

① Bill Forsyth

Hotel Philadelphian

DANIEL CRAWFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN'L. MGR.



NEAREST TO
CONVENTION HALL
FRANKLIN FIELD
UNIV. OF PENNSYLVANIA

CHESTNUT AT THIRTY-NINTH ST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

EVERGREEN 9000

NEAR NEW MAIN STATIONS OF
PENNA. AND B. & O. RAILROADS
ALSO PHILADELPHIA AIRPORT

We finally ended up on the subway to South Ferry. ~~On~~ On the way down on the subway we talked with some sailors who told us some of the high points of the navy. We were very interested because all three of us were in the navy reserves. Our plan was to walk up from South Ferry to Wall Street, but we decided to take the Staten Island ferry which passed by the statue of liberty.

Of course we couldn't see the statue very well but it was possible to see it. The only light on it was on the top of the torch in the hand. Besides the statue we saw many ~~convoy ships~~ or cargo ships waiting for the convoy to pull out of port. All of them had guns sticking out from many places. It made ~~you~~ you think ^{twice} when you saw all the ships, guns, etc. New York has had more of a war atmosphere than any other city we have been in.

RADIO IN EVERY ROOM

SELECT FOR YOUR NEXT CONVENTION A HOTEL COMPLETELY EQUIPPED FOR CONVENTIONS IN A CONVENTION CITY
SEE AMERICA FIRST — START IN PHILADELPHIA

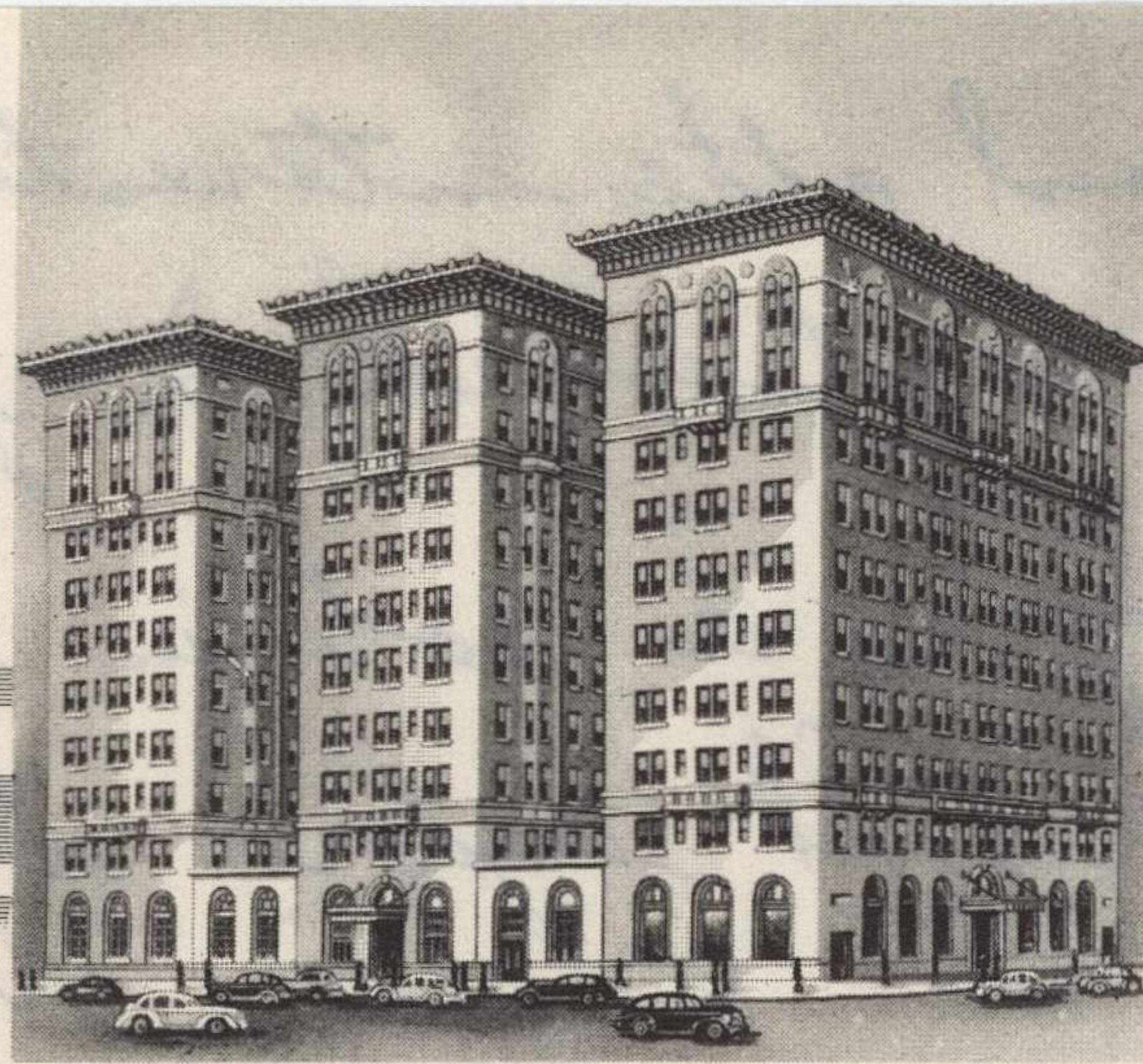
On the way back from the island we could see the dark shapes of the buildings on Wall St. sticking way up into the air, dark sky.

After landing we walked up eight blocks to Wall St. with Trinity Church at its head. It was quite a sight for us. We ^{saw} ~~say~~ the sub-treasury building, Henry Morgan building, the stock exchange, and others. At that time of the morning we were almost the only people persons on the street and the tall buildings ~~reaching~~ ~~up~~ with their massive walls, the comparative quietness of the place, and the darkness made you feel as little as a ~~mouse~~ flea.

In getting back to the Hotel Belvedere where we were staying, we got on a subway and eventually after a round about trip got back to the Hotel, pretty late.

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Dec. ~~30~~ 29 - Tues.

Was called at nine. Ate breakfast in Hotel cafe and then with the rest of the boys went down to Rocher Fellow Center. We were going to the Radio City Music Hall, but there was such a ^{line} crowd we didn't have ^{time} to wait, so we started over to the broadcasting building to take a tour of the broadcasting system. On the way we looked down into the promenade between the two buildings and saw people ^{ice} skating on a rink. In the summer time this place is a beautiful cafe.

When we arrived to where we were going to take the tour, we first ~~at~~ went into a wonderful museum. In there we saw an English Spitfire, a German Messerschmitt, and many other fighting weapons of the war besides non war things, which were very interesting. After spending much time in there we went on the sight seeing tour. On this tour we saw the air cleaning system, the television sets, the sound effect system, the broadcasting

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studios, and other interesting features of the National and blue network. In fact I was accused of getting up and singing a solo in the 90's ~~new~~ Gay 90's night club the night before, by a sight seeing man from Iowa.

At two we went back to the Hotel, ate, and went down to Penns. station to take the train to Philadelphia. After riding for 2 hours, in which time most of us slept, we pulled into Philadelphia and took a taxi to the Philadelphian Hotel, where Doc. gave us 75¢ to eat dinner on. After eating and fooling around a bit we went to bed, plenty tired.

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HOTEL
KINGS-WAY

ON KINGS HIGHWAY
OVERLOOKING FOREST PARK
SAINT LOUIS

Wednesday - ³⁰/₂₃, 1942

Got up at 9:30, ate breakfast, then went to my room and read a paper until two, at which time we ate dinner lunch. After lunch we went back to our rooms and slept till five or listened to the radio. Each room had an individual radio in it. We sure did like that a lot.

After eating our toast and tea or coffee, we went to Doc's room for a pow-wow, then over to the municipal auditorium on Penno. University campus to the game. The first five were really going good - Dixon, Schnell, Ray Evans, Bueshor, and black Black - the final score was 63 to 39 in our favor. There wasn't much to it, but that was our best game so far.

WHEN IN KANSAS CITY STAY AT HOTEL LA SALLE

After the game we - Messel, Ballard, Furness,
and myself fooled around the lobby of the
Hotel and, ⁱⁿ our rooms for a long time, dis-
cussing and bulling. At about 2:30 we
decided to get go to bed.

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ON KINGSHIGHWAY
OVERLOOKING FOREST PARK

SAINT LOUIS

Thurs. 31, 1943

Were called at 7:00. Dressed, ate in hotel cafe and took taxis to main station of Philadelphia. After Doc had bought us a class of orange juice, we boarded the train for Pittsburg.

It was a very uneventful day. Hot foots were barred. Almost everybody slept. Those that didn't sleep played cards.

An interesting scene was the great horseshoe formed by the railroad track we went were going up into the mountains. We could see the track way off above us on the other side of

WHEN IN KANSAS CITY STAY AT HOTEL LA SALLE

the deep canyon and after awhile when we were on this track look down to where we were. It is very seldom that you see a horseshoe horse shoe formed by a railroad line, at least not from my view point.

On going into Pittsburg we saw many factories and steel mills. They had all been halted in operation by the flood that had arisen the day before. The flood waters had stopped many plants valuable to the war effort.

at Pittsburg station we had twenty minutes in which to eat and get on our pullman in which we would spend the night. Doc gave ^{each of} us 75¢ to eat with and we all ran into the Harvey House and managed to eat in this time except for Otto and Dixon who became lost and, if the train would have started on time, ^{would have} been left behind.

on the pullman we had a merry time. For the first part of the evening

(15) ~~15~~ Bill Forsyth



I studied on Spanish, but it became a little too noisy for me. In the car with us was a woman and about six other men. One of these men as the evening wore on became very tight. In fact he was beginning to blubber when we went to bed. Everybody was drinking except the basketball team. Our pleasure consisted of kidding this man that was feeling the best. We gave him hot foot after hot foot and told him West Virginia, his home state was no good. He was really proud of West Virginia. The car was in an uproar for about two hours. Then the porters had our beds fixed so we turned in to spend New Year's Eve in bed from 10:30 to

WHEN IN KANSAS CITY STAY AT HOTEL LA SALLE

9:30 the next morning. The Southern
Cal. boys were lucky enough to get
in with a bunch of soldiers and they
really whooped it up & guess from what
they said, women and all.

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Jan. 1, 1943

arrived in St. Louis at 9:30, ate breakfast in the Harvey House and took a bus to the Hotel. In getting up you should have seen us. Everybody was running around in the car without any clothes on, getting into everybody else's hair, and in general it was a mad-house.

Of course we had to lug our grips and bags four or five blocks to the bus stop which wasn't fun. You should have heard Black bitch. It was funny. He is always bitching about something. It is ~~common~~ interesting to listen to him.

When we arrived at Hotel "Phog", Dean Mesmith and myself roomed together. At first we washed ~~and~~ ^{the things} laid around until two when we ate ~~dinner~~ ^{lunch}. Bill Johnson, one time great at N.U. was with us most of this time. He

is a great fellow.
after ~~the~~ lunch & tried in vain to get a radio to

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listen to the bowl football games, but did all the radios were checked checked out. So after Phog had talked to all of us and we all met John Bueshor's folks. I sat down and wrote a letter.

At five we ate dinner which consisted of tea and toast, then went to our rooms to get our clothes for the game. At 6:30 we took taxis over to the game. Dixon, Snelly, Evans, Bueshor, and Black climbed in a cab and an intoxicated woman invited herself to ride with them. She jumped in the cab and tried to "neck" all five of them. Of course when she tried to kiss Ray he blushed very much. They got off out of the taxi a block from the arena so that they could get rid of the liquor smell before they arrived.

The game was very much in our favor. The first team really beat St. Louis U. bad, 10-25 Southern Cal. Beat Washington U. too. After the game we tried to get a cab but to no avail, so we took the streetcar to the Hotel, ate, and then went to bed, that is I did. Most of the boys went out to celebrate our trip.

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Jan. 2, 1943

Everybody was supposed to get up at 6:00 to so that we would have two hours to catch the train but the telephone operators operator didn't call us up so we got up at 7:30. Almost everybody jumped right out of bed and started to dress in a hurry but a few were so sleepy they couldn't make it. In fact Dean had to yank Turnes out of the bath tub.

We went down to the taxi stand and got taxis and got down to the station at ten till eight. The train was standing there so we rushed in and put our bags in some seats. It is very lucky we did this because when the train pulled out there were many standing in the aisle.

~~After~~ After we put our bags in our seats we found out we had time to eat so we hurriedly ran into the Harvey House and ate a

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breakfast, after which we boarded the train for home.

Many of the boys played pitch, but for myself I slept most of the way ^{to N.C.} With finals coming a little sleep wouldn't hurt anybody. Charley Black tried to build a bonfire under Chuck Elliot but "Chuck" woke up just in time.

When we arrived in N.C. we ate in the Harvey House there at 3:00. At which time I met Gerald M. Clinton, a fraternity brother who was in N.C. looking after business. After lunch I went up to the war veterans memorial above the station and enjoyed it very much.

At five we departed from N.C. with a large crowd and arrived in Lawrence in Lawrence at six after a wonderful trip. It is a trip that I as well as ~~the~~ all as the other boys will remember all ~~their~~ ^{their} life, all made possible by one of the greatest coaches ⁱⁿ of the U.S.A., Doctor Forrest C. Allen.

December 22 —

as usual we had to rush down to the station in Lawrence to catch the train to Chicago — and as usual the train was late. Not much happened on the way to Chicago because the boys slept most of the time. Although Buscher did entertain the boys part of the time with his radio. A friendly "half-pint" sized sailor nick named Black "Lanky." Buscher also acquired a new name on this trip, and if you ask me it's a good one — "One by One Skinner Buscher" — the idea developed from a radio program.

A few of the boys got the hot-foot while sleeping — Fitzpatrick being the first, then Short, Knoll, Turner, and Hammit followed — quite a kick out of this. The steaks in Chicago were really good, but I wished I hadn't ordered the second. Oh yes! I must not forget the wonderful salami sandwiches we had on the train, but that garlic was too much for me. A couple of Army Officers offered me a drink, but Dr. Allen was around so I couldn't go the round. Oh-hummmmm, I'm sleepy and I'm going to bed — see you tomorrow. Good night!!!

December 23 —

Back but I hated to get up this morning. That Hammit acts so tough unless he wakes us up, but he better be careful, some morning I'm going to jump up and pop him one. The train ride to Detroit was swell — probably the best train ride

ever seen. Blair, McSpodden, and Short seemed to be doing alright with the two girls in the club car, but McSpodden was making the most head way. The Alumni Banquet, in Detroit, was swell and we met a lot of interesting alumni members. They say Chicago is a windy city, but I'd say Detroit is first in my opinion. Well, I'm getting sleepy again so I'll hit the hay. Good night.

December 24 -

Sleep was pretty good while it lasted. Block and Breacher kept us awake with their nutty cracks, but anyway it was fun. Basketball practice this morning didn't go so well - maybe it was the breakfast we didn't have. Anyway we got steak for dinner. If we don't eat today we can get shall full meals tomorrow. Fitzpatrick, Block, Breacher, and myself^{ate} at the the Detroit A.C. as guest of Frank Rising. We met Mert Briggs brother of the owner of the Detroit Tigers ball club at the club. We just call him Mert ~~could be~~ didn't like the master and sir stuff. Mert bought us a coke and talked to us quite a while. He is a grand person and was in a Christmas mood as were the other men at the club. After dinner we attended shower down town. I just got back from the shower and I'm ready for bed.

Block and Breacher are still red-hot on their nutty cracks. I think I can get a good night's sleep tonight if Fitzpatrick doesn't sleep on my side of the bed. Well anyway, good night gang and a Merry Christmas.

December 25 -

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Believe it or not its Christmas. We left for Buffalo at 8:15 this morning ~~and~~ ^{we} crossed over to Canada to ride down to Buffalo. Buescher entertained me with his rudo on the train until it ran out of juice. Before breakfast the players presented NeSmith with a present (billfold) to show their appreciation for all the things he has done for the team - a true friend of the players if there ever was one. The show in Buffalo was swell, but short, Fitzpatrick, Kissell, and McSpodden had to be different and go to a burlesque. That turkey dinner was great but I could go through another one just like it - ditto for the team. Jack "Sho-nuff" Ballard made quite a hit with the girls in Buffalo with his southern talk. Skinner Buescher fell sick today cause he left his new skis in Detroit.

McSpodden and a few of the boys played a trick on short and hid his pants, and short thought he left them in Detroit also. Dean is giving the boys a sub. dinner now so I guess I'll go to bed, good night - Oh hummmmm.

December 26 -

Up at 9:30 and feeling fresh as a daisy. The air raid sirens here in Buffalo were buzzing all morning - just a test. But NeSmith jumped for cover - he really thought the japs were coming. We had a heck of a time pulling him out of the closet. Buescher felt pretty tough so he went a round or two with a few of the boys - ask him how he came out. (on the bottom)

I made a few of the boys jealous of the scrubline I got from the Statler Hotel Cocktail lounge - pretty nice.

St. Bonaventure wasn't so tough, but Hammit did a @
poor job of guarding this train. Mr. Corty - and old man
about it. Look this bed is soft. Oh well, I get sleepy
around this time anyway. Good night.

December 27 -

Wow, it's Sunday already and it seems as though we
left Laramie just yesterday. Miss had a tough time waking
the boys up at 7 this morning. Dr. Allen got the hot-foot on the
train this morning on the way to N.Y. but he didn't know
it - tough feet says Black. Elliott and Kissell saw a pretty
girl sitting in the chair car so they immediately took
seats next to her, and you should see them flirt - that Elliott
is a wolf.

There goes someone yelling again with the hot-foot. Don't
Dad got sleep on the train with that boy cause you will
sure get the old hot-foot. As Kissell puts it - it's now getting so
that the boys will put a half Nelson on you to give you the
hot foot, just then someone gave Tom the hot foot.

Oh yes, all of our ^{men} at Buffalo were beaten at the Waldorf.
Short just got the hot-foot and that was the hottest hot-foot
on the trip so far - four matches at the same time.
"Sho-nubb" Ballard didn't make much progress with the girl
on the train on the way to N.Y. I guess it's his Southern
talk again. New York looks great, and the large buildings and
the huge crowds really fascinate me. Turner looked
around a minute at a pretty girl passing and was lost
for 15 minutes. We finally found him hanging on to a post
at 48th and Broadway.

The team saw a hockey game between the
Rangers and the Maple Leafs in the Garden - quite a thrill.

We met Bob Allen in N.Y. and he looks as good as ever. Sparty McSpadden is the slickest fud on the team - its an honor to be with him and even to touch him. Short will tell you about it cause he runs with Sparty. I'm sleepy again, so good night folks.

December 28 -

up at 9 breakfast at 9:30, and back to bed again at 11:30 - boy this life. Nesmith is so busy giving the boys rub downs that I was employed as his secretary, I answered telephones and wrote letters for him, - but I did all this lying in bed. the crowd at the game tonight showed wonderful spirit and drilled Kansas all the way through the game. Kansas led out a 31-30 victory tonight over Fordham. After the game some of the boys went out to see N.Y., and if you asked me they really saw it. Dixon and Schnellbacher made quite a bit with a girl at the Belvedere Hotel after the game. This bed felt awful soft and beside I'm awfully tired. Good night.

December 29 -

Oh, how I hated to get up this morning, after a hard struggle Fitzpatrick finally got me up. The boys had quite a time visiting the points of interest of N.Y. all of us went to Radio City to see a picture but the crowd was lined up for four blocks so we went to the RCA building instead. This is where all the programs come over the air from N.Y., Rochester, who is on Jack Benny's program, was there and Black got to speak to him.

On catching the train to Philadelphia some of the boys walked into the Post Office thinking it was the Union Terminal, but the real terminal was across the street. Mrs. Allen was all the way in the Post

Office. Some of the people standing by got quite a⁶ laugh and Mrs. Allen came out embarrassed. Again "Str-muff" Ballard's Southern talk fascinated the people on the train, Jack lived in Texas 8 months and talks like he lived there all his life.

We wanted to beat St. Joseph so we decided to stay in and go to bed early. Dr. Allen, Bob Allen, Black, Buecher, Dixon, Schnellbacher, and Desmitt pitched pennies in one of the rooms. Bob Allen came out a dollar winner. I shall take life long writing this diary - I gather all my material during the day and I lie in bed writing it just before I go to sleep. What a system!!! That's all for today - Good night.

December 30 -

Not much happened today except it rained all day and we had to stay in. A murder was committed last night just across the hall from where Fitzpatrick and I roomed. It threw quite a scare into us. Half of the boys slept most of the day, but Fitzpatrick wrote letters most of the day. There is some girl that caught his fancy back home and he has been writing her letters every town we stopped on this trip.

Sporby "mooch" T. Godden used the bowling alley grip on stepping St. Joseph's severely cold. Ask Sporby to show you how he did it. Black, Dixon, Buecher, and Schnellbacher really played a wonderful game against St. Joseph's and the vents prove it. Some karos won the game I was unable to receive the ball that was used in the game as a souvenir. Black got a ball at Buffalo and Buecher got one at N.Y.

I'm all pooped out so I'm going to bed. Goodnight. (5)

December 31 —

We rode all day, and as usual most of us slept most of the time. No hot-footing was allowed on this trip, cause we were too tired and wanted to sleep. We spent New Year's Eve on the Pullman from Pittsburg to St. Louis. We didn't get to see the new year in usual way, we made us hit the hay at 10:30 P. M. I'm turning in early so good night folks, and Hooppy New Year!!!!!!

Jan 1 —

After riding all night we finally woke up in St. Louis. Some soldiers celebrated the New Year's Eve in our hotel room and we could still smell the after effects. As we were checking in the soldiers were carrying out the empty bottles — and they were a poor looking sight.

We beat St. Louis tonight 60-25 and that was our last game on the road. We won all games on this trip and it is due to the splendid playing of Block, Breesch, Dixon, and Schnellbach. The boys gave everything they had and fought like our American soldiers ^{soldiers and marines} on going today back at Guadalcanal, Wake Island, North Africa, and other fighting fronts. The boys had a wonderful spirit and I know they're going to carry it on throughout the season.

We must not forget Dr. Allen, our beloved coach who is responsible for this successful trip. He handled the angles and trick of this Eastern trip and evoked the boys of them, and showed them how to play against the Eastern type of ball. Dr. Allen started it

and the boys finished it thus making it a successful
trip any way you put it.

This is our last night on the trip and I'm ready
for bed. Good night again folks.

Jan 2 —

We were up at 7:30 this morning and we had to
hustle down to the station to be on the train by 8.
I guess Turner thought Mamie was joking when he
told him we had to hustle and that it was late —
so he decided to take a shower. Just then Mamie walked
in and his hair turned gray. Anyway Turner felt
good and clean afterwards.

We rode all day and finally pulled in at Lawrence
around 6 P.M. It really was swell to be back home
again, and you could hear the folks saying "Good
old Lawrence," as the train pulled in at the station in
Lawrence.

To sum it up, we had a great time and it is
one trip we shall never forget. It's been a pleasure
writing this diary folks and I hope you enjoy it.
Good night and lots of love.

The end.

Ray Evans