Log of Basket ball Trip
To New York
1942 and 43.

Kissell

Max

1. — Varsity Basketball Trip to New York —

Tuesday - December 22, 1942.

At last the day arrived to which the Kansas University basketball team had been looking forward to for quite some time. As usual we all meet down at the Santa Fe station at one o'clock. Instead of the streamliner we caught a steam train which went straight through to Chicago. The train was about a half hour late into Lawrence and very crowded. Jack Bollard and I managed to make out a seat on some baggage between cars and started a card game.

By the time we reached Kansas City the team had all settled down in one car, - some of the boys playing cards, some sleeping and then of course their were always some boys like Evans always pestering the boys with hot foots. We made several interesting acquaintences on the train and had some good bull fests. We arrived in Chicago at midnight and went directly to the Morrison Hotel where we spent the night. After a big meal Jack and I turned in about one thirty.

Wednesday - December 23. —

We were awakened Wednesday morning at six thirty and the light bulb was still warm from the night before. It was cold, dark, and foggy which made visability about one hundred feet. We ate a very good breakfast and then started our cross country walk to the nearest bus, running to the Illinois Central Station. At nine thirty we caught the Mercery for Detroit which I can truthfully say is the nicest train I have ever ridden.

I slept the first two hours of the trip finally being awakened by another hot foot. We glidded along at approximately ninty miles per hour over what looked to me to be very bare and desolate country. We engaged in several good card games and made several trips to the club car for cokes. (soft drinks.)

We finally arrived in Detroit at three fifteen where we were met by Bob Fisher and Duke Kennedy, two former K.U. alumni. We went directly to the Le Land Hotel where we made our head quarters while in Detroit. We were at once assigned rooms and because of the large rooms Ballard and I acquired four more roommates, namely Buescher, Block, Evans and Fitzpatrick. Evans was the first in the room and as usual swipped all the soap. We just had time to get a bite to eat before we had to shave and clean up for the evening.

We were entertained this evening by the Detroid Alumni Assoc. of K.U. or vice versa. We had a very nice dinner out at the Lackham Bldg. which was a bldg. for Architectual engineers of Detroit. We met some very influential people, former K.U. students and grads. Among these were Charlie Block, Kansas' greatest living Athlete, Dr. Sharp connected with the world's largest pharmasutical house and many others. Dr. Allen was the chief speaker and did his usual good performance.

After dinner we were taken to the General Motors Bldg. where we saw a war time display. A few of the boys got a close glimpse of the

Dr. Allen

— machines they will be operating in a few months. From here we went across the street, via a tunnel underground to see the Fisher Bldg. This is a wonderful bldg. constructed with marble and expensive stone. By this time it was nearly midnight so we caught the street car home and to bed. As usual I spent the night with Big Stoops knees in my back. After Evans quit talking we settled down for a good sleep.

Thursday - December 24. —

We slept late thurs. morning until ten o'clock. After having our daily morning beef stake (glass of glue) we walked over to the Detroit Y.M.C.A. and had a work out. We had a good practice but the team looked pretty dead as a whole. After practice we ate lunch and then we all gathered in Dr. Allens ~~office~~ room for a talk and discussion about the trip following. By this time the afternoon was practically over so the boys retired to their rooms to rest and clean up before going out in the evening, which we had to do with as we pleased.

Jack and I ate dinner down in the coffee shop of the Hotel and then started out without any thing in particular in mind. After walking around town for a while we came upon a spot which said "Catch bus here for Canada." We decided to go over so we caught the next bus through the Windsor tunnel under

the Detroit river to Windsor, Canada. Windsor has a population of approximately 165,000 people, mostly foreign. We had no trouble getting through the custom officals so we started our way down the main street of Windsor. There were hardly any lights on the main street, or any place else in this town. We stopped in several drug stores and curio shops for souvineers and finally settled down in a small Cafe to write some post cards. There were quite a few little French girls who were cute as heck. They got a big kick out of Jack's southern accent and especially his height.

It wasn't long before we had had enough of this town so we made our way back to the bus and back in the U.S.A. Jack had a lot of explaining to do to get back in as he was born in Canada. It was getting late again so we came directly home and after writing a couple of letters went to bed.

Detroit proved to be a very interesting town. It is the fourth largest city in the United States and the home of Henry Ford owned of the Ford Motor Co. We viewed ~~one of~~ his Willow Run Airplane plant from the train just outside of Detroit. There are many interesting facts about Detroit, for example you look South to Canada, and from the dock you watch the boats pull out on the lake heading West to New York and East to Chicago.

Friday — December 25. —

Xmas. morn we got up at six bells, minus the usual Xmas. tree, packed our bags, ate breakfast in the coffee shop and caught the nearest street car to the Michigan Union Station. We pulled out of Detroit at eight thirty en route to Buffalo, New York. We traveled most of the way to Buffalo via Canada. Again we spent our time on the train sleeping, and playing cards. Block and I took Ballard up in the club car and "cleaned" him in a little game of poker. He came out poorer but wiser.

We arrived in Buffalo, the ~~seventh~~ tenth largest city in the ~~world~~ U.S. at two o'clock. It was very cloudy and hard to see but with a little inquiring we found that the Buffalo Athletic Club was only two blocks away. We all walked over here and soon had our rooms and were settled down again. At two o'clock the team filed down the street to the Waldorf Cafe where we had a Turkey Xmas. dinner. After this we came back to the club and rested a little while before holding a short work-out on the Buffalo Athletic Club floor. We were preceeded in practice by Southern California again. After practice we again went down to the Waldorf for dinner and then we took in a show. McSpadden, Fitzpatrick, Short and myself broke off from the rest of the team and went to see "Forrest Rangers," with Paulette Goddard and Fred McMurrary. After the show we walked around town for awhile, stopped for quick malt and then we came

home and to bed again to end another day. Tomorrow we start off our schedule by playing St. Boneventure here in Buffalo! —

Saturday - December 26. —

We slept late this morning and it was ten thirty before we had breakfast. It was pretty cold so we stayed in our rooms and around the club till mid-afternoon when we ate lunch. After lunch a few of us walked down to the lake (Erie) which was only three blocks from the club. We no sooner reached the docks when we were told by the coast guard to leave, so we returned to the club and went to bed a couple of hours in prepration for our game.

At five o'clock we awoke and were out and had our usual tea and toast as we do before every game. We played the first game of a double header and our game got under way at eight thirty. We played in the Buffalo Municipal Auditorium which seats nine thousand people and we played before a very good crowd. St. Boneventure proved to be an easier team than we had figured and at the half we led 29 to 9. The final gun showed us leading by a score of 53 to 22. We soon got dressed and came back out to watch Southern Calif. and Canisius in the second game in which Southern Calif. won 42 to 25. After this last game we all went back to the club and had a big meal before going to bed. —

Sunday - December 27 -

Sunday morning we were called by Dean at seven o'clock and at nine o'clock we had eaten and were down at the Union Central Terminal of Buffalo to catch the nine fifteen train. This is a very nice station and we spent our few spare minutes writing cards and walking around the station.

We pulled out on time and settled down for a day's ride to New York. The time was spent as usual on the train, bull sessions, card playing and the normal amount of hot foots. Charley Black received the best hot foot on this trip with the match finally burning through his shoe.

The scenery between Buffalo and New York was the most beautiful I have ever seen, especially the last one hundred miles. We followed the Hudson river very close much of the time. We saw many interesting places from the train such as West Point and Sing Sing prison.

We arrived in Manhattan on time at six o'clock. We went directly to our hotel Belvedere and soon had our rooms and were settled down. We had a wonderful dinner in the hotel and immediately after dinner we went to Madison Square Garden and saw an Ice Hockey game between the New York Rangers and Montreal. New York won by a score of 3 to 1. It was the first time in the Garden for most of the boys on the team and we were greatly impressed. For myself the game is one event which I will never forget. We had front seat tickets.

New York seemed to be all that I had heard it to be - but the partial black out which is in force all the time took much of the color and life out of the city. Our Hotel is just across the street from the Garden.

After the Hockey game Jack and I came back to our room - took a hot shower and retired for the night.

Monday - December 28. -

Monday morning we slept til nine o'clock and when we looked out the window we saw it was raining. This was disappointment especially for the boys whose first trip it was to the big city but it was probably one of our reasons for wining that night.

After breakfast which we had in the hotel restuarant we went back to our rooms. Most of the boys slept while a few wrote post cards and letters. We ate lunch at two o'clock had a short meeting to Doc's room to talk over the game that evening and then went to bed for two hours. At five o'clock we dressed and had our usual tea and toast.

We suited up in the hotel and walked across the street to the Garden about seven o'clock. Our game was the first and was called at Eight fifteen. It was really a thrill to play in Madison Square Garden. 1100 people packed the Garden to see the games this evening. We played Fordham who previously had won six games and so far this year were undefeated.

We really were a little scared about

wining this game as the boys were just a little jittery. We led Fordham at the half 16 to 10. The game was close all the second half and with just about one minute to go Fordham scored and this put them ahead 30 to 29. Then in the last minute we scored a goal which gave us the victory 31 to 30. We were really a happy group of boys after wining this game. We stayed and watched the first half of the Southern California game which So. Calif. won 49 to 40. After going back to the Hotel and cleaning up we started out to see what we could of the town. We saw quite a bit of the night life of the big city and finally came back to the hotel and ate a big meal and went to bed. We were tired but happy. We felt as though our trip was now successful since we had won in the Garden but we were also looking forward to wining our next and last two games on our tour.

Tuesday - December 29. -

Tuesday morning we were up and ready to see the town at eight oclock. We only had til four in the afternoon so we were on our way right after break fast. We went first to the New York State Hall of Science where we saw war exhibits, Nazi planes which had been shot down during the present war and many more interesting exhibits. From here we went to Radio City which we had heard so much about. Here we watched a broadcast in which Rochester, star of Jack Benney's program, was a

quest. We saw the largest broadcasting station in the world and a demonstration of television in which Jack Ballard was used. Jack was taken in another room and we were able to see him very clerly over this television.

By this time it was almost noon, so we decided to break up into smaller groups and go where we wanted to most. In our group we went first to the Empire State Bldg. This is the tallest bldg in the world and it has 102 stories. However it was so foggie that we couldn't see anything from the tower so a few of the boys didn't go up. On our way back to the hotel we stopped in Macey's one of the worlds largest department stores. We also walked through Times Squore, saw the famed Wrigles gum sign and many other placeas which we had heard and read about before. Of course there is a lot of places we didn't see but I suppose you could live in New York a life time and still miss a lot of interesting things.

We got back to our hotel at two o'clock, packed our bags, ate our last meal in the big city and went down to the Pennsylvania railroad station. We left New York at four o'clock headed for Philadelphia, the scene of our next and toughest basketball game.

We had but a short trip as it was only ninty miles to Philadelphia and we arrived there at six o'clock. We went directly to the Hotel Philadelphian where we were to stay. Most of the boys were pretty tired and after eating dinner and getting a rub down from Dean we retired. (According to facts I still had 80% of my energy

unused and with all of this I hated to turn in but I thought perhaps some time I might have to give this up so I went to bed.) So ends another day of our trip.

— Wednesday - December 30. —

Wednesday morning we were called at nine o'clock. We dressed and went down to the coffee shop and had breakfast. During breakfast we learned that there had been a murder on the second floor of the hote the night before and when Jack and I heard this we had cold chills as we hadn't even locked our door. After breakfast we went back to our rooms and Jack and I went to bed and slept til lunch. (With door locked.)

We ate lunch at two o'clock in the coffee shop again and then after the usual meeting with the coach we went to our rooms for a two hour nap. At five o'clock we got up dressed and went over to Convention Hall where we were to play the game. This Hall is nationally famous as many large conventions are held here in it. It is located on the campus of the U. of Pennsylvania.

Again we played the first game of a double header which found us meeting St. Joseph of Philadelphia. St. Joe, like Fordham, were undefeated so far and boasted a very good team. The first half of this was pretty close and we only led the ten points at the half. However the second half was a different story. Our ball club was unbeatable, or in other words "they really went to town." They ran

the score up to 63 to 38 and with a few minutes to play the first team came out. I think everyone in the hall came to their feet to give these boys the ovation they deserved. The final score read 63 to 38. After we dressed we watched the first half of the Southern Calif.—Temple game which So. Cal. won easily. We ate in the coffee shop when we got back and then hit the sack. We were tired but happy. The trip was really turning out to be a success—and now the only thing that stood in the way of a perfect road trip was our last game with St. Louis, so we pointed to this last game and got some sleep.

Thursday—December 31, 1942.

Thursday morning we were up at seven o'clock. We had breakfast and then went down to the Pennsylvania station to start the last leg of our journed to St. Louis. The train left on time and we all settled down and slept til about noon. We were able to sleep because hot foots had been ruled out. During the afternoon we played cards and did all sorts of things. We also traveled through some of the most beautiful scenery on our entire trip. ~~We were~~ It took three engines to pull our train through the Catskill Mountains of Pennsylvania. We went around the hairpin turn which is really an engineering feat as you can see both the front and the back of the train at the same time from the middle of the car. Incidentially this is one of the places that the German spies were supposed

to bomb.

At six o'clock we pulled into Pittsburg, Penn. which I believe can easily be called the dirtest city in the world. We had only thirty minutes here to catch a bite 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 Years eve but you would never have known it on our car. The doors were locked at both ends. About the only exciteing 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.

— Friday — January 1, 1943. —

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 was an hour late 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 Kings Way 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

before we ate lunch. After lunch we went to bed as scheduled to get ready for the game. We were up at five o'clock, had tea and toast, and went over to the St. Louis Arena where we were to play. We were accompanied at the game by Capt. Ed Elbel, former K.U. instructor in Phys. Education and Lt. Kapplemen, former K.U. grad. and basket ball star.

Our game was first again and this time there was no mistake. We went off with a bang and at the half we led 32 to 6. The team continued this pace and when the final gun went off the score was 60 to 25. This gave us a clean sweep on our road trip and maybe you think we weren't a happy team. We dressed and went back to the Hotel and had a big dinner. After this we got into a bull session with the S. Calif. players which lasted several hours. They had also won their game from Washington of St. Louis 39 to 31. By this time it pretty late so we turned in looking forward to getting home the next day.

— Satorday - Janoary 2, 1943. —

Saturday morning we overslept a little and didn't get up until seven thirty. Our train was due to leave at eight so we really had to hurry and we just had time to catch a bite to eat at the station. This train was pretty crowded but we all managed to get seats. Most of the boys were tired and went to sleep right away.

We arrived in Kansas City at two in the afternoon and had a three hour wait

for our train on to Lawrence. After cleaning up we had lunch at the Fred Harvey house and then as it was raining we just loafed ~~around~~ about the station until time for us to leave. At five bells we boarded our train. It was interesting to note that the only two places where we had to stand on the whole trip was between Lawrence and Kansas City - both going and coming.

We arrived back home at six thirty Saturday evening. We had a wonderful trip but alll of the boys were tired and really glad to get back! This trip was a certainly a wonderful Xmas. gift from my stand point and I had many experiences which I will always remember. I think Dr. Allen should be given another bouquet, as he is certainly the finest coach I know.

The End —

Max Krissello

Paul Turner

(12)

Kansas University

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

1942–43
Eastern Basketball Trip

Games

			What City ~~Played~~
Dec. 26, 1st.	St. Bonaventure		Buffalo, N. Y.
Dec. 28, 2nd.	Fordham University		New York, N. Y.
Dec. 30, 3rd.	St. Joseph U.		Philadelphia, Penn.
Jan. 1, 4th.	St. Louis, U.		St. Louis, Mo.

Members Making Trip

Position		
	Dr. Forrest C. Allen	Coach
	Dean Nesmith	Trainer
	Charles Elliott	Publicity Mgr.
F	Jack Ballard	E. K. C. Mo.
F	Charles Black	Lawrence, Kans.
C	John Buescher	Beardstown, Ill.
G	Don Blair	Ottawa, Kans.
G	Armond Lifon	Hermosa Beach, Calif.
G	Ray Evans	K. C. K.
F	Robert Fitzpatrick	Salina, Kans.
F	Bill Forsythe	Medicine Lodge, Kans.
C	Max Kissell	Portis, Kans.
G	Harold McSpadden	Eldorado, Kans.
F	Otto Schnellbacher	Sublett, Kans.
F	John Short	Salina, Kans.
F	Paul Turner	K. C. K.

2.

Dec. 22, 1943

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

The University of Kansas Jayhawkers coached by Dr. Forrest C. Allen left Lawrence at 2:00 P.M. Dec. 22, on the Santa Fe railroad for the East where they were going to play four of the top basketball teams of the nation, namely: St. Bonaventure of Buffalo, N.Y.; Fordham U. of N.Y., N.Y.; St. Joseph's of Philadelphia, Penn.; and St. Louis U. of St. Louis, Mo. Accompanied by the trainer, the publicity manager, and "Dr" Allen, the squad of 13 boys were leaving for what any ~~high~~ basketball ~~school~~ player would call his "dream" trip.

Mrs. Allen went with the team as far as Chicago; ~~where~~ she was on her way to see her son, Bob ~~Allen~~ and daughter Elnore who are attending the University of Penn. in Philadelphia.

We all met at the Lawrence station at 1:00 P.M., but had to wait till about 1:45 for the train mainly because of the X mas rush. It seemed as though the whole school was down at the station waiting for the train, not only to see us off, but also to go home for their Christmas vacation which started that night at 5:30 P.M.

(over)

The train was not as crowded as we thought it was going to be, because we found out later that an extra train had started from Newton ahead of the scheduled streamliner, which we previously were going to take. We all got seats much to our surprise. John Buescher had his radio with him and it as you could imagine was going to ~~get~~ a lot of use. Don Blair and myself turned a couple of seats around invited Armand Dixon and a friend of mine, "Hank" Cline to play hearts with us. It was really a game of cut throat. We played hearts until 5.30 P.M. And then we began to get the urge to eat.

When ~~we came to~~ we did get ready to eat, we ~~come to find~~ found out that there was no diner on the train and that all they had on the train was sandwiches. Dean, the trainer, managed to buy the sandwich vender out, but at that we only got one sandwich a piece. However, "Doc" let us buy a bottle of pop and a hershey bar to tide us over till we got to our 1st stop Chicago, ~~and then we were really going to eat.~~

~~Around~~ At 9:00 P.M. we listened to Bob Hope's program and all got a few laughs out of it to take our mind off of food for awhile. We were supposed to be in Chicago at 9:30, but at that time we were only in Chillicothe, Iowa.

about 3 hrs. from our destination for the last day. Around 10:00 P.M. I caught Bill Forsyth asleep and gave him the "hot foot". It was sure funny; he almost kicked his foot off trying to cool it off. Before we arrived in Chicago several more of the boys had received the hot foot, and finally we all got wise enough to stay awake or else get our feet over-warmed.

There was a sailor on the train whom we all called "admiral". He was quite a character and very friendly. He happened to work at the Sunflower Ordnance plant last summer before he joined the Navy and lived in Lawrence. I had seen him many times not at work, but at Johnny's, a beer and woman joint in Lawrence. It just so happened that I got into a little ~~conference~~ bull session with him and asked him if he didn't hang around Johnny's a lot last summer, and he admitted it very boastingly in parallel with his character. Well, it so happened that about ten minutes later, he was talking to "Doc" the coach and some how Johnny's was brought up. Low and behold "admiral" speaks up and points at me and said, "I've seen 'Turner down at Johnny's lots of times". You can't imagine how embarrased I was; everything ran through my mine at once, (over) ~~and I~~ face felt like it was

going to burn up, besides wanting to go hide or crawl in a hole somewhere. When I finally came to myself again, I went up to "Admiral" and Doc and told "Admiral" he better explain the situation to "Doc" or did be at the bottom of his list.

We arrived in Chicago at 11:55 P.M. about two and half hrs. behind schedule. We saw a large group of service men, whom I supposed were on their way home to spend a Christmas vacation with Mother and Father and then I thought of the other places they might be going and thanked God that I was at the time traveling as a member of the Jayhawks basketball team. "Doc" Allen rushed Mrs. Allen over to another station to catch a train for Philadelphia, and we rode to the Morrison Hotel in the large Parmalee taxi.

The Morrison Hotel is the tallest hotel in the world; I believe there is forty six floors. It is a very huge building and the interior is decorated beautifully. When you ride on the elevators you feel like you are going to pitch your cookies when it makes a stop; I mean it really travels.

Don Blair and I were roommates. We immediately went to our rooms, not to go to bed as you might think, but to wash up and to sharpen our bills for a nice juicy steak. It didn't take any of us long to prepare ourselves for food. We went across the street from the hotel to the Restaurant to eat.

Odell Page

We made our orders and the first thing the waitresses brought to our tables was bread and butter. We dove into the bread and butter, and by the time our meal was ready we were out of bread. We couldn't get any more butter because of the butter shortage here in the East. As our waitress picked up the bread dish ~~you~~ she in a ~~pointed~~ bidding tone said, "When was the last time you guys ~~had~~ had something eat"? She was gone before we could answer her, but I'll guarante you we had a very good excuse, better than she could imagine.

After eating, the 1st thing that came to my mind was an image of a nice soft bed, and believe you me it didn't take long before that image became the reall thing. It was exactly 1.00 AM when I jumped in bed and five minutes couldn't have elapsed before I was sound asleep.

Wednsday Dec 23

Wednsday morning we were called at 7:00 A.M. and the operator told us it was 32°. In about 5 minutes Dan. called and told us to meet in the lobby in 10 min to go eat breakfast. Don and I were late and the boys had already gone across the street to eat. When we walked in the restaurant the 1st person who caught my eye was Bill Forsyth sitting at a table with a beautiful girl, whom I found out later from him was an old home town acquaintence.

(over)

after breakfast we went back to the hotel, got our bags and walked down to Michigan Ave, caught a big double-decker bus which we rode to the Michigan Central Station. Here we waited about 15 mi before we could go in the gate. We boarded the "Mercury Limited" belonging to the N.Y. Central R.R. branch at 9:15 A.M. We weren't on the train more than ten minutes till we were going about 60 mi per hr., and about that time a Illinois Central R.R. train passed us. It must have been going about 80 mi per hr. for it sure didn't take long to get by.

All the boys were very tired and within a ½ hour believe the majority was asleep. I didn't wake up till Charley Black gave me the hot foot. Then Don, Otto Schnellbacher, Aymond Dixon and I played cards till we were almost in Detroit where we were to spend the next two days. We stopped playing cards when we arrived at Kalamazoo, Mich. to sing about the freckled face kid from Kalamazoo — a popular song. We played cards till we got to Ann Arbor, Michigan the home of Michigan University. A few of the boys were asleep so I had to give them the hot foot, namely: John Short, Bob Fitzpatrick, and a double close to Max Kissell.

The scenery in Michigan was very beautiful. It has many rolling hills, lots of wooded land, and particularly a great amount of grape vineyards and other fruit orchards. We saw Greenwich Village the home of the automobile. The village is just as it was then have a good no. of old log buildings and a few large mansions and many cottages. The next places of interest as we were entering Detroit was the huge Ford plants of Willow Run and of River Rouge. The train was on

time for a change and arrived in Detroit at 3:15 sharp.

Mr. Fisher and Duke Kennedy, alumni of K.U., met us at the station. We caught a street car to the Detroit Leland Hotel. This hotel had the best lobby of any that I've ever seen or had the pleasure of being in in my life. We were given 50¢ to get a bite to eat any place that we wanted to. Couldn't eat much because of the alumni banquet coming up at 6:30 P.M. Don, Chuck Elliott, Lynn, and I ate at a spaghetti house. I mean it was the real spaghetti. By the way butter in Detroit was a $1.00 per lb. We then went home to dress for the banquet.

When we were dressed, we met in the lobby at 6:15; then we caught a street car which took us to the million and half dollar Engineering Society Building, the scene of the alumni banquet.

We had a very delicious meal. After the meal, each of the alumni and each of the players gave a short speech of identification; and "Doc" gave the main speech. "Doc" said the most important thing that athletes did for a person was to introduce him favorably to the business world. After the banquet I met personally Mr. and Mrs. Walter Shannon, Dr. and Mrs. Sharp, Mr. Charles Black of Toledo, Mr. Dedo, Mr. Pete Jones, Mr. Ken Siebes, and Mr. Gilbert Drummon. Mr. Shannon had his two boys with him, namely Richard and Don. The latter is a freshman at U. of Mich. and a very fine boy. He told me a lot about the life on the campus of Mich.

After we all met each other personally, we had a

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

bull session with Pete Jones and Charles Black; the later threw a glass against the wall and broke it. We didn't stick around long after that. The alumni divided us up in their cars the best they could and took us to the Fisher Building which cost ~~two~~ $29,000,000. In it we saw several of the huge motors of General Motors Corp. It was the most beautiful building I've ever seen.

There is a gas station in Detroit too; so after seeing this magnificant building and its display we caught the street car and went ~~back~~ to the hotel and was in bed at 12:00 P.M. I imagine it was 1:00 A.M. before we got to sleep because there were six of us in one room, namely: Lyon, Bill Forsyth, Don Blair, "Sparky" McSpadden, John Short, and myself. You know we ~~back~~ had to tell a good joke before we could get a good nights rest.

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dec. 24th 1943

We got up at 10:00 A.M. We didn't eat any breakfast, but ~~put on our~~ instead dressed and went directly over to the Detroit Y.M.C.A. and practiced about an hr. and a half. Then we came back ~~from~~ the hotel took a shower and went down to the coffee shop and ate a steak dinner. It seems as though meat is getting higher the farther east we go, especially steaks.

over.

After dinner some of the boys went over to Winsor, Canada by way of the tunnel under the Detroit River; but Amond, Bill, and I went up to our rooms and got about an hour of sleep. We were awakened when "Spooky" Otto, John and Don came back from Winsor. It was'n't none too soon either; because "Doc" called up to our room and told Amond, Otto, and I that we were to have Xmas eve dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. Mrs. Nelson was an alumnae of K.U.

We all took a shower, put on a clean white shirt and our suits and met Mrs. Nelson down in the lobby ~~Then "Doc"~~ "thanks to "Doc". Then we went out in front of the hotel where Mr. Nelson was waiting for us in his car. Now the Mr. and Mrs. Nelson whom I have already met are the ~~Son~~ and ~~[illegible]~~ daughter, ~~in~~ law of ~~the alumnae~~ Mrs. Nelson, the alumnae. However, we didn't know that till we got to their house where we found out later. Here we met the older Mr. and Mrs Nelson, who in turn introduced us to ~~two~~ more K.U. alumni Mr. and Mrs. Smiley. Mrs. Smiley taught for three months as a substitute teacher at Shawnee Mission K. Army Alma ~~Mater~~. We knew many friends in common. I never felt more at home outside of my real home in my life. The Smileys and the Nelsons were very friendly. Mr. Nelson worked for U.S. Rubber Co. and Mr. Smiley worked at the Detroit Immigration office. I imagine ~~Mr.~~ Smiley always had plenty of work because approximately 65% of pop. in Detroit is foreign, born mostly Polocks. The men, o'course, the bull ~~pen~~ while the women folks prepared the Xmas meal. I couldn't hardly wait; because I saw them bring the food and set it on the table dish by dish, what an appetite I was getting.

Finally Mrs. Nelson said, "Come and get it". That was the best word she could use for we men folks, for we were up and at 'em instantly. There before us on the table was a dinner that I am used to getting at home ~~only~~ on Xmas Eve, namely: Turkey, turkey dressing, celery, mint jelly, mashed potatoes, turkey gravy, green peas, fresh corn, bread, butter, milk, coffee, mince and raisin pie, and ice cream. What a meal? ~~Just~~ There I was getting just what I thought I was going to miss out on, thanks to Mrs. Nelson, and believe you me I got plenty of everything especially mashed potatoes and gravy.

After dinner, we all went in the front room, sat around the fireplace; and ~~argued~~ we Kansans argued with the Michigans which was the better state. Of course, if you ask me, I'm afraid the Kansans won; of course I'm not partial to my side, not much. Before we left to go back to the hotel, we each received a present. My present, from someone who had never seen me before, was a handkerchief and a dollar bill, and I mean they were both welcome; for I had a bad cold, and in this day and time with butter ~~at~~ being at 1.00 per lb. a dollar bill will come in very handy to anybody.

"Doc" left word for all of us to be in at 10:00 P.M.; so I had to leave earlier than I wanted to. I thanked everybody there for the wonderful time

they showed me, and the younger Nelson's took us back to the hotel because they were the only ones who had a "C" ~~ration~~ gasoline ration card. I hope I impressed my ~~new~~ friends as much as they did me; for I must say it ~~was~~ turned out to be just like the one I would have had back home.

When I got back to the hotel my other roommates were all there. We all took a shower and were off to bed for some much needed shut eye, but instead of going right to sleep like we should have, Mac Spadden, Alton Forsyth, and I told a few of our better jokes and experiences with the women. Bill Forsyth seemed to be the best man ~~around~~ with the women. "Sparky" McSpadden hasn't had the wool pulled over his eyes all his younger life either. At any rate, it was approximately 12:30 or 1:00 AM. before we finally called it a night.

Dec. 25, 1942

It's Xmas day. We got up at 6:00 A.M. and believe you me I missed those presents I usually open about this time. ~~but I'll make up for it when I get back home in Lawrence.~~ We ate breakfast in the coffee shop of the hotel, and immediately caught a street car to the depot. We caught the "Empire Limited" of the N.Y. Central R.R. to Buffalo at 8:30 AM. We went under the Detroit River over into Canada where the train stopped and the Custom and Immigrational Officers checked the train and it's passengers.

On the train we tried to get John Buescher's radio to work, but no success. I played cards for a while and I had my shoes off taking it easy. When we finally quit playing, I found that someone had hidden one of my shoes. The boys tortured me for a while, but finally I found it under Bill's ~~Forsythe~~ and Mal's seat. The shoe was more than welcome for my sock were getting dirty running around looking for it. You know how dirty these trains are anyway.

From the window of the train on the way to Buffalo where we were to meet St. Bonaventure in the Municipal Auditorium, I saw the wooded and rolling hills of Canada, its small Kansas towns, and saw the Niagara River and also Lake Erie.

We had a lot of fun on the train talking like Texans trying to ~~to~~ imitate Jack Ballard's Texas drawl. The people on the train must have thought we were nuts.

When we got off the train in Buffalo at 1:15 P.M. and the train pulled out, we could see ~~the~~ many freighters and tug boats afloat on Lake Erie whose water front was only about three blocks from the station. Later we tried to go down to the lake but the U.S. Coast Guard wouldn't let us get closer than a block to it.

(over)

We walked from the station to over to the Buffalo Athletic Club where we were given a special invitation to stay during our stop over in Buffalo. We found out later that you had to have invitations to stay there and that very few people got them. I guess we were in demand, don't you know? Our rooms were assigned to us again, and Don and I were rooming by ourselves again. We got a large party room joining our main room which gave us the best in the club.

After taking our bags to our rooms, we walked about two blocks to Waldorf's Cafeteria, which is similar to the Forum in K.C., and ate another turkey dinner for only 75¢. You are surprised at that price perhaps; well so were we, but it was sure a delicious turkey dinner. After eating we went back to our rooms for some letter writing. About four we practiced in the gym downstairs following Southern California, who will be traveling with us most of the time playing doubleheaders with us each night we are billed to play.

After practice, we ate at Waldorf's again; then we went to the show. Most of us went to see "Thunderbird" with Gene Tierney and Preston Foster; a few went to see "Forest Rangers". We came right back to the hotel after the show, but went out again to get a cup of hot chocolate; afterwards we came home, took a shower and went to bed. Had to get a lot of rest for tomorrow night's 1st game.

(15.)

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

Dec. 26, 1942

We were called at 8:30 A.M. and it was 25°. It was warm yesterday when we arrived compared to now. We all went to Waldorf's to eat breakfast. After eating everybody went back to the hotel to write on this summary of this eastern trip which we had no time for previous to this time.

At 1:30 P.M. we again returned to Waldorf's to eat lunch. After lunch we went back to the hotel for to Moe's room. Here he read Ralph Miller's letter to us describing St. Joseph's U.'s play and compared their play with St. Bonaventures which was very similar. After our meeting we all went to our rooms to sleep awhile.

At five Dean called us and we went over to Waldorf's and ate a very light meal for we had to play in about 3 hrs. After eating a bite we went back to the hotel to our rooms. Bill Forsyth, who was rooming next to Moe and me challenged me to a game of pitch at which I won 20¢ before we had to leave for the Municipal Auditorium where we were to play the 1st of our four games opposing St Bonaventure at 8:15. Southern California was to play Canisius following our game.

The auditorium would seat approximately 10,000 people, but ~~there~~ only 7,500 turned out to see the game. The building is very beautiful, the backboards were

(over)

glass and square, and the floor was very unstable because the floor was merely a ~~bunch of~~ sections of boards which covered the hockey rink. The out of bounds was two feet smaller ~~than~~ all the way around, and made a difference, especially with the roughness under the basket.

Our game with St. Bonaventure was not close at all. We won with ease by the score of 53 - 22. Bona couldn't work the ball in for a close shot at all. Snelly won scoring honors with 18 pts, Black was 2nd with 9. The 1st five - Dixon, Snelly, Black, Buescher, and Evans played very smooth, ~~as~~ the best of the season. Our defense was especially good; we were continuously tying their men up with the ball. I got to play the last six minutes, got caught down the floor once and they fast broke us for a bucket. I made a couple of buckets for my four pt. contribution to the large score.

After our game, we hurried and dressed in order to watch S. C. beat Canisius 45 to 29. It was a sloppy game. S. C. had by far the best team, but got excited and made many mistakes. We left ~~early~~ before the game was over, went to Waldorf's to eat again and then home to bed.

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BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

Dec. 27, 1942

Christmas day we were on the train on our way to Buffalo; Today is Sunday and we are on the train again on our way to New York City. On this trip a day is just a day; a holiday is no different than any of the others. The days just come and go, and I mean to tell you they really go.

This morning we got up at 7 o'clock and ate breakfast at Waldorfs, the last meal in Buffalo. We took our bags with us, and after we ate, caught the bus across the street which took us right to the Union Station. We didn't have any idea that we were going to have such direct transportation and we arrived about 45 minutes early. Some of the boys got shines, and the others bought post cards and sent them to their friends. Don and I had our pictures taken for 15¢ each and they turned out very poor. I gave my picture to John Buescher; why, I don't know. I looked like the public enemy number one.

We left Buffalo on the N. Y. Central R.R. at 9:34 A.M. As soon as we placed our baggage and found seats Dean and I challenged Don and Bill to a game of pitch. The cards were running right for our side because we beat them three games straight by the scores of 21-4, 21-3, and 21-6. "Doc" and "Snelly" were watching, so they challenged us, and we beat them five games to their 2.

Pitch and Bridge seemed to be the favorite passing. John Short was the 1st to go to sleep, so he was naturally the 1st hot-foot victim. (over)

~~Dinner~~ Lunch was served at 1 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 E.O. 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 42nd Street to Broadway, up Broadway past

Times Square to 50th Street where we got off and walked two blocks to the Hotel Belvedere.

We went to our rooms to wash up a little and had dinner in the coffee shop of the hotel. The meal cost $1.60. Mrs. Allen and Bob joined us at dinner. After dinner we all went to the hockey game between the N.Y. Rangers and the Toronto Maple Leafs in Madison Square Garden, the home of all sports. ~~Then~~ I met Ned Irish, the great promoter of sports ~~and~~ here in the Garden. He's a very distinguished looking gentleman. It was Mr. Irish who arranged for us to get $3.00 seats to the hockey game. The Garden is a huge place, old, and holds approximately 18,000 people. There were 15,000 at the hockey game to see the Rangers win 3-1.

After the game we went across the street from the Garden to our hotel and went to bed about midnight; mainly, because it was raining out, and we couldn't afford to catch more cold than we already have. Thus, we spent our 1st evening in N.Y. City.

Sept. 28th 1942

BUFFALO ATHLETIC CLUB
BUFFALO

We are in N.Y. City. Dec. 28th 1942

Everybody got up at 9:00 A.M. at 9:30 we met in the lobby and went into the Belvedere Restraunt and ate breakfast. After breakfast, we went back to our rooms till time for lunch. We couldn't go out and see the city because it was raining. During our free time in our rooms we either slept or wrote on our logs of the trip.

At 1:30 P.M. we ate a nice lunch in the Hotel restraunt and then went back to our rooms to sleep till 5 o'clock. We got up, went down to the restraunt again, ate a fruit cocktail, toast, and drank some tea. We then went back to our rooms knowing that we were to be dressed in our basketball equipment by 7:00 P.M. At this time we met in the lobby to go ~~over~~ across the street to play our game with Fordham in Madison Square Garden. We had plenty of time to warm up for the game wasn't until 8:15. We took it fairly easy, mainly trying to adjust ourselves to the floor, glass-backboard, and the huge crowd. In my opinion, for such a ~~small~~ large place they have a poor basketball court.

By the time the game started there were approximately 15,000 people in the Garden. Charley, Otto, John Buescher, Armond, and Ray started the game. We started rather slow but were leading at the half 16-9. The last half was close, but we finally won 31-30. Ray made the winning basket. I only got to play a couple of minutes just long enough I guess to make a mistake, never long enough to redeem myself. I'm thankful for being a member of this U. of Kansas team, however.

This year is the 1st that I have trained a 100% hoping that perhaps sacrificing some of my better times would make me a better basketball player. I still believe you have to give in order to receive, and I'm going to continue giving hoping that I will in the near future get a break. I believe if I will not try so hard and relax more I will began to click. God, only knows I am way over due.

After the game, John Buescher received the game basketball because he was captain of the team that fought so hard for that 1 pt. victory. He sure did want that ball, and I can see why. What I wouldn't give to be a captain of a Kansas team playing in the Great Madison Square Garden. It is every boys dream, but very few ever receive that honor.

Between our game and the Southern Calif. game vs I. L. U. I went back to the hotel, showered and dressed hrs. & got back to the garden in time to see S. C. beat I. L. U. 48-40. During the half of this latter game they auctioned off a substitute ball (supposed to be the ball used in the K. U. vs Fordham game) for $50,000.00 worth of War bonds. Everybody that bidded for the ball had to buy that same amount of War Bonds. Altogether they sold over $300,000.00's worth of War Bonds in hopes of keeping our present flag flying. The ball was autographed by each schools coach and by each of the schools game captain.

After this game I ran into Paul White, a frat. brother of mine. He is a Chief Petty Officer in the U. S. Navy. While in school, he won a letter in football one year and in swimming and diving 3 yrs. He was Big Six diving champ two yrs in a row. He was a senior my freshman yr. I got to know him well, and I know he is a good man to fight for Uncle Sam.

after I left the Garden, I went back to the hotel. I was feeling pretty low because I didn't get to play more. Bill Forsyth, Harold "Sparky" McSpadden and I left the hotel to go to the show to see Jimmy Dorsey and Orchestra in person. However, when we got to the show, we found out that there was no stage shows left; so we decided right away that we didn't want to go to any show.

Finally, about ~~11 o'clock we~~ 1:00 A.M., we decided on a subway trip to Wall Street. It only cost 5¢ to ride on the subway. We got off at South Ferry St. where we were told by a fellow we should get off. After we got off here we found out that across the street was a ferry going over to Staton Island. Well we didn't know where Staton Island was, but we wanted to ride on the ferry in the harbor of N. Y. City so we deposited a nickel which admitted us on the ferry and before we knew it we were out in the harbor. On our way across, we stood out on the deck so we could see the Statue of Liberty, also we saw the lights of N. Y. City all around us, many tug boats, and freighters probably waiting to form a convoy. After paying another nickle, we came back to South Ferry St. on the same ferry.

When we left South Ferry St. again, we inquired how to get to Wall St. It was far from where we were; so we walked to the world famous Wall St. On this street we saw the following famous building: St. Trinity Church where many of the world's famous statesmen were buried, New York Stock Exchange Building, the Sub. Treasure Building in front of which is a statue

(over)

of Geo. Washington on the site of where he took his 1st oath for Pres. of the U.S., and across from the latter was the J.P. Morgan Building.

After seeing such buildings as these, we decided it was getting pretty late; so we inquired where to catch a subway for Times Square and we happened to run on to a fellow going there himself. It didn't take us long to get to Times Square; if you only knew how fast the subway travels, you would understand why it didn't take long. In the 1st place there is no traffic to worry about down there, and they travel at the rate of about 50-60 mi per hr. As soon as we got to Time Square we ate a bite, then walked back to the hotel and to bed. It was exactly 5:00 A.M. when we turned the lights out. What a day and night this had been.

Dec. 29th 1942