THE CHANTICLEER

1925

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can't be moved down to the gymnasium, in order to hold our dances, we must pay \$8.00 rent for a piano, and so have hardly any money left after paying expenses. Perhaps the Trustees will change their decision and permit us to use the Assembly Hall. We hope so anyway.

The St. John Banquet

Wet again! Thus Saturday, Oct. 17th, was greeted by all who remembered that on this day our F. H. S. "stars" were once more going to uphold the glory of Fredericton High School on the football field.

Wet though it was the girls and boys found their way to the High School about ten o'clock, and there the "famous decorators" began their work. The next time we decorate we hope to have a step-ladder so that Scottie may be able to reach the windows when making fast attractive bows (beaux.) Oh yes! the boys were there alright, and after the many questions put to Mr. Wetmore as to where tables were to be found, Helen, Edith, Andy and Squank at last discovered them in the domestic science room, and forthwith brought them to the gym—where, after the girls had finally made the tablecloths (of which we were two too short) stretch over the allotted space, and after they had been set with glass and silver (?) and the place cards, one would not have recognized them as the original.

Many thanks to Alice! Without her the chickens could not have found their way to Mrs. Stuart in the "kitchen," who met them with a carving knife, already to operate.

At two o'clock the girls began to stream in with scallops, rolls, cakes, pies, etc., and soon all were as busy as bees. At four-thirty news of the victory came and everyone applauded the absent heroes. From five o'clock on we all became panicky—and such cries as:

"Are all the scallops here?"

"Where is Sterling? Won't he ever come?"

"There are only six chickens! What shall we do," greeted every new comer.

Then thrills! The St. John and F. H. S. boys began to arrive in twos and threes, and also to invade the "kitchen," from which they might have been finally ejected had they not valued their bruised limbs so much. Mr. McFarlane very kindly showed a number of