

Next we had a string eating contest. Six pieces of heavy thread with a piece of chocolate on each end of each. The man who got to his chocolate first got the rest of the bar as prize.

By that time everyone was in the best of humors, so I got up on the stage again and called for volunteers - for songs or anything- Not a soul moved. It just couldn't fall flat so I said "Boys I'll call your bluff, I'm just as scared as you are but I'm going to speak a piece" and I gave them Browning's "Incident of the French Camp". Then I said "Is there anyone now who'll do something". A voice from the back lines said "Here's one who will" and a boy climbed up on the stage and spouted. He was a dear; he got stuck several times but he didn't get rattled and was a grand success. He gave us "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and another endless one about a train wreck and a dying baby! Then another man came forward and said he'd sing. He was fine. He just sat on the edge of the platform and sang funny songs. Once a "damn" came in and he left it blank and turned to look at me-you ought to have heard the boys about. After a few songs he began "K-K-K-Katy" and everyone came in on the chorus. There was a funny fann fat man from the "Y" H.Q. here that night and he has a voice as big as himself. He bellowed above them all, then came forward and sang some other things and told funny stories.

Right in the middle of the festivities the call to quarters blew! I'd no idea it was so late. It was better though to snap it off in a whirl than to have it peter out. It was a good show. We're going to have another soon.

October 10th.