

the door of the car open. Mr. Clarkson acted as fireman. Here and there Bus dropped off the train and ran alongside. This may give some idea of the terrific speed at which we were travelling.

None of us slept much that night (or rather morning) and it was a hard looking bunch of tramps that disembarked at St. John. Stan and Bertie were the principal actors in a little playlet entitled "The Lost Luggage." We were soon on the last lap, and on arriving home were somewhat astonished to find the band out to welcome us, as well as a fleet of cars to take us home. So ended the Football season.

Saturday, October 25th, 1925

At five A. M. we wakened,
At six boarded the train;
At seven we were wond'ring
When we'd be home again.
At 8 A. M. felt sleepy,
At nine we're in St. John;
At ten A. M. were "strutting" round
As though we owned the town.
Eleven A. M. still found us
Hunting our own home crowd.
We met them all in Woolworth's
And there we "why'd" and "how'd."
At twelve o'clock we journeyed
To the "Clifton House" to dine.
'Twas there we met the "'ballers"
And they were looking fine!
"Upon my word, look who's here—
Annie, Alice and Tim!"
We did not know our Peggy
She looked so very prim.
From twelve to three the hours pass'd,
The game began—hurray!
Nine points scored by our own boys
During first half—I say!
The second half was "tougher."
But the boys showed their "stuff,"
And when it ended 9-0