

MY DAILY LOG

The day of our departure, Dec. 23, a final basketball practice was called for 9:00 A.M. sharp to enable the players to have plenty of opportunity to catch the 1:00 P.M. Streamliner. Because of the delinquency of the players in arriving for practice on time, the train nearly left without the Kansas Team. At the station to see the team off, as well as to bid goodby to Dean Lawson, who was on his way to a meeting in Cleveland, were Mrs. Malott and her three children.

Once safely on the train the trip settled down into card games and conversations with the passengers. One of the card games was a bridge game between Bob Allen and John Kline, on one side, and Bob Johnson and Bill Hogben on the other. Hogben later demanded a new player; so Arnold was switched for Johnson who was accused of faulty passing and promptly placed on the bench.

In Kansas City the team stopped off to have their pictures taken before continuing Chicagoward. At Kansas City an 11-year old little girl, named Connie Herbert, got on the train with her small red-haired brother who was "osmost five" as he explained when questioned. They immediately proceeded to capture the hearts and monopolize the entire conversations of the basketball players.

Toward the end of the first day's journey some of the boys went back to the club car where an inebriated gentleman, who lived in Chicago, but who spent much of his time in Kansas City, assured the boys that Kansas was a cinch to beat Fordham, Temple, and Loyola, but "all I'm worried about ish Oklahoma," he said.

Arriving in Chicago at 9:30, we were whizzed across town at the risk of our lives in yellow cabs and finally came to the Allerton Hotel. A 20minute walk ensued a fter which some of the boys bought Chicago malts, which gave them their first reason to wish they were home again. Then to bed, eight good hours of sleep, and then, no doubt, another rush for a train in the morning.