



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 ~~good~~ direct transportation ~~and~~ and we arrived about 45 minutes ~~to~~ early. Some of the boys got shines, and the others bought postcards 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 pastime. John Short was the 1st to go to sleep; so he was naturally the 1st hot-foot victim. (over)