

like that for a long time. It took us until Fowler to regain our composure.

It was good to see the countryside once again. Cows in the pasture, vineyards and orchards, the farm houses basking in the late October sun, the faint outline of the Sierras in the distance, all had a peaceful and quieting effect. I somehow felt that liberty is something dearest then we realize under ordinary circumstances. All along the trip the feeling stayed with me. If not for anything else, the trip was of value to me.

About 5.53 we passed Kingsburg and as we went over Kings(?) River (near Kingsburg anyway) I tried to guess which might be your ranch. But first meal on the train was at 6.15 that evening. He walked through about 6 cars to go to the dining car every time and on the way we of course would see many friends as we did so. The porters were very nice and the meals were very good.

I'm sure that you heard about our berths from Helen. On the first night when she and I slept in together on the lower - we woke up in the middle of the night and talked for about half an hour.

On the second day of our trip we saw the Salton Sea. Also on this day we made our first visit to Car #8 where most of our friends were located. He did it legitimately through a sergeants approval. 2.04 P.M. mountain time and so long California - we were