It was good to see the countryside once again. Cows in the pastures, 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 dearer than 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 (R) River (near Kingsburg, anyway) I tried to guess which might be your ranch. Our first meal on the train was at 6.15 that evening. We walked through about 6 cars to go to dining cars every time and on the way we, of course, would see many friends as we do 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 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