to be so much fun, but its perfectly fine. There was lots of snow around Truckee and that and the sight of the blue mountains gave me a hard attack of mountain craze, just when I thought I was going to be intently civilized. We opened all the windows and enjoyed ourselves tremendously, but the conductor still thinks we are considerably crazy because we prefer wind off the snow to Pullman car bad air. Maybe we are queer, but we are having a much better time than the lady in the drawing room section who is afraid of drafts, wears diamonds and says in regard to things in general ''that it's such a bore, don't you know.''

It;s time for lunch now so I'll stop and write again tomorrow.

Lovingly,
Wanda

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