

FACULTY WOMEN'S STUNT DAY
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1947
Commemorating the Founding of the Club, 25 years before.
Lydia Mendelssohn Theatre

Mrs. Wilfred Dempster enters in a gym suit suitable to time of the founding of Faculty Women's Club--long black bloomers, long black cotton stockings, and sneakers, middy blouse, black four-in-hand tie, and ribbon around her hair and reads the following:

'Tis twenty-five years, this October last
When Faculty Women's Club first came to pass.
A meeting was called by the new Mrs. Burton
Who came with her husband--you know this for certain.
All wives of the Deans, Department Heads and such
Were asked to come to a brief "coffee klutch".
Fifty responded and passed a resolution
To formulate aims for a new constitution.
The place chosen then was Newberry Hall
For the President-elect to take her roll call.
However, the kindness of the lady of the chair
Bade them have their meeting place there.
Three sections were formed, their hobby to pick--
The Dramatic, the Nursery, and the Athletic.
The Dramatic often entertained a husband as guest,
The Nursery made it possible for Mother to rest.
We Athletic girls could administer the trimmin'
When it came to the physical fitness of wimmin.
Dances and luncheons, a tea and reception
Made faculty-wife life gay at inception.
In spite of our sections and afternoon fun
We longed for expansion - "a place in the sun",
So a search for a club house soon was begun.

A building was found--old University Health,
Which promised us joy in spite of itself.
It included a janitor, light, and heat.
Where all of our numerous members could meet.
By means of our treasury, bridge, and donation
We furnished our house with much compensation.
This takes us to January of twenty-three
When Art Section members were summoned to tea.
They studied the masters, did never prohibit
This talented group their art to exhibit.
'Tis an old adage that "music hath charm",
So a Musical Section now took form.
The Gardeners followed, their tales to relate
Of each tiny seed and how best to germinate.
For a dollar a month as oft as seemed fitting
A plan was evolved for mass baby sitting.
And for those mothers wanting a rest
The Merrill-Palmer Nursery was put to a test.
Our numbers were growing, a happy condition,
When Newcomers Section became an addition.
The date for this was twenty-six
"Interested members" were two times six.
In Nineteen-hundred and twenty-eight
We bought our urn and two silver plate,
Which later we added to with much care
For use at all our special affair.
About this time our hopes were high
Of the League-building-bonds our group would buy,
Of a place where all our members could dine--

So in nineteen-hundred and twenty-nine--
We had new quarters across the street
Where all of our faculty wives could meet.
However, with prices and undue inflation,
Caused by war, and now the state of the nation,
No club rooms have we any more,
Our club house we have given o'er.
Our membership now is six hundred paid,
And for patience we ask your aid.
For 'tis hoped with Mrs. Ruthven's committee
We'll learn how 'tis cone in another city,
Where faculty wives don't have to grouse
About how badly they need a house,
Where night after night, and day after day,
We infringe on our president's hospitality. (tay)
So adieu, kind friends, I'll have to run,
The nineteen-twenty-one Board has just begun:

BOARD OF 1947

The curtain opens and seated on the stage at board meeting,
presumably of 1921, and costumed according are:
Mrs. Alexander Grant Ruthven as President
Mrs. Merwin H. Waterman as Vice President
Mrs. R. H. Kingery as Secretary
Mrs. John Sheldon as Treasurer
Mrs. Werner Bachmann as Membership Chairman
Mrs. Dwight Dumond as Social Chairman
Mrs. Fred C. O'Dell as Refreshment Chairman
Mrs. William W. Gilbert as Program Chairman

Vice Chairman (Mrs. Waterman)
All hail the Faculty Womens' Club
The Board of Directors we
To enrich the life of the faculty wife
May our purpose ever be.

At this we've worked for many a year
As the record clearly shows,
And if perchance you doubt our claim
Just listen to our woes.

We always choose for President
A most important resident,
This is most clearly evident
From our record through the years.

We did it in the 'twenties
And in the thirties too.
So eschew the fate of high estate
Or it may descend on you.

President: (Mrs. Ruthven) motioning to the V. Pres.
And we're careful that the Vice
Is always quite as nice
And capable and affable,
Original and tractable.

It's clear enough that after all
One never knows what may befall.
We'd never want to take a chance
And leave our fate to circumstance.

Treasurer: (Mrs. Sheldon) pointing to the Secretary
The Secretary of this band
Must write a fine Italian hand
And keep the records too, with care
That nothing false may enter there.

In times past there was something more
She sent out postcards by the score
In those days, minus pens Ball bearing
A stupendous task and very wearing.

Secretary: (Mrs. Kingery) to the Treasurer
We have a Treasurer too, in fact
She must know how to add
And perhaps to subtract.

She guards our funds most zealously
And doles our dollars jealously
So that our nest egg waxes apace
For dough in the bank is not a disgrace.

Social Chairman:(Mrs. Dumond)
We other members of the board
In this and that direction
Are thd chairman of committees
And leaders of the sections.

There's Program, Dance, and Membership,
Refreshment, Bridge, and Stage,
And Interior Decoration
Which at times is quite the rage.

But lest you think we're idle
And at meetings sit and doze,
Just give us your attention
And we'll tell you all our woes.

Program Chairman: (Mrs. Gilbert)

To find some programs not too dull
And even entertaining
I spend my days and wakeful nights
To keep you from complaining.

We give receptions and "at homes",
Musicales and plays,
But to plan a Stunt Day like this one
Just leaves me in a daze.

Membership Chairman: (Mrs. Bachman)

In the name of hospitality
We scrutinize most carefully
Each member's eligibility.

We send each invitation
After great deliberation.
So you're lucky that you're here
In this, our anniversary year.

Refreshment Chairman: (Mrs. O'Dell)

The Refreshment committee
Has problems at stake
Are we to serve root beer
Or ice cream and cake?

When the last plate of sandwiches
Has been gaily unfurled,
Then "God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Section chairmen now come filing in filling up the vacant
seats and recite their parts:

Dance Chairman: (Mrs. Raymond L. Wilder)

To arrange the Faculty dances,
Always elegantly formal,
Requires business genius
And diplomacy abnormal.

We argue with musicians
Over schmalz and over swing
And trust our clientele is grateful
For its occasional little fling.

Art Study:(Mrs. Albert Marquardt)

I'm the chairman of the section
That devotes itself to art,
And I love the Old Italians
From the bottom of my heart.

It will be my chiefest oeuvre
To acquaint you with the Louvre,
And it seems to me a pity
If the Pitti isn't seen.

Bookshelf and Stage Chairman: (Mrs. Randolph Taylor)

Of books we've read full many a score,
We keep on reading more and more,
Smith and Godden, John Dos Passes,
We're the intellectual upper classes.

We strive to develop our faculties critical,
To become well informed,
Not to say somewhat wittical,
But we never peruse any novels sensational,
Our reading would then become too recreational.

Bridge Chairman: (Mrs. James S. Gault)

We are the devotees of bridge,
In number not a few,
Culbertson, Sims, Blackwood, and Lenz
We avidly pursue.

We compute the value of a hand
At just a single glance,
We're up on entries and finesses,
Bidding for defense.

On Tuesday nights we gather 'round
And quickly take our places,
We deal the cards and then proceed
To trump our partner's aces.

Interior Decoration: (Mrs. William Hagerty)

Our concern is with beauty,
But not of the skin,
But rather the home,
And especially within.

The relative merits of Modern and Period
We debate and discuss till we're all somewhat wearied.
We ponder o'er rugs, over carpets and drapes,
And the treatment of rooms
Built in fantastic shapes.

And when we've considered these matters at length,
We experiment at home and consume our husband's strength.

Drama Chairman: (Mrs. William H. Burt)

We never say Pshaw to Shaw
We never say Boo to Booth
For we are the lovers of drama
Who look to the stage for the truth.

We hunt for "The Little Foxes",
We follow the Lunts with care,
We wade through "The Iceman Cometh",
And chase the Invisible Hare.

Garden Section Chairman: (Mrs. Calhoun)

I am in charge of all courageous souls
Who battle aphids, cut worms, rusts, and moles,
To make a garden plot
A lovesome thing, Got wot,
To make herbaceous borders more herbaceous,
To make a spacious garden seem more spacious.

Music Chairman: (Mrs. Carl R. Brown)

O we have long been intimate
With non-harmonic Hindenmith,
And Block and Bartok hold no fears
Or mysteries for us.

We're at our ease
With symphones
In major or in minor keys
And over S. Prokofief
We make an awful fuss.

Newcomers Section Chairman: (Mrs. J. T. Hartsook)

We finish here the brief survey
Of our namifil activities.
Except for one we've shown you all
Our groups and our committees.
If to you they seem confusing,
Think how they must appear
To Mrs. Newcomer
On campus her first year.

~~And so to make her feel at home~~

And keep her from confusion
We have a Newcomer's Section
Which we mention in Conclusion.

And now we've told you what we are
And what we try to do
But 'ere you scorn our efforts weak
Remember that next year--it may descent to you.

(The skit of the board was written by Mrs. Al Marquardt)

The "Bloomer Girl" returns and reads:

The Newcomer's Section has surely grown,
They'll tell us now of their Ann Arbor home.

After the Newcomer's skit, the Bloomer Girl appears and says:

They have no costumes, lines, or props,
But read they will until it stops.
"Belinda's" the play they're about to do,
And A. A. Milne will appeal to you.

Mrs. G. M. Ridenour and Mrs. J. M. Trytten are seated on the stage, side by side on two straight chairs. Each person takes several parts in the play of "Belinda", denoting a character change by the voice intonation. This is the Monday Evening Drama Skit.

Bloomer Girl reappears and says:

The Music Section you'll agree
Will hide us over 'till time for tea.
And after that we'll see you more
In the Henderson room on the third floor.

by Margaret Gilbert

Music skit to be inserted here

Around 400 faculty wives and their guests attended this Anniversary celebration.

Newcomers' Skit January 29, 1947

Title -- Life At Temporary Terrace

Script -- Mrs. Arthur W. Burks

Narrator -- Mrs. H. T. Ballantine, Jr.

Participants --

Mrs. G. H. Bauer
Mrs. Harry Freund
Mrs. Brooks Lockhart
Mrs. Edward Lirette
Mrs. Edward Daseler
Mrs. Gerald Cooper
Mrs. Warren Chase
Mrs. Joseph Hartsook
Mrs. Robert Niccolls
Mrs. F. B. Kimball
Mrs. Robert Cameron
Mrs. John Carey
Mrs. R. C. Schneider

LIFE AT TEMPORARY TERRACE

Narrator enters and takes her place in a chair in front of the curtain to one side. She carries a sign, 'Narrator,' and her script in a brief-case. She adjusts herself in her chair, draws out her script, and begins to read to the audience.

Narrator: Everybody knows that we are gathered here this afternoon to commemorate the founding of the Faculty Women's Club twenty-five years ago. (Pause -- looks up at audience) Now not all of us have been with the club these twenty-five years! But we cherish the hope that when we have been here for twenty-five years, we will be among those fortunate few who live in structures known as -- as -- as Houses, I believe they're called.

A Prop runs across the stage with a sign, 'House,' pursued by another Prop with a sign, 'Newcomer,' both stopping at the same moment to show their signs to the audience.

Narrator: This afternoon the Newcomers' Section has prepared for your Abusement a skit entitled, 'Life at Temporary Terrace!'

The Time (alarm clock rings off-stage):

Fall, 1946.

The Place (Michigan colors, blue and gold, are carried across the stage by two Props):
Ye Oldie U of Mich!

The Event (Signs are carried across the stage by ten Props in succession):

No Dogs
No Cats
No Parrots
No Alligators
No Elephants
No Children (Prop dressed to appear pregnant)
No Vacancies
No Deliveries
No ! ! !
I SAID NO ! !

The Result: Life at Temporary Terrace!

SCENE I

Narrator: Our first scene is called, 'The Disillusioned Bride.'

Bride, who is dressed in an afternoon dress, with a veil to designate bride, steps out through curtain. She holds sign, 'Disillusion.' Is shy, downcast.

Narrator: Many a young woman has married a professor with the dream in her heart of a spacious white colonial just off campus. It is not easy for her to adjust to her neighbors in the closet next door, who sneak over each night and put their children to be in her kitchen window-box.

Narrator (as bride changes her sign to read, 'Consolation'):

But she consoles herself with the observation that some couples are in a worse plight than she and the professor. Tents and trailers have been reserved for graduate students! And some of the undergraduate couples make their homes in canoes on the Huron River!

Narrator (as Prop removes bride's veil and bride changes her sign to read, 'Hope'): And then there is always the hope that at some future date perhaps the neighbors in the closet will move away, and she and the professor can hang up their clothes and in her kitchen window-box have their own -- geraniums planted!

SCENE II

Narrator: Our second scene is entitled, 'Doubling Up.' We treat the problem of those newcomers who live on a communal basis with three or four or five or seven or twelve other couples in one small converted house. In most cases, each couple has its own private living-bedroom, separated by paper partitions from other couples. The bathroom and kitchen are shared by all.

Curtain rises on two scenes. A large sign at the left side of the stage reads, 'Bawth.' There are four men in line for the bathroom. One is reading a huge book. One is scribbling notes on a tablet. A third is dressed in tennis shorts and holds a tennis racket in one hand. The fourth is wearing a heavy overcoat.

On the right side of the stage is a sign which reads, 'Kitchen.' There is a Prop bent over to resemble a coal stove (covered with black cloth and having a sign, 'Coal Stove,' pinned on her). There are four women rushing madly about the kitchen, wearing aprons and carrying brooms and kettles. One woman wears tennis shorts. Another wears a fur coat, with her apron tied over it.

Narrator: A few words of explanation are in order for those who have never visited a communal-living home. Of course these men to our left are waiting for their turns in the bathroom.

Here a few words from 'Clementine' are heard from behind the 'Bawth' sign.

Narrator: Now that gentleman with the tennis racket -- Mr. A., we'll call him --

Mr. A. shows sign, 'A.'

Narrator: Mr. A lives in the room just above the converted oil furnace! He is comfortable in summer sports wear!

Narrator: And that gentleman just behind him -- we'll call him Mr. B.

Mr. B shows sign, 'B.'

Narrator: Mr. B lives in a room to which it has not yet proved possible to run a hot-air pipe from the furnace below Mr. A! Mr. B finds he is most comfortable in his winter overcoat.

Narrator: And those first two gentlemen are now arguing --

Here the first two begin to bicker, while a few more notes are heard from the bathroom.

Narrator: -- are arguing about whose turn it is to put the next roll of Powder-Room tissue in the communal bathroom.

Narrator: Now here on the right we have the kitchen, with its very trying coal-stove. (Stove, bent over with back to audience, takes two steps toward the front of the stage) This coal-stove, it seems, was happy out in Pete's Junk Yard, before society chose to bring it back into town and install it in Temporary Terrace. Here endless abuse is heaped upon it.

One of the housewives kicks the stove.

Narrator: Of course you have no difficulty in finding Mr. A.

The woman in tennis shorts shows a sign, 'A.'

Narrator: Nor Mrs. B.

The woman in the fur coat turns to show sign, 'B.'

Narrator: And you might guess that those two women are arguing --

Here two women argue and point to the coal-stove.

Narrator: --are arguing about whose turn it is to wash the coal-stove!

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Narrator: For our third and last scene this afternoon we turn to the difficulties of another newcomer. Once our housewife has settled down to daily living at Temporary Terrace, innumerable problems arise. For lack of space her husband is keeping his books in the kitchen sink, and though that's very convenient for him, the problem of washing dishes is constantly facing the housewife.

Narrator: Another grave problem is the laundry situation. We call our last scene, 'Laundry Troubles.'

Curtain rises on a young housewife, bare-footed and wearing a raincoat. She stands before a table, on which there are a small basin, a small tea-kettle, a wash-board, and a bar of soap. Surrounding her on the floor are heaps of clothes to be washed, and she is working hard at the wash-board and basin. She occasionally reaches down to one stack of clothes and picks up an article to wash it.

Narrator: This unfortunate housewife has been postponing her washing week after week, because of certain difficulties. Now she finds she simply must get this washing done, for her friends are beginning to make remarks about her wearing that same old raincoat day after day!

Narrator: One difficulty is that if the professor has shaved this week there will be no running hot water.

A Prop runs across the stage, showing sign, 'Hot Water,' and escapes the housewife.

Narrator: Then of course there is the difficulty of washing in such a small tub.

The housewife reaches down and picks up a sheet, one end of which she begins to wash out in the small basin.

Narrator: And then there is the problem of procuring Soap! New housewives in Ann Arbor have found it a very slippery business to get their hands on this and other under-the-counter items this fall.

Here the housewife reaches for the soap on her table and the bar slips from her hands onto the floor. A Prop comes scooting out and steals it and runs off the stage with it.

Narrator: In desperation, this housewife decides to put off her laundry until next week!

The housewife throws up her hands in despair. Then she begins to pick up the heaps of clothes. And as she picks up a particular suit of long red underwear, it gets up and runs off the stage ahead of her!

FINAL CURTAIN

MUSIC SECTION SKIT

For its part of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary program of the Faculty Women's Club, the Music Section presented a typical meeting of twenty-five years ago.

The curtain rose to the strains of familiar piano music of that time, played by Mrs. A. A. Christman. The scene opened in a living room with the hostess, Mrs. L. A. Hopkins, attired in a long afternoon gown, awaiting the arrival of her guests. Such furnishings as a large fringed floor lamp, a library table, and a beautiful sword fern on a pedestal were vivid reminders of the 1920's.

As the guests began to arrive, Mrs. Hopkins greeted them, in pantomime, made introductions and seated them in readiness for the program. The costumes were appropriate for the setting with ankle length skirts, low waistlines, and several unforgettable hats.

Mrs. Stockard, chairman of the meeting, went through the motions of announcing the opening number which was a Mozart Trio played by Mrs. Waldo Johnston, violin, Mrs. Warren Good, viola, and Mrs. Karl Parsons, piano. This was followed by a chorus of all members, directed by Mrs. Calhoun. Those singing were: Mrs. Fred Stevenson, Mrs. John Johnstone, Mrs. A. H. Stockard, Mrs. Warren Good, Mrs. Harry Hann, Mrs. A. A. James, and Mrs. Ralph Branch. They sang such numbers as Smiles, It's a Long Way to Tipperary, and a number of folk songs. Their accompaniment was played by Mrs. Christman, piano, Mrs. Johnston, violin, and Mrs. Lewis Simes, cello. Mrs. Simes provided the humorous touch to the program in her attempts to keep an unruly song book on her music rack, much to the entertainment of all.

The chorus numbers concluded the program and the curtain was drawn with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.