

Howard Engleman

December 24, 1940

We left Chicago en route to Ann Arbor at 9:30.

The trains up here don't wait for anyone. We rode until 3:00 without food, which is somewhat of a record. Then we practiced in the huge intramural building at Michigan University, where seven basketball courts sit side by side.

First calamity occurred when Vance Hall was stricken ill after turning his ankle in practice. Our room at the Michigan Union Building looked like the Beta dormitory at home. Doc Allen was reclining on Hogben's bed, but, Bill thinking it was a team mate, ordered him off in rough language. Bob Allen paid seventy-five cents for a haircut and change of oil unknowingly. Hogben's radio is still a fluke, but is improving rapidly. Engleman's hat still looks fine.

At night we stayed around the dorm, although some of the boys went to a show. Lights were out at 9:30, and the night passed peacefully for everyone except Johnson, who played forty minutes of basketball aloud in bed.