

Meg Cochrane, as our vocalist,
With Willie Allan, heads the list,
And Lizzie, well, she plays at whist,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our "chuckers out" are good as ten,
No matter where we are, or when,
"Cochritcho" is their cognomen,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Conductors clever there may be,
Sousa, Wood, and Cowan three,
None can conduct like F. J. C.,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Tho' miles away by ship and train,
Divided by the flowing main,
With thee in "Spirit" I'll remain,
Dear Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

* * * *

THE GREENHORNS' HIKE

You may talk of the trail of Ninety-Eight,
When the Pioneers sallied forth
With story and song, they mushed along
To conquer the frozen North.
That was a hike to be proud of, sure,
And it wasn't done in a hurry,
But those boys were not so glad as we
When we landed in Fort McMurray.

We started away from Edmonton town
Aboard of the A. and G. W.,
Light-hearted pals, for we had been told
There's nothing at all to trouble you;
But the pitfalls strewn that line to catch
The steps of the poor unwary
Are numerous, and to describe them here
Is quite unnecessary.