



1732 — 1939



1935 — 1935

WASHINGTON PARTY 1939

M E N U

*

Fruit Juice Cocktail

Ritz Crackers

Celery

Olives

Breaded Veal

Mashed Potatoes

Cauliflower

Tomato Salad

Raspberry Jam

Hot Rolls

Martha Washington Pie

Coffee

WASHINGTON PARTY 1933

"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"

Dorothy Behrens

Accompanied by Ruth Worrell

Dixie Land

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie L
In Dixie land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie L

Den I wish I was in Dixie,

Hooray, Hooray,

In Dixie land I'll take my stand

To lib and die in Dixie.

Away, away, away down south in Dixie,

Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batto
Makes you fat or a little fatter,

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie L

But if you want to drive 'way sorrow

Come and hear this song tomorrow:

Look away, look away, look away, Dixie L

The sun shines bright in my old

Kentucky home,

'Tis summer, the daisies are gay,

The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's

all in bloom,

While the birds make music all the day

The young folks roll on the hills

Minuet

and

All bright,

Dureth Helen Hitchcock

By'n by

Evolve De Pue

Mildred Wikert

Alice Hanson

Accompanied by Ruth Worrell

we will sing one song for the
Old Kentucky Home
For the Old Kentucky Home for
The head must bow, and the back will
have to bend;
Wherever the daisies may grow
A few more days, and the trouble all
will end,
In the field where the sugar comes
A few more days for to take the water
load,
No matter, I will never be light,
A few more days till we get on the
road;
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night

My Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright in my old
Kentucky home,

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's
all in bloom,

While the birds make music all the day
The young folks roll on the little
cabin floor

All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at
the door,

Then my old Kentucky home, good Night!

CHORUS: weep no more, my lady,

Oh! weep no more today!

We will sing one song for the
Old Kentucky Home

For the Old Kentucky Home far aw

The head must bow, and the back will
have to bend;

Wherever the darkies may go;

A few more days, and the trouble all
will end,

In the field where the sugar canes grow
A few more days for to tote the weary
load,

No matter, 'twill never be light,

A few more days till we totter on the
road;

Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

CHORUS:



