

December 25

We left Ann Arbor, Michigan at 7:30 A.M. enroute to Niagara Falls. On the train we chatted with a young Canadian flier who was in war training. For those of us who were seeing the Falls for the first time the sight was awe-inspiring, beautiful beyond description. The Canadian falls were seen first and most of us agreed that they were prettier than those on the American side.

The rest of the evening until 10:00 P.M. was spent in seeing the city, shows, and talking to a pitiful drunk who expounded the evils of drink and then predicted that two out of the fifteen men on the trip would turn out to be drunkards, like he was, because of some woman.

At 10:00 P.M. we got on the Pullman and went to bed.