

Ad Nostram Sodalitatem

A man might very easily be glum
When he has reached an age, say sixty-nine,
And looks ahead, beyond God's cut-off line,
To Winter years that all too soon will come.
On these, our final laps, each sense grows numb,
Life loses fragrance, as an uncorked wine
Its memories of Autumn's fruitful vine,
The Summer's greening, and the wild bee's hum.
But when we think of our dear Club-night friends,
And how they smooth the path we travel by,
We praise our Founding Fathers, every week
For Mondays, and for what this Club forefends—
The right to say here what we think and why—
Then calmly face our Winter's rocky peak.

—*Franklin C. Bing*