

to bomb.

At six o'clock we pulled into Pittsburgh, Penn. which I believe can easily be called the dirtiest city in the world. We had only thirty minutes here to catch a bit in the union station and to change trains to our pullman. At six thirty we were on our way again.

It was dark by this time so most of us settled down to playing cards or reading. It was New Year's eve but you would never have known it on our car. The doors were locked at both ends. About the only exciting thing that happened all evening was when Ray Evans swipped three whiskey bottles from the colored porter. We all turned in at eleven o'clock, not one staying up to see the New Year in. It

Friday - January 1, 1942.

Friday morning I awoke, glanced at my watch and thought I had surely been left on the train as it real eleven thirty, and the train was due in St. Louis at nine o'clock. But I found out that the train of an hour later and also that the night before instead of setting my watch behind an hour I had set it up an hour so I was two hours ahead of time.

We caught a street car out to the Kingsway Hotel where we were to stay, after having breakfast at the Harvey House in the station.

Here we met the S. Calif. boys again as usual. We cleaned up and got some fresh air for a couple of hours