

OUR TRIP TO EXPO

OCT. 1,2,3,4. 1967.

Dear friends--my memory--it is not so good,
So there will be some things I won't include,
I write about a jaunt we took,
October last, our homes forsook.

We were off to Expo in two big busses,
Everyone was cheerful, no complaints, no cusses,
The girls who worked to make this trip,
They managed not to make a slip.

We appreciated their time and care,
All we had to do was pay the fare,
A couple of stops to feed our faces,
We were off again just like the races.

Mount Royal was our destination,
Some were familiar with the location,
To the rest of us the sights were new,
There's lots to see and lots to do.

After a snack we went to rest,
Among these Frenchmen we thought it best,
Not to wander out upon the street,
With "Parley Vous" we couldn't compete.

When morning came we dashed around,
To be on hand when the bugle sounded,
The wretched door it wouldn't lock,
So we rushed for someone to take stock.

I paged down some dames who stood around,
They thought me crazy I'll be bound,
They jibbered and jabbered, oh, what a bore,
I couldn't get them to the door.

We waved our arms and wagged our tongues,
And shouted fit to burst our lungs,
And finally we found a man,
Then rushed outside to join the clan.

Five minutes late--what should we do?
No bus in sight--a fine how de do,
Then round the corner the bus we spy,
We raised a mighty hue and cry.

We dashed across the busy pave...,
And almost hear the drivers rave,
As they brake and try to miss each one,
"Hurrah"! we made it--it was lots of fun.

It really would be quite a chore,
To tell what we saw and more,
Before too long we lost the others,
So we planned to stick together like brothers.