



Pacific Association of Amateur Oarsmen

Exposition Banquet

Bergez and Franks
421 Bush St.
San Francisco, California
Saturday evening
March 13
1915

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Eat,
Drink and be
Merry!

BANISH CARE AND BANISH SORROW,
TO THE GODS BELONGS TOMORROW.

—ANACREON

Membership of the Pacific Association Amateur Oarsmen

Alameda Boating Club
Ariel Rowing Club
Dolphin Swimming & Boating Club
San Diego Rowing Club
South End Rowing Club

Personnel of the PACIFIC ASSOCIATION AMATEUR OARSMEN

President.....	Henry C. Peterson.....	San Diego Rowing Club
	A. G. Bell.....	} Alameda Boating Club
Vice-President.....	A. Brampton.....	
	C. Kiser.....	
Treasurer.....	J. S. Lewis.....	} Ariel Rowing Club
	E. J. Lynch.....	
	Wm. McKee.....	
	James J. Cronin.....	} Dolphin S. & B. Club
	F. J. Figoni.....	
	A. Fryer.....	
	A. Pape.....	} San Diego Rowing Club
	Wm. Unmack.....	
Secretary.....	Gus. L. Baraty.....	} South End Rowing Club
	L. Grundy.....	
	W. M. Wilson.....	



PRESENTATION

The Henry C. Peterson Perpetual Challenge Trophy
for the
Senior Single Sculls



Then to our liquor let us sit;
Wine makes the soul for action fit;
Who drinks most wine hath the most wit.

(Cleveland.)

Menu



OYSTERS

Toke Point

SOUP

Cream of Chicken

SALAD

Fruit

HORS d'OEUVRES

Olives

Radishes

PUNCH PRUNELLE

FISH

Striped Bass, Marguerite Style

ENTREES

Sweetbreads, Mushrooms Saute

VEGETABLES

French Green Peas

ROAST

Half Squab Chicken, Stuffed

DESSERT

Ice Cream, Neapolitan

Assorted Fruits

Cheese

Cafe Noir

WINE

I often wonder what the Vint-
ners buy

One-half so precious as the
stuff they sell. (Omar)

WINE

Come, fill my cup until it swim
With foam, that overlooks the
brim;

Who drinks the deepest, here's
to him! (Cleveland)

A woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke!
(Kipling)



Coming to the turn!

Toasts



GUS L. BARATY, Toastmaster
South End Rowing Club

Welcome.....HENRY C. PETERSON
President Pacific Assn. of Amateur Oarsmen
San Diego Rowing Club

Rowing.....A. G. BELL
Alameda Boating Club

San Francisco, the Exposition City.....HUGH McKEVITT
Dolphin S. & B. Club

College Rowing in the East.....CHARLES STEPHENSON
U. of C. Rowing Coach

Aquatic Recreation.....JAMES EDWARD ROGERS
Recreation League of San Francisco

College Rowing in the West.....FRANK GUERENA
Stanford University Rowing Coach

Reminiscences.....J. E. SCULLY
South End Rowing Club

Our Absent Member, San Diego.....E. J. LYNCH
Ariel Rowing Club

Oars Up!



Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but wine.

My clay with long oblivion is gone dry,
But fill me with the old familiar juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by.

(Omar)

Hold on the stroke and pull on the bow!

Songs



IT'S A SHORT WAY TO CALIFORNIA.

Tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary.

It's a short way to California,
It's a short way to go;
It's a short way to California,
To the wettest state I know;
Goodbye dear old Oregon,
Farewell Washington;
It's a short, short way to California,
But we'll all be there!

DRINKING SONG.

Here's to.....he's true blue,
He's a rounder, through and through,
Fill him up a bumper,
Celebrate the day,
For when he goes to Heaven
He will go the other way!

Drink Bat Neilsen,
Drink Bat Neilsen,
Drink Bat Neilsen,
Whoa!

(When glass is empty.)

I DIDN'T RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER.

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy;
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder,
To shoot some other mother's darling boy?
Let nations arbitrate their future troubles,
It's time to lay the sword and gun away,
There'd be no war today, if mothers all would say,
"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

BACK TO THE CAROLINA YOU LOVE.

Gone are the days
I used to spend with Carolina,
She had the sunshine in her laughter,
Just like the State they named her after.
Gone are the days,
The golden days I'm dreaming of,
And still I seem to hear her say,
Will you be back, will you be back,
Back to the Carolina you love?



Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine! the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

—Omar

PUPPCHEN.

Puppchen! my little Doll, that's you!
Puppchen, with great big eyes of blue!
Puppchen! my German Puppchen!
With flaxen hair and baby stare,
Puppchen! I'll be your own papa!
Puppchen! but don't you tell mamma!
Puppchen, my little Puppchen!
Oh! I could play with a doll like you all day!

LET US SING A BOOSTER SING.

Tune: Marching Through Georgia.

Come, you Rowing Boys, we'll sing a Booster song;
We'll sing it with a spirit that will start the bunch along;
From North and East and South they'll gather here two hundred strong,
To join our Booster celebration.

Chorus:

Hurrah, hurrah, a big time let it be;
Hurrah, hurrah, join in this jubilee;
We'll have so many good time stunts, that Gloom will surely flee,
At our P. A. A. O. celebration.

I WANT TO LINGER.

I want to linger, a little longer, a little longer,
Lou, see that moon a-shinin' up above,
There's no time like this for making love.
I love your lovin,' your lovey lovin',
I hate leavin' you, let me linger just a little,
Little longer with you, little longer with you.

CHEER UP, OARSMEN.

Tune: Cheer Up, Mary.

Cheer up, Oarsmen, don't be sighing, sighing,
Put away that frozen frown;
Now's the time to get the bunch together
And to boost our grand old game.
Booster bells will soon be ringing, ringing,
Old Dull Care is on the run;
We've got the Cush—get in and Push
And be sure your share is done.
Boost the Booster, time is flying, flying,
We must do our duty now;
Show the bunch that we have burned the hammer;
Put your shoulder to the oar,
Booster bells will soon be ringing, ringing,
Be a live wire—fall in line;
Don't go to roost—get in and boost
For our Get Together Time.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP.

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose,
When you caressed me, 'twas then heaven blessed me,
What a blessing, no one knows;
You made life cheery when you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep, when you wore that tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.

BACK TO MICHIGAN.

I want to go back,
I want to go back,
I want to go back to the farm,
Far away from harm,
With a milk pail on my arm,
I miss the rooster,
The one that used to
Wake me up at four a. m.
I think your great big city's
Very pretty;
Nevertheless,
I want to be there,
I want to see there
A certain party full of charm;
That's why I wish again
I was in Michigan,
Down on the farm.

I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA.

Where the snow-crowned, golden Sierras
Keep their watch o'er the valleys' bloom,
It is there I would be in our land by the sea,
Every breeze bearing rich perfume.
It is here nature gives of her rarest,
It is home, sweet home to me,
And I know when I die, I shall breathe my last sigh
For my sunny California.

CALIFORNIA AND YOU.

Oh, don't you remember California in September,
As we stood in the wood, neath the beautiful sky,
I made you cry when I kissed you goodbye;
But dearie,
Don't you remember that I promised to be true?
So expect a choo-choo that's bringing me back
To California and you.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

ALOHA OE.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers,
One fond embrace, before I now depart,
Until we meet again.



And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the guests, star scattered, on the grass
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made one, turn down an empty glass!
(Omar)



Tamam!

