

Murphy was the one who first proposed that we go out to night, but they suppose he was a little sure at the way things went, he should have seen Harry Moon who must have been as much disappointed as any of us and yet went out and enjoyed himself as much as any one. We started out soon after seven with Al. Martin and Douglas the Scotchman hauling Harry Dyer and his dream on a ketch sleigh in the van and followed by a large number of kids ranging from those about two sizes larger than Siddons right up to those old enough to know better, and we had Bang Waddles, Dick McDonald, Lily and Cecil Schram as torch bearers. Of course we set out for Nye's first but by the time we got over the hill our harnesses frozen solid so we had to go in to Carl Coleman's to thaw them out we got treated there to wine and fruit cake and in return played a measly waltz, which I got hopelessly mixed up in, we then went up to Nye's and by the time we got there my horn was frozen solid and I had to thaw it out on a torch we got more wine and fruit cake in there to say nothing of the eloquent speeches of Walt and Nye, the former extending congratulations on behalf of the band and the latter slithering smooth the loach all over us, intimating how grand and fortunate for the band to have had him in the past and to see him again in the future. Dover's chief cook and bottle washer. We then dropped in on Uncle Ward, where we got a royal reception, Aunt Maude, Win and Lilo were all there and Ruby had been over with some cider which was very much enjoyed by all who partook of it, we also had coffee, cake and oranges fixed up, as we were

leaving Uncle Ward, remembered he had a box of cigars for us so chased us out into the snow to give them to us. I didn't take one but induced Pud. Shcock to give me a few puffs on his, he became alarmed for fear I was going to keep it so knocked it out of my mouth into the snow but smoked it all the way down town then volunteered the information that it had been too much for him, and next call was on Mr. Taylor, but we had to throw our horns out first at Bob. Ranky before we could make our presence known to R. M. He didn't ask us in but made a donation to the band and passed around more cigars, one of which I collared and smoked (foolishly I suppose) and was not bothered by Pud. claiming any puffs or by any feeling that it was too much for me. The next man was our calling list was Skenderson and we thawed out at Mrs. Thompson's before doing our little stunt for him. She made another donation and speech which contained the information that his house was much too small for us, which we know to be perfectly correct. Walt also gave his recitation which he had pretty well off by heart by this time, the same as we had the piece of music which he had us play and every stop. Billy Langs living farthest away was the last councillor for us, so we bent our steps for his domain. None of our number resided in that vicinity so we called unceremoniously on George Steel to be warmed up. George told us we were a hot bunch to come in on a fellow with out being asked and that Bill Langs had just as much gas as he did but he lit another fire for us and we rattled off "We won't go