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GREAT CENTENNIAL JUBILEE 1875

Sam Plouffe



PUBLISHED BY GEO. W. RICHARDSON & CO.
256 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

THREE BEAUTIFUL SONGS—JUST PUBLISHED.

“FROM OUR HOME THE LOVED ARE GOING.”

SONG AND CHORUS.

MUSIC BY HARRY PERCY. WORDS BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

The most beautiful melody of any song published. Delights all who hear it. **Elegant Picture Title.**

From our home the loved are going,
Out upon life's stormy sea;
And our hearts are sad in knowing
We shall ever parted be.
They are seeking other pleasures,
Far across the ocean's toam,
Finding other hearts and treasures,
Loved ones going from our home.

Chorus.— From our home the loved are going,
One by one, like leaves that fall;
Ever going, softly going,
Far away from our recall.

Price, 40 cts. Plain, 35 cts.

TREAD SOFTLY, THE ANGELS ARE CALLING.

SONG AND CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. W. TURNER.

A tender and pathetic composition, by the author of “Fairy Wedding Waltz.” Beautiful melody and appropriate words.

Tread softly, the Angels are calling
Our darling, our brightest and best;
I hear their sweet voices falling,
They are beck'ning our loved ones to rest.

Elegant Colored Title. Price 35 cts.

FLIRTING IN THE STARLIGHT.

Music by Geo. Delano. Words by M. J. Messer.

There is no time or place, they say,
Where Cupid's power is not;
From early morn till close of day,
—In palace or in cot:
I do not doubt the story's true;
Indeed, 't would not be right,
For truly, I've been there myself,
And tarried over night.

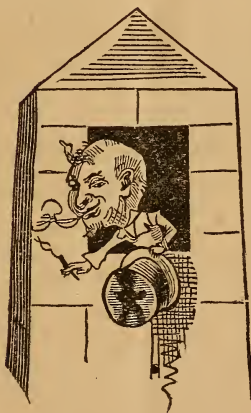
Price, 35 cts.

The above songs may be obtained at any Music Store in the United States, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, — or the three for \$1.00. The melody of each will be found pleasing in style, and not too difficult. They are by well-known composers, and although but a short time issued, are meeting with a large sale.

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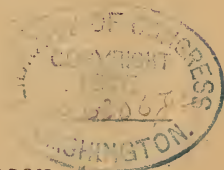
N. B. — Any piece of Music published in the United States, sent for retail price.

✓
SAM SLOCUM'S
GREAT
CENTENNIAL
JUBILUM.



JUNE 17, 1875.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY WARREN RICHARDSON,
256 WASHINGTON STREET.



1875

E 241
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CONFIDENTIAL.

This book was got up to sell—the public. I expect to sell a good many million—perhaps billions. People do buy books as nonsensical as this, and after reading them look in vain for any compensation. That's not my style. I have ordered the binder to insert a lot of 50-cent currency between the leaves, to make it worth while to buy, and give the reader his money's worth.

THE AUTHOR.

OUR GREAT
Centennial Jubilum!




IT is just one hundred years ago since GRANDFATHER SLOCUM got home from the BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, where we give the Britishers such an all-fired handsome licking, and settled their hash for a while.

I'd like to ask you Yankees what you'd have been now, if the British had licked us at Bunker Hill. There would n't have been any Seventeenth of June to brag of. The great General Court of Mass. would n't have had to vote so many thousand dollars for their own entertainment, and so few dollars to celebrate the Centennial Anniversary. They could have "divied" between themselves enough to wipe off all the mortgages they had standing against them. I tell you what, fellow citizens, patriotism is dying out in these parts. We're getting rich and sassy. The children of to-day are ashamed to have it said their daddies ever peddled fish, or worked on a farm, or wore their shirts a whole week without washing. Our women folks are getting mighty stuck-up, too. They can't wear anything but silk now. Some of their mothers were darned glad to get even a ninepenny calico, at one time.

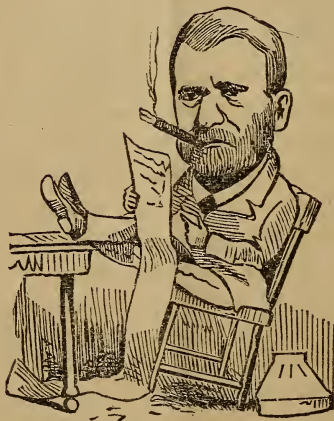
I've been thinking over this Seventeenth of June business, and when I heard they made such a bad muss of it at Lexington and Concord, last April, said I to myself,

"Slocum! your granddaddy fought at Bunker-Hill; the granddaddies of some of those who are going to run this Centennial Celebration did their fighting at Donnybrook. If you don't want this thing to make a fizzle, you've got to boss the whole job."

That's just what I'm going to do.

 Bills for cigars, whiskey, and old Medford, must be properly vouched while the party is not more than half drunk. Hotel bills settled by note, for a longer or shorter time, according to the length of the bills and the "extras."

As Gen. Grant came on to the Lexington scrape, and got such cool treatment, I'd jest like to show him what a



Gen. Grant reading my Letter.

Sam Slocum *can* do, who has the fire of Bunker Hill crawling through his veins. I wrote Gen. Grant a powerful letter, and sent a man to Washington with it. He took

it to the White House and gave a lacky a dollar to put the letter in Gen. Grant's hand. Here's the answer the General sent me. Grant knows me. He said I was the only Boston man who had n't bored him for an office, or asked him to make a speech.

Washington, May 20, 1875.

SAM. SLOCUM, Esq.: Sir,—I got your invitation to be present at the Centennial Celebration, on the 17th June. I won't go. I have n't got over the effects of that confounded Lexington fizzle. Besides, I see by the Boston papers that your people have been reckoning up the cigars I smoked, the bill for refreshments of self and suite, which, between you and me and good taste, (not the liquors,) is — small potatoes. * * * Perhaps you can prevail on Gen. Sherman to go. If he does, just treat him well, and make the most of him,—as I've no doubt you will.

Your ob't serv't,

ULYSSES GRANT.

I was a little put out with the General, at first, and said I'd not give him my vote for a third term. Then I learned from Gen. Butler, who is a friend of mine, that Gen. G. is n't a-going to run in the next Presidential race. Eight years in Washington, nagged right and left, has given him glory enough to retire with. He's smoked out some of the low corruption in high places, and is anxious to get away.

In answer to the invitation I sent to the hero of Little Bethel, I was waited on by an intelligent Contraband, that I remembered having seen before and behind, who said:

“Massa Butler sends his compliments to you.”

“Will the General come to our great Centennial Celebration of the anniversary of the glorious Battle of Bunker Hill on the seventeenth of June 1775 when we gave the hireling troops of King George the Third particular fits?”

“Dunno, sare.”

“What did the General say?”

“He say he’d see.”

“Any one with half an eye can see that we must have the General’s aid to engineer this thing through.”

P’raps he’ll come and p’raps he won’t. Jes’ as he feels.”

“We can better spare a better man. Sam. Slocum’s compliments to the General, and tell him that the Centennial Jubilum can’t come off without him. The General owns a granite quarry; that big thing on Bunker Hill will have to come down and be reconstructed — in some place where land is cheaper. Patriotism has got to skedaddle.”

The next thing was to secure the Governor, who is the best-liked man in the State. First I thought I’d jest call on him after dinner some day — for even Governors are good-natured after they’ve had a hearty dinner, unless they are crowded too hard. But then I thought the Governor might not remember me, although I helped elect him; so I concluded to write out a square invitation, telling him of all the big bugs I’d invited, which I did, and got my friend Col. G. to deliver it. Here’s the answer I got:

At Home, May 25, 1875.

SAMUEL SLOCUM, Esq. Dear Sir,—Your letter of invitation to the great Centennial Jubilum, on the 17th of June next, is received. Recognizing the patriotic services rendered by your respected grandfather in the tuzzle to throw off the galling yoke of tyranny fastened on us by Great Britain, and which galling yoke aforesaid we did throw off, and hit our enemies in their tenderest spot,—I cheerfully accept your invitation, and have ordered a new suit of blue expressly for the occasion.

Your ob’t serv’t,

BILL GASTUN.

I learned from Washington that, with a little coaxing, I could get Gen. Sherman to come to our great Centennial Jubilum. Not having any spare currency to coax him with, I determined to try a little “soft soap,” and tickle

him with his book, which just did the business for me. He sent word that he'd come.

I immediately made preparations to receive him. The Mayor got wind that he was coming, and sent word that he guessed the City would be willing to go halves with me on the expense — if his liquor and cigar bill didn't run up higher than Gen. Grant's, which was awful. I immediately called on his Honor, and we arranged matters very handsomely. The sum total of the whole bill is to be doubled, and then halved, and the City pays. That will give me a share of the glory, with the privilege of deadheading myself and friends to the free drinks and lunches, without costing me a cent. I call that patriotic.

The General will arrive on the 16th, and I and Mayor Cobb will be in waiting to receive him. I bought a picture of the General for ten cents, [the bill to the City will be ten dollars,] so not to shake hands with the wrong man. The Chief of Police will send four extra of his heaviest men, to hurrah when I shake hands with the General. A boy of experience has been engaged to touch-off two full bunches of fire-crackers, as we leave the Depot for the Revere House. I cautioned the little rascal to reserve his fire until he saw the whites of the General's eyes.

When we arrive at the Revere, the gentlemanly landlord will be in waiting with three mint juleps of extra strength, three bottles of old Bourbon, two of young ditto, three pale sherry, two ditto a little paler, with crackers and cheese and salt-fish *ad lib.*

Many other distinguished individuals, both white and black, have been invited, and promised to come. I am going to have this the biggest and most glorious Jubilum of the century, if it takes my bottom dollar and all the bottom dollars I can borrow.

I have also engaged the services, for one day only, of those two much-talked-of individuals —



The Man who Painted the inside of the State House,
 who has won more fame and money than some of the great
 Master Painters we read of. And



The Man who Gilded the Dome,
 whose labors reflect over a larger and higher area of space
 than those of any other chap who slings a paint-brush.

As the Women folks performed an important part in the making of Heroes and Sheros of the old '75 standard, I determined to give them a chance to air their patriotism and their summer bonnets at this great Centennial Jubilum. But the question was, How to do it? I have always entertained the highest respect for women folks. My mother was a woman, and I loved her better than old Medford.—Bless the old lady's memory! . . . She made the best applesass of any woman in Slocumville.

I concluded to hire a big car, and let the handsomest women take the front seats, and the homely ones the back. But I know that plan won't work. It's in opposition to female nature. King Solomon said—and he had considerable experience among



The Women,

“It’s a darned sight easier for a two-year old colt to go through an inch hole in a barn-door, than to make a homely gal give up to a handsome one, when she feels she had n’t ought to.”

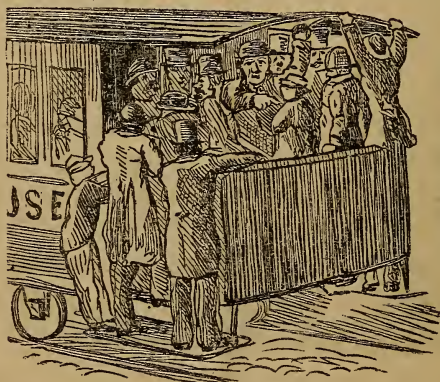
As my great Centennial Jubilum will bring half a million people into Boston on the 17th June, I made a friendly call on the Presidents of all the horse-railroads, to see what

their plans were to accommodate my friends who wanted to ride into town that day. The Metropolitan man received me with his well-known politeness,—invited me to “smile,” and handed me a 25-cent cigar, made of the best Connecticut tobacco of his own importation. He said the Metropolitan meant to be “equal to the occasion,” as usual, and did n’t mean to refuse any one a ride who had the necessary six cents or the company’s pasteboard.

“But there’ll be a million people in Boston that day, and half of them will want to ride in your cars.”

“You’ll find us *fully* prepared.”

The other horse-railroad companies were fully prepared, too, as they always are on such occasions. But we’re a good-natured people.



“Equal to the occasion.”

In anticipation of the great rush, the Metropolitan and other companies are increasing the number and size of their cars, and hiring every decent-looking chap that offers himself for a conductor’s position—insisting only that he shall stand up for the company, wear a clean collar occasionally, and keep an eye to leeward, to catch the nods of the pretty

girls. They have also increased their salaries, without abridging their opportunities of purchasing gold watches and diamond rings.

☞ By the kindness of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the horses of all the companies will be allowed to wear their own tails during fly-time.

Letters have been received from the owners of Menageries, Circuses, Punch-and-Judy Shows, Street Bands, Hand-Organ Artists, Pea-nut Venders, Traveling Corn and Bunion Cutters, Quack Doctors, and others, proposing to join the Grand Procession. In the classic language of the Poet of the Future, I say,

“Come one, come all —
Both great and small,”
Except those with red hair, who on no account
will be admitted in the procession at all.

As this is no every-day affair, but the Jubilum of a Century, it is expected that people will come prepared to make a day of it. Women folks will leave their knitting at home, but bring their dinners with them, for Boston will be hard pushed to feed all the open mouths that day.

As the new license law will be in operation, the Spirit of old '75 and '76 will be the only kind of spirit allowed.

There's no use in any one getting excited, and heating up their blood about trifles, just because their grandfather got killed at Bunker Hill. He'd a-been dead by this time any way, and what's the use of groaning about it. The poet says, and he ought to know, “It's bully to die for one's country.”

I now proceed to lay before the citizens of the Hub and adjoining towns, including Chelsea, the following

PROGRAMME.

The sun will rise a little earlier than usual, on the 17th, because there's so much to go through with. The weather will be warmish. Flannels and overcoats may be left at home. Umbrellas may be wanted, but it's better to borrow them.

The Great Day will be ushered in politely, by ushers engaged for the occasion. At sunrise all the church bells will be rung by electricity, at the City's expense, and every person found in bed by six o'clock, will be fined one dollar, the money to be used to erect a splendid monument on Boston Common to JACK FROST.

At 6.55, those who intend to join the Grand Procession, will assemble in the places designated, as follows:

People from South Boston will assemble on the Milldam, and there await in patience the Organizing Committee. No profane language or serious puns as to place assigned, will be allowed.

People from Charlestown will assemble on the Coliseum grounds, and there await the pleasure of the Chief Marshal. It is hoped that the venerable porcine citizen of Charlestown, who on this day appears in gala trim, will be treated with courtesy, and no allusion made to his face, or behind his back. Little boys and small men will govern themselves accordingly.

The people of Chelsea are fully alive to the importance of being well represented, and have engaged three corps(es) of the Undertakers' Guards for escort. They will please form in a solid body and take possession of the Granary Burying Ground, and there await the signal to depart. The Old South bell will be tolled at the appointed time;

when each corps will file in silently, and take up their line of march.

The people from Dorchester and Roxbury will assemble in the Square, at Charlestown, and hold themselves in readiness to join the procession as it crosses the two Bridges. It is hoped there will be no pushing or squeezing, as every citizen of Roxbury and Dorchester will be watched by a jealous policeman.

The women of Boston will remain at home and practise hospitality—not Deer Island hospitality, but the Boston kind, which entertains angels and abolitionists unawares.

THE MUSIC

I have engaged for the great occasion, will be immense. I employed skilful and experienced men to stump the entire New England territory for first-class talent. The result is, I shall have every bald-headed musician of acknowledged genius, that can be found. We lost several, by coming in competition with Barnum's agent, who wanted them to represent a great moral enterprise of some kind, that he is at work on, to make the hair grow on bald places. These bald-headed musicians of acknowledged genius play on any and every kind of musical instrument that was ever heard of, besides playing into each other's hands, wherever a ten cent piece can be made. There will be six full bands and six bands half-full. They will meet under the Big Elm for rehearsal, at three o'clock, on the morning of the 17th. Before commencing, every man will be invited to drink a glass of Cochituate from the Brewer fountain, at the City's expense. Two hours will then be devoted to *Yankee Doodle*, the well-known Yankee Doodler whistling the solo and chorus, having kindly volunteered for the occasion with boots, which will tap the finale. Two hours more will be spent in getting ready to begin.

At precisely 7.25 of Park Street clock,

I

*Shall Enter the Common by Park Street Gate,
Fully Dressed for the Occasion :*

(A CLEAN SHIRT, PAPER COLLAR, NEW TOOTHPICK, &c.)

followed by my Illustrious Consort,



Mrs. Jerusha Penelope Slocum,
(The Daughter of her Mother.)

The masses of people assembled will shout and hurrah at my expense. Big Guns will be let off (for half an hour), crackers will be fired and eaten. The two Fountains will be allowed to play, after their long vacation. Second-hand corn-balls will be given to the toothless. The six full bands will strike up Yankee Doodle, the six half bands ditto. Amid the general hilarity, a solitary horseman will enter through the West Street Gate, prance up towards the — ah, (“Good morning, madam!”) rein up in front of the assembled million, take off his hat, and receive the respect due



His Excellency Gov. G.

Another solitary horseman will enter the Common, over the Tremont Street curb, and curb up his steed at the Frog Pond. He will be attended by two stalwart trusty aids,



billied with the insignia of their office. After the noble animal has quenched his thirst, the savage-looking rider

will pay his respects to the Governor, getting a receipt therefor. He will then proceed to organize. Fifty hand-organs will enliven the crowd by some familiar duets and strange doings, not down in the programme. The band will play a lively quickstep, dedicated to the Horse Railways, entitled "Through Temple Place." When all is ready I shall give the signal, and the

Grand Centennial Jubilum of 1875

Will proceed in Procession to Charlestown.

The Route of Procession will be governed by the inclination of the Chief Marshal, and will necessarily be tortuous,— as he is sure to lose himself in our parallel streets.

SECTION FIRST.

Determined to "go the entire animal," the Chief Marshal of our Procession will be an



Original Citizen of Charlestown,

of irreproachable character, that has n't read a word of the Brooklyn Scandal, and don't care a pig's tail who wins. Of course our citizen will want all the honors, hog like. He

will comprise the entire Section, walking on all fours, and playing the *Grunt March*, interlarded with variations and scraps, bristling with melodies of "The R(h)in(e)d."

SECTION SECOND.

Reporters of the Newspapers will be present in force, with implements of their profession, and perform some original graphic pen-and-ink sketches. I intend to give these



Apostles of Fact and Fiction

a Grand Dinner, at Young's, on the evening of the 17th,—on which occasion pea soup and other rich viands will be dispensed with reckless prodigality. In return for which I shall expect a due amount of glorification.

In response to an advertisement in a New York paper, for an original American Orator, of the spread-eagle kind, (Massachusetts having supplied the entire Union, since the Declaration of Independence, and is consequently run out,) out of 26,007 tenders, I selected the tenderest, and set him at work on an Oration and an Ode, both of which I trust

will be acceptable, as I paid him 2 dollars and 92 cents for the MS., and have sold it to a New York magaziner, for their Christmas number. Boston papers—beware!



The Orator and Odist of the Day, who came from New York by the Night line, deadheaded to Bunker-Hill.

Next in order comes our



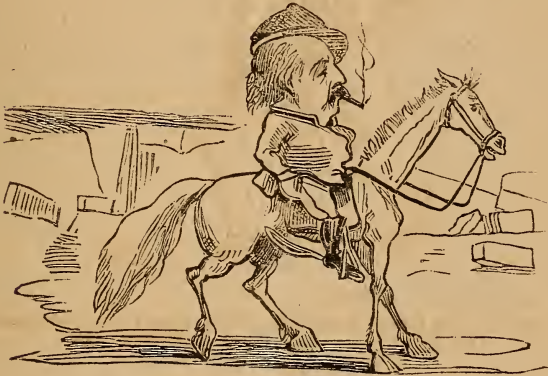
Standard-Bearer

AND

the Caterer,

Both representative men and graphically represented.

That particular friend of mine, Gen. Sutler, who takes a lively interest in Massachusetts affairs, and is known as the "war-horse of the old Democratic party," which (the party and not the General) "went up" a while ago, but is *down* now,—will be present in character, mounted on



Rosinante - Bucephalus,

a second cousin to the famous Bucephalus-Rosinante we read of in history,—an old-experienced charger, as is also his owner, as you would say if you knew how much he charged me. Gen. Sutler was a famous radical abolitionist, at a time when it cost a man all he had or ever expected to have, to entertain the idea that a nigger was a black man, and not a monkey; and that Sambo had rights that could n't be left to the chances of whichever party that won. No, sir-ee! Gen. Sutler waved the red-white-and-blue over the niggers who gathered under his wing. Each became Reconstructed, although a darkey still. Brave Gen. Sutler!



The old Bay State never took stock in that spoon story.

General Sutler will be accompanied by his little friend Sim, who occupies the lucrative position of port-collector of Uncle Sam's customs, and is considered a fair to average sort of chap, that ain't easily humbugged.

SECTION THIRD.

As this Section will be our trump card, I selected three of the bald-headest of my bands, to entertain the brave General Sterman front and rear. They will play his famous battle piece of Georgia: "*The Grand March to the O;*" and perform some brilliant skirmishing round about the A and B. The police have orders to keep the General from being annoyed by those political bummers who besiege our big men when they visit our City.

General Sterman will be accompanied by his Big Gun, (in two vols.) which has made such a



Terrific Onslaught

on the brown-paper heroes of the War, and went through Major Generals and minor Generals, common soldiers and

uncommon soldiers, members of Congress and Contractors, Red-Tapists and Indian Agents, small potato Politicians, and et ceteras. A corps of Undertakers will be in attendance to gather up the tattered reputations that strew the General's path.

At this point of the Procession, the Boston Mutual Admiration Society will present Gen. S., through their illustrious president, Toady Lickspittle, Esq., the congratulations of their Society on the success of his Book.

As the day will be hot, and brandy punches, sherry cobblers, kerosene leg-twisters, and similar cooling drinks, cannot be had, I have engaged thirty of these ingenious



Refresheners,

who will promenade up and down the lines of the immense procession, dispensing good-nature and an exhilarating tonic to the assembled million. It is equally beneficial to man and beast, if taken with moderation in mugs provided for the purpose. This is my philanthropic dodge.



Conscious that the day will be warm, and that the patriotic spirit of our citizens will exhibit itself in sundry various ways, I have adopted the wise suggestion of an esteemed miner friend, that the procession shall come to a dead halt on the bridge, or when half-seas over, and there draw-up a few cold water resolutions, that the Spirit of '75 and '76 never meant to include the freedom of old Medford; and that Union is *not* strength, when the spirit is adulterated; which will be unanimously adopted, with considerable warmth.

Amid the booming of cannon, the firing of crackers, the grinding of hand-organs, the beating of kettle-drums, the screeching of the American Eagle *E Pluribus Unum, Esq.*, the three sections will cross the bridges to Charlestown, and be joyfully welcomed by the Mayor and people, who will be drawn up in a hollow square, each individual with a posy in his button-hole.

Silence will be restored, by a well known Doctor, and the Mayor of Charlestown will embrace the Mayor of Boston, the venerable porcine citizen will be presented on all fours, and unanimously voted the freedom of the City.

Gen. Sterman and Gen. Sutler will be presented to the Mayor, who will grant them the same honors as the porcine citizen was grunted.

The Sage of Prattville will then be introduced, and deliver his great lecture on "The harmonious combination of Castor Oil and Cochituate; its merits as an Astringent and Deobstruent—applied to a glut of postal currency and proud

fat." The people will be kept awake by the booming of cannon in the Square, loaned by the Navy Yard.

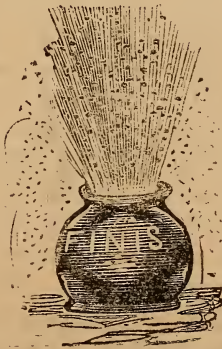
I shall then advance, supported by Mrs. Slocum on my right and some moral reflections on the Scandal on the left, and present

THE VERY LAST
SURVIVOR
 OF THE
BATTLE
 OF
BUNKER HILL,

found in Beverly, living in dark
 obscurity and the most
 shameful neglect,



The knowledge of which has roused the patriotic people of Charlestown to the highest monumental pitch of fury, and culminated in Beverly by an avenging judgment.



PARTIKLAR NOTIS!



“I SAY, YOU:
If a feller gets Cut,
or Burns hisself, or
has a Bile, or any
other darned Sore,
jest let him buy a
box of REDDING’S
RUSSIA SALVE.
That ’ll cure him.”

A Stifficate from old 'Bije Hacmetack.

MISTER REDDING, — That ar Russia Salve you’ make is a puty good thing. I’ve gin it a tolerable sarching trial, and I kalkilate there aint nothing in the healing line that kin ekil it, you bet. My Sally used to be dreadfully troubled with Chilblains, but sence she tried your Salve, her feet hain’t worried her a bit. My old woman would sooner be without pork than not hav RUSSIA SALVE in her kupburd. She says doctors aint no ’count side a box of your Salve. Them’s my sentiments. But what I rit you this stifficate for is about my youngest boy Bijah. You see, he’s jest like all boys, skyroysterin’ round, into evry darned thing that kums in-his way, when one day—I reckon he wont forget it for a spell—he went and sot down in a tub full of biling water by mistake. Jerusalem! you never did hear such a yell as that ar boy set up. It warnt harf a sekond fore he histed himself out of that tub, you bet. Widow Slopper, a neighbor of oun, heerd the burnt critter yell, and in she burst. “Massy sakes! what on airth’s the matter?” She soon found out. “Get the RUSSIA SALVE—tear off his trowsers—stop your yelling—get the flour box and we’ll kiver it all over first—then put on RUSSIA SALVE.” * * * She’s an awful spry woman is Widow Slopper. Well, Mister Redding, not to take up tu much of your valuble time, jest as soon as Russia Salve cum into collisyun with his allfired sore bottom, he hawhawed right out. “O that’s bully! It don’t smart a bit. Hooray!” You don’t know how tickled the little cuss was. Well, it warn’t more’n a week afore he war well as ever—which war all owin’ to RUSSIA SALVE.

P. S. I wish you’d send me your fotygraff. Our minister warnts to put it along a lot of other bennyfactors he’s gut.

Noty Beany. Widow Slopper warnts your fotygraff tu. Don’t you send her, kos she’ll tell everbody it’s a pictar of her deceest husband Slopper, who warnt known in these parts never.

Yours to command,

BIJE HACMETACK.

The ’Pothecaries, the Druggists, the Grocers,—all sell Redding’s RUSSIA SALVE, and praise it.



JAMES S. CONANT

ENGRAVER ON WOOD

CORNER

WASHINGTON & FRANKLIN STS.
BOSTON, MASS.

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32 TO 38 NORTH STREET,
BOSTON.



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MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

WHITE VESTS, \$1.00.

WHITE PANTALOONS, \$1.50.

INDIGO BLUE FLANNEL SUITS, from \$12 to \$20.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

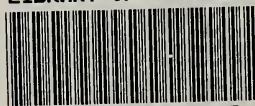
NIGHT DRESSES,

Bathing Suits, Boating Costumes,

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