

Poem by Mrs Ivy Cullum on the finding of a hornets nest in the WI hall

Now us is in dead trouble
I'm sure you will agree
For us have got a Hornets nest in W.I. W.C.
No longer can us slip away and quietly meditate
For if you sits there very long
Lord knows what'll be your fate
Now don't think I'm a spoil sport
For I likes me bit of fun
But 'tis no laughing matter
When once you have been stung
They'm a buzzing here and a buzzing there
All around your feet and you knows where
Now us must get together and see what us can do
To get rid of this 'ere Hornets nest
Whats in the W.I. loo
So if there's anyone who can help us in distress
Here's the place to come to
I'll give ye the address
Our Alice, who plays the Organ
Her's the keeper of the Key
Her'll give a hand I'm sure
and so will little me
Hold on a minute
I've heard help is on the way
Some has had an S.O.S.
And a chap turned up to clear the nest

Oh what a blessed relief it will be
For the ladies who need the W.C.