sday, July 8, 1970 -

White Lake Women's Institute Song

(written by Mrs. Willis Raycroft)

55 years ago to-day Our Institute began Seventeen ladies had an idea Mrs. Parsons had a plan They gathered all together They were a happy lot They worked for Home and Country And a fee of a quarter they brought.

They elected a slate of officers Each an office for to hold They worked to promote the Institute Each with a heart of gold They sewed up shirts and knitted socks And many a quilt did make They brought along refreshments Sandwiches, tea and cake. enjoyed the delicious meal. servers were members of the 10 H Girls Club who also assis

Reg. \$7.00 to \$13.0

They'd short courses, leaders schools And fair work to attend They donated time and money And always a hand to lend They planted potatoes and hoed them They held their socials too There wasn't a thing too big For the Institute to do.

25 years of meetings Were held in the Orange Hall Then they moved into the Temple In '40 in the fall. Many happy memories Linger from those days When we wore away the evenings With euchre, teas and plays.

We played euchre in the main hall We played euchre in the shed We nearly froze to death one night For a packed house we had For the next 23 years or so The W.I. did work On many, many worthwhile things With never a moment's shirk.

Then in 1963 John S. Box did make A donation of a new hall For our W.I.'s sake. We honored John We thanked him too Then down to work we got We washed and cleaned we swept and raked District Annual was our plot.

Then came 1965 Our 50th we did plan We sent out invitations To ever lady and her man They came from near, they came by far They came by truck, and came by car They came in the sun, and came in the rain And we hope someday They'll come again.

55 years from that first day What is left, what more to say We've accomplished much, good times we've spent And many a helping hand we've lent. So let's carry on, and light the way Let's do our work and have our play Let's carry on and meet the test For on our laurels we'll never rest.