

A Day in Philadelphia

On Saturday morning, before the sun smiled over the hills, every one at girls quarters was active. There was a search for banners, badges, and blanket straps, for over three fourths of the girls were going to Philadelphia, to the Post-ball game.

For weeks before this, the question started, "Are you going to the Pency game?" It kept getting more frequent, and by Saturday it nearly haunted every one.

We all went to the dining hall in full uniform, and immediately after breakfast marched to the train. Besides talking in the beautiful scenery, songs were sung, yells given and now and then a sigh along with a pitiful murmur, "I hope our boys will win." The train arrived in Philadelphia about eleven o'clock.

Leaving the train we marched through the crowded streets, where people stood staring at us as if we had suddenly dropped from Mars and stood before them.

At Gimbel's Store we were received with smiles and stares. The elevator soon landed us safely on seventh floor near the auditorium. Here we gave songs and yells for the amusement of our "pale-faced brethren", who had rushed to Gimbel's, just to see catch a glimpse of some of the "real" Americans.

Leaving the auditorium we went to the dining room and enjoyed a good dinner. The menu read thus:-

Puree A La Jackem.
Roast Leg of Carlisle Mutton, A La Houser
Browned potatoes, Wheelock fashion
Green Peas A La Newashe
Ice Cream A La Warner
Pie A La Libby
Tea Coffee Milk
& Rolls.

After leaving the dining room we left Gimfelt, found for Franklin Field. Mr. Gimfel also furnished cars to take us to the field. On the ^{car} we saw some words printed that made us all laugh; "Gimfel is as big as a reservation."

At the field every thing had a half happy, half pitiful, and doubtful smile, from the highest official to the shortest man by. Penn looked guilty, Carlisle looked the same. The game started, Pennsylvania scored six, twelve, eighteen, when the Indians sent a man to the goal scoring six. The game ended twenty nine to six in favor of Pennsylvania. Everyone was wrought to the highest excitement throughout the game. Leaving the field Pennsylvania boasted of winning, while Carlisle boasted on a clean game throughout.

The student body returned to the school leaving only the foot ball boys and the girls they had

invited to stay for the banquet. The party, that remained consisted of twenty three boys and girls.

The supper at the hotel was very much enjoyed by all and the party was soon speeding away for Carlsbad. As some of the "lost soul girls," expressed it, "We had an inexplorable good time!" In spite of defeat every one returned to the school in high spirits, and the girls felt that they had had the time of their life.

Thanks to the boys who invited us, thanks to Mr. Gimble for our excellent dinner, and thanks to Mr. Friedman for this glorious privilege.

A Day In Philadelphia.

Saturday morning, before the sun smiled over the hills, all girls quarters was astir. A search for banners, badges, and blanket straps, - over three fourths of the girls were going to the Football game.

For weeks before the question started, "Are you going to the 'Penny' game?" It got more frequent and by Saturday it nearly haunted every one.

Every one that was going went to the dining hall in full uniform and immediately after breakfast marched to the train. The train left at seven thirty. Songs were sung, yells given and now and then a sigh along with a pitiful murmur, "I hope our boys will win". The train arrived in Philadelphia at eleven o'clock.

Leaving the train we marched through the crowded streets where people were standing and staring at us as if we suddenly fell from mars and stood before them.

At Gimble's we were received with smiles and stares, and were taken to the auditorium on seventh floor where we gave songs and yells for the amusement of our "palefaced brethren" that rushed to Gimble's, just to catch a glimpse of some of their "real" Americans.

Leaving the auditorium went to the dining room and enjoyed a good dinner. Thus the menu read:-

Pouree - A La Jackson
Roast leg of Carlisle Mutton - A La Houses, Green Peas - Newaske fashion, Browned Potatoes - Ice cream A La Warner. Pie Libbie fashion, Tea, coffee, milk and rolls.

After leaving the dining room we left Gimbles for the field with our heads and stomachs full of good things. Mr. Gimble had cars for us to go to the field and on each car was printed the words that made us all smile, "Gimbles is as big as a reservation."

At the field every thing had a half happy, half pitiful, and doubtful smile from the highest sun to the shortest newsboy. Penn looked guilty, Carlisle looked the ^{and} same. The game started, Penna got six, twelve, then eighteen, then Carlisle got six, then Penna kept scoring until they got twenty nine. The game over, Penna looked guiltier than ever, Carlisle looked the same. Leaving the field Penna boasted on winning, which Carlisle could not do. Carlisle boasted on a clean game which Penna could not begin to do.