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BY MARION NELSON STEWART

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TO MY FAMILY

BRUCE

February 1984

The little puppy we have at our house
Runs and plays like a little mouse
A working Ma and Pa has he
But what a delight he is to me.

We call him Bruce and everyone smiles
Such a little guy, and with a name that beguiles

He reminds you of a Teddy Bear
Soft and cuddly and with light hair.

We get him to replace our Cassey
Who for 14 years was our Lassie.

In just one month he's become "at home"
He doesn't like to be left alone.
All he wants is to be loved and fed
And have a nice place to lay his head.

And that he has!

When I was young
I couldn't make anything rhyme
I guess all I needed was a little time
My grandmother had a knack for this art
I guess I inherited this little part.

OF HER

1974 Christmas Stocking Poem

to Sandy and Scott

Christmas To me Means lots of love
That comes from our Maker up above
We show this love through you and me
For everyone in the world to see.

Christmas to me means lots of fun
For families and friends and everyone

To join in the Christmas spirit
And put your whole heart in it.

Christmas to me means giving and sharing
Remembering past Christmases,
It means colors and Christmas trees, Candy canes, and Santa Claus
It means hope and to strive for peace.

Christmas to me means songs and cheer
Of Christ and the Wise Men Far and Near
Of the Bethlehem Star that shone on high
And of all the innkeepers that passed Him by.

Christmas to me means the manger and stable
Of Mary and Joseph oh, so mild
Of the Baby that was so Divine
Let Him come into your heart and mine.

Let Him come into your heart today
Let him come in to stay
For all the material things come and go
But Christ will stay with you wherever you go.
December 1982

Oh, the living room looks so pretty tonight
With all its glitter sparkling bright
The flowers, the plants, and the Christmas tree
All mean something so wonderful to me.

1983 January

We are approaching the income tax season
Where there is no rhyme or reason
The taxes just go up and up
And it gets harder for the little pup.

Pay as you go, Joe
The government says
How is one to Save
And when the deadline is up,
It gets harder for the little pup.

From January to April, to get the returns done

Oh, how I'd like to just run, run, run.
To forget the tax season with it's no rhyme or reason
And just settle for fun, fun, fun.

We always make it
As each season goes by
Because the time seems to fly
But oh, just once, I'd like to have my guy
Free from this season of no rhyme or reason.

But he wouldn't be happy without this rat race
Which makes him go at such a fast pace
For the law is his "life" along with his wife.
And his family.

1976

When I was young and 22
Fresh out of college and oh, so new
A legal secretary I became
Not knowing what was to be my aim.
A whole new life was open to me
And I didn't know a lawyer's wife, was
what I was going to be.

WHAT SHALL I SAY ABOUT THIS CITY OF MINE?

1983, January 24

What shall I wrote about this City of Mine
That I've lived in for such a long long time,
Where I was born and went to a one room school
And married and had my family too.
Where I've worked and made many a friend,
This City of mine has much to lend,
RACINE, on the shores of Lake Michigan.

What shall I say about this city of mine?
With all its beauty and face so fine
We are a mixture of many descents
That include the Danes, the Norsk and the French

Working hard at various trade
 Helping the industry which the City has made in
 Racine, on the Shores of Lake Michigan.

What shall I say about this city of mine?
 As I write on to continue this rhyme
 We have culture and education all very near
 We have many products that are made right here
 The one we have become famous for
 Are the Kringles that come out of the oven door
 And the wax that is put on our kitchen floors
 And the tractors that roll off the lines galore
 Here in Racine,
 On the Shores of Lake Michigan.

What shall I say about this city of mine
 That I've lived in for such a long, long time?
 my parents and theirs lived and died
 And helped to keep traditions and business alive
 Who built a future for you and me
 And said we could be all we wanted to be
 Who thrived in this city with good times and bad
 But always making me feel glad
 That I live in Racine and call this Home
 And I really never care to roam
 From the shores of Lake Michigan.

TO SCOTT

Where When Mac Davis wrote "Watching Scotty Grow"
 You were just a babe with eyes aglow
 A little blonde boy who couldn't sit still
 And played the cowboy named Buffalo Bill.
 It was a song from a Father of another Scotty boy
 Who also had brought his parents joy.
 Each time I heard it, my eyes wet with tears
 Cause I knew that time passes so quickly with years
 If you've ever heard it you'll know what I mean
 Cause those years have gone by, and you're now
 past your teens.

Mother

My Mother, 1983 Mother's Day

It seems like only yesterday that she was taken from me
My mother dear with heart of gold who lays out in the cold.
I haven't written much about her
Cause words could never say
The kind of person that she was
And the kindness she portrayed.
She always saw the good side of life
And to my Dad was a wonderful wife
She always had a smile on her face
Even though she might feel sad
And always found something good about someone
And never said anything bad
She lived to see her daughters married
And the four grandchildren that they carried,
Though she had lost two, years before us.

It was Mother's Day the 11th of May
Fifteen years ago today
When she last looked at me with a smile on her face
And knew something was wrong
Yet remained so brave and strong
For her time hadn't come just yet
She had two more months to lay and set
That smile, I will never forget
As she lay telling me what two wonderful daughters
she'd had
Those were the last words that she spoke to me
That wonderful Mother of mine
Who is now above with the Christ she loved
But will forever with me be.

CHRISTMAS 1982

To Sandy and Charlie

Your laughing cherry smiley face
That enhances our Christmas pace
Will be missed this year
As the day draws near
"Christmas will be a little different this year."

It's part of life for one to "wed"
And take a partner to her bed

To make her own life
As did her Mom and Dad
To do you own thing, as everyone said.
So, as the day draws near
"Christmas will be a little different this year."

As you and Charlie observe together
Your first Christmas midst the cold, cold weather
In Missoula so many miles away
We hope that you have a gay, gay day.
"Christmas will be a little different," out our way.

We send you tons and tons of love
Be happy as two turtle doves
As you open your packages and stockings with cheer
Remember, we still are very near,
Even though,"Christmas is a little different this year--
FOR ALL OF US.

Mom and Dad

1982

I wanted to write a poem for your stockings this year
But somehow I didn't quite get it into gear

The house is set for the big day
To make us all feel real gay.

Much has transpired for us to reflect
We've all traveled far, with no regrets.
Our first born found her true love at last
Oh, the time from last Christmas
Has gone all too fast.

So the stockings are set
And all deadlines met
We've only a few days from the Big Event.

The packages are wrapped and were sent far away
The cookies are baked and things set for "the day"
I'm used to it now and we do have our Scott;
So this Christmas Day will mean a lot.

OUR SANDY

Our Sandy was a cute little girl
She had her Mom and Dad in a whirl
Her twin brother, Scott, would entertain her with fun
She'd watch him in her teeter babe while he did run.

Then up one day she too was walking
And the two of them were also talking
They rode their rocking horses everyday
That Dad had come home with for them to play.

FOR THE CLASS OF 1939

45th REUNION, July 1984

Our Park High Class of 1939
Has come again together to wine and to dine
To renew our friendships of years gone by
Haven't these past five years seemed to fly?

It's been 45 years since we've been in our teens
And worn a pair of those old blue jeans
That back then were called old Dungarees
And everyone said "Oh, geese" and "Oh please."

The beer jackets, the rumble seats of the Ford
Made us all feel like big high lords
The saddle shoes, loafers and argyle socks were a part
Of a lifestyle that had become an art.

The music was great and so was the dancing
It made us all think we were out romancing
The bleak years of '29 were gone
And the late 30's sang a brand new song.

We who are a part of this great class
And assemble for our reunions in one mass
We know how we feel when we hear Park High's Song
That echoes through the school's halls so strong.

We were a Class that had strong school spirit
And put our whole hearts in it
We had many a dream that had to wait

Because war was soon to be at our gate.

A year and a half some of us had
And for that we were all so glad
Cause Uncle Sam said in a voice, oh, so loud
Come fight for your country and' be proud.

We left our homes and our loved one so fast
We didn't realize the die had been cast
:For us to try to make a peace that would last
And for wars to be a part of the past.

Of course this didn't happen for within eight years
our world was again scrappen, and had those same fears
We had done our part and given our all
So this time we didn't have to answer the call.

Many of our men spent five years or under
Midst the sound of World War II's great thunder
Most of us survived and were glad to be living
And back in the world to start giving.

So pull together our thoughts and our dreams
To make our lives full of fresh new streams.
We loved, we married, we went to school
And we tried to follow the Golden Rule.

The years for us have seen many changes and chances
And we partook of what the world enhances
We worked hard and played hard and tried to do right
And loved our children and theirs with all of our might.

SO TONIGHT AS WE GIVE OUR CHEERS AND WE BOAST
IT'S TO OUR BIG 50th IN FIVE YEARS THAT WE TOAST.

My Dad Was a Great Guy

My Dad was a great guy everyone said
It was two daughters he brought up and led
A self taught man 6' 2" was he
It was his own man he wanted to be.

At the age of 14 he quit school to make

A living at the "Plow Shop" for his family's sake
They brought his books home or he would have changed his mind
Because working was hard and no fun to find.

He did many things like leaving home
And to the Great West he did roam
But a homesick lad was he, so back he came
To Racine at Gorton's Machine to make his name.

When you looked at his hands they were tattered and worn
Much much harder than when he was born
They were determined, large and very strong
And couldn't do anything that was wrong.

World War I found him in the sunshine state
At Key West's Navy Yard Gate
Where he worked with and saw a very famous man
Who was Thomas A. Edison, and thought he was grand.

He was asked to go to the Jersey State
And work with Edison as his first class mate
But again he got homesick and back he came
To start a job shop with his and his brothers' name
Nelson Bros.& Strom for 60 odd years
Where they worked and sweated and shed some tears.

To hear him tell the stories of his life
To me and his grandchildren of all of his strifes
Was something you never would ever forget
There aren't many who had a Father like this, I'll bet.

Arriving in 1890 a Capricorn
Not knowing for sure if it was on the 9th or 8th he was born
May 5, in 1923 was when he took his bride to be
He saw her on Sixth Street as he was walking
And soon it was that they were talking
Engaged for three years before they could wed
Because he was starting his business and they'd have to be fed.

During World War II receiving the Navy E
For excellence in manufacturing for their country.
Making a stoker using coal to heat
Was one of the best and could not be beat.
By post war years they were replaced with gas
And then it was pressure cookers that were being cast.

From 8 to 500 in number everyday
until VE and VJ Days came to stay
But Dad wanted to keep the shop small
Because he liked knowing each man and could call
Them by first names and they had him a place
Where he could have his coffee with them face to face.
So it was back to 25 men that called their pace.

I think you can see what a kind man was he
What he meant to his wife and to Hope and to me.
He gave us something to live by in those 86 years
Of his hopes and his dreams and some of his fears.

A full long life he had from his youth to old age
And it was with reluctance he gave up to God's page
So in '76 on the 6th of the month in December
It will be a day that we will always remember
We laid him beside his wife gone some years before
And knew that God had opened His Door.

My Dad was A Great Guy and they called him Hub.

MEMO: FROM MARION
TO THE OFFICE
RE: **THE TELEPHONES**

What do you think of the new Phones Plus?
It's the conversation in the office from Morn until Dusk
And has stirred the office into a fuss.
Do I pick up the phone, press local and say
Stewart Peyton Crawford & Crawford in a voice, oh, so gay.
May I help you, please (oh, this is a breeze)

Who do you wish for, I say with glee.
One moment please, while I check if he's free.
Do I press down the hold, and look for his name or a number,
Is this the beginning of this mumbo jumbo.
I'm speed dialing, that's what the engineer said
Oh, this is getting to my head.

Who's wanting me says the member of the Bar
As he picks his phone up from afar.
It's the call you've been waiting for many a day

Just hold on, while I transfer you, if I may.

So back to the buttons I go with a flash
To press hold, transfer, and release--on the dash.
Did I do it right? The call is gone.
Whoops, there goes my beep with another song.

Stewart Peyton Crawford & Crawford, again I do say
As this continues on through the day
Like the old sayings of "Push, pull, Click, click."
We are pushing and pressing the buttons so slick.
When Mary or Mary Ann are gone
And the phone continues to play it's song
Of beeps, and door bells, cause it's on the night ring.
Should I pick it up or should I just let it sing?

They say t'will be faster and I trust they are right!
Once we are all over our fussing and fright
And have mastered this system with all of our might
The bells and the beeps, the flashes and rings
And the musical tones that their message brings
The "Message",the "Hands Free" and the "Mute"
Will become a part of us and are "cute."

The one thing we haven't tried yet right here
Is the "Page" which will sound throughout the office so clear
We've been instructed to use it for "Help" or for "Fire"
Because we wouldn't want to upset the complete office attire.

There are many things this Phones Plus can do
It can make you happy--it can make you blue.
We are now part of a system that's growing so fast
The age and fascination of computers is here to last.

If we don't join it, we'll be out in the cold.
The world will pass us by before we are old
So when you pick up the phone to make that easy call
And press all the buttons you're learning so well
Think of the Fond Memories of old "MA BELL."

New Year's 1982

To the Barrys, Burgess, Pughs from the Stewarts

For many a year we've gotten together
Through snow, sleet and rain in all kinds of weather
To celebrate with cheer
The coming New Year.

We've ate, drank, and danced from 8 until dawn
We've laughed, joked and sang
Many a song.

From 12 to 8 for this Big Date
That we so enjoy with our wonderful mates.

So on the Eve of this New Year
As we start out together
Again, midst Wisconsin's unpredictable weather
We will dance, drink and sing
Til the midnight's bells ring
We will laugh and be merry and have lots of cheer
As we celebrate this great New Year.

So here's a toast from Marion and Roy
Of health, wealth and happiness
We hope to enjoy As '83 draws near
We wish you all a Happy New Year

To Howard Lynch, December 1982
Department of Revenue Head, Before Retirement

(To the Tune of Dear Evelina)

Far Up in Madison where the tax department is
Where they congregate and regulate the state's business
Sits Howard Lynch, the Department Head
Who for many a years, has battled their fears

Chorus

Up down and down up the taxes they go
But Howard and all have gone with the flow.

Friend, runner, lecturer, swimmer is he
Helping and working to form that tree
Busy and busy as he can be
So the state could use all the taxes they see

Chorus (Repeat)

So Howard we salute you on a job well done
Please know that this is all in fun.
We who have come to know you quite well
Sure think that you are a "hell of a swell".

Chorus (Repeat)

January 1983

My year as First Lady of the National Lawyers Wives
Was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life
Working with ladies from all over the Nation
To get ready for our Mid Winter and Annual Celebration
Where in San Francisco, they gave me Marion Stewart
A standing ovation.

Christmas 1984

We had a wonderful Christmas in '84
For we traveled to the Great West's Front Door
To be together as a family
In Colorado Springs so merrily.
With our daughter, son and her husband, Charlie
Roy, Scott and I were oh, so jolly.
From all over the City we saw Pike's Peak
and the other mountains rolling along so sleek.

April 1983 (Robbery at our house)

Why did you take the jewelry I had
That made me feel so happy and glad
The treasures that meant so much to me

That I wanted my children and theirs to see
Why did you take them from me?

The wedding ring my mother wore
And the DAR pin she adored
Her silver watch and her grandchildren's births
Were all the tangibles she left on earth

I didn't look at them but once every year or so
ut just knew that they were there
And now the drawers are empty
Because you stripped them bare
Why did you take them from my care?

You invaded the privacy of my home
And ransacked it in a way that you alone know
What makes up a person like you
Do you have no heart and are you a fool?

These weren't the only things you took
That meant a lot to me
My sorority pin, my husband's frat pin
Are only a couple1 of more to add to your sin.

I'm mad, as you can feel from the tone of this rhyme
And I hope it's just a matter of time
That they catch you, or you have a change of mind
And return those things to me in kind.

Why did you take them?

25th Class Reunion Park High School

June 1973

To the tune of "THOSE WERE THE DAYS"

Sometimes I just sit and think of old days,
How we used to laugh the hours by
Remember how we loved those Park High Hallways
Friends would smile and spirits they would rise?

(Chorus)

Those were the days, my friends We thought they'd never end

The years from '45' to '48'
Though they have come and gone
Twenty-five years aint' long
For memories remain so fresh and strong.

Then the busy years went rushing by us
We lost our starry notions on the way
Though we all have followed different pathways
Let's smile at one another and let's say.

(Chorus)

As tonight we stand before each other
Everything seems the way it used to be
The friendships that we all had together
Have come again to you and to me.

(Chorus)

So let's all raise a song of cheer and gladness
Let's toast the years of past and those to come
For in our hearts the good times are still with us
As we think of the old days, old times, old friend

(Chorus)

1983 February

To the Board of Governors Wives of State Bar of Wisconsin

"This Brown Bag
Bears Welcome from our Home Town
Filled with things to make you smile--not frown
We hope you have fun while you are here
In Racine on the Shores of Lake Michigan

January 1983 To Bill Danford on his birthday.

In 1918 Bill Danford was born
and he became a part of Capricorn

Westerner from the Kansas State
He came to Wisconsin to work and date

Then soon he wed a girl named Jean
and one by one he had five to clothe and clean

Swimming, boating and golfing here at Eagle Lake
Along with his work
Tis a hard life to take
And it's three grandchildren his children did make

A guy no finer than this young GrandDad
In your 65th, we hope we've made you glad-not sad
For tis fun to be part of your special day
What else is there to say
Except Happy Birth-Day, Bill.

Birthday and 22nd anniversary of Neal & Alice Schmitt

June 1982--44th

(To the Tune of Alice Blue Gown)

In her sweet little Alice Blue Gown
Twas when she first met Neal in the town
Oh, the fun that they had made everyone glad
And at twenty-two years
They had no fears

So in June down the aisle they went
And it's 22 years they have spent
Midst the fun and the games
And each other's fames
With Tristen so merry
Has made their life cheery.

So, here we are today,
What else is there to say
So to both Neal and Alice
Who live in their Palace,
Here's wishing you 44 more.

**To Luella, Fay, Alex and Jack as they go to Hawaii,
February 1984.**

In case they lose your luggage, you'll be able to survive
With these bags full of goodies
To make you feel alive.
We wish you Aloha and much fun in the sun
We'll be glad to see you when your trip is done.
The Islands of Hawaii and the beaches at Waikiki
Are wonderful places to be, and is the Paradise
you've dreamed of for all these years to see.
The Waihini, the Hukilau, the Leis and the dances
Will rejuvenate you all with what the Island enhances.
The little grass shack is long, long gone.
Remember when Alex used to sing that song?
And the memories are there from '41.
The beauty, the excitement of a trip such as this
Comes very close to being just plain bliss
So Bon Voyage as we say our goodbyes
Be sure and have one of those stiff Mai Tais.

**TO JACK BURGESS on his 70th birthday.
KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS THAT JACK BURGESS.**

A native of Racine our "of counsel" is he
When in December of 1913 he came to be
He grew up with the law as a young lad
For it was a Judge he called his Dad.
And so when it was time, Jack knew what he wanted
And it was off to law school at the "U" he jaunted.
From old Racine High and DeKoven Academy,
Soon the law words like whereas and heretofore
Became a part of his regular vocabulary.
Then came WW II, and Jack found himself in a
pair of Army shoes.
His next big step was to take a wife, and it was LuElla Allan Who said she's share his life.
And a little girl Debbie soon put them in a whirl.
As an avocation, a historian is he
On the Civil War and Abe Lincoln, just ask him and you'll see.
Years before he played many a sport, including Tennis and basketball
But now he looks at it on the TV in the Rec Room Hall
And watches his daughter and her friends all.

So putting it all together a little early if we may
For it isn't til the 19th for your very special day
We've brought the candy, the corn, and the cake,
Because for you we wish to make, this the
beginning of a great celebration
To one of the Greatest Guys in the Nation.

