

our midnight lunch. We went back to the hotel and went to bed. as we were supposed to get up about seven o'clock in the morning and be at the train at eight o'clock.
(Dan Blair)

Saturday. January 2, 1943

The phone rang and it turned out that we were about 45 minutes late as the desk clerk had forgotten to call us at the right time.

We rushed downstairs and grabbed a taxi for the station. We arrived to find that we were in plenty of time to catch the train so we got a chance to eat a bite of breakfast.

There were a number of soldiers on the train and it was ^{very} crowded but we managed to get seats. We played bridge much of the way to Kansas City where we arrived about 2:30 in the afternoon.

We had dinner in the Harvey House at Union Station. It sure seemed to get back we Americans live and eat some mid-western cooked food. They even had ordinary bread on the tables instead of hard rolls which had been a constant bread diet since we had gotten to Detroit about ten days before.

Several of the Kansas City boys called their folks or went out to see them as we had about an hour