

Thursday July 12th

I hung around for about an hour this morning waiting for
 Euch to get ready to go down town then I drove her with the
 baby down and they have been down all day. I came home with
 some two inch nails to finish making the Lamb Creep. The town
 appeared to be full of Orange men this morning and they
 were to say the least a "seedy" looking crowd. They didn't
 "walk" till this afternoon but they were all bedecked with
 their gorgeous orange & blue collars and badges which didn't
 accord well with the rest of their apparel which was in
 most cases faded, raggy and soiled. They all looked to be
 of the same tribe from the old men who shambled around
 the streets in bunches and looked as if they were regretting
 the days when the 12th of July was celebrated in a wet climate
 to the young bucks, who in the first flush of their pride in their
 membership of the Orange Lodges strutted by their appearance
 that their idea of legitimate happiness was to prance around
 the streets on a gala day arrayed in their Sunday clothes and
 to smoke cigars or eat ice cream cones & pop corn with their
 best girls. Of course there were mothers & children interspersed
 through the crowd all no doubt imbued with the same
 spirit of patriotism and religion which inspired their
 fathers, husbands and elder brethren. Right after dinner