

## In Memoria

Lest Alumni, queries send,  
Asking of their old time friend  
Just a word;  
Lest the bunch that used to find  
Recreation for the mind  
On the "third;"

Lest they judge our work half done,  
If we mention not the fun  
That they had;  
Let us say right now and here,  
We've not forgotten in a year,—  
Chapin Club.

'Cross the street, the third floor back  
Bloomy, Spindy, Bill and Mac  
Had their smokes,—  
No, that bunch was never sore,  
Always showed the "glooms" the door  
With their jokes.

Many older men have said,  
That the Club would clear their head  
For a "queez."  
Sure it was, it helped your brain,—  
Made your nerves forget the strain  
In your ease.

There it was that good friends met,  
Just to pay the little debt,  
That they owed,—  
A debt so many leave unpaid,  
A kind handclasp, a greeting said  
As we should.

Of years the Chapin Club lived five,  
And in that time it seemed to thrive.  
We were proud.  
All at once it was no more,  
Closed was the old familiar door  
To the crowd.

But we hold those memories dear,  
As we halt a moment here  
On this page.  
Let us toast to friendships made,  
Smokes we smoked, and games we played,—  
In Chapin Club.