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In making this our first blushing appearance in cold print, in an attempt to record our progress—or retrogression as a Depot in the realm of sport, we hope that in some measure, assistance may be given by any so inclined who may praise, condemn, or criticise any or all events of a sporting nature. The column is wide open to all who may nurse a grouch and may feel better by seeing it in print. Questions of course are especially welcomed,—particularly ones which will most likely tie us in a knot. It will give us great pleasure, for instance to answer queries like this:—“Who scored the first goal for the Kilbirnie Ladeside against the Mossend Hibs in the second round of the Junior cup in 1907.” So don't be shy, you boys, there's lots of space to spare, else we would not be on the job ourselves, at this time of night.

Athletically speaking, the season past has not been productive of anything noteworthy, in the way of sport. We held a very successful series of Field and Aquatic sports last summer and the exciting and close finish of the War Canoe Race Final, between our boys and the representatives of the Yacht Club, will remain in our memory so long as we think of St. Johns. To balance this of course, there's the series of defeats our Baseball club had to bear at the hands of the locals. You chaps who have but lately arrived have no idea how manfully we used to walk out to the field of a Sunday throughout the long summer and watch with a gradually growing indifference the flower of our ballmen endeavouring to reduce the lead. They seldom had to try and hold a lead.

The International game between Canada and the U. S. A. was quite an interesting little affair of course and was a revelation to some of us who knew little about the rooting end of it. Canada, of course, won. Then there was the great Football match between Scotland and the Rest of the World. The representatives of the “Land o' Cakes” won rather easily, perhaps because the outside right for them that day proved to be an Irishman of the most malignant type. In all fairness to the selectors of the champion team, be it recorded that they did not know their choice of the extreme right position was anything but a “braw lad”. “He played weel enough onywey tae be Scotch” said the selector on being challenged.

London, Ont., still has all the footballing honors to its credit of course. They're a fine lot of players every one of them, even if they did get a big fright when the latest Vancouver organisation threw down the gauntlet at the Depot's feet. The Pacific boys will remain pacific for many a footballing day to come, unless there comes to barracks a troop of Boy Scouts with a fondness for the game.

We did not do much in the way of Polo this year, you know, old chap, because y'know its jolly hard work, bai jove and reallah we were so deuced fagged going to all the gawden pawties in town that we felt we'd rawther bally well loaf round the jolly old rivah.

Well, now, we had a treat served up to us last Saturday and no mistake. Judging by our inter-city games we felt sure we had some pretty good footballers amongst us and quite a few of us interested in the game had been speculating on our chances of success against a really good team of regular players. When we learned that a game had been arranged between the Grand Trunk team of Montreal and our boys, some of us felt that perhaps we were a shade ambitious. We had our pet theories torn to shreds by a 4 to 1 victory which is to say the least a very encouraging performance. On the days play, I think the score very well indicates our superiority but some of the gilt comes off the gingerbread, so to speak, when we learn that the Montreal boys came down—very courageously I think—five short of their regular eleven. As most of you know this makes quite a difference, and the Grand Trunk of yesterday may be quite a different Grand Trunk of tomorrow. Their marked weaknesses lay in finishing and in the last line of defence. Had they travelled with their regular goalkeeper, I feel sure by a change in that department alone the result would have been different. One thing is certain, that, in the event of their playing us again they will not judge us so lightly—they could not very well have known what they were coming up against, else they would not have come down so weak in all departments. Our boys, for the first time in action as a representative team, did particularly well, proving themselves well balanced. Fisher in goal was hardly tested in the first half, and proved his worth in the second even if he did concede a penalty kick by a most extraordinary play.