WORDS OF OUR ANCESTORS

COMPiled BY GEORGINE MICAELA RATHBUN

Velma's daughter
My original plan, for this book, was to put Mom's poems together for my nephews and nieces. Then I thought there might be some other folk who would also enjoy reading them. Mom apparently was a born poet and according to her sister, Aunt Lo, she was practically writing them from the cradle. With the exception of the poem about Dad's hands, all other poems came from one of Aunt Lo's boxes. Which brings me to the rest of the "stuff" in this book. In that same box were poems written by Mom's Grandfather, Josephus Bailey Scott, along with one of his diaries. Entries in that diary included memories of the Civil War and the loss of his Brother and Comrade, Jonathan David Rathbun (Dad's Grandfather). There were also two poems that Aunt Lo wrote during World War II, one of them for Dad. Last, but not least I included a couple of Mahlon Scott's poems.

My thanks, gratitude, and love, to you, Aunt Lo, for keeping these priceless items.

Georgine Micaela Rathbun
December 2010
Our parents were married on June 19, 1945 in Chicago, Illinois. Dad had just returned from the War and had been discharged on the June 18, 1945 at Fort Sheridan in Chicago. He had served in Iceland, England, had been at the liberation of Paris, went all through Europe, was in the Battle of the Bulge, and was at the liberation of the death camp Buchenwald. He received a letter of commendation from General George Patton. Mom was a Registered Nurse and worked at Michael Reese Hospital. Mom went to meet Dad at Fort Sheridan and said when she got there, there were thousands of soldiers and families. Dad had told her to meet him at the front gate. When she got there, she said she had a moment of panic because of all the people and she momentarily thought, “what if I don’t recognize him.” As she approached the gate there was a group of soldiers sitting on the ground and one of them put his hand down, to stand up, and she immediately knew that was Dad’s hand. I am sure she thought of this when, after his death, she wrote the poem about his hands. Mom and Dad celebrated 35 ½ years of married life before Dad passed away on February 17, 1981. Mom lived another 23+ years and passed away on June 04, 2004.

George Malcolm Rathbun was born April 01, 1915. He was the fourth child of Mary Georgia Calkins Rathbun and William Jonathan Rathbun. Mary Alice Rathbun Hess was born in 1909 and passed away in 1962, Thomas Merle was born in 1911 and died in 1913. William Jonathan Jr. was born in 1913. and passed away 1991. Arnald was born and died on February 14, 1917. Donald Edward was born in 1918 and died in 1921, Rosma Lolita Rathbun Limbeck was born in 1920 and passed away in 1993.

Velma Ada Scott Sherwood Rathbun was born August 31, 1915. She was the third child of Ina Josephine Hamilton Scott and William Henry Scott. Forrest William was born in 1901 and passed away in 1991. Lois Edna Scott Vesely was born in 1911 and passed away in 2006. Our parents were both born in the community of Bear Lake, Rusk County, Wisconsin. They first met when Dad was five months old and his mother carried him across the field to see the new baby at the Scotts. The connection between the Rathbuns and the Scotts had been cultivated and nurtured for 2 proceeding generations, starting with their respective grandfathers, Jonathan David Rathbun and Josephus Bailey Scott. Josephus was an ordained Seventh Day Adventist Minister who traveled, by horseback, and preached in central Wisconsin in the late 1800’s. When Jonathan attended a sermon, they met and became comrades and brothers. Both men had been a “boy in blue” during the Civil War. They moved their families to the Bear Lake Community, building both the SDA Church and the community school.

I have included, in this book, the Obituary that Josephus wrote for Jonathan, who died in 1919. I have also included entries from Josephus’ diaries: 1919 Nov. 3, “Bro Rathbun said to be very sick. I must visit him at once.” Nov. 24, “Bro. Rathbun still failing-life’s journey nearly ended with him. The Veterans of the sixties are falling like the leaves of autumn. Soon we shall be but a memory.” Dec. 19, Friday: “Bro J.D. Rathbun died about 11 o’clock this evening. His death was sudden and peaceful,. His wife and Georgeann being the only ones in the room with him at the time. Hattie and husband having arrived from Indiana that P.M. Thus another servant of God, and relic of that great army that wore the blue in the sixties has found rest in death. May the remnant be ready when the Master calls for us. Farewell old brother, fellow soldier, it is
sad to part with you. God help the sorrowing family. He served in Co. I 16th Wis. Inf. Was at the siege of Vicksburg and marched with Sherman to the sea. Only his Bro. Hallet left of his Father's family of 10 boys and 2 girls, and the brother lives in Georgia." Dec. 22, "The funeral of Bro. J.D. Rathbun held today at the church at Bear Lake. Eld. J. J. Irwin assisting, who gave the discourse.--He was laid to rest at Twin lakes Cemetery. The day was cloudy but mild, and good sleighing.--A large number of mourners were present, and other friends. John Scott took charge, assisted by Mrs Frank Calkins. The Scott Choir sang, and his sons-in-laws acted as bearers. In his death the church has lost a faithful brother and church deacon.-- farewell, but not forever."

Josephus was a member of Company E. 106 N.Y. Vall. Infantry. His diaries are filled with memories, on the anniversaries of events from the Civil War. 1920 Mar. 17, Wednesday "St. Patrick's Day. 55 years ago I was in N. York City, and on crutches from the hospital at David's Island, still suffering from wound received the 1st of June, " 1920 May 1 Sabbath, "55 years ago today, my father died at Appomattox, Va.. He was a private of Battery H. 1st N.Y. Light Artillery. His death was the first in our family circle. Only Emma and I are left today. The last time I met father was in Aug. 1862 at West Parishville. He came to bid me farewell, as I had enlisted in Co. E. (Capt. Luther Private Co.) 106th N.Y. Infantry, as a Fifer. I was mustered in with the whole regiment Aug. 11, 1862 at Ogdensburg, N.Y. We left Ogdensburg about Sept. 1, 1862 and reached New Creek, Va. Sept. 3, where we camped and drilled for awhile. There was 4 Fifers in our Drum Corps: Ale Hildrett, an old Frenchman (name forgotten), Sol Benham, and the writer- J. B. Scott. I think we had some 10 Snare Drummers and a Bass Drummer. We made some noise. When we left Ogdensburg, N.Y., a young lady followed me to the train, and bade me farewell. She was the only one there to do so. But I never knew for sure who she was. Others there had wives, sweethearts, mothers, and sisters to kiss them farewell. But I had none. Love's Mantle that followed the soldiers to the battlefield was a precious and Holy thing. It shielded the young heart from vice and homesickness. What would Eden have been to Adam without his Eve for a helpmeet? Blessed union when God forged that bond for them."

1920 May 4, Tuesday: "56 years ago today the Army of the Potomac, under U.S. Grant left their winter camp at Brandy Station, Va., to meet the Rebel Army under R.E. Lee. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and the bright weapons glistened in it's hands. The grass was 4 inches high and the blossoms on fruit trees, where there was any left by the armies to blossom. It was the final march to many thousands of dear young boys, many of them my own dear chums, who shall soon fill an unknown grave in the Wilderness, on the North Anna River. While hearts shall ache all over the North and South, as the sad news reaches the homes.- O blessed New Earth where "there be no more curse". Lord, may we be there.

1920, June 1, Tuesday: "56 years ago today I fell at the Battle of Cold Harbor, Va. With a reb bullet in my left thigh. Our Lieut. Col. Charles Townsend was killed and 3 other officers and many privates.

“My family record on father's and mother's side as far back as we can recall”

My Grandfather Ichabod Scott married Sarah Lindsey: the following children were born to them. Albert, William, Rueben Hawley, and Samuel. The daughters were Harriet and Maria and we think one more called Amanda. Harriet married Lucius Cover, and Maria married a man named Wm. Pomroy. Amanda's life has been forgotten by us. This
family was born and raised up in Madrid, St. Lawrence Co., New York.

Ichabod Scott was a distant relative of General Winfield Scott of war-fame. Rueben Hawley Scott married Hannah Bailey Daniels in 1841. Four children were born to them: Josephus Bailey 1842, Emily Moore 1844, Philena Daniels 1846, and Franklin William 1850.

Mother's side of the family—Samuel Daniels, who served with Gen. Geo. Washington at Valley Forge, and all through the American Revolution. His children, as far as we can remember were: Samuel Freeman, and Franklin, Hannah, Thursey, and Emily. Hannah married John Bailey, Thursey married Isaac Bartholomew. Emily married Ora Walbridge, Franklin married his first cousin Philena Daniels. The following children were born to them: Hannah B., Lydia, Fanney, Maria, and Elizabeth. Of boys: Franklin, Ora W., Martin, and Bailey. Hannah B. married Reuben H. Scott in 1841. Reuben died May 1, 1865 at Petersburg, Va., a soldier of Battery H. 1st N.Y. Light Artillery. This is as my memory serves me now.

Signed—J. B. Scott—April, 1903

The last funeral that Josephus preached was for our Uncle Donald Rathbun (3 years old) in 1921, shortly before his own death.
AT REST, JONATHAN DAVID RATHBUN

Another comrade has fallen from the fast thinning ranks or the remnant of that loyal host that saved our fair land during the sixties from her brave but misguided foe.

Comrade Jonathan D. Rathbun closed his long and useful life Dec. 19, 1919 at his home at Bear Lake, Rusk County. The interment was at Twin Lakes. Elder Irwin of Ashland and the writer conducted the services.

At a tender age he came from the eastern part of the state with his parents and settled in Monroe County near Sparta. The Civil War found him a big farmer boy in his teens, but the call for volunteers appealed to him and he enlisted as a private in Co. I, 16th, Wis. Inf. and shared the fortunes of that Old Fighting Regiment until the close of the War.

The deceased was one of a family of 10 sons and 2 daughters. Only one remains, a brother in the Sunny South that he helped to redeem. Having been a member of the 1st Wis. Light Artillery and was at the siege of Vicksburg in 1863, having fired some of the first shots at the defiant city. Our comrade was with his regiment near Vicksburg during the siege and followed Sherman in that long and eventful march to the sea.

Forty-one years ago the deceased was united in wedlock with Miss Alice Sherrick. Twelve children were given them, of whom nine and the faithful wife and mother remain to mourn their loss.

Our brother had nearly reached his 74th year. Some 20 years ago he moved to Bear Lake and has since been a faithful Christian and member of the S.D. Advent church at this place. His dying testimony was that he was prepared and ready to depart.

In his death we lose a warm hearted comrade; the state a loyal citizen; the church a faithful brother and the family a kind husband and father. The church and community extend love and sympathy to the sorrowing family. All his children were present at the funeral and other kin from far and near.

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

---J.B. Scott
Waiting
by Vel Scott-1930

Ah yes! Long ago I've forgiven,
Laughed at my heartache and pain,
Thought that you'd soon be returning
Dreamed when you'd come back again.
Thought that in all my sorrows
That soon it would all turn to gladness,
That soon you'd come back to your sweetheart
Banishing all of my sadness.
Now it seems goodbye for ever
None can understand my pain,
But remember I'll always be waiting
If you want to come back again.
Au Revoir
by V.A.S.-- 1930

Let's part with smiles on our lips, dear
And never utter a sigh
Laugh at the long road before us
After we've said good-by.
There will be pain and sorrow
Leaving our hearts bleeding and sore.
But let us be happy in parting
Laugh while we say Au Revoir.
When spring came in with a gladsome shout
Than spring came in my heart,
And as we looked at gay new things
We never dreamed they could depart.
Hand in hand we roamed the hills,
And laughed at all the weather;
Our hearts were tuned to one sweet note,
Thro' one bright world together.
But time moved on with noiseless tread,
And swept the spring and dreams along,
And with the falling of the leaves
We watched the ending of our song.
Today I stood on one lone gray hill,
And watched the last lone bird depart,
And as I watched his lonely flight,
I knew it was winter in my heart

V.A.S.
Autumn Leaves

T'was autumn and the maple leaves
Were decked in gayest colors
In brown and gold and scarlet too
More brilliant than the flowers.
“A'ha!”- they called to the old pine tree
As they fluttered and danced all day
“Come, change your garments of sombre green,
And join us in our play.”
And the little pine needles sighed as they said,
“Mother, please let us change our dress
We are tired of being always so dull
Let's join the fun with the rest.”
But, the old pine drew them closer still
And whispered so wisely and true,
“Just a few more days to patiently wait
And you will see it was best for you.”
So - the autumn passed and King Winter came
With his icy breath and his robes of white
And the maple leaves who had boasted so
Were tossed about by the north winds might.
But the pine still stood in her garments green
And sorrowfully gazed at the sight.
For the little leaves had tumbled down
Were covered with snowflakes soft and white
And she told her tale in the her silence there
And whispered it all thro' the night.
That sometimes the fairest things in life
Will fade in their glory bright.
It isn't the honor that comes to us
Or the heights that we may attain,
It's the strength we have to withstand life's tests
And the glory or the fame.

Velma Ada Scott

Written at Hylandale for an autumn program, about 1934.
As Luck Will Have It

I think the God's of destiny
Laughed madly, when they gave fate's dial a whirl
And out of nowhere made our pathways meet
And caused love's banner to unfurl.
I think they must have known the dial again
Must turn, and take away all that we held dear
I wonder if they laughed mischievously
Or if they turned away to hide a tear.

Velma Ada Scott
A Wish

A smile, a tear, a lilt of song,
A laugh, a sob, and grief that's strong.
A wisp of cloud, a bit of sun,
A cooling night when day is done.
A love, a hate, a shout, a sigh,
That's all of life, except to die.
Goodnight — Goodbye — farewells are said,
And we are numbered with the dead.
And all that shows that we have been
A slab stone gray — or moss grown green,
Except the little things we've done
That come to light at setting sun.
The little laugh — the burst of song,
The lift that helped someone along.
The tears we've shed, and smiles we've given
That gave someone a glimpse of heaven.
That's all that counts, for wealth or fame
Will be forgotten with our name.
But little deeds, tho' now unseen
May make some pilgrim's sky serene
And he will bow his head and pray
"Dear Lord, please send her back my way."

Velma A. Scott

Written at Hylandale in '34 or '35.
Snow Flakes
To Don By V.A.S. (written while in Tennessee, 1936)

Last night I stood at my window
And watched the coming of snow
Last year it danced down in sheer madness
Tonight it is weighted with woe.
Last year we were just one big family
Our house a fortress made fast
We laughed at all sorrow and heartache
As we laughed at the northwinds blast.
Tonight all are gone from the fireside
And I am far from home
And the rose buds long since have withered
On the grave where you sleep all alone.
And slowly I turn from the window
I felt the hot teardrops start
For the snowflakes that cover the rose leaves
Are falling within my heart.

(Donald McCart drown at age 18 just before Mom left for Nursing School in Tennessee.)
Birthday Greetings to One Away
To Don by V.A.S.

This is your day, dear one
I know how glad your heart would be
If you could add a triumph to your years
Another milestone to your destiny.
But still you calmly sleep,
While countless days roll on
And moving seem to soothe the burning ache
For tumbled walls, and shattered dreams
Made sweeter still, for memory's sake.
As one who at the hour of angelus
Hearing the bell, will rise once more to see
The burning taper on the incense shrine
And kneel again to say his rosary.
So thro' the years, tho I forget at times
Yet on your day-believe me it is true
The taper of our older dreams will burn
And in my heart's shrine-I'll remember you.
Out of the Harbor, Into the Deep
Dedicated to my Classmates of 1935, Hylandale Academy
Velma Scott

The tide flows in, the breakers roar,
Like Vikings of old, we are leaving the shore.
It isn't a sea of water and wave,
But the sea of life that we must brave.
The summoning call comes over the lea
And the call of the sea is for you and me.
Answer the call, cast anchor away,
Clear the harbor: it's break of day.

Colors streaming, silver and blue;
Hearts beating high, loyal and true.
From this silver dawn to the sunset glow
Onward and upward, we ever must go.
Fate's winds blow high, then they blow low,
But the set of our sails is the way we shall go.
Be it ever our aim "To do His will",
Our place in service always to fill.

Restless we rode, anchored in the bay:
Now, casting back glances we sail away
From dear old friends and classmates true
And loyal teachers. Farewell to you!
A long farewell to these sheltering hills,
To the babbling brook, and the whip-poor-wills!
And our hearts are filled, more than tongue can tell,
As tonight we say our last farewell.
The future is dark. The way untried:
But we know there is One who will be our guide.
And so in parting we send up this plea
To the one true Pilot of life's wild sea:
"Though sails be tattered and mast's half gone",
Keep us from going down in the storm;
Guide us, guard, and grant us, we pray,
All a safe anchorage in thy Harbor someday.
A frantic call on a nervous phone
"Is this the lungs? Is anyone home?
I'm looking for someone, but let me explain:
I have his description, but I've forgotten his name.
He's a filmy, elastic, flexible thing,
Red in color, and round as a ring."
"I won't say for sure, but I think that you might
Be looking for me- Mr. Erythro-Cyte?
I know it's a name not easily said,
If to make it more convenient,
Just call me 'Red'.”
"Thank you 'Red', I called to say,
There's an important message for you today.
A call came through from the Big Toe Land,
What they want I can't understand.
The words were all jumbled like they are out of breath,
And part of the message was, 'We are choking to death!'"
"I know what they want”, said 'Dr. Red'.
"I'll hurry right down before they are dead.
I'll pack my old bag with oxygen
And catch the next train to Big Toe Land."
Through the Pulmonary Veins, he went on the run
And into the station of the left Atrium.
He bought a ticket at the Bicuspid desk
When into the Ventricle, we find on the left,
Aboard the Aorta, he quickly did climb,
And was up on the Arch in a very short time.
Through the Thoracic Cavity and abdomen too,
And, you have to admit, 'twas a magnificent view.
And then quite suddenly he was sidetracked
And took the train on the Common Iliac.
But ere he had rode this very far,
He was asked to change over to the External car.
He started on this to the Femoral line,
And the next station was the Popliteal this time.
Through the Anterior Tibial, on the back of the leg,
Then on to the cells that were very near dead.
He dragged out his Oxygen ere you could say “scat”,
And gave them a dose and remarked, “Now that's that,
And now that my duty is done for the today,
I think I'll go back by the Great Saphenous Way.”
So he rode right along to the Femoral Vein
And then he was back on the Iliac again.
This time we find that he traveled quite far
Up through the Diaphragm on the Internal car.
In the little Vena Cava, he heard the “braky” shout,
“All transfers to the lungs had better get out.”
So when he got out at the right Atrium,
He remarked, “I am nearing the end of my run.
I'll just take a taxi through the Tricuspid door
To the Ventricle station and out just once more.”
At the end of the Pulmonary Artery, his journey was done
'Cause here he was right back at the lungs.
And he said, “It's strange about people that roam,
They always are glad when the next stop is home.
Believe me, I'm tired enough for a sleep.
If there are any more messages, I'm sure they will keep.”
He settled down, but had closed just one eye,
When the messenger said, “There's another cry
From those troublesome people in Big Toe Land
They're wanting more air, will you lend a hand?”
“Red” sprang up and reached for the bag on the shelf.
As he started to pack it, remarked to himself,
“It's true I am tired and quite out of breath,
From my other long journey, but they're chocking to death.
I can't leave them down there just calling in vain,
So I'll pack my old suitcase and start over again.”
I still can see your hands
Those suntanned hands I loved to hold
So strong and yet so gentle
Those hands that dried my tears and drew me near in warm embrace
My body trembles at the memory of their sweet caress and like the chord long lost still echoes in my heart.
I see them now holding our babies with such tenderness, yet with strength to keep them from harm.
Where have you gone?
I cannot see the way
I have no key to unlock the door that closed behind you and left me here all alone.
What lies beyond I cannot say
Yet, I believe that when I reach that unknown place that I will hear you say again; “Stay close to me its slippery here.”
And I will put my hand in yours once more And fearless walk into eternity.

Velma Scott Rathbun

Mom wrote this, after Dad died, for a creative writing class.
To the Soldiers in World War II—1942
Written by Lois E. Scott in answer to one from
“Speedy”--training in Arizona-- It was published in
“Stars and Stripes”.

Out on the wind swept desert
Out where the dust storms rage
Out where the food is canned rations
And the scenery is just sand and sage.
That's where you boys are training
That's where you bunk on the ground
For you are the Service Men fighting
And for certain victory--you're bound--
Keep your chins up--you're not forgotten
Hold your heads high for you can be proud
It's a tough job--we all know it's rotten
And for you we will shout long and loud
For we miss you back home, to be sure boys
It isn't the same world at all
As we struggle to fill all the places
Of our men who have answered the call
Forgotten---?---no soldier's forgotten!
Tho' there's many a vacant chair
He's the sole topic of conversation
And the subject of all our prayers
So--whether you are fighting or training
In jungle, or desert, or plain
We'll be working, and hoping, and praying
Until you are back home again!
Written for George Rathbun
by Lois E. Scott-1944 (Mom's Sister)

Christmas isn't happy when you fellows are away,
Sort of puts a kink of sadness in the Nation's Merry day
But we'll carry on, and try to spread,
The usual Christmas cheer...
But you can bet, we'll spend the day,
Just wishing you were here.
We're looking forward to that time,
When you will all be home,
Then we'll really celebrate a day
Such as we have never known.
Then looking in the future
I can see you once again,
You'll be filling little stockings..
As only a Santa can!
You'll pause, and then you'll whisper
"Peace on earth, good will to men"
And you'll revell in the freedom,
That you too, have fought to win.
Our Childhood Home
By Elder Josephus Bailey Scott-SDA

When the crimson sunset fades, and falls the evening shades,
And Venus glimmers in the azure dome;
In the gloaming of the day, my thots are far away,
To that Dear remembered spot, our childhood home.

Chorus-
The little old log cabin, My childhood humble cabin,
In dreams I see it as in days of yore;
The bridge and spring rock nigh it, the willows growing by it;
And morning glories twining 'round the door.

Where Summers long was heard, the warble of the birds,
Their merry notes, our happy hearts would thrill.
The grand old forest nigh it, like sentries standing by it;
To guard our little cottage neath the hill.

There came from hill and dale, the tinkle of the bell,
That told the happy herds were nigh at hand,
And Mother's eye would trace, the joy in every face;
While gathered with her blissom little band.

Fairer homes we may posess, other lands our feet may press;
And decade upon decade may come and go.
But on earth we'll find no spot, like that dear remembered cot,
Where Mother rocked her treasures to and fro.

Like the bow that spans the sky, when the tempest passes by,
Memory follows thru life's storms, our way to bless,
Time or distance cannot dim, that dear spot and cradled hymn;
And a Mother's tender love and fond carress.
Almost Home
By J. B. Scott

Soon we shall cross the great divide
The Sunset moment nears,
The gathering Shadows are decried
The Evening Star appears.

The last farewell – each word and look
And deed of every kind,
Will fill the page of life’s great book
For those we leave behind.

"Fear not – said Jesus – little flock"
The kingdom is for you;
Tho' nations fall and empires rock
'Tis for my faithful few.

Beyond the Vale of tears and pains
There is a fadeless shore,
Where hearts will be restored again
To life forevermore.

Then haste thee on with joy and hope
The goal is not afar,
For from the darkness and the gloom
Appears our guiding star.
Out of Repair

J. B. Scott

I thought as I woke one cold morning,
How much like a timepiece we are;
For when we are just going nicely,
All at once we get out of repair.

With the mercury way above zero,
'Tis so easy to tick on and go;
But when it drops down to the “forties,”
We come to a stop, don't you know.

To a friend, I once said, “Can you tell me,
As to what is the matter, and where?”
He answered, with a hand on my shoulder,
“Why, Joe, we get out of repair.”

We may oil, we may wind, and may tinker-
But with all this we find 'tis “no go,”
We must pass to the hands of the Maker-
We have been a long time out you know.

So we spend a whole week at the Maker,
To clean up our old works, don't you know?
That if temperature change, veer or vary,
We may run just the same – high or low.

With new life, and a full consecration,
We emerge from our good week of prayer.
We believe that we now must run better,
Since we all have been up for repair.

Now, with eyes on the heavenly dial,
Keeping strike as we're climbing the stair,
Till we land at the top of the ladder,
Where we always will keep in repair.

Published in the Wisconsin Reporter December 20, 1905
To My Comrades

J. B. Scott

Life's setting sun the landscape guilds;
The march is nearly o'er;
We soon shall rest our way-worn feet
Upon the mystic shore.

Say, comrades, how the year has sped!
How loth they were to stay!
These happy hours, where have they flown?
And forms so blithe and gay.

When mother clung, with tearful eye,
And kissed her boy goodbye,
On battlefield to fight and bleed,
Or prison pen to die.

How baby cooed her sweet farewell,
And reckoned not of woe-
(Say, mother, she'd be thirty-two,
If living, don't you know?)

The finger marks of father time
How plainly now to trace-
A souvenir of service borne
In every form and face.

The bivouac 'neath the burning sun;
The rivers waded through;
The marches long, through mud and dust;
When we were boys in blue-

They tell us that we're old and grim
And cannot longer plod
The world that'll move along the same
When we are 'neath the sod.

When thund'ring guns and countless foes
Brought pallor to each brow-
They thought they could not spare us then-
I wonder could they now?
Have they forgotten Gettysburg,
The Wilderness and Lee?
The swath we cut through rebeldom,
With Sherman, to the sea.

'Tis peace we love- for this we fought;
The demon war we hate.
We'd rather wear the plowman's garb
Than that of warriors great.

Though time our faces deep has plowed,
And moonlight bathed our hair,
We love our dear old flag the same-
The loyal heart is there.

It floats as fair and proudly now,
Where peace and hearts entwine,
As when, upon the smoky field,
It held our wav'ring line.

Today the flower-mantled flag
Shall mark the spot where fell
True freedom's sons, your noble peers,
Who served their country well.

Let gentle hands fresh garlands bring,
And with our blessings fall
Upon the graves of those who live
Today in mem'ry's hall.

Then, comrades, let us elbows touch,
Though wrinkled, bent and sore,
Until, at last, we stack our arms
On Beulah's warless shore.

Comrades, we're near the camping ground;
The halt will sound ere long.
Good-bye, and may the meeting be
With heaven's victorious throng.

Shamrock, Wis, May 30, 1893
The Light On The Hill
By Mahlon Scott

There was a man when I was young,
We called him Uncle Bill.
Lived two miles North of old Bear Lake
Just west of Pickle Hill.
He never was so busy;
But he could always find
Time to help an ailing neighbor,
Whose planting was behind.
And if you needed one more nag,
A three horse span to fill;
You knew that all you had to do
Was go see Uncle Bill.
And if he knew a widow
Whose luck was running down;
He'd drop her off a sack of flour
On his way home from town.
He could pail more cows per hour
Than any man in Rusk
And he tried to have his chores all done
Before 'twas Friday dusk.
On every Sabbath morning
He'd be in Sabbath School
He'd always bring his tithe along,
His Mission Offering too;
And there in that old clabbered church
He loved those Hymns to sing.
And sitting there in Sabbath School,
He'd make the rafters ring.
And if you had a problem,
He always had a minute.
He left the world a better place
For having lived within it.
Way back in eighteen ninety-nine
He took himself a wife
And for more than sixty years,
They lived a happy life.
They always let their light so shine,
'Twas plain for all to see
That walking with the savior,
    They'd gained the victory.
So if I get to heaven;
    And by God's grace I will,
I'll find Aunt Ina with the Angels,
    And beside her Uncle Bill

This poem was written by Mom's cousin, J.B.'s grandson, for our Grandfather, William Scott.
The Old Clapboard Church
By Mahlon Scott

As my mind roles back the many years
To the scenes of my boyhood abode,
It comes to rest at an old clapboard church;
At the forks of a country road.

No steeple adorned it's plain facade,
It had neither bell nor tower;
But Sabbath evening at two P.M.
Was known as the worship hour.

Then one day we got a bell,
And shored it up on the ground;
And from that lowly spot for more than a year
It peeled it's clarian sound.

Then Uncle John built a foundation,
Layed out of native stone;
Then Grandfather Scott and Dad and I
Put the finishing touches on.

And so the church had a foyer;
With a bell tower straight and tall,
And a steeple that pointed into the blue,
On the front of the old church wall.

We hoisted the bell up into the tower,
And there from it's lofty perch
It summoned the faithful for miles around
To the services at the church.

But my heart is filled with nostalgia,
And my eyes are dimmed with tears;
As the sound of merry voices
Comes back o'er the chain of years.

That old bell summoned the children
O'er hilly vales and ways;
For that clapboard church was a school house
On all the weekly days.

And many the day I hauled the wood
A mile on my big hand sled
To keep the school house warm that day;
The while our books we read.
Our teacher got big wages too;
Twenty dollars and board
For every month that rolled around,
While she taught the noisy hoard.
But then the bell began to toll;
Mother was first to go.
The old church organ was silent a while;
'twas she who played it you know.
The bell began to toll again.
And Uncle John Rathbun was gone,
Then Grandfather Scott was next to go;
But still the bell tolled on;
Then Dad and Uncle Ora,
And Uncles Win, Will, and John
Each had their turn 'neath the tolling bell:
Their women too passed on.
The old church bell is silent now,
For none is left to ring;
And if the wind should ring it;
Who then would come and sing.
The children who'd played in the church yard
Are scattered here and there;
And those who'd come to replace them
Just didn't seem to care.
So the voice of the bell has long since hushed;
Though it still tolls now and then;
And each time it tolls another goes
Who can still remember when
The rafters rang with music,
And the happy children played
Their innocent games in the church yard:
No wonder the bell's voice is stayed.
But in the resurrection,
When death shall heat it's knell,
That old clapboard church will be glorified,
   As the songs of the ransomed swell.
Joy bells will ring in heaven
   When we reach that blissful shore;
For there, dust will live forever,
   And the bell shall toll no more.

This is the church that Jonathan David Rathbun and Josephus Bailey Scott built in the early 1900's.
Whose in Photos ???

Top Row: (1) Mom and Dad's first Christmas 1945, (2) Mom with Dead Goose catch, (3) Mom and Aunt Lois 1940's, (4) Mom and Dad Wedding Picture 1945, (5) Grandpa William Scott and Doug Hamilton with Grandpa's horses; Kernal and Rowdy (I believe they were Belgians).

Bottom Row: (1) Mom never met a big hat she didn't love and they sure loved her back, 1940's, (2) Our family 1956, (3) Our family 1977.