

John Kline

December 23

After a quick trip home for Christmas by a few members of the squad, we were all back to Lawrence making ready for our much-looked-forward-to trip to the East. We had a rather erratic practice this morning with the whites winning by about six points. After the scrimmage, we hurriedly grabbed our bags, pushed down a steak at Johnny Parker's, and finally arrived at the station six minutes before train time, thanks to the train for being five minutes late. The Chancellor's family was there to wish us luck and at 1:07 p. m. our eastern jaunt began.

As we arrived in Kansas City, Missouri, the photographers for the Saturday Evening Post were there to greet us. They gave all of us this week's Post with the story of "Doc" and K. U. basketball, and then they took our picture, even letting Howard Engleman wear his new Stetson.

Leaving Kansas City, the boys broke up into card games, spending most of their time in the club car. About 5:45, the games broke up, and everyone enjoyed a nice turkey dinner in the diner. The last of the train ride was spent in bull sessions.

In the course of the evening, the boys struck up a fine acquaintance with a little red-headed boy by the name of Johnny, who was "asmos five." Johnny and his sister, Connie, were on their way to Chicago to be with their parents. Connie spent most of her time securing the autographs of the boys who even slipped in the names of Prohle, O'Leary, and Johnson, famous players on the teams of yester-year.

We finally arrived in Chicago at 9:30 p. m. on time, much against the prediction of a couple of the Hutch boys, and our first leg of the trip was completed. Hustled out of the Dearborn Station, we were piled into cabs and shipped to the Allerton Hotel. Our cab driver swore at our luggage in five