

## 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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