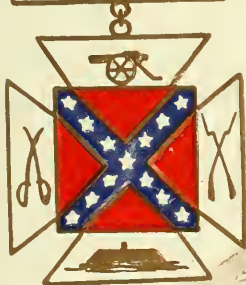


The Confederate


C.V.C. OF N.Y.



VETERAN CAMP

OF New York.





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7th - 100th Δ

Twelfth Annual Banquet
Waldorf-Astoria
January 20, 1902

Committee

ON ARRANGEMENT FOR THE DINNER, TOASTS, AND INVITATIONS

THE COMMANDER
AND
COMRADE T. P. OCHILTREE

Floor Committee

Veterans

CHAIRMAN

PETER MALLETT

HUGH S. THOMPSON	A. G. DICKINSON
SAMUEL H. BUCK	EDWIN SELVAGE
JOHN F. BLACK	WILLIAM W. CHILDS
WILLIAM PRESTON HIX	CLARENCE R. HATTON
CLARENCE CARY	THEO. STEELE

Associate Members

CHAIRMAN

J. LYNCH PENDERGAST

C. C. PHILLIPS	TURNER A. BEALL
H. H. CHILDERS	WILLIS DOWD
POWHATAN G. GORDON	LOGAN D. HOWELL
GEO. WHEELER MEACHAM	ALLAN S. TOWSON
W. ANDERSON POLK	E. LOWNDES RHETT
WILLIAM H. WILLS	W. G. FITZWILSON
J. SHEPHERD CLARK	JAMES R. BRANCH
FRANK TRENHOLM	WILLIAM S. HOLMES
J. HERBERT CLAIBORNE	DUNCAN B. CANNON
G. BOLLING LEE	

Menu

HUÎTRES

POTAGE À LA JENNY LIND

RADIS OLIVES CÉLERI AMANDES SALÉES

FILET DE BASS À LA MORNY

Salade de Concombres

COQUILLES DE VOLAILLE AUX CHAMPIGNONS FRAIS

ESCALOPES D'AGNEAU À LA CHÉRON

Pommes de Terre Palestine

SORBET CRÊME YVETTE

PETIT POULET DE GRAIN RÔTI EN CASSEROLLE

Salade de Saison

GLACES DE FANTAISIE

PETITS FOURS

FRUITS

CAFÉ

Perrier-Jouët "Reserve Dry"

G. H. Mumm's "Extra Dry"

Champagnes

as per Wine List

600426

Toasts

The President, and the Army and Navy of the United States

Motto: "Society is well governed when the People obey the Magistrates, and the Magistrates the laws."

Music: "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" (Standing)

The Memory of Robert E. Lee

Motto: "Now let thy fancy rise in bold relief,
The sculptured image of that veteran chief
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name."

Music: Bugle Call—"Taps" (Standing and in silence)

The Uncrowned Heroes of the Confederacy

Motto: "Where are they who marched away,
Followed by our hopes and fears—
Glittering lines of steel and gray,
Moving down the battle's way—
Where are they these many years?"

HON. JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

Music: "Bold Soldier Boy"

Toasts

Song: (a) "Amour, Viens Aider" (from "Samson and Delilah") SAINT-SAENS
(b) "Soupir" LEO STERN

MISS ELIZABETH BRINSMADE
formerly of New Orleans, La.

Southern Ideals

Motto: "For we are the same that our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen ;
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun ;
And run the same course that our fathers have run."

RALPH H. HOLLAND, Esq.
President Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Music: "Home, Sweet Home"

Recitation: "One Snowy Night at Christmas" ANONYMOUS

MISS MARIAN CHILDERS
formerly of Texas

Violin Solo: "Cavatina" RAFF

MISS FANNIE MARKS, of Alabama, accompanied on
the Piano by MISS IMA HOGG, of Texas

The Silent Brigade

"They have answered the last roll call,
and rest beyond the River."

Taps

During the Banquet MR. C. J. BUSHNELL will sing some choice selections

1901

Officers

1902

Commander

EDWARD OWEN.

Lieutenant Commander

SAMUEL B. PAUL

Paymaster

STEPHNL W. JONES

Adjutant

THOMAS L. MOORE

Chaplain

REV. GEORGE S BAKER

Surgeon

DR. J. HARVIE DEW

Executive Committee

HUGH R. GARDEN

PETER MALLET

ROBERT W. GWATHMEY

JOHN C. CALHOUN

HENRY T. DOUGLAS

Past Commanders

ANDREW G. DICKINSON

JAMES H. PARKER

ALEXANDER R. CHISOLM

GEORGE TUCKER HARRISON

CHARLES E. THORBURN

“Old Folks at Home”

'Way down upon de Swanee Riber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart is turning eber,
Dar's whar de ole folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.

CHORUS.—All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhar I roam ;
O darkies ! how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Dar many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh ! take me to my kind ole mudder,
Dar let me live and die.

CHORUS.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter whar I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All 'round de comb ?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good ole home ?

CHORUS.

“Dixie’s Land”

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in
Early in one frosty mornin’,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I’ll take my stand
To lib an’ die in Dixie,
A-way, a-way, a-way down South in Dixie,
A-way, a-way, a-way down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry “Will-de-weab-er,”
Willium was a gay de-ceab-er,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around ’er
He smil’d as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land. CHORUS.

His face was sharp as a butcher’s cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab ’er,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land. CHORUS.

Now here’s a health to the next old Missus,
An’ all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive ’way sorrow,
Come an’ hear dis song to-morrow,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land. CHORUS.

Dar’s buckwheat cakes an’ Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down an’ scratch your gabel,
To Dixie’s Land I’m bound to trabel,
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dixie Land. CHORUS.

