

Irma's toast at her 50th Wedding Anniversary dinner

Feb. 14, 1989. The Standard Club, Chicago. She is 74 years old.

Having intuitive feelings that remarks would be made at dinner tonight I thought about a few things I'd like to say. I have always enjoyed poetry, finding that it expresses thoughts and emotions in a pleasant, interesting way, and thought back to some of the verses of Dorothy Parker, whose tongue in cheek remarks I found amusing. I loved this one:

Life is a glorious cycle of song,
A medley of extemporanea;
And love is a thing that can never go wrong;
And I am Marie of Romania.

This also appealed to me at one point in my life:

In my youth it was a way I had
To do my best to please,
And change, with every passing lad,
To suit his theories.

But now I know the things I know,
And do the things I do;
And if you do not like me so,
To hell, my dear, with you.

I'll be seventy something in May,
And shall shortly be losing my bloom.
I've experienced zephyrs and spray
And the magnetic spell of the moon.
When it comes to this tide of abatement,
To this passing from summer to fall,
It is manners to issue a statement
As to what you got out of it all.

So, I say, though reflection unnerves me
And pronouncements I dodge as I can,
That I think if my memory serves me
There was nothing more fun than that man.

In my youth, when my judgment was lacking,
I never found fault with a beau;
But somehow I sent them all packing
And said, "Let's get on with the show."
Then, I met a man silent, but splendid,
And I learned that still waters run deep;
Now I should certainly do as I did then,
Were I given a chance to repeat.

So, Milt...fifty years...joyous or awful,
Regret is not part of my plan,
We'll continue a liaison lawful
'Cause there's nothing more fun than that man.