

Lunch

(18.)

~~Breakfast~~ was served at 10 o'clock. We couldn't get in the diner till late because of the crowd; so we just ate a couple of ham sandwiches and drank a cup of coffee. Some of the fellows had milk, and a few had orange juice. We were promised a big meal when we got to N.Y. City; so we didn't mind particularly.

After lunch we went back to our card playing; there didn't seem to be anything else to do. Later in the afternoon Charley Black was playing cards and someone gave him a hot-foot which burned a hole in a new pair of \$10. shoes. Charley was sure burned up in more than one way. To top it off he came back to our card game and blamed it on to me, and as far as I know he still thinks I did it and should pay to get them fixed.

We followed the Hudson River from Albany to N.Y. City. From the train between these two points we saw West Point Academy nestled among the hills along the ~~Hudson~~ banks of the Hudson. The river was covered with ice, but as we neared N.Y. City it wasn't quite as cold and the river wasn't frozen over. As we came to the outskirts of N.Y. City we saw the George Washington Bridge, Columbia U. Stadium, The Polo Grounds, and also the Yankee Stadium.

On the train I met an interesting young lady who was very nice. She was a remarkable conversationalist. Her name was Miss Maria A. Fassoulis and worked for the U.S. Tariff Commission in Wash. D.C. I asked her to ask Ray Evans for his autograph, and the funny thing about it is that she didn't hesitate a bit. When she asked Ray, I've never seen anyone so embarrassed in my life.

The train arrived in N.Y. City about 5:45 P.M. and we got off at the Grand Central Station. We went out of station on 42nd Street and caught the street which went down 43rd Street to Broadway, up Broadway past