

James M. Arnold

out a victory in bridge over Allen and Kline. Allen was being called Junior by everyone now, because of a story of the Southern California game that was printed in the Saturday Evening Post and given to us in Kansas City when we got off to have our pictures taken. We felt that someone was missing from our crowd--true enough, it was Vance Hall. Oh, well, wherever Eleanor was, there Vance would be. Lucky for us, and for Vance especially, beautiful Eleanor had favored us with her presence on the trip. She was accompanied by her lovely and talented mother. Dean Lawson, too, rode as far as Chicago with us--he was going to Cleveland on business.

We all took a liking to Johnnie Herbert and his sister, Connie, who were riding on the streamliner alone from Kansas City to Chicago. Johnnie was almost five, but he was a brilliant fellow for his age--very conversational and friendly. Connie was a brilliant individual--she had a vocabulary of a high school girl, but she was only eleven. She tried to get all our autographs, but we were onery and not very obliging. Bob Allen took quite a liking to her--he thought she was quite nice. Finally we arrived in Chicago, slowly got our baggage off the train, and were whisked away in yellow cabs to the Allerton. The illustrious "Doc" in his usual accommodating manner had arranged fine rooms for us on floors high up above the world famous Michigan Avenue. After getting a "thin" malt and a sandwich at Walgreen's--the food couldn't compare with the exquisite dinner we had on the train--we went in pairs to our rooms for a much needed night's rest. The first day of the trip was successfully and happily over.