

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