Scrap Book

1883 - 1928
Box 005 - 003 - 000



The Scott Club

SOUTH HAVEN, MICHIGAN

ORGANIZED	- -	AUGUST, 1883
INCORPORATED	-	APRIL, 1892
FEDERATED	- -	MARCH 26, 1902

THE BEGINNING.

In the fall of the year of 1883, eight ladies, who had been meeting informally from time to time to read together, met in the parlor of the home of Mrs. A. S. Dyckman and formed a reading club. These eight ladies were Mrs. Henry Avery, Mrs. H. E. Dewey, Mrs. J. T. Avery, Mrs. William Paine, Mrs. George Rogers, Mrs. Charles Delamere, Mrs. A. S. Dyckman, and Mrs. G. D. Carnes. Mrs. Dyckman was chosen President of this Club; Mrs. Carnes, Secretary, and Mrs. J. T. Avery, Treasurer.

Scott's Novels" were read and these were followed by "Redpath's History of the World". The ladies would take turns reading, beginning at one end of the room and continuing around. One lady acting as critic would take down all the mispronounced words and bring the correct pronounciation to the next meeting.

There were no dues and the meetings were held in the homes of the members. Membership being open to all ladies wishing to join, "The Reading Club" grew rapidly.



Mrs. Charles Delamere..

..1884-1886

In August, 1884, at a meeting held in the home of Mrs. H. E. Dewey, a more permanent organization was formed with Mrs. Charles Delamere First Prisident.



Mrs. Lucy Rogers.

.1886-1887



Mrs. H. M. Avery

.1887-1888

Scott's Novels were read from the start. Kennelworth and Ivanhoe were among the first. One day, Mrs. H. M. Avery came to the meeting bringing the dictionary used in a bright green bag with the words "Scott Club" worked in bright red on one side. The suggestion was fully accepted and the Club's name has been "The Scott Club" ever since.

In 1887 at a meeting held in the home of Mrs. S. P. Wilson it was voted to have a twenty-five cent due from each member.



Mrs. G. D. Carnes. .1888-1889



Mrs. L. S. Monroe. .1889-1890

Meetings having outgrown the homes of the members, the Club was glad to accept kind invitations and held meetings in the parlors of the Congregational and Baptist churches.

THE SCOTT CLUB.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the South Haven Scott Club was held in the parlors of the Baptist Church Wednesday evening of this week, and took the form of one of the very finest banquets ever served by the ladies of this village, followed by what may in a true sense be termed a literary feast. The description of the tables wo'd be unnecessary and hardly possible with a pencil, loaded as they were with the very choicest of the substantials and luxuries from the culinary departments of the several members. At the close of the banquet, which was pleasantly presided over by the President of the Club, Mrs. L. S. Monroe, several essays were read.

None of the ladies called upon said, as men would, that they were called upon unexpectedly, and then pull from their coat pockets a long lot of manuscript.

Mrs. A. Voorhees gave a very interesting sketch of some of the olden times, going a long ways back in history and giving the original tempter considerable credit for working with Eve, knowing she would exercise better judgment about partaking of that private lunch than Adam would, tho' future history may have proven that the masculine guest at that lunch had much the largest apple.

Mrs. G. F. Barstow thought that by the side of our forefathers there must have been at least a few foremothers, and while their praises were seldom sung or read the cause of justice demanded for them a spot of considerable dimensions in the memory of those who write future histories of the almost forgotten past.

Mrs. H. M. Avery spoke without notes about some of the eminent women of the present day, and in a plain way proved to even the most egotistical of the husbands present that while the noble lords of creation handled the reins of government, several cases could be cited where the women had told them plainly where to drive and their orders had been obeyed.

Mrs. Charles Delamere gave a history of the organization, rise and progress of the Scott Club, which now has over fifty members. It was organized August 22d, 1888, for "mutual improvement and a more extended interchange of social amenities among the ladies of South Haven."

With Mrs. Lizzie L. Linderman at the instrument, Mrs. J. T. Avery gave some illustrations of vocal music that needs but the comment that the encores she received were not only heartily but very appropriately given.

Mrs. J. G. Ramsdell was called upon by the President to speak a few words for an element not entirely forgotten by the Scott Club, and that lady pleased her hearers to such an extent that we give space for her remarks on what in many cases would be considered a thread-bare subject:

OUR HUSBANDS.

"Loveliest of all lovely things are they!"

That sentiment finds a responsive echo in all our hearts—and because of this we sympathize with you on account of the position you occupy this evening. We have been there ourselves. We did not "put ourselves in your place." Egotism and old fogyism said to us, "sit ye down here 'learn of your husbands' at home.'" And we obeyed. We know the part you are called to play this evening is an unaccustomed one—the 'second fiddle' is not an exhilerating instrument to play, and she'd you find your task difficult most any member of our 'Club' can give you instruction—as we all know the games from A to Z. But you need not be alarmed; 'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' and we are not going to relegate you to the back seats and the rear of the procession. We have been calling after you, to wait for us, these many years. We cannot say that you slackened your speed in the least, but we have almost caught up with you, and although we are somewhat 'spent' with the race, and some of us have grown gray, we intend to persevere until we stand shoulder to shoulder and look you square in the eye from a common level. We have no desire to distance you. You may declare your independence, pass resolutions, and even shed tears in corners, but as long as you are so constituted that a refractory button or missing spectacles upset your equilibrium you prove the need of our presence and companionship, and we shall make your happiness our greatest care. We shall conscientiously respect all your "rights," and in our wildest imaginings we have never dreamed of depriving you of the third egg or the second piece of pie. It has never entered our hearts or heads to curtail your voting privileges or take away your latch keys. We are more than willing—yes happy—to have you repeat the Litany for us when the fire is out, the wood green, and the kindling wet. We will cheerfully give you the right of way as "bread-winners," and your presence in our homes "casts a shadow of comfort around." Not for worlds would we dethrone you from the citadel of our hearts, but we ask a corresponding elevation in your own. We have been on the down-hill end of the tester long enough; raise us to your level—in point of fact we are raising ourselves.



Mrs. Genevieve Barstow.

1890-1894

First President in The Scott Club Building

We have all heard that "knowledge is power," and as that is gained by individual effort, some of us determined not to die until we had "made an effort" to be somebody and know something. As we expect to pass eternity with the dead of past ages, we felt that our meeting with them might not be so embarrassing if we knew something of our history—hence the "Scott Club." Realizing that "a little learning is a dangerous thing" we intend to persevere in our study—and at some future day we may be able to tell "who killed Cock Robin" You may live to see the time when you will be proud, yes eager to acknowledge our equality. Until then, and afterwards too, we desire courteous treatment at your hands. Doubtless you have all heard the story of the man who was so polite to his wife that he had not the heart to refuse an apple she offered him, although he knew he ought not to eat it. He accepted it, and consequently made great trouble for himself and his heirs, and some say it is not settled yet. We do not ask you to go to that extent. If wise—and we all know you are—you will make our happiness and elevation your greatest care—as we do yours. Wait for us. Let us catch up even. Some of us have bent over the sewing machine, darning basket and gridiron until it requires an effort to straighten up, and run—and we are not much used to climbing. But we have start[illegible]d, and if we come out ahead—don't worry. [illegible] your signal of distress we will all "fly [illegible]ne man" to your rescue and lend a [illegible], for life would not be worth living without "Our Husbands." "Loveliest of all lovely things are they."

— From Mrs. R. T. Pierce, the secretary, we learn that the Scott Club held their annual meeting in the Congregational church parlors Tuesday, June 9th. The afternoon was of unusual interest to the members. A short business session was held, the election of officers for the ensuing year resulting: President Mrs. Geo. F. Barstow, Vice President Mrs. A. H. Monroe, Secretary Mrs. R. T. Pierce, Treasurer Mrs. E. A. Hartman. A short literary programme had been prepared, which would be found difficult to excel. Mrs. A. H. Monroe and Mrs. S. P. Wilson contributed excellent papers, and the poem written by Mrs. D. E. Histed especially for this occasion was sufficient alone to make a membership in the Scott Club valuable. At the earnest solicitation of the Club Mrs. Histed reluctantly consented to its publication:

By special request (for I'm no volunteer)
I add to the program that closes a year.
Not Julian, or lunar, or fiscal is meant,
But the year which the Scott Club in history has spent.
To some its been pastime, all that they might ask,
Perhaps unto others a hard up-hill task.

The Frenchmen each bore such an unheard-of name,
When wrongly pronounced, there'll be few found to blame.
If now at a roll-call could they here convene,
They'd need to be Yankees to guess whom we mean.

With sayings and doings of centuries ago,
Where one day brought victory, the next overthrow.
The riots, and crusades, with bloodshed and strife
Seemed surely a part of their every day life.

And sometimes we wonder that any were spared
To tell of the sorrows in which they all shared.
Want of time forbids giving a brief outline here
Of facts that on pages of history appear.

In many ways truly some good must accrue
To those who have studied it all the year thro'.
Occasion for thankfulness comes from each page
That we've a more peaceful and prosperous age.

At our weekly meetings, in friendship there's gain—
Grown brighter and stronger each link in its chain—
While seeing the faces of friends old and new
We hear and give greeting to those tried and true.
Each week in our reading some knowledge we gain,
And store it for use as the farmer stores grain.

At our Banquet, where luxuries always abound,
"The trumpet gave forth there no uncertain sound,
With tho'ts fitly clothed in garments of speech,"
They truly gave pleasure to *some* within reach.
Being feasted and toasted to his heart's content,
Didn't Joseph "slop over" with praises well meant?
Some men *love* to speak; aye, perhaps there's the rub:
But they should be silent when guests of *our* Club.
To whatever motives such kind words were due,
We'll deem commendations as well earned and true.
As Mary's wee lamb, that went with her to school,
I think he's forgiven for breaking the rule.
Elsewhere men can talk quite as much as they please
If speaking in earnest, or only to tease,
There is nothing ephemeral of us they can say.
For the South Haven Scott Club has come here to stay.
All under it's influence it's destined to bless,
And we hope that its shadows may never be less.

The Club had [illegible]
studying French [illegible]
History through [illegible]
the year just closed