

It was about ten oclock when the Gila group got off at Casa Grande.

From 10 a.m. Sunday to 3 p.m. - Shiro took us to Car #8. We talked, played bridge, etc. We reached El Paso Texas a little before noon. The end table was reserved for the blackjack players and where Inez and the Mano's were situated was the bridge table. After lunch I was attempting to play a hand and along comes Dr. Burg, who started to kibitz for me - I finally didn't know what I was doing. I was like a robot going thru the motions because on top of becomming nervous I had stomache cramps. The afternoon was the last time I played bridge on the train. We were lucky to have a good train commander, a nice train doctor and kind M.P.s.

Mondays breakfast was delayed because in San Antonio our S.P. diners were changed to those of Missouri Pacific. From Mojave desert in California to San Antonio, Texas the scenery was much the same; vast plains with sagebrush, cactus plants, yucca plants growing like a crop of unruly whiskers. From San Antonio eastward we saw more greenery - more diversity in the scenery. People and towns became more numerous. We passed a mammoth airport in the suburbs of San Antonio. Austin was a very beautiful capitol. In Texas the segregation of the white and colored persons was evident. It was the first time I had visualized this distinction in actuality. To a Californian of cosmopolitan background it seems odd.

Never have I seen so many oil derricks as I did in one section of Texas - literally hundreds of them. It was a sight, really. All day Monday Helen and I parked ourselves in the washroom compartment and watched the scenery, sang, laughed, and talked. Nothing particularly exciting, but it was nice.

On November 3rd- we arrived here. I didn't realize the train could rock so much. I know better now. We can at least talk as though we're veteran travelers now.

This ends a rough picture of our memorable trip -I didn't know just how minute the details should be to interest you. I'll be glad to enlighten you if you should care to know. I kept a few notes.

As to what happened since 9 a.m. Nov. 3rd I'll save the information for the next letter. Warmest regards to you and your family.

Atsuko.