

in Yuma, Arizona. It was about ten o'clock when the Gila group got off at Casa Grande.

From 10 P.M. Sunday to 3 P.M. - Alvin took us to Car #8. He talked, played bridge, etc. He reached El Paso Texas a little before noon. The end table was reserved for the black jack players and where Inez and the Monas 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 becoming nervous I had stomach cramps. That 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.T.s.

Monday's 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