

James M. Arnold

Finally, the day has arrived--not the day of reckoning, nor the day of mourning, nor even Christmas Day--but the day that we start our wonderful Eastern trip. For three or four months we've been looking forward to this trip with extreme interest; for three or four weeks we've eagerly awaited the announcement of the squad's personnel; for three or four days the excitement of the vacation trip has made us so nervous that our basketball game has degraded to a game of shinny and our lessons have gone to rot.

Yes, today is the first day of the trip. The "whites" and the "reds" scrimmaged again this morning. Rope was hot as usual, and Solly, the engaged one, drove through for three or four goals--the "whites" won the game, but the score was close. The scrimmage ended late and we rushed home to pack and get down to Johnnie Parker's for lunch. Sanneman hadn't shaved and Buescher hadn't packed, and some of the rest of the fellows had other things to do, but, at that, I was the last one down town. Too late to eat, I tore to the Santa Fe depot. Lucky I did, for I was just in time. The rest of the fellows were all there--and a sporty looking outfit they were, too. Nearly every fellow had a New York hat. Rope, sporting a bright green one, declared his was the best. Hogben had a Christmas present, a small portable radio, which he proudly displayed. Bill is the boy directly from Leeds, you know--he's mighty proud of his British blood. We boarded the car along with a horde of other travelers. Our baggage was limitless--it was stuck all over the train. The fellows settled down to bridge, hearts, and yes, Rope began his Law study. Hogben and I lucked