

A pome wot I writ about wimmen

NWR

Once a month we *meet*
At houses
(not to talk of *spouses*)
But of things intelligent
And somethings not so *sweet*

Twenty or thereabouts we *number*
Our interests are all different
So subjects they are varying
Some have even sent Norma C to
Slumber

We never fight or disagree
Just nod and show sympathy
When one has a differing point of *view*
We can express it *too*

It's not all 'clever stuff'
We even find time for playing *games*
...The Treasure Hunt.... *Battles our brains*

So who are these marvellous women?
Housewives they used to *refer*
Now we are liberated
We are the National Women's *Register*

Written with poetic licence
Maureen Martin
Prenton and Bebington