

Santa 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 capital. In Texas the segregation of the white and the colored persons were evident. It was the first time I had visualized this distinction in actuality. To a Californian of such cosmopolitan background it seems odd.

Never had I seen so many oil derricks as I did in one section of Texas - literally, hundreds of them! It was a sight, really. All the day Monday Helen and I "parked" ourselves in the wash room 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. It 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