

were located. He did it ~~un~~legimately through a sergeant's approval. 2:04 P.M. - Mountain time - and so long California - we were in Yuma, Arizona. It was about ten o'clock when the Tula group got off at Casa Grande.

From 10 a.m. Sunday - to 3 P.M. - Shiro 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 Manos were situated - was the bridge table. After lunch I was attempting play a hand and along comes Dr. Burg, who started to fibitz ^{for} me, I finally didn't know what I was doing. I was like a robot going through the motions because on top of becoming nervous I had stomach cramps. That afternoon was the last time I played bridge on the train. It was lucky to have a good train commander, a nice train doctor and kind M.P.'s.

Monday's breakfast was delayed because in San Antonio our S.T. diners were changed to those of Missouri Pacific. From Mohave 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