Ode to the Ladies of the Lunch Club

[A poem composed in 1929 in appreciation of the voluntary service to the Toc H Lunch Club of all those ladies who gave up their time to ‘wait’ in the club and to serve on the committee]

When appetites are whetted
And throats are mighty “dry”
The Ladies of the Lunch Club
Around the tables fly
With pickled pork and cabbage
With water and with tea
The Ladies of the Lunch Club
Wait daily upon ME

For 12 to 2.15 they come
Those greedy Toc H blokes;
They pay for lunch and chocolates
For matches and for smokes;
And all the while with book in hand
And pencil on a string
The Ladies of the Lunch Club
Flit round like bird on wing.

While hundreds come and go each week
All through the year the faithful few
Patiently wait upon the mob
By Jove, we are a motley crew
So when at Christmas time we toast
Our absent friends in harmless brew
Let us remember – quaffing deep
The ladies of the Lunch Club too.

Christmas 1929

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