

FWC ADDENDUM FOR THE 60TH ANNIVERSARY

By Harlan and Hope Boolmer

Attention ladies; Sound the gong,
All those who do, or did belong.
Come! Hail the day for which it's sounded –
It's sixty years since we were founded.
(That "we," of which we wax historical
Is not ourselves, but we "rhetorical."
Ourselves, all birthdays we decline;
We are forever, thirty nine.")
But as a Club, one thing is sure,
We are not old, we are "mature."

As we review the passing scene
And contemplate what once has been,
We find that things are rearranged.
The qualities of life have changed.
There was a time in ages past
When everything was not "a blast;"
When girls, as girls, with flowing tresses
Adorned themselves in pretty dresses.
And sex, if it was ever said,

Referred to gender, not to bed.

Allons, Mesdames de la Faculté,

Le jour de gloire est arrivé.

All hail the future and the present.

Salute the times with visage pleasant.

Let's toast the current entourage

And hail it's spirit and courage,

While all attempt in one and eighty

To deal with matters large and weighty.

True, what's to come is still unsure,

But lift your glass – don't be demre.

Each challenge meet. If you don't blow it,

At 70, the Club won't show it.

And if all battles your survive,

Emerging from our tasks alive,

A better world of life serene

Awaits beyond the active scene.

Come, quit the race élan;

Engage the corps of pot and pan.

Escape from pressures unremitting

To greater pleasures gained from sitting.

For as the reins of power you loose
You'll join the Club Emeritus,
The Club now hailed in metric scan,
The Women's Club of Michigan."

"Footnote: -

The organization which you dub
The University of Michigan Faculty Women's Club,
Has a title too un-terse
To squeeze into iambic verse.

Harlan and Hope Bloomer. Point Bridge Farm, Macomb, Illinois 1981

